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for

VOLUME 233

JULY 1966 DECEMBER 1966



HARPER'S MAGAZINE, INC. 2 PARK AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

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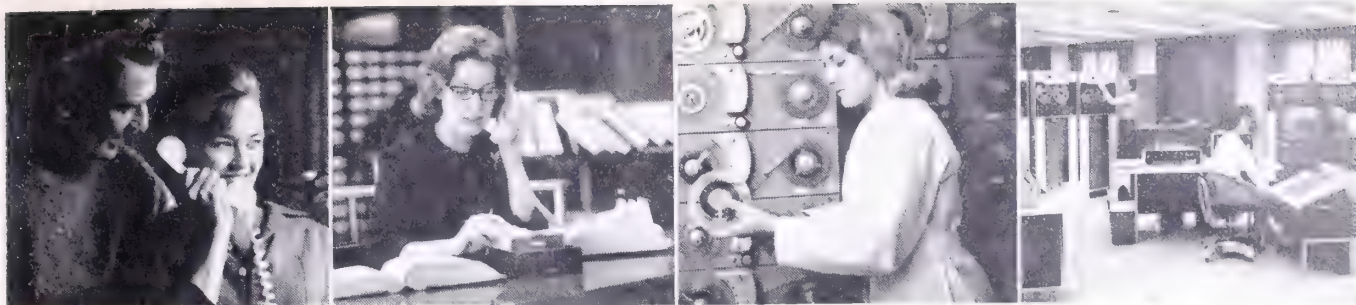
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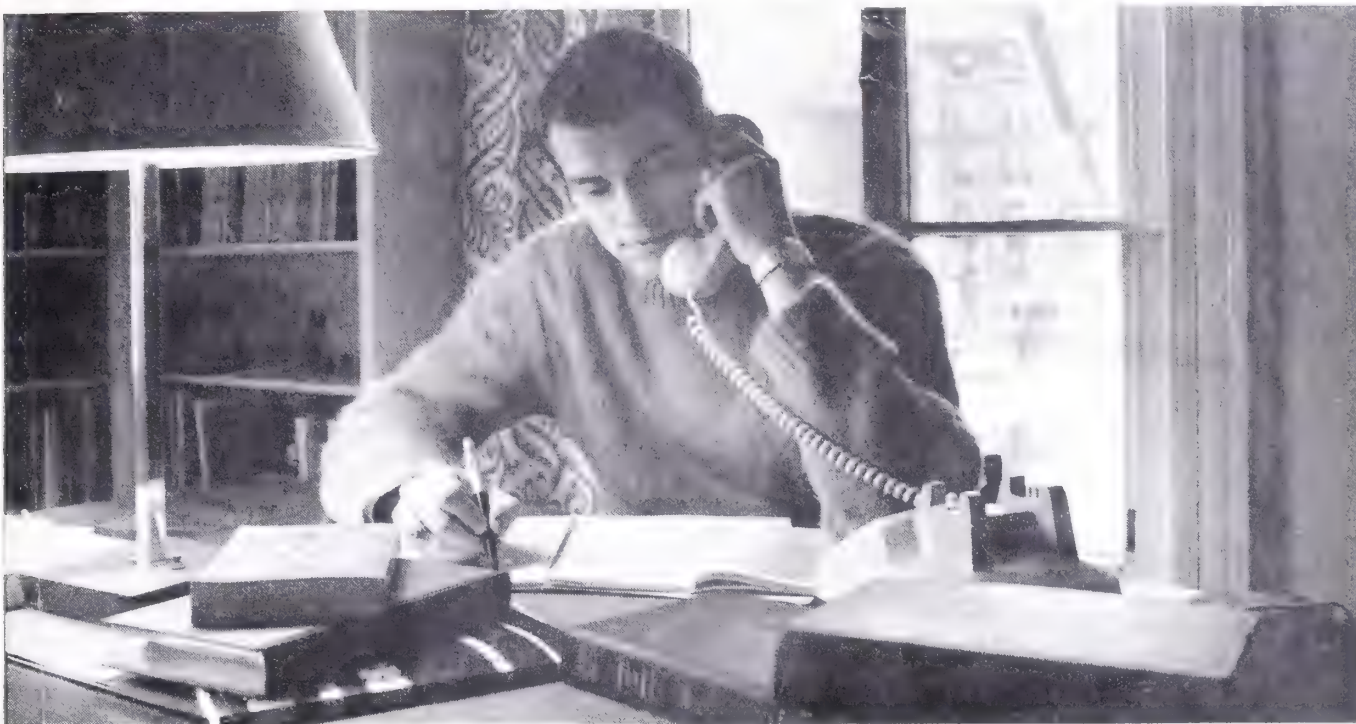
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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

Circulation and Promotion Director:
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Subscription Manager:
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

ALL SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE (on change of address, please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address). Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
FULFILLMENT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
381 WEST CENTER STREET
MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

PRODUCTION MANAGER: KIM SMITH
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344
Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

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Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

Founded in 1850

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No. 1394

Harper's®

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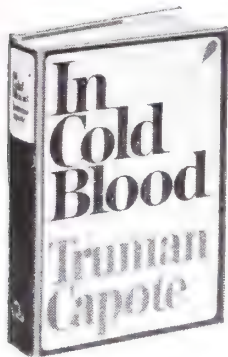
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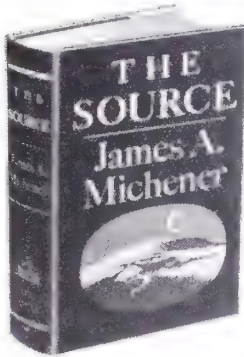
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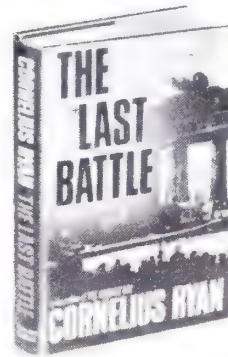
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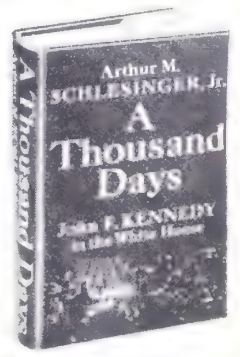
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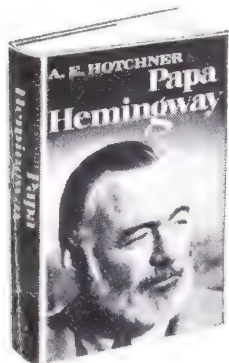
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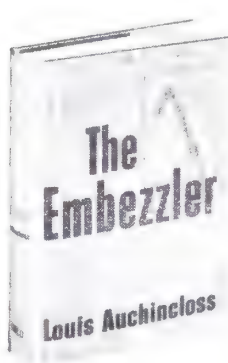
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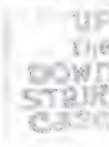
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6-55

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Letters

The Threatened Newborn

I am disturbed and annoyed by two statements in Roul Tunley's article, "America's Unhealthy Children: An Emerging Scandal" [May]: "A high proportion of the two million mentally retarded children in the U.S. are born to poor families, and many of the defects could have been forestalled by simple medication and treatment before birth. Indeed most authorities agree that retardation could be cut in half *if we applied what we already know* about such familiar hazards as faulty metabolism and German measles."

Unless Mr. Tunley is withholding information unknown to the medical profession, most of these statements are not true and smack of crass sensationalism. But all the ship to contemplate the number of parents of retarded children who, upon reading this, ask the question—why didn't the doctor forestall this calamity by some simple medication or treatment?

Since the thalidomide disaster physicians are prescribing only minimal medication of any kind during pregnancy and then only ones which are essential and have been proved harmless, such as iron.

No one will argue against proper nutrition during pregnancy. A very minimal number of instances of mental retardation may be prevented by the following measures, measures which are by no means simple:

(1) Genetic counseling to avoid pregnancy when an hereditary defect is likely.

(2) Early delivery, if possible, when the mother is a severe diabetic.

(3) Intra-uterine fetal transfusions of an Rh-affected fetus—a highly technical and only occasionally successful procedure.

(4) Ulcerogenic abortion when the mother contracts German measles during the first trimester of pregnancy. Unfortunately this is not legal [in] . . . most states.

(5) The avoidance of any undue trauma to the infant during labor and delivery—a basic obstetrical principle.

Phenylketonuria and most of the

other metabolic defects of the infant cannot be diagnosed until after delivery. . . .

ROGER B. SCOTT, M.D.
Prof., Obstetrics and Gynecology
Western Reserve U. School of
Medicine and University Hospitals
Cleveland, O.

MR. TUNLEY REPLIES:

The main objection of Dr. Scott seems to be that I have scared mothers about something that they and the medical profession can do little about—retardation. I feel strongly that if I can create enough concern to make more mothers go for prenatal care, it will be all for the good. There are—at least in most urban centers—numerous clinics where prenatal care could do much to cut the figures of retardation. But it has been shown that many mothers do not go because such clinics are not pleasant: waits are long, facilities are unpleasant, and the women are treated more "like cattle than human beings."

Dr. Scott knows that premature babies are more likely to show mental retardation. Prenatal care can identify high-risk women and do much to protect them against premature delivery—with diet, hormones, and bed rest. . . . Last year the National Institute of Health developed a blood-serum test to find out whether a mother has adequate antibodies against German measles. In many cases a gamma-globulin injection can provide the necessary immunization. After birth, there are often biochemical abnormalities in the child which can cause brain damage and resultant retardation. These can now be pinpointed and treated with special diets. It is mandatory that these pinpointing tests be given in Massachusetts and New York hospitals. Why not in all hospitals? Other diseases that cause retardation (like Wilson's) can now be discovered and treated. But it is important to get started early. . . .

Colleges in Crisis?

Howard Zinn's article "A New Direction for Negro Colleges," May] was one of the most thoughtful and

generally accurate that I have seen. However, many Negro colleges are and have been doing everything Mr. Zinn asks for. Hampton Institute can record the following:

International and offshore activities: (1) 1953-63—a teacher-training program in the Virgin Islands (U.S.); (2) 1961—rural training institutes in Sierra Leone; (3) 1965—Peace Corps training program; (4) participant training programs for architects, business managers, and teachers from many countries.

Domestic programs: (1) Open the door of any hospital, juvenile home, orphanage, or welfare operation in the major metropolitan East and you will find a graduate of Hampton or a sister institution doing key work. (2) Since 1953 the College has provided special college-preparatory work for high-school students and this year added an "Upward Bound" program . . . to recapture poverty-caused high-school failures. . . .

It is well and good that Negro college students should be revolutionary and they are, but the power structure of this nation is moved also by those who fight through the law degree and the ranks of the junior executive. At Hampton we have a good many students traveling both roads, toward Selma and toward Wall Street, and so far as I have been able to ascertain neither has a monopoly on the ability to contribute successfully to a better world.

ROBERT A. LAZEAR
Secretary of the College
Hampton Institute
Hampton, Va.

Basically Howard Zinn is correct, but the Negro college has been and remains a unique institution. Wherever could so much have been done with so little? With due respect to the emphasis given private colleges apparently Mr. Zinn neglected, for good reasons, some equally commendable state colleges among his mythical upper tenth. Time changes things even within a poor lot.

PAUL M. SMITH, JR.
Prof. of Education
North Carolina College at Durham
Durham, N.C.

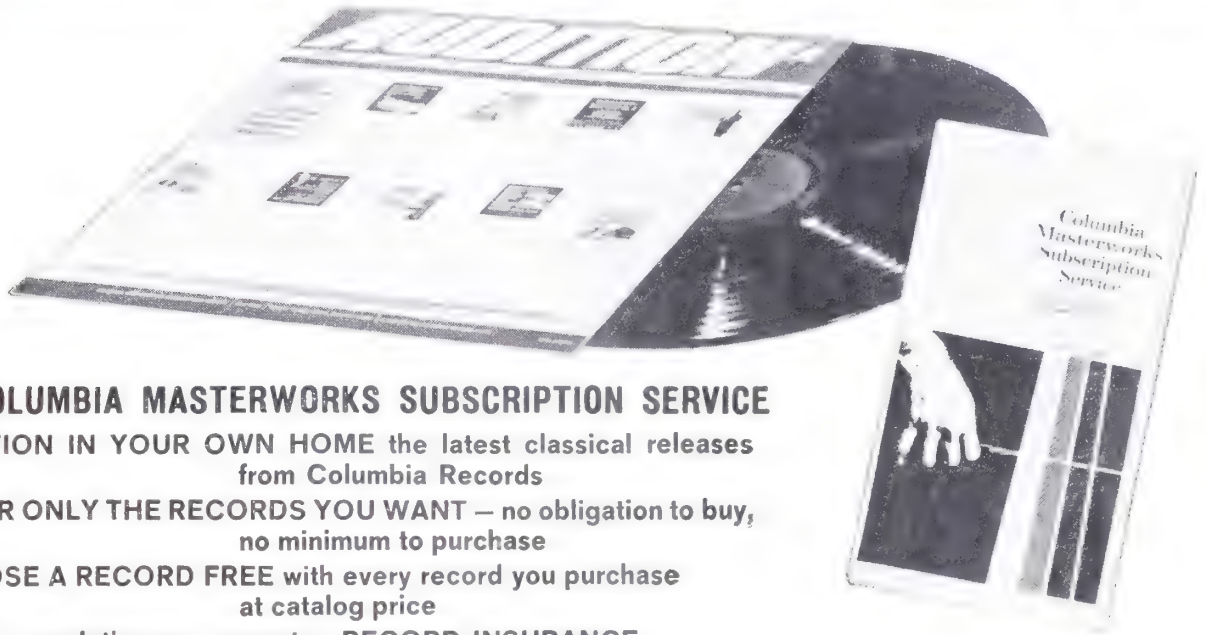
Mr. Zinn's observations, though centering on the small private Negro college, can well extend to Texas Southern, a state university of some

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Stravinsky, Col. Sym. Orch.

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Tchaikovsky: March Slav.
Ormandy, Phila. Orch.

Berlioz: Symphonie
Fantastique. Colin Davis,
London Sym. Orch.

Mozart: Sym. #33 & #28,
Overture to Marriage of
Figaro. Szell, Cleveland Orch.

Khachaturian: Violin
Concerto. Szeryng,
Dorati, London Sym. Orch.

Beethoven: The "Rasumovsky"
Quartets.
Julliard String Quartet

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“Grab Ethiopian” Fielding urges

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LETTERS

4,000 enrollment. Nonetheless, I feel that he slights the central tragedy of Negro higher education, that is, the degree to which authoritarianism and traditionalism combine to place often insuperable obstacles in the way of the aspiring student. Emulating the white university can result in little more than turning out scores of ersatz white Babbitts. . . . Nearly all our students arrive here with abysmal backgrounds. . . . To expect them to cope with, say, a freshman English course similar to that of Texas University is not only foolish but cruel, failing an unrealistically designed course over and over serves only to confirm the initial suspicion of inadequacy. . . .

The vocational training which most Negro students receive under the guise of a college education may be obsolete soon. The only training which will serve them is the training of the imagination. An ability to probe, to analyze, to relate, but most of all, to *doubt*, must be cultivated as assiduously as it is now being plowed under. . . .

PATRICIA B. KENNEDY

Texas Southern University

Houston, Tex.

As a former editor-in-chief of the *Queens College Phoenix*, I could really appreciate Jeff Greenfield's article on “College Newspapers in Search of Their Own Voice” [May]. . . .

Greenfield mentions an incident involving the *Phoenix*. What is missing is the tale of the historic antagonism of the conservative Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Brooklyn toward Queens College. And the rather chilling story of how New York City's Board of Higher Education came within an ace of suspending the paper and its editors for what was at worst an indiscreet editorial using a religious metaphor. Here was the classic case of the trustees feeling the wrath of a powerful pressure group.

LARRY SIMONBERG

Fort Sill, Okla.

The answer to Dr. Ralph A. Raimi's problem of plagiarizing in elementary and secondary school library assignments [“Cheating in College,” May] is so simple that we teachers in Lithuania, Georgia, were able to find it! We supervise the whole process and all the work is done in class. . . . We feel we get pretty good research hab-

The steel industry's return
on net worth compared to
the average of other American
manufacturing industries is...

25-50% above average

0-25% above average
average

0-25% below average

25-50% below average

**9 out of 10 could not answer this question correctly.
How about you?**

The First National City Bank of New York publishes annual studies of the leading American manufacturing industries. It shows that steel industry profits in 1965 were 31% *below* the average of the 41 industries surveyed . . . despite the fact that in 1965 the steel industry set an all-time high for production. To improve this situation, U. S. Steel is spending hundreds of millions of dollars each year for new, more efficient facilities.



United States Steel

LETTERS

its instilled by [the twelfth grade]

I don't think it would hurt the college professors at all to take their classes to the library and make sure its mysteries are understood. . . . It takes a good bit of experience and imagination to trace down all the information available on "Termites" even in a small library!

Independence is the goal, but I do not believe that four years of independent floundering will produce it.

MARY C. KELLEY

Chairman, English Dept
Lithonia High School
Lithonia, Ga

God on Whose Side?

Thanks for the forthright statements in Washington Insight [May]. Clayton Fritchey's clear picture of two different interpretations of Biblical statements as they relate to the Vietnam situation should do much to separate the sheep from the goats. Billy Graham's blasphemy in quoting Scripture to justify the killing in Vietnam is the worst ever. When Christ said "I came not to send peace, but a sword," he was not speaking of using the sword in defense of established wealth, but rather to fight for the interests of the disinherited.

Among the disinherited are certainly the peoples of Southeast Asia, especially the Vietnamese. For more than 150 years they have been harassed by exploiters. Are they not entitled to their revolution? . . .

MR. & MRS. W. CORWIN CHASE
Vaughn, Wash.

Young Rebels

Peter F. Drucker's article on "The Romantic Generation" [Easy Chair, May] contained some implicit conceptions of Ayn Rand's philosophy which had no relationship to her actual philosophy. . . .

Drucker's use of the term "executive-suite Genghis Khans" to describe Miss Rand's heroes implies that he views them as sword-swinging savages whose reaction to frustration is to cut off somebody's head and whose creativity consists of inventing new tortures and discovering new countries to enslave. . . . Either Mr. Drucker has not read her books at all or he is incapable of understanding the most obvious point (stated re-



If this were an ordinary gin, we would
have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)



Ask your father.

Son, your father might think that you're not old enough to understand. But we're going to try to explain it to you so you will understand.

Uniroyal is the new international trademark for the U.S. Rubber Company.

(That only *sounds* complicated. A trademark is kind of like a nickname for companies. And an international trademark simply means that no matter where that company goes in the world, everybody knows its nickname right away

without asking.)

Why did we need a new trademark?

Because we've outgrown our old one, "U.S. Rubber," the way some kids outgrow their nicknames.

You see, about half the things we make—such as Royalex[®] (a modern plastic that's tougher than steel) or Keds[®] (the canvas sneakers that you wear to play baseball) or even your father's new Royal[®] golf clubs—have very little to do with rubber. So you can see that the "Rubber" part of

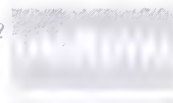
our nickname doesn't fit anymore.

As for the "U.S." part, we make a lot of our things in 23 different countries all over the world. So that doesn't fit either, ~~either~~.

But our new nickname, Uniroyal, fits everything we make. No matter where we make it.

Isn't it all clear now?

Could you explain it to your dad tonight?
A. Okay.



COLOR THE HORIZON — BRIGHT!

Headlines have been tipping the story right along. "Millions sign up for Medicare." "Thousands register for Project Head Start." "Giant urban renewal project begun."

And as the story of the Great Society unfolds, one thing becomes clear: Not only will the lot of millions of Americans be improved, but important economic forces will be set in motion.

What effect all this will have on various industries makes exciting reading for any investor. That's why you may want a copy of our brand new booklet, "*The New American Horizon*."

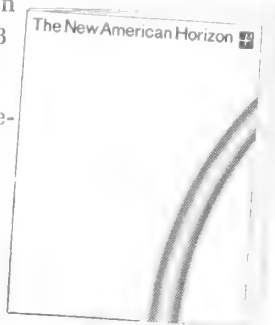
Take education. The huge increase in the number of school-age children means new schools, new desks, new libraries, new books, new teaching tools and techniques. Expenditures for education in 1975 are estimated at \$61 billion, compared with \$38 billion last year.

New federal health programs also promise great benefits to business. Medicare payments in the first full year alone should total something like \$3.5 billion for 19 million senior citizens. There'll be new hospitals and nursing homes, too. And a parade of new drugs.

Then there's the challenge of urbanization—the slums, the transportation snarls, the problems of water and air pollution. Federal funds for community development are estimated at \$1.2 billion next year, and expenditures will increase in the years ahead.

Want to know more about the probable impact of the Great Society on the American economy and the stock market? Just write for our new booklet, "*The New American Horizon*." It carefully explores six industries and the companies which stand to benefit most, gives you enough facts and figures to help you reach sensible investment decisions.

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LETTERS

peatedly in *Atlas Shrugged*) that what characterizes her heroes is an unbreached *rationality*, which is totally inimical to the initiation of force against others. . . .

EDWIN A. LOCKE, Ph.D.
Adelphi, Md.

I am a recent college graduate who refuses to go on to graduate school and is a rebel against current trends in business toward management and automation. . . . In the large corporation, anyone opposing the official rules and regulations is asked to leave. I have had to do so twice since graduating from Adelphi University in June 1964. I did not like and still do not like to suppress my individuality and my uniqueness. . . .

Ayn Rand and Paul Goodman are the heroes of my college generation. Miss Rand advocates, in *Anthem* and *The Fountainhead*, a new role for the human being—the individualist—who is not afraid to use the two faculties which elevate him above the animals—his mind and his emotions. How easily we overlook this basic fact!

EVE J. MECHUR
New York, N.Y.

A Mutual Interest

We found Douglas Haskell's article "A New Grandeur for Washington" [April] of great interest. . . . We were particularly pleased that the article mentioned the new building now under construction on the Raleigh Hotel site and that it noted the "patriotic" attitude of the financing institution and the developer. We agree with this wholeheartedly—particularly since the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, rather than [Prudential] is financing the building. . . .

W. E. BOUGHTON, Vice Pres.
John Hancock Mutual Life
Insurance Co.
Boston, Mass.

Five on Their Toes

It was heartwarming to read your article "The Only Five Great Ballet Companies" by Clive Barnes [May]. He is an extraordinarily gifted writer in a difficult field. As one who thinks Mr. Balanchine's contribution to ballet in America is precious and should be conserved, I share Mr. Barnes'



population explosion always starts small.

Andrew, here, joined us just 9 months ago. He's one of almost 400 million Americans who will be with us by the year 2000, nearly doubling today's population.

ITT started getting ready for Andrew and his friends back in 1945. Then, in the U.S., ITT had one manufacturing plant in only one state—New Jersey. Now there are ITT plants and facilities in 200 cities and towns in all 50 states. The U.S. alone, last year, accounted

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ITT moved into the service field in 1964 with the purchase of Aetna Finance Company. Avis Rent A Car followed, along with Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance, Hamilton Management

Corporation, distributor of Hamilton Funds, Inc., and Press Wireless, Inc., which provides a complete news-media service in some 65 countries.

So let the baby boom zoom.

Tomorrow is ITT's responsibility today. As the world must change, so will ITT change, shaping itself to the needs and opportunities of the times.

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LETTERS

concern about the future of the New York City Ballet. Please, more articles by him—perhaps about the regional movement in ballet in the country.

ROSSIE GILMORE

Artistic Director, Columbus Ballet
Columbus, G

Only *five* great ballet companies. Much of this country's ballet history is that of the American Ballet Theater. . . . And perhaps Mr. Barne ought to have said something about the Robert Joffrey Ballet. . . . Sure, size is not a requirement for the rank of the great.

DANIEL N. ARZAC, JR.
Washington, D. C.

The Hot-air Wave:

I thoroughly enjoyed Jessica Mitford's article, "Hello, There! You're on the Air" [May], especially the way she incorrectly promoted me from publicist to director of all talk programs for the CBS Owned radio stations. She did, however, correctly perceive that talk and information are radio's brightest lights. We at CBS have long held that radio is a foreground medium. The growing numbers of listeners actively involved in our programs proves it.

PAUL F. KAGAN
Manager, Press Info.
CBS Owned radio stations
New York, N.Y.

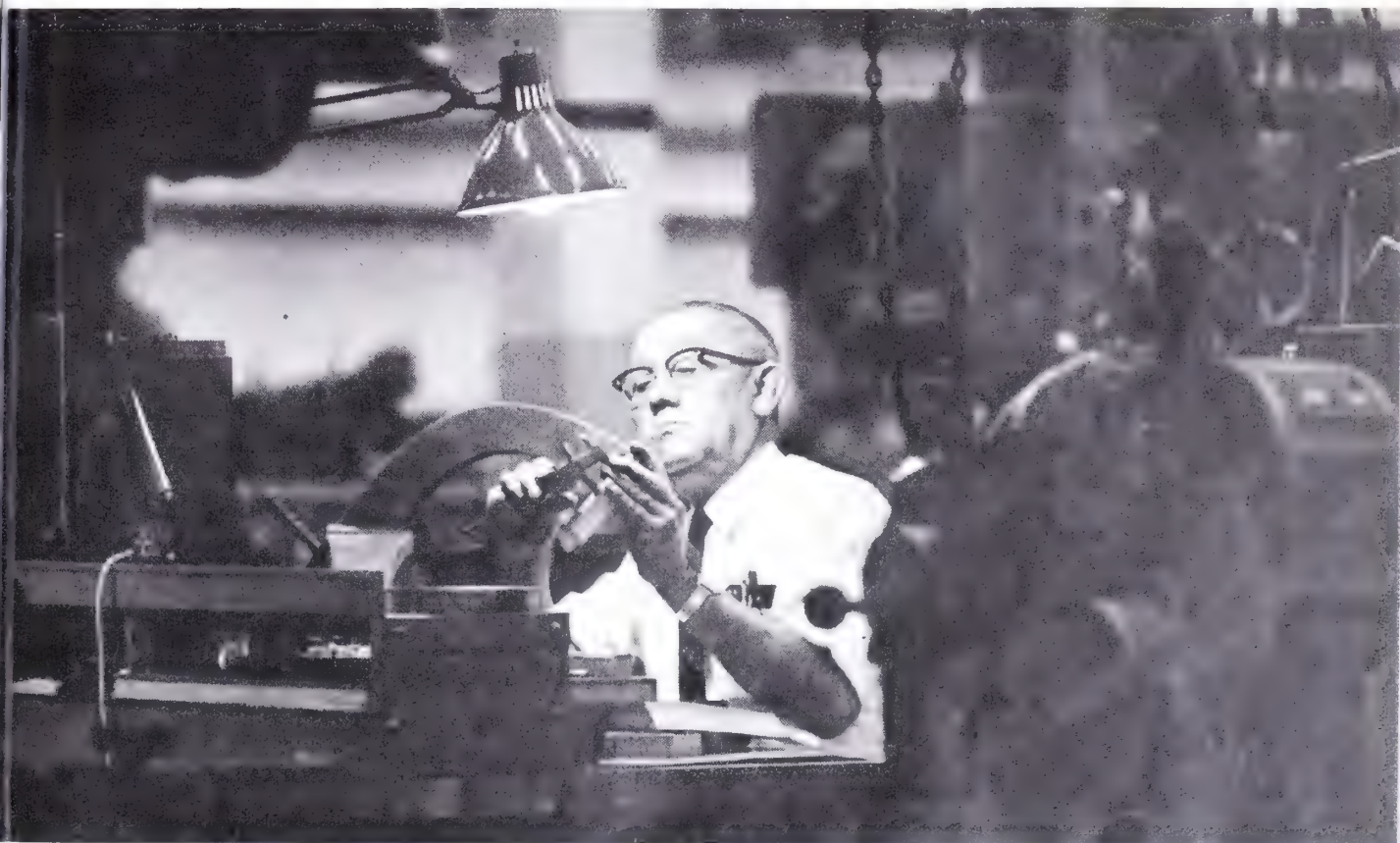
Thank you for Jessica Mitford's article on the talk programs. They're unbelievable. Some time ago a friend of mine who is music director of KPFA (FM), our listener-subscription-sponsored Pacifica station, called me to say he had been assigned to do a "phone-in" program for the station, and asked if I'd like to help ruin the whole idea. Yes!

Before broadcast time, three of us taped a series of "phone calls" from such (identified) people as Stukien Trunt, DuWayne Froal, Cornice Plinth, Minston J. Farntobba, etc., on subjects ranging in triviality *up to* the announcer's laundry. Later on these taped bits were played between "real" phone calls, and none of the real callers batted an ear. We concluded that the callers were listening to themselves, not the station.

NICK STORY
Berkeley, Calif.



The Hungarian boy with a passion for science... now makes precision tools for General Motors



Louis Simonffy lived in a world of order. A world of laws and theorems and formulas. First as a student of the gymnasium in Miskolc, Hungary . . . later as a mechanical engineer at Budapest . . . and finally as head of his own factory.

Suddenly this orderly world so full of promise came crashing down in the inferno that was World War II. Louis and

his wife, Elizabeth, joined the vast army of displaced persons, and for six long years they drifted through the ruptured cities of Europe.

After much difficulty, the Simonffys were able to make their way to the United States, and the pieces started to come together again. First came a job as a drafting clerk, then a better one

as a draftsman, and finally, in 1950, a job with General Motors. Today, Louis Simonffy is one of the ablest and most respected toolmakers in the Company.

For him it was a long and arduous road from Budapest to Detroit. We, at General Motors, are happy to welcome such talented people aboard. GM turns out superior products because of them.

GM

General Motors is People...making better things for you

How to Build a Missile Submarine: A report from General Dynar

REQUIREMENT: "Build a missile base that can be hidden under the ocean; that can keep moving so swiftly, so quietly, that it cannot be found. Although it will never be used unless the United States is first attacked, build it so that it and its crew can be kept so fit, so efficient, that it can respond instantly should the order come."

ANSWER: The SSBN—Submarine Ballistic Nuclear—more commonly known as the Polaris submarine.

The nuclear-powered submarine has revolutionized naval strategy. Freed from dependence upon the atmosphere or refueling, such a ship can remain submerged for months on end. The addition of a ballistic missile that can be fired from beneath the sea creates an invulnerable deterrent against attack.

General Dynamics delivered the United States Navy's first submarine, the Holland, in 1900. Since then we've built 250 undersea vessels for the Navy, including the first nuclear-powered submersible, the Nautilus.

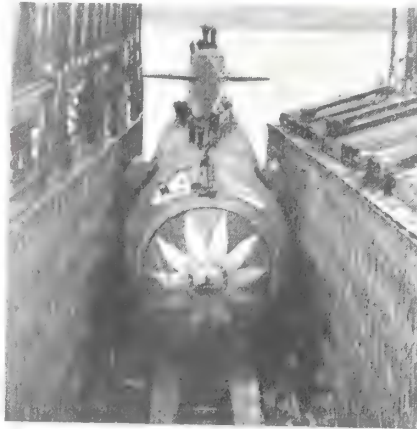
But the Navy's Polaris submarine, the most complex ship yet devised, has also created a revolution in shipbuilding. Questions of seaworthiness and habitability that must be factored into any ship are multiplied a thousandfold.

Jigsaw puzzle:

The first essential in building a missile submarine is the integration of literally millions of parts, all of which must be

designed to work together as a unity within the 425-foot length of the fish-shaped ship. Here are a few:

A nuclear reactor, turbines, gyroscopes, marine propulsion equipment, sixteen nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles, fire-control and navigation systems, water distillers, air purifying equipment,



A new Polaris submarine being launched by General Dynamics.

computers and defensive weaponry.

Navigation and weapons control alone involve six different sonar systems, fourteen different radio systems, two or three Ship Inertial Navigation Systems, a LORAN (Long Range Aid to Navigation) system, a TRANSIT system (for contact with satellites), star tracking facilities and almost forty computers. All these, scattered throughout the ship, must be tied together into one central control for instant reaction.

The ship must even carry its own more than 30,000 different listings representing several sizes.

But creating a complete Polaris marine system involves far more fitting job.

How do you join metals to wit terrific pressures? How often can a man turn in his sleep? How do you a missile platform rock-steady in rough sea? How do you muffle the noise of moving parts? How do you keep fresh in a sealed environment?

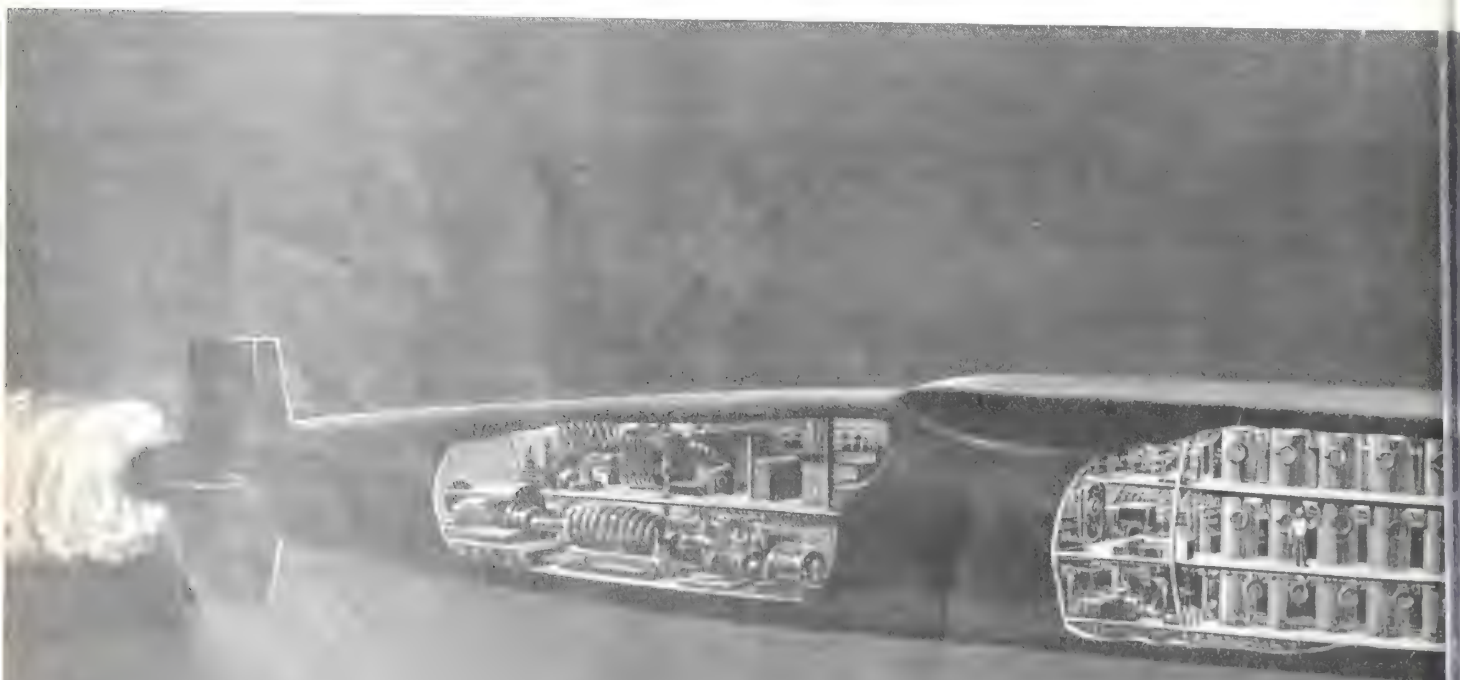
Steady and quiet:

SSBNs are built of HY-80 steel, alloy that can withstand stresses of 80,000 pounds per square inch.

But when the first ship was built of HY-80, the metal behaved differently on outdoor building ways than it had in prior laboratory tests. The answer turned out to be one of the simplest ones. Indoor metallurgical laboratories had been warm. Outdoors, the weather got cold. Now strip heaters warm hull sections to a constant 200 degrees regardless of weather, throughout the joining process.

To launch a Polaris missile successfully, the ship must be as stable as a rock, as firm as solid earth, maintaining precise depth no matter how rough the sea. Making this possible was one of the toughest single design problems.

A submarine is controlled through a combination of rudders, planes (some what like the wings of an aircraft),



asting. To rise or descend, the ship st take on or force out ballast, in the n of tons of water. Ballast in vari- areas of a ship is continually being nged to maintain trim. An elaborate sing and control system was devel- ed to coordinate all parts of the com- x in a perfect and delicate ballet. n the depths, a nuclear submarine be located mainly by sound. Any- ng that moves is soundproofed or hioned. Shaft vibration of electric tors is reduced to less than ten- lionths of an inch. Hull openings, ough which thousands of gallons of ter must flow within seconds, are de- ned to minimize turbulence noise. The millions of parts are supplied by e 11,000 industrial companies and vernment agencies. To insure total reliability, General namics makes more than 50,000 tests adiographic, ultrasonic, chemical and rostatic—on the ship's systems, not nting those on electronics and weap- y. Even nuts and bolts must be stan- dized and inspected.

Making it livable:

tended submerged patrol also created w questions of habitability. More n 75 percent of the total space in- e a missile submarine is taken up by uipment or stores. In the remaining ea some 140 men must live and work, mfortably and efficiently, for 60 days. The submarine's galleys, not much ger than the average suburban kitch-, are organized to store, prepare and ve more than 800 full-course meals nacks every day. Compact equip- ent distills 10,000 gallons of potable

water daily. Laundries, pianos, ice-cream machines, are adapted to fit the available space.

Even sleep became a design problem. A seven-inch differential in the original space between multi-tiered bunks lets a crewman toss and turn normally to rest tired muscles.

On patrol the undersea sailor is rarely more than 150 feet from an operating nuclear reactor, yet shielding is



Crewmen on a Polaris submarine conduct a missile launch drill.

made so effective that the submariner absorbs less total radiation than he would under normal surface conditions.

Breathing easy:

With nuclear propulsion, engines no longer need air, but men do.

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Oxygen is electrolytically processed from water. Banks of scrubbers, precipitators and catalytic burners remove the carbon dioxide and the 300 or so contaminants that can build up within a nuclear submarine.

Enough air conditioning to cool a small town dissipates the heat generated by machinery and human bodies. At the end of a long patrol, the air aboard a missile submarine is far cleaner than that of the average American city.

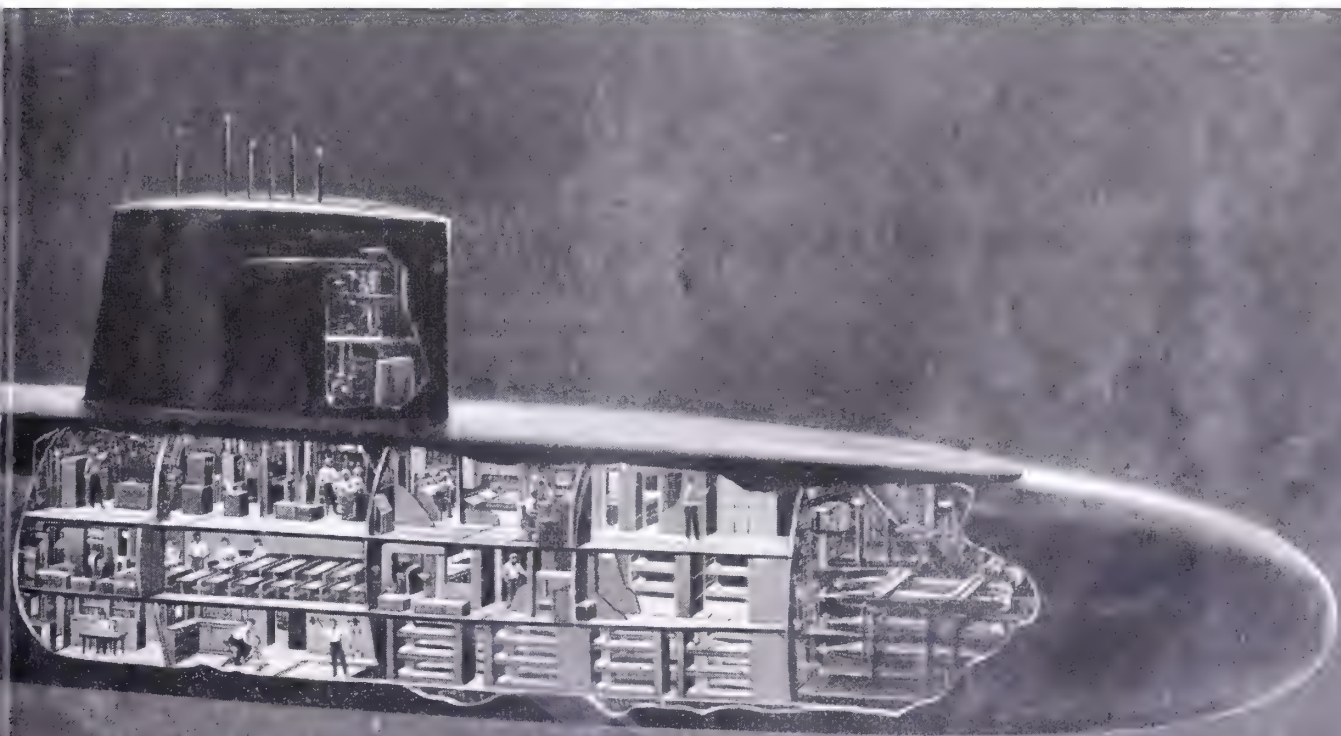
General Dynamics delivered the George Washington, the first Polaris submarine, in 1959. This month we launch the Will Rogers, the forty-first of these extraordinary ships that help the United States Navy guard the peace of the world.

Between the George Washington and the Will Rogers, a number of evolutions have taken place. New generations of submarine ships may be as much an advance over current models as the Polaris submarine is over the old Holland.

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GENERAL DYNAMICS

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A Possibly Practical Utopia

by John Fischer

For the first time in thirty years this country has an opportunity to end a national scandal—the crazy quilt of farm legislation, which has been growing steadily more absurd ever since World War II. This inherited mess not only is costly. It also is doing enormous (though unintended) damage both to country people and the cities. Now, however, three events have made it politically possible for Congress to wipe out the whole thing, and to replace it with a new policy which will make contemporary sense.

Paradoxically, city people stand to gain most from such a change. For the prime goal of a new policy should be to slow down, and eventually to reverse, the mass migration from rural areas to the big cities which has been going on for decades. Every year about a million people—most of them poor and unskilled—are moving away from the land and the small towns. So long as this flood continues, the problems of the cities—overcrowded schools, spreading slums, crime, race riots, and rising relief costs—will remain insoluble. New York, for example, can never hope to provide decent housing, education, and work for every refugee from Appalachia, Puerto Rico, and the Deep South who wants to move in. It has neither the space nor the money. Mayor John Lindsay, therefore, should be screaming his head off for Congress to do something, quick, to stop the influx. After all, earlier Congresses were largely responsible for creating it.

As so often happens, the government stumbled into the disaster it calls its farm program with the best of motives.

Back in the early 'thirties, American farmers were producing more of nearly everything than they could

sell. The result was that they were literally close to starvation, hundreds of thousands of them, while wheat overflowed the storage bins, potatoes rotted in the field, and milk was poured into roadside ditches. Their children wore threadbare jeans while millions of bales of cotton piled up on the warehouse floors, and countless families were losing their homesteads because they couldn't meet the mortgage payments. Clearly something had to be done, and under the urging of the late Henry A. Wallace, then Secretary of Agriculture, Congress did it.

At the time the resulting web of legislation looked plausible. It was intended, first of all, to shrink the production of unneeded crops, by bribing each farmer to leave part of his land untilled. Once they became less plentiful, every bushel of grain and pound of cotton presumably would fetch a higher price in the market. And to make sure they would, the government rigged up an elaborate scheme of fixed prices; if a farmer couldn't sell his product at a "fair" figure, he could put it into government storage and take a loan in return. This was pure subterfuge, to make the deal politically palatable, for nobody really expected the loan to be repaid. In the overwhelming majority of cases, the farmer kept the money and the government kept the crops.

These devices, together with a variety of fringe benefits—such as soil-conservation payments, cheap electricity, and subsidized irrigation from reclamation projects—did indeed work, in a crude and expensive fashion. They rescued agriculture from its near-bankruptcy of the Depression years, although it never did reach anything like the prosperity of

urban industry. And the basic scheme (with frequent patches and tinkering) has remained in effect to this day. It now costs nearly \$7 billion a year, or roughly \$35 for every man, woman, and child in the country.

*The Rich Get Richer,
The Poor Get Out*

It also has produced some unexpected and increasingly painful side effects. One of them is alarm and despondency among city taxpayers, who get nicked three times—once to bribe the farmer not to farm so much, again in higher food prices, and finally in the heavy cost of storing and giving away the surplus crops. They and their Congressmen have tolerated the system because, until very recently, they had no choice. Because Congressional districts traditionally have been rigged to favor the rural minority, the cities could never get the legislation they needed (housing, for instance, and minimum wages) unless they went along with the demands of the farm bloc. Year after year, then, the urban Congressmen grumbled, but in the end they made the necessary deal with their colleagues from the boondocks.

Another embarrassing consequence of the farm program has been to make the big farmers bigger, and to shove the little ones onto the highway. When you offer a bribe for every acre taken out of cultivation, the men with the most acres naturally get the most money—in many cases hundreds of thousands of dollars every year. Typically they have used their loot in two ways: (1) to buy more land from their smaller neighbors; and (2) to invest in tractors, cotton-pickers, fertilizer, weed-killer, six-row cultivators, and all the other devices of



Of the billion people who may starve in 1976,

how many will be White? Black?
Yellow? Brown?

The statisticians say that in ten years over a billion—not a million, but a billion—people may be dying of hunger.

And judging from experience, Famine will be color-blind—a true believer in equality. In one way or another, it will affect every single one of us.

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Of course, this isn't the only way to deal with famine. But the fact is that right now Olin fertilizers are helping one acre of American farmland do the work of four and more acres. And there's no reason why this can't be done for farmlands everywhere.

After all, with the peace of the entire world at stake, only the foolish would ignore a threat of international famine. And although we, as a nation, may try to feed the hungry everywhere, the day will come when we just can't.

So doesn't it make much more sense to help the hungry learn to feed themselves—now, before it's too late?

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modern technology. As a result the efficiency of the big farms (often run by corporations) has increased spectacularly; they are now producing more per acre than ever before, and with a lot less manpower.

But the little farmer, who didn't get enough government money to modernize his place—and doesn't have enough acreage to make mechanization worthwhile anyhow obviously can't compete. So he sells out, loads his mattress, his wife, and his eight children into the pickup truck, and heads for the city.

On the road he joins a straggle of even poorer people headed the same way. They are the army of hired hands, sharecroppers, and tenant farmers whose labor is no longer needed on the land. Look at what is happening, for example, in the eighteen Delta counties of Mississippi, where cotton is still king. Last year the plantations there hired 14,400 Negroes, at wages of \$3 to \$4 a day, to hoe the weeds out of the cotton rows. This spring, because of the spreading use of chemical weed-killers, plus a further reduction by the government in the acreage planted to cotton, only about 7,000 cotton choppers were needed. The cotton-picking jobs are melting away too, as machines take over; only about half as many people will be employed in the harvest this year as last.

What will happen to the rest? A few, no doubt, will try to live for a while on the pitifully meager relief handouts available in Mississippi.

But most of them will be making their way, before long, toward Memphis, Chicago, Watts, and Harlem. (New York City alone took in nearly 400,000 additional Negroes and Puerto Ricans in just four years, from 1960 to 1964.) All of these places, and every other city slum, are of course already overloaded with unemployed workers. What future can they offer to still more thousands of unskilled, and often illiterate, ex-cotton-choppers?

The Deserted Villages

Much the same thing is happening in other parts of the country. The depopulation of the West Texas landscape was described in this magazine last January by Larry King in his "Requiem for a Texas Town." I have at hand another study made in South Dakota, of a community which only ten years ago consisted of a reasonably thriving village surrounded by about 500 family-type farms. Of that number, only 75 farmers had enough acreage to convert to modern large-scale operation—and they alone were able to finance the changeover, since they got 79 per cent of all the federal subsidies and support payments. Consequently, in the course of a single decade nearly 300 families were forced out of the farming business as their land was absorbed by their bigger, more efficient (and more heavily subsidized) neighbors. As they left—for Minneapolis, Rapid City, Chicago, and Los Angeles—the village

where they once traded began to die. A bank, a church, two machine shops, several filling stations and groceries, and a hardware store closed their doors. But the damage did not stop there; it is still spreading, like a ripple across the continent, in every metropolitan area which finds itself an unwilling host to these swarms of displaced people.

Like their counterparts from the South, most of them are good people: hardy, eager to work, responsible, and often deeply religious. But in the strict sense of the word they are uncivilized—that is, unprepared for city life—just as the city is unprepared for them. The result, in all too many cases, is permanent unemployment or at best sporadic, ill-paid jobs, broken families, demoralization, and bitterness. (Some of these people join the Klan, the Birch Society, or other extremist movements out of sheer frustration and bewilderment; they don't quite understand what has happened to them, or why, but they know well enough that something has gone radically wrong with their lives, and with the nation which has permitted it to happen.)

The cost to the cities is hard to estimate in dollars, but James Patton, until recently head of the National Farmers' Union, has calculated that it comes to at least \$25,000 for every rural family that arrives unemployed. Since this figure includes relief checks, public housing, retraining, and the added load on already overburdened schools, social services, water supplies, and police departments, it may well be conservative.

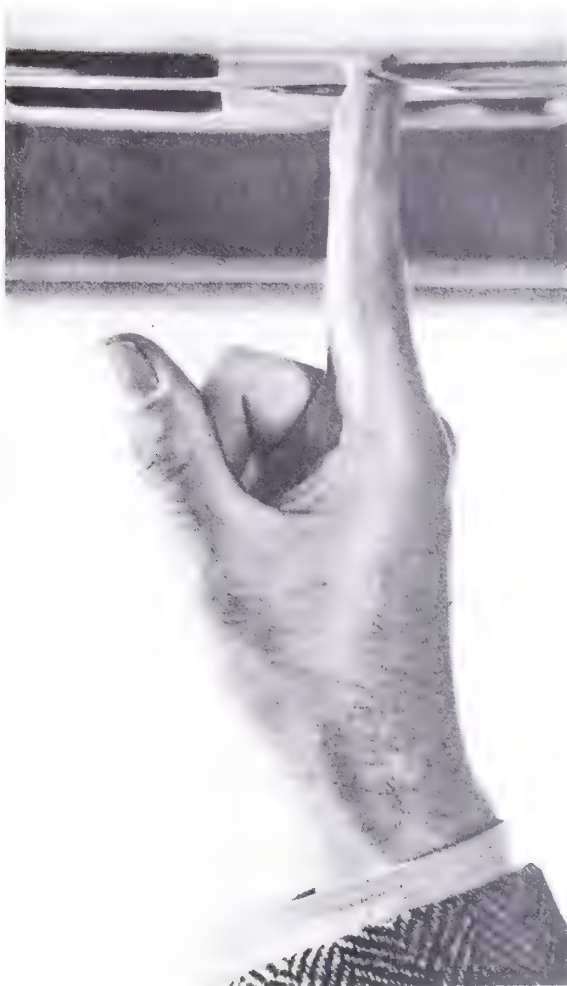
Another measure of the dimensions of this mass tragedy can be summed up in two figures. Fifteen years ago, 23 per cent of our population lived on farms; today less than 7 per cent. And the flight from the land is still going on.

At last, however, we have a realistic chance to stop it. Three developments—two political, one economic—have made it feasible for Congress to scrap the old farm program, and to design a new one which might fit the real needs of both agriculture and the cities.

The most important of these developments is the series of Supreme Court decisions which forced a rearrangement of Congressional districts,



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so that the vote of a city resident now counts for as much as a farmer's. By ending the ancient, unfair domination of the rural minority, it broke forever the power of the farm bloc representatives—which had been dwindling anyhow because of the decline in rural population. As a consequence the country Congressmen will never again be able to shove a farm bill down the gagging throats of their urban colleagues. Future legislation can be written with an eye to the interests of the urban majority. Nor need this mean a raw deal for agriculture, because for reasons to be noted in a moment—the long-range interests of most city and most farm people have now become identical.

An almost equally significant event is the enfranchisement of large numbers of Southern Negroes. In the past the rural South was represented in Congress almost exclusively by spokesmen for the white landowners—that small percentage of relatively big farmers who got rich out of federal subsidies. The little farmers (usually Negro) who have been losing their land and jobs for the last three decades had virtually no voice in the election of these Congressmen. Moreover, because the one-party South habitually returned the same men term after term, they piled up seniority and thus rose to positions of baronial authority on the committees which control farm legislation and appropriations. (An example is Harold D. Cooley of North Carolina, a member of the House since 1934 and chairman of its Agriculture Committee.) If the Southern Negroes use their new votes intelligently, it seems likely that within the next two elections many of these old Confederates will be defeated, and replaced by men who can speak for the rural poor.

The third development is the disappearance of some of the most burdensome farm surpluses. The once-mountainous stacks of surplus wheat have now dwindled to about 600 million bushels, or roughly one year's reserve. Soybeans, dried milk, and a few other items have also dropped off the surplus list. The explanation lies partly in the controls on acreage planted, but mostly in the fact that for the last decade we have been giving food away to people overseas on a lavish scale. Every day we land a shipload of wheat at an Indian

port, and without it millions in India would be starving. Similarly, nearly one-third of the population of Algeria depends on American grain, while schoolchildren all over Latin America get regular rations of dried milk.

This does not mean that the government can lift all production controls overnight. If it did, we would soon be swamped with a new tidal wave of unneeded crops; indeed, some farm products—notably cotton—are still overflowing the warehouses. But it does mean that we can afford to produce a little more of a few selected commodities, and that some farm workers can hope to hold onto their jobs a while longer. Last May, for instance, the White House announced that wheat plantings for next year could be raised by 15 per cent. In sum, one of the pressures which has been squeezing people off the land has eased up a bit, and the control of surpluses no longer has to be such an overriding consideration in the drafting of farm legislation.

Where to Make A New Start

Nothing is likely to happen in this session, but when the new Congress convenes next January it may very well start thinking what shape a radically new farm program ought to take. (The initiative, if any, almost certainly will have to come from Congress; for the Department of Agriculture is packed to the window ledges with old-time bureaucrats, wedded so long to the traditional system and tied so closely to the big farm lobbies that they probably couldn't embark on any fresh thinking even if they wanted to.)

Even now it is possible to glimpse the rough outlines of what might become a new policy for agriculture—or at least to trace out some of its limitations and possibilities.

To begin with, we might as well face the fact that America is never going back to the old pre-Depression type of family farming. Some urban intellectuals still cherish a nostalgic dream of a Happy Peasantry, each family living on its own forty acres, raising its own wheat, baking its bread, churning its butter, cultivating its (organic) garden—and incidentally producing a little extra food to send off to the city markets. That

was the vision behind the old subsistence-homesteads experiment of the 'thirties—cheered on by Eleanor Roosevelt—and it now seems to be a favorite notion of Paul Goodman and other prophets of the New Left.

It'll never happen. Modern industrialized agriculture has come to stay. For the foreseeable future, the great bulk of our commercial crops—the grain, meat, vegetable oils, and cotton which feed and clothe the cities—are going to be raised on big, highly specialized factories-in-the-fields. (Even poultry raising has become a belt-line process.) The new methods are too efficient to be abandoned, and the nation has invested too much in them to give them up now. Besides, for all the problems it has caused, mechanized, chemicalized, scientific farming has some vast advantages. It enabled the United States to feed devastated Europe after the war, and much of the rest of the world ever since; it is the envy of Russia, which still employs nearly half of its total manpower in agriculture. Moreover, the old family-type farm didn't really offer all that happy a way of life; what it actually offered was endless, bone-weary toil, for men and women alike, with only a thin return in comfort, much less in culture. (I know, because my own family lived that way for generations.)

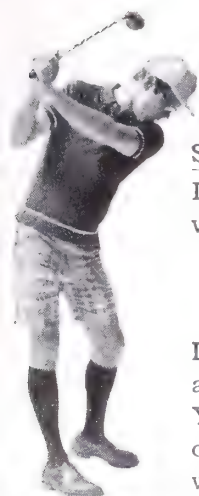
There is no hope, therefore, that commercial agriculture will reabsorb the people it has pushed off the land and into the cities. No matter what the government may do, in the years ahead commercial agriculture is likely to use less labor, not more.

This does not mean, however, that we have to continue to depopulate the countryside, while our sixteen great metropolitan areas grow ever bigger and more noisome, like spreading cancers. With a little foresight it should be entirely practical for us to design a new kind of landscape, spreading our population much more evenly throughout the nation and providing for many people the combined advantages of city and country life.

Visionary? I don't think so. But it might be useful to start with a vision of what America *could* be like.

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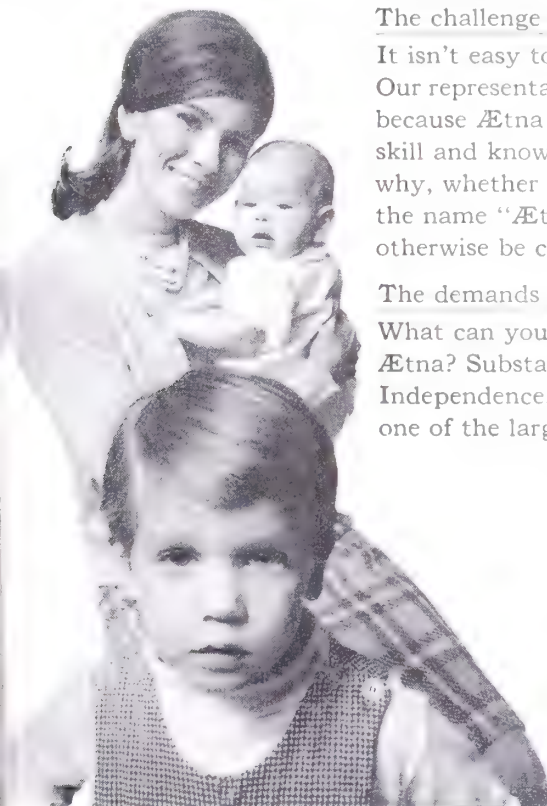
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and several already are under way here; see Wolf Von Eckardt's article in the December 1965 issue of *Harper's*. Each would have its own local source of employment: factories, a university, a hospital complex, or a scientific establishment (such as Houston's space center or the new linear accelerator which will employ two thousand scientists). Some of the new towns would be built from scratch, like Reston, Virginia, and Columbia, Maryland. Others might use as a nucleus one of the existing, but dying, villages which can be found in rural areas everywhere; they have traditions, histories, and even some buildings which ought not to go to waste.

Around each new town a belt perhaps ten miles wide would be zoned for small farms—say, from one to ten acres. Here would live those families who enjoy a country environment and like to raise their own garden truck; but they would not depend on the land for a living. Their breadwinners would work in the town, a short commute by car or bus. For uprooted farm families, the transition to this kind of life—part rural, part urban—would be far less traumatic than entombment in a city slum.

And the thirty-five-hour industrial week, which automation promises to give us soon, will make part-time farming not only possible but a godsend; for what to do with unaccustomed leisure may soon become a really painful problem.

Beyond this belt of small holdings would lie the commercial farms, typically ranging from a few hundred to a few thousand acres. Some would still be owned and operated by a single family, since that remains the most economic pattern for certain types of agriculture—dairying, for instance, and the corn-hog farms of the Middle West. Others would no doubt be corporate ventures, like the giant vegetable factories of California and Florida and many cattle ranches in the Southwest. But all would be highly professional operations, heavily capitalized and producing (usually a single specialized crop) not for home use but for distant markets. They might well draw much of their seasonal labor, not from the present army of wretched migrant workers, but from the manpower pool of the neighboring towns.

Such a picture raises certain obvious questions:

(1) *How can we make sure that the new towns will provide enough jobs?*

Simply by encouraging systematically an existing trend. As the metropolises grow more uninhabitable, and more expensive to do business in, many companies already are building their new plants and research facilities in less congested areas. (The printing industry has long since deserted New York City, and the needle trades are on the way. Some big-corporations—IBM and General Foods, to mention only a couple—have even moved their general offices to small towns outside of New York.) By a judicious combination of tax incentives, cheap land, and cooperative planning, it should be possible to direct most of the industrial expansion of the coming decades into the chosen localities. Public and corporate planning officers might well work together, in many cases, on site selection and timing of the new construction. Such devices have worked spectacularly well in Puerto Rico and elsewhere.

State and federal governments already have a lot to say about the location of new jobs, although they seldom say it with a well-thought-out objective in mind. During the next twenty years it seems likely that this country will have to double its college classrooms, if it takes care of all the students who will be clamoring for higher education. Each new university is a major source of jobs, not only through its own payroll but through dozens of auxiliary trades, from dry-cleaning shops to snack bars. Moreover, a university would provide the cultural and intellectual leaven that a new community badly needs; and it is likely to serve as a magnet for the new science-based industries, as Boston and Berkeley have demonstrated.

Why not plan the new colleges, then, along with the new towns? And why not do the same for government scientific, military, and bureaucratic installations? Why, for instance, wouldn't it make sense to move the Bureau of Printing and Engraving to Reston, Virginia, rather than keep it in strangling downtown Washington?

Much of the employment in the new towns probably would be in the serv-

ice trades and professions, now the fastest-growing segment of our economy. Each community could serve as a center for medical, nursing, and hospital facilities, now woefully lacking throughout wide stretches of the country. With increasing leisure, population, and incomes, the demand for recreation facilities is climbing fast; it promises to create hundreds of thousands of new jobs in marinas, ski runs, dude ranches, vacation lodges, and the like. The natural location for such jobs, obviously, is not in the cities but in or near semi-rural communities.

Ideally, a new town would combine several of these resources: industrial plants, a college, a medical center, some government offices, and maybe a holiday resort. It could be an extraordinarily pleasant place to live. If you want to see a working model, look at Burlington, Vermont, or Colorado Springs. What has grown naturally in such places could, by forethought, be multiplied a hundredfold.

(2) *Where would the money come from to build 350 new towns?*

A large part of it might come from the billions we are wasting on the present farm programs. Why should we keep on indefinitely bribing the big commercial farmers to keep some of their land out of production? After all, during the last twenty years the taxpayer has reequipped them with expensive machinery and has, in effect, paid for much of their land. Most of them are now perfectly capable of making a handsome profit without further government subsidy. As long as it is necessary to limit production, why not do it simply by licensing each commercial farm to plant so many acres, rather than by bribery? (For the remaining small farmers, some subsidy probably will be necessary for a long time; and it can be justified on grounds that it is cheaper than supporting them on relief in the cities.)

More millions could be saved by abolishing the Bureau of Reclamation, a bureaucratic relic of the last century. Its main business is building dams, at great cost, to irrigate new land we don't need, for the production of crops already in surplus. In the process it has destroyed some of the scenic treasures of the nation, and is now pushing a scheme to ruin much of the Grand Canyon. With a little political courage, the money it is now

E EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

ending could be put to good use instead of bad..

We already are pouring billions on public housing in the big cities. Couldn't it be more sensible to invest the bulk of this money in new towns, where land is cheaper and the social environment infinitely healthier? Think, too, what we could save on guns, police, and social services.)

In the end, however, most of the building in the new towns probably would be done by private developers. Once public agencies have assembled the land for the site, worked out a master plan, and provided incentives to create jobs, private capital could be expected to put up the factories and most of the homes. (Some public housing probably would be needed for the displaced and unskilled, until they are retrained to support themselves in their new setting.) Indeed, private capital already is doing precisely this in a few instances, with a minimum of public help: most impressively, perhaps, in Sterling Forest, the industrial-scientific-educational community about 45 miles northwest of New York City. But few private developers have either the capital or the imagination to swing such a project without some public cooperation.

(3) *Is this really a farm program?* Yes, since its main purpose would be to help those farm people who need most—to offer a new start in life, under decent circumstances, to that million who are being pushed off the land every year. But it is a program for city people too, since it would give them a chance to stabilize Megalopolis and to reduce its escalating problems to manageable size. It would be more precise, perhaps, to call it a program for Everybody. For the overlapping interests of urban and rural citizens now have converged; what they both need is something which will halt the tide of migration damaging to them both.

John F. Kennedy, and many of our political leaders since, have spoken with great concern about "the quality of American life." We now have a chance—a politically realistic chance—to do something about it. If we fail to seize it, within a few years America-the-Once-Beautiful may be past the point of no return: a collection of concrete jungles, surrounded by almost-deserted, tractor-haunted countryside.

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After Hours



How Are Things with the Philistines?

by Russell Lynes

In the general approbation of the cultural boom, which currently commands so many sticks of type in the press, little space is provided for giving the Philistine their due. It seems to me unfortunate that their voices are almost entirely drowned out by hosannas sung by choirs of cultural angels, for there is nothing so important to the cultural vitality of the country as the abrasive provided by the Philistines. Cultural indifference is no substitute for Philistinism. Without the abrasive, the promoters and preservers of culture would have nothing to hone and polish their wits with, no enemy to point the finger of scorn at, no battle, no crusade. With the thought of trying to redress an imbalance between the forces of culture and those of Philistinism (in order, of course, to abet the former), I have been collecting items of a variety of sorts which demonstrate that the Devil is not dead. Indeed he has not even noticeably changed his path, though one must be aware that the

greatest and most dangerous Philistines are often, if not always, those who pose as the most ardent torch carriers for the arts. I will get to that breed last. They are the richest, most charming, most saintly, and most powerful.

Unquestionably the neatest act of Philistinism committed recently was in court in Des Moines, Iowa, on February 11th of this year. It was not an example of the Devil masking as a messenger of culture. The incident had an almost classic simplicity. It concerned a seven-year-old boy, his father, who is a writer and photographer, a God-fearing Midwestern farmer and his wife, who are the boy's grandparents, and the Iowa Supreme Court, which shall be anonymous because the *New York Times* failed in its account to mention any judicial names. The matter before the court was a custody case. The boy's mother had been killed several years ago and the father had asked his wife's parents (the farmer and wife) to take

care of the little boy. A few years later the young widower remarried and asked to have his son back, which the child's grandparents sued to prevent. The boy's father won custody of his child only to have the Supreme Court of Iowa reverse the decision on the ground that the boy might be exposed to "an arty, Bohemian" life. It was better, the court decided, that the boy be brought up in a "conventional, middle-class, Middle West background." The court disapproved of the fact that the young father didn't go to church and that he was "a political liberal" who had got into trouble with the University of Washington for "support of the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union" in the university's newspaper. The court conceded that the boy "would have more freedom of contact and thought, with an opportunity to develop his individual talents" in his father's household, but even so. . . . The boy's new stepmother is quoted as saying: "We love our home. We've sewed curtains and fixed up a room for Mark. It's been ready almost a year. We're quiet people. We watch TV, baby-sit for friends, play chess. I play the guitar. That sounds Bohemian, I guess."

Her unhappy husband said, "Only in Iowa could something like this happen."

He is quite wrong. Iowans should not be affronted by being thus singled out, for one of the most common brands of Philistinism reveals itself in distrust of those engaged in the arts. Usually, of course, such distrust is a family matter and not one that reaches such lofty seats of justice. Nearly all parents object to letting their children get involved with things like guitars and chess and artists unless they are convinced that these are merely symbols of a passing phase. I remember the acute embarrassment of a man I know, who is extremely rich and who collects expensive paintings and supports cultural institutions with a lavish hand, when he discovered that his daughter was determined to marry a pianist. He did

Mr. Lynes is managing editor of "Harper's" and a member of the Landmarks Commission of New York. His new book, "Confessions of a Dilettante," will be published by Harper & Row this fall.



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KARMANN GHIA 

not stop her, but he squirmed. By and large, patrons of the arts trust other patrons far more than they trust artists, which, I am sure, is as it should be. Surely artists do not trust patrons. Let me recommend to you the delightful description of the avant-garde patron who is frightened of having his son get involved with serious artists in the first chapters of Somerset Maugham's nearly forgotten novel *Christmas Holiday*. The brand of Philistinism demonstrated by the Iowa Supreme Court is certainly one of the most shocking; it is also one of the most common.

The Outdoor Philistines

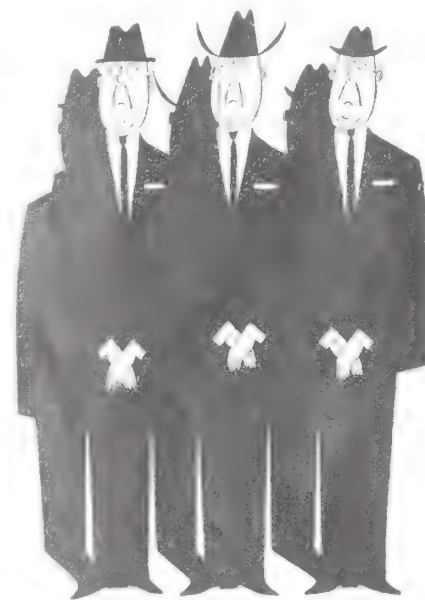
Until quite recently New York has been almost unique in the Philistinism of its Parks Commissioners. Robert Moses has made something of a career out of attacking the arts with a sure knowledge that there is no easier way for a public official to make headlines than by vilifying artists, cultural artifacts, and promoters of the arts. Old Moses was a past master at the slur and in the long run he will be better remembered for his invective than for having strangled New York with traffic. By contrast his successor as Parks Commissioner, Newbold Morris, was a most gentle and biddable man, and when he died not many months ago he left many friends. One of his last acts as Commissioner, however, put him squarely in the upper ranks of the Philistines and I would wager that his action caused a good many of the members of his club to drink a toast to him. He so disliked a sculpture by Calder (abstract, of course) that was offered for the plaza of Lincoln Center that he not only disapproved it, he declined even to refer it to the city Arts Commission for its opinion. Needless to say, the sculpture has subsequently been accepted by Lincoln Center. "I'm in love with representational art," Mr. Morris said when interviewed at the time of his decision. "Give me nineteenth-century French and I go to pieces."

What a chord of response such a public statement calls forth! If it weren't for such traditionalists, where would the avant-garde be? Or would it be at all?

Another form of Philistinism that poses as advanced patronage turns up

now and then in the business community. There have been, in my estimation, some extremely effective, entirely non-Philistine uses of the serious arts by business. The ads of the Container Corporation when Walter Paepke ran the company were an example; so were some of the campaigns started years ago by Charles Coiner of N. W. Ayre's, the advertising agency of Philadelphia, for DeBeers Diamonds, Steinway, and others. But I came on this little item about a year ago and I have been treasuring it. It is from the *New York Times*:

"The Puritron Corporation, makers of the Puritron Range Hood, is sponsoring a nationwide art contest. Paintings may be 'impressionistic, realistic, or abstract,' but the Puritron Range Hood must be a focal point in the scene or mood depicted."



Official Types

In recent months we have seen a return of a kind of Philistinism that those who have been laboring so strenuously to involve the federal government with the arts hoped they had seen the last of. Reports from Washington in April sounded a little reminiscent of the bad old days when Congressman Dondero of Illinois was giving the State Department hell because there were paintings in an exhibition it was sponsoring abroad by artists suspected of once having been affiliated with *The New Masses*. Happily, however, there was no hint of

political subversion in the recent hearings on the national Arts and Humanities Endowments before a House appropriations subcommittee. It makes the Philistinism seem Simon pure when it rings with phrases like "sound and practical operating procedures must first be established for this activity before the scope of the program is materially extended." (Compared with President Truman's statement about a painting by the late Kuniyoshi, "If that's art, I'm a Hot-tentot," it is the comment of pedants.) But it appeared that it wasn't just orderly procedures with which the questioning Congressmen were concerned. "There were hints," Howard Taubman reported, "... that the legislators were worried that avant-garde styles would receive excessive backing."

Roger Stevens, chairman of the Arts Endowment, stood up manfully to this assault. The program that his committee (the National Arts Council) had advocated was timid enough, one would have thought, to appeal to the most recalcitrant Congressman. But Congressmen have their traditions to look out for, and protecting the public from the arts is one of them.

There was another incident in Washington late last year that had very little mention in the press but which deserves the attention of students of Philistine culture. A group of paintings by the wife of the first secretary of the Belgian Embassy, Mme Herman Noppen (Maria de Matteis), was hung in the exhibition hall of the State Department. "Through normal channels," the press account said at the time, "the Belgian Embassy had asked the department some time ago whether it would be possible to stage an exhibition there, sponsored by the Ambassador, Baron Louis Scheyven. The department agreed to make space available without viewing the pictures."

There was a flurry of dismayed excitement when the pictures appeared. They were "vulgar" and they were "ghastly" and though some "survived an initial culling by departmental culture arbiters" still others were later removed at the orders of someone "at the level of deputy assistant secretary." Evidently the pictures were of a surrealist sort and anatomically rather more outspoken than the

AFTER HOURS

ate Department can afford to recognize as art, much less diplomacy. They were even too much for Mrs. Nancy Kefauver, the department's special consultant on selection of works of art for our embassies abroad. John Canaday pointed out in a sensible comment in the *New York Times*, the key to the matter was not the pictures but the place. Undoubtedly if they had been shown in a dealer's gallery half a mile away no one would have been concerned. It is then a question of official "suitability" that makes Philistines out of otherwise tolerant, even adventurous, art lovers.

Holier Than Who?

In fact officialdom inserts itself into the arts nearly always on the side of the Devil, even when it appears to be on the side of God.

In recent months in New York the newly established Landmarks Preservation Commission has been holding public hearings in City Hall (surely one of the Nation's most beautiful historic landmarks) and the Commissioners, of which I am one, have been hearing testimony from a good many men of the cloth, vestrymen, and even on one occasion a bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of New York. One could think, or anyway I thought, that an institution like Trinity Church, whose spire is an exclamation mark at the head of Wall Street, would be the very first to cry "Hohanna!" at being designated a landmark. On the contrary. The vestry of Trinity Church, which occupies as much a bit of real estate as exists on this continent, cried "Uncle!"

There is no purpose in explaining here the ramifications of the law that established the Landmarks Commission and its powers, which are essentially delaying powers to forestall, if not prevent, the destruction of important structures and to keep them from being despoiled. Suffice it to say that the church elders and fathers (many of them but by no means all) have declared that though without exception they applaud the purpose of the Commission and the splendid motives that lie behind it, they demand that the Commission keep its hands off the church. The argument is that any jurisdiction of any sort by any agency of government over the

property of the church is an interference with religious liberty and a denial of the constitutionally guaranteed separation of church and state. Furthermore by designating a church a landmark, the Commission would be interfering in the church's doing God's work in its own way. If, for instance, the vestry of Trinity Church were to decide that it was in God's interest to sell its property to a real-estate operator, it should be allowed to make this theological decision without interference from the Commission.

Though it seems that more of the church representatives who have appeared before the Commission hold this point of view than oppose it, there have been a number of clergymen and vestrymen and elders who have expressed their delight and the delight of their congregations at having their churches declared landmarks. By no means all New York churches qualify for landmark designation. One Episcopal clergyman expressed his shock at a statement made by his bishop who had strongly opposed the Commission: he decried what he said, in effect, was the mundane (not his word) interest of the church in protecting its physical investments at the expense of its spiritual ones.

"It looks to me," a man who had been at the hearings said to me, "as though God is the Commission's worst enemy."

Another man observed profanely, "No, God is not dead. He's gone into the real-estate business." The citizens of Philistia come in all sizes and persuasions, but money is of primary importance to most of them.

Philistine of the Month

This column would be glad to publish from time to time a brief account of the activities of the Philistine of the Month. We invite readers to report to us acts of Philistinism of uncommon outrageousness with, if possible, supporting documentation such as newspaper clippings. We will be pleased to enter a subscription to *Harper's* in the name of the contributor whose Philistine is chosen. This subscription can be sent to anyone the contributor desires, including the Philistine.

There have been other striking instances of Philistine pressures at work in recent months. Sometimes one can only suspect what goes on below the surface. It would be interesting to know, for example, what the real story behind the firing last November of the director of the Los Angeles County Museum was. *Artforum*, a Los Angeles magazine, denounced the trustees as "self-seeking individuals making a crude spectacle of themselves in an attempt to slice the museum pie according to their own untrained interests." The owner of an art gallery said, "Trustee control over day-to-day decisions of the museum's staff can sink this town right back into the worst sort of aesthetic provincialism." I do not pretend to know the validity of anybody's argument in this dispute since those who do know have clammed up. There is a great deal of money and potential money involved for the museum. It is keeping its linen in its own washing machine.

Perfect Example

Finally there is the nice question of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Those who are most determined to see it torn down are those who have worked hardest to raise the money for the new opera house in Lincoln Center. The arguments against preserving the old house are practical ones—it is outdated, there is no storage space, rehearsal halls are inadequate, and so on. The arguments for preserving it are that it is acoustically remarkably good, that it is a beautiful auditorium filled with tradition, and that New York needs two great opera houses and can support them both and keep them busy.

Those who are bent on the destruction of the old house say they need the income from the property to support the new house, but there also seems to be more than just a hint that they are scared to death of competition from the old house. This means that they are willing to discourage an artistic enterprise in order to promote their own. Without stretching the concept of the word one iota, this would seem to me to qualify as an almost perfect example of Philistinism. The fact that it is dressed in chin-chilla, rather than sheep's clothing, should fool nobody.

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Clayton Fritchey



HARRIS & EVING

Old Characters in New Roles

Why Washington is wondering about "the change" (if any) in Hubert Humphrey... the oriental-baroque prose of Mesdames Nhu and Chiang... and the curious political reasoning of J. K. Galbraith.

The fastest flying object in the U. S. has just been identified—it is Vice President Hubert Humphrey. And as he flies from city to city in an effort to generate support for the Administration's policy in Vietnam and Asia generally, he has, purely incidentally, generated a doubt about himself. The doubt, largely in liberal circles, is: Has Humphrey changed since becoming Vice President?

Many liberals think he has. Humphrey does not agree. Instead, he thinks it is about time for some of his old liberal pals to grow up. The extent of this allegation does not show yet, for Humphrey's long-time friends and supporters are still so fond of him personally that most of them shrink from publicly criticizing him or, when they do, very harshly. He, too, has held his fire in public, for he is not a hater and does not lightly cast off old ties. Yet, in Washington, it is no secret that the liberal attitude has rankled him, and in private Humphrey has made no bones about his impatience with this criticism. In

fact, he got some of it off his chest in a talk with Saul Pett of the Associated Press, who frankly asked him if there was a "new" Humphrey, and he replied, "Not at all." He also said:

"I've never left the liberals even though some are disappointed in me. Liberals have a great emotional commitment. They're volatile. If you do something to displease them, their respect becomes cynical. . . . I have my own views. I have my own conscience. I wear no man's collar. . . . Some say that Humphrey is trying to be more for the President's program than the President. I happen to think it's a good program, and that he is right."

Once upon a time Humphrey was a vice chairman of Americans for Democratic Action, so there was lively interest in his appearance at the annual ADA convention in Washington this spring. He was warmly received and listened to politely. He, in turn, was his cordial, warmhearted self, but in his speech on Vietnam he made no concessions to the prevailing views of his audience. They made none, either. Their answer was a resolution sharply challenging the Vice President's promotion of "the false analogy of Munich." Later, when Humphrey spoke to the American Newspaper Publishers' Association in New York, he made a more strident pitch for the Johnson program. In the audience was a very old friend, Murray Kempton,

who over the years has written many admiring columns about Humphrey. This time he found that "the current Hubert Humphrey is unexpectedly like the old Richard Nixon." Each, he noted, is the son of a storekeeper who struggled through the Depression. "They were," he added, "waiting on customers almost as soon as they could walk, and under circumstances where every customer was an object of desperation. And so Humphrey and Nixon will always wait on people; and they will always stoop too far. The first great crisis for each must have been the excess inventory of soap that had to be moved or the business would perish; the style was formed in that emergency, and it has endured ever since. . . . The Vice President is the man behind the counter; and the inventory of soap gets no smaller. It's hard to tell him from the last salesman after a while; character is of small help in a bad job."

Kempton seems to be saying that Humphrey has always been a salesman and always will be. Humphrey in his good-natured, laughing way, would probably be the first to agree with him. In his eyes, and the eyes of most Americans, there is nothing wrong with a little salesmanship. But there is also the implication that Humphrey has changed even as a salesman: Kempton obviously thinks the Vice President is pushing a differ-

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a message from dairy farmer members of
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ent and inferior product than he used to as Senator, but Humphrey, and probably those who know him best, would indignantly deny this. They would argue that the product is the same and that, despite liberal views to the contrary, it is not inferior.

There is much in the record to support Humphrey's claims of consistency. All intelligent, open-minded men change some in the course of an active life; so no doubt the Vice President does not resemble in all respects the former Mayor of Minneapolis, or the former Senator from Minnesota, or even the former Assistant Majority Leader of the Senate. But he himself does not think he has undergone major mutations, and it is not difficult to see why he sincerely believes this. He became a national figure and a leading liberal in the first instance by his ardent championship of civil rights, civil liberties, and domestic social and economic reform. The record shows that he is just as devoted to these interests today as ever. For years he has done all in his power to promote generous foreign aid, and as Vice President he has kept it up. His heart has been in disarmament from the first; it still is. He has been a great and good friend to the United Nations, to the Marshall Plan, to NATO, to Europeanism, and, in this hemisphere, to the Good Neighbor Policy—and, as Vice President, he has not changed his allegiance to any of these projects.

Why the Dismay?

Why then is there such dismay about him in liberal circles? Why this disappointed feeling that he has somehow changed, and betrayed his principles? It all centers on his attitude toward Vietnam and China, an issue which, as in our own Civil War, evokes such strong feelings that it obliterates all other issues. But the liberals are wrong in thinking and charging that Humphrey has gone back on his old views on Asia since becoming an Administration spokesman. What they do not seem to know, or else refused to recognize in the past, is that Humphrey has for years been aggressively against Communism in general, and Communist China in particular.

Few liberals remember that the then Senator from Minnesota played a most prominent part in the 1954

fight to put more teeth in the Communist Control Act. His amendment, making membership in the Communist party a crime and virtually outlawing the party, was the most controversial legislation of the year. Even fewer liberals probably recall, if they ever knew, that for years Humphrey was a prominent member of the Committee of One Million, organized by the most extreme pro-Chiang forces in the U. S. to isolate Red China and keep it out of the United Nations.

It is no fault of Humphrey's that his old supporters did not know or have forgotten this. He made no attempt to gloss over these activities; the glossing was done by admirers who just didn't want to acknowledge that their hero had any significant views that they didn't share. Now that it is impossible any longer to ignore his stand on China and Vietnam, many liberals feel let down, but they have no right to feel they have been betrayed. At this point, the only sensible thing to do is to stop arguing over his consistency, and start arguing over what is more important, which is—Is he right? Some respected and friendly political pros fear that the Vice President is on a bad wicket from the point of view of both foreign policy and future political fortune. There is also the feeling that he not only is wrong in general on Asia, but that the timing and zeal of his pro-hawk crusade may possibly leave him somewhat isolated if the President should suddenly decide to change course.

But when it comes to speeches, Humphrey the Vice President is little different from Humphrey the Senator. He still speaks for an hour at a time, and he often still sounds like Billy Sunday, full of evangelism and emotion and hyperbole. He cannot seem to reconcile himself to the disciplines of his present office, which, like the President's, calls for precision and restraint in thought and speech.

In Washington, at least, allowances are made for Humphrey's natural exuberance of expression, but even here some of his speeches have begun to raise eyebrows, and arouse curiosity as to whether they truly reflect Administration thinking. The word is that Johnson some time ago gave Humphrey the green light to make speeches without White House clearance. The President was quoted as

saying, "You're an elected official; you don't have to get your speeches cleared."

This report was taken with a grain of salt at first, but some of the Vice President's statements on Vietnam have been so sweeping that it is hard to believe they were specifically approved in advance by the President, and hence, at this writing, there is some doubt as to how literally they should be taken. The confusion was compounded by the contrast of Mr. Johnson's own restraint in responding to the anti-junta demonstrations in South Vietnam. Rusk and McNamara were also noninflammatory, as were many of the President's supporters in the Senate.

Nevertheless, that did not deter Humphrey from developing the startling and hitherto unheard-of line that the Honolulu Declaration is not limited to Vietnam, but really constitutes a great new "Johnson Doctrine" for all of Asia, involving enormous commitments into the indefinite future.

"I would never want anyone," said Humphrey in a little-noticed interview, "to underestimate the meaning of the Honolulu Conference and Declaration. If that is studied carefully, I think it has as much significance for the future of Asia as the Atlantic Charter had for the future of Europe."

The President has not seen fit to confirm or deny this interpretation of his Hawaiian meeting with Premier Ky, although at the time of the meeting, and subsequently, no such construction was advanced by the White House or State Department, and there is nothing in the Declaration itself to suggest continental import.

Senator Fulbright, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, complains that the Administration has been reading profound obligations retroactively into documents that weren't so billed at the time they were originally sold to the public. The SEATO treaty and Tonkin Gulf resolution would be two examples. Humphrey's post-Hawaii reading would seem to be still another. This, suggests Fulbright, is the way the U. S. tries to justify unlimited escalation of limited commitments.

In all fairness to Humphrey, it should be recognized that the Vice President recently has not hesitated

take an independent line of his own other aspects of foreign policy, and two notable instances has been less rigid than the Secretary of State. The Vice President, for instance, was the highest Administration official to talk of containing but not isolating China. He also reacted more calmly than Rusk to the NATO crisis brought on by President de Gaulle. There is a lot to be said for such independence, but there would be even more to be said for it if we could be sure whose views most accurately represent the Administration's.

Strong-minded Women

Washington still has a lively interest in the two most famous Dragon Ladies of the century: Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, who has taken up residence in the nation's capital and Mme. Ngo Dinh Nhu, who now lives in bitter exile in a suburb south of Rome. American officialdom has good reason to be impressed by these strong-minded articulate women, for between them they have probably exerted more influence on postwar policy in Asia than any of their male contemporaries, for, as we know, they were the powers behind the throne. In retrospect, it appears, they were probably even more influential than inspected.

Even in "exile" their voices are still heard. Mme. Nhu gets large fees for speeches, and \$1,500 for a half-hour interview, plus \$500 for each additional half-hour. Mme. Chiang does not charge directly for the speeches and interviews she gives in the U. S., but a conservative estimate is that, over the years, they have brought in about 100 million per talk. That is, if you divide the Formosa foreign aid she has promoted virtually single-handed into the number of propaganda speeches she has made in this country. It's nice work if you can get it, and she not only got it but still has it. It reminds one of the immortal Verblock cartoon when Mme. Chiang made one of her greatest and most successful financial raids on Washington. The drawing showed the cauteous Chinese charmer wearing a long, slinky dress with a slit on the side that reached to her waist. She was standing provocatively close to Uncle Sam, who is looking down at her in obvious infatuation. Mme. Chiang

is saying, "I'd love to get you on a slow boat to China." It turned out to be a prophetic drawing, for she got him on the boat, and it has turned out to be a twenty-year voyage. It is without doubt the most celebrated "Shanghai" of all time.

Mme. Nhu's speech style is simpler and more direct, especially when she is discussing America, than that of the Generalissimo's consort. Both critics have had some candid things to say about U. S. policy in Vietnam, for instance, but Mme. Nhu fires pointblank, while the more famous lady generally relies on circumlocution.

Mme. Nhu likes to say, "The inability now to find a stable and respectable 'made in the U. S. A.' government for Vietnam, does not augur well for an ultimate American victory in Vietnam." (Author's note: No, Madame Nhu, it doesn't.) In talking to the National Press Club (Washington's premier forum), Mme. Chiang demonstrated her technique when she dealt with Vice President Humphrey's suggestion that we contain but not isolate China. After noting that Peking had called his idea "the kiss of Judas" and his overtures "disgusting," Mme. Chiang went on to say:

"I hope Mr. Humphrey is not too put out by the ravings of madmen hell-bent on world destruction, although I must say that the insults are calculated to humiliate him as much as possible, and that he in personifying the alleged new American policy would aim to return for more of the same so that the Chinese Communists could heap more obloquy and more verbal refuse on his head for the world to see. Incidentally this coming back for more of the same is exactly what some have suggested very recently on a television program. Is it that pampering and mollicoddling of the violent insane will replace therapy and cure, or is it that the symptoms were correctly diagnosed and purposely fuddy-duddied to make the United States look ridiculous and tragicomic?"

Few Americans know that Mme. Chiang has been in America since last September, and that she has been so busy she found it impossible to return to Taiwan even for the May 21 inauguration of her husband, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, for his

fourth term as President of the (un) Republic of China. As usual he was elected overwhelmingly, the Taiwanese being very grateful to Chiang for having suppressed all popular opposition, thereby saving the island from the dreadful burden of democracy.

In any case, Mme. Chiang has settled down comfortably in Washington, where she has taken a lease on a handsome house on fashionable and costly Kalorama Road. The lease is for a year, but the grapevine reports she may stay for good. She and her entourage have been welcomed by the Secretary of State; she has had a nice talk with the President; she had tea with the First Lady, and was feted at lunch by the Chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, L. Mendel Rivers. She has supped aliteratively with Senators Dirksen and Dodd, and Sparkman and Saltonstall. The Chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Richard Russell, took her on a tour of her old school, Wesleyan College in Georgia. Even J. Edgar Hoover, who seldom goes out socially, attended a party in her honor. Her new house, incidentally, makes her a neighbor of Defense Secretary McNamara. When her stepson, General Chiang Ching-kuo, the probable successor to the elder Chiang, visited Washington he was the house guest of the McNamaras. So everything is pretty chummy. Seeing Mme. Chiang lunching in the Senate restaurant brings back memories of the good old days (circa 1953) when Eisenhower and Dulles were first "unleashing" the Generalissimo. Just think—if they hadn't unchained him he might never have retaken the mainland. And then where would we be? It makes one shudder.

To the Washington press corps, however, current interest in the lady centers more in her prose than her policy. She has suddenly developed a style, if it can be called that, which almost defies description. It has to be read or heard to be believed. If Henry James's writing could be dubbed neo-mandarin, then Mme. Chiang's is neo-neanderthal. It clearly could not be the product of a typewriter; there is a suspicion that she uses a concrete mixer. When she spoke to the National Press Club, the members were not sure at first whether she was pulling their legs or their ears. They listened

transfixed when, for instance, she discussed how to deal with Communism and said, "I must say that my question was disputatious as well as quodlibetical but certainly not a quoddity." For the slow-witted who didn't grasp her point, she added, "A coup d'oeil will have shown any who cares to note that the original occupant of the pinnacle [of Communist power] in struggling to maintain ideological and secular paramountcy has been steadily losing ground to the interloper."

Some Washington correspondents have been puzzled by Russia's waning influence in the Marxist world, but the philosopher from Formosa Island, cleared this up in one simple sentence.

She said, "*Das Kapital* by appropriating only the 'Hegelian Triad'—thesis, antithesis, and synthesis—which is part and parcel of the necessary progression of Hegelian schematic thought and applying it to the theme of social evils and injustices, whilst discarding the Hegelian schema of harmonizing Greek ontology with Kantian psychology and the concept of the 'true Being,' has built within Marxism the endemic limitations which cannot permit its synthesis to continue sound and healthy ad infinitum. I hope I have not bored you

with a lecture on the limitations of the *modus of Marxist dialectics*, but I feel it is necessary to have a *total recall of Hegelian thought* in order to have a truer understanding than the usual *all-seeing and all-knowing* *omnipotent ruler of the interloper*."

The benumbed reporters were just recovering from this speech, when a few days later they were given a press release of Mme. Chiang's lecture at her alma mater, Wellesley College. This cleared up all doubt that her new style might not be premeditated. It is. Returning to her theme that do-gooders are naïve about Communism, she warned that open-mindedness can be carried to the point where it breeds "acoulithic sophistry and deceit." Moreover, "these followers of the Agiel schema as anointed and self-anointed high priests preaching a galloping apathy and doom whilst be-calling others warmongers and proponents of ex-caltation are unknowingly themselves the minions of their masters who direct them. . . ." Let Fulbright think that over.

Galbraith Almost Does

Professor Kenneth Galbraith of Harvard is a wise and witty man. He not only thinks he knows everything, he almost does. After all, he is one of the most original and creative economists of our times; he writes so well you'd never guess he was a scholar; he was the managing editor of *Fortune*; he has been our Ambassador to India; he has written some of the best speeches Stevenson, Kennedy, and Johnson ever gave. But not even Galbraith can disentangle Johnson from the Vietnam war, although he has certainly been trying.

Galbraith came all the way down to Washington to tell his liberal friends that the Vietnam policy is horrid, but Johnson is not to blame for it. The villain, we learn, is the "Establishment," which, in the rather specialized world of diplomacy, is thought of as a relatively small number of prominent Wall Street lawyers and bankers, and their influential satellites.

President Johnson, Galbraith disclosed, is really "a force for restraint and against the old foreign policy." This wicked old policy, which apparently is the cause of our current Asian woes, seems to be the product of "the foreign-policy syndicate of New York—the Dulles, McCloy, Lovett communion, with which I am sure Secretary Rusk would wish to be associated, and of which Dean Acheson is a latter-day associate."

Spelled out, this means the late John Foster Dulles, Eisenhower's Secretary of State, and his brother, Allen, former head of the CIA. Both were Wall Street lawyers. It also means John McCloy, another distinguished lawyer, former head of the Chase National Bank, former head of the World Bank, former High Commissioner to West Germany. Lovett is Robert Lovett, Wall Street partner of Averell Harriman and former Secretary of Defense.

Other great names associated with the Establishment are Arthur Dean, former law partner of Dulles and U. S. disarmament adviser; Douglas Dillon, former Ambassador to France and former Secretary of the Treasury; General Lucius Clay; and the late Henry Stimson, former Secretary of War and patron of McGeorge Bundy, who has just retired from the White House to be head of the Ford Founda-

tion and, no doubt, a fresh candidate for the Establishment himself.

So there they are, running our foreign affairs while the President sits helplessly by—everybody knows how LBJ likes to sit helplessly by and let others run the country. Anyhow, Professor Galbraith's advice to his liberal colleagues was to stop criticizing the President, and help him get rid of the bad influences around him: disestablish the Establishment.

The funny thing about all this is that nobody laughed, maybe because this old wives' tale has a certain plausibility, and has been long bruited about in liberal circles.

It is true that these Establishmentarians carry weight and are taken seriously, but if they really are calling the turn, Professor Galbraith was a long time discovering it, for they were even more prominent and influential under Kennedy than they are now under Johnson. Kennedy made Dillon the head of the Treasury; he offered both Defense and State to Lovett; he brought Rusk in as foreign secretary; he relied on General Clay in the Berlin crisis; he used Arthur Dean on disarmament; he turned constantly to Acheson for advice.

Actually these men and others mentioned here have been serving both Democratic and Republican Administrations for twenty years or more, beginning with Roosevelt's appointment of Stimson and Forrestal at the beginning of the war. Truman also called on them; he even drafted John Foster Dulles to negotiate the peace treaty with Japan.

All in all, the Establishment hierarchy has served the country well and faithfully for over a generation, but, with the possible exception of the Eisenhower regime, they did not make the big decisions or try to usurp the Presidential role. And even the unassertive Eisenhower, in crises like Indochina and Suez and the Congo, finally made up his own mind.

Roosevelt was his own Secretary of State as well as Commander-in-Chief. Truman made all the key decisions, whether it was Korea or dropping the atom bomb. Kennedy, as we know, did not consult the Establishment on the Bay of Pigs or the Cuban missile crisis or on Laos. And there is no record, either, of Johnson substituting Establishment thinking for his own. That will be the day. []



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Harper's

magazine

The Secret Surrender

Part I: Opening the Intrigue with Hitler's Generals

By Allen W. Dulles

Since his retirement in 1961 from the Central Intelligence Agency, which he directed for Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy, Mr. Dulles has spent much of his time writing a personal account of one of the great intelligence feats of World War II. Here, for the first time, he tells how he conducted the hidden and perilous negotiations which led to the collapse of the Nazi armies in North Italy.

Mr. Dulles' long, varied, and unstinting service to the United States began in 1916 and included four years as head of the OSS in Switzerland, the key intelligence post in Europe during the war against Hitler. This narrative excerpt, and a concluding one next month, are taken from his book, "The Secret Surrender," which will be published by Harper & Row next October.

A few days before the end of World War II in Europe, on the evening of May 2, 1945, Winston Churchill made a surprise appearance in the House of Commons. The atmosphere was charged with expectation. Yet the Prime Minister did not immediately intervene in the debate which was then in progress. Whetting the appetites, as he was wont to call it, he glanced through his notes before asking the Speaker's indulgence to make a brief statement. Then, without flourish or rhetoric, letting the bold facts speak for themselves, he quietly announced the first great German surrender to the Allies of World War II. Close to a million men had capitulated unconditionally in Northern Italy. The war against Nazism and Fascism on that front was over.

Behind this announcement lay a dramatic chain of events. Since the end of February 1945, emissaries and messages had been passing secretly between the OSS mission in Switzerland, of which I was in charge, and German generals in Italy. For two crucial months the commanders of armies locked in battle had maintained secret communications through my office in Bern, seeking the means to end the fighting in Italy, hoping that a Nazi surrender there would bring in its wake a general surrender in Europe.

What prevented our early success was the stubborn and insane policy of one man. Adolf Hitler. Despite the hopeless position of his armies, he would not countenance any surrender anywhere. The generals on both sides, Allied and German,

had long known the war could have only one military outcome. It was merely a question of time and of how the end could be brought about. Could there be an orderly German surrender, or would we be left with chaos and a vacuum of power in those parts of Europe left by the retreating Nazi armies? From reports reaching us it was clear that when the German military defenses finally crumbled, Hitler hoped to drag all of Europe down with him. The German Army leaders had orders to "scorch the earth," to wreck what was left of the industry and economy of the countries they had occupied, and even of Germany itself.

We learned from German sources, however, that our policy of unconditional surrender constituted a deterrent, or at least an excuse, to German generals who might otherwise have been willing to act against Hitler. Several top generals whom the conspirators in the July 20, 1944, attempt to kill Hitler had approached had been unwilling to take part in the plot and to assume the political responsibility involved because the unconditional surrender policy, as they understood it, meant that Germany would be treated with the same harshness by the Allies whether the surrender came early through steps taken by Germans who dared defy Hitler, or later through the actions of Hitler himself or his henchmen.

In addition to the unconditional-surrender slogan, there were other roadblocks to getting a German surrender. The hopes entertained by the Nazis that they could hold out in an Alpine fortress bedeviled our progress. And so did the myth of the "stab in the back." This idea was originally generated after Ludendorff and other German generals in World War I claimed that they had been lured into an armistice in November 1919 by the promises of Woodrow Wilson and his Fourteen Points. Weakness and even treachery were attributed to some of the German political leaders of that day, who, the myth goes, had undermined the will of the German people to resist and had forced the German generals to surrender even when they were still undefeated on the battlefield. Strangely enough, this myth affected not only the attitude of many Germans. It also influenced the thinking of the Allied political leaders in Washington and London. The war against the Nazis and German militarism, many of them said, must be fought to the end this time. They did not want the Germans to be able to deny that Germany had been decisively defeated on the field of battle. There was still another myth, one about new weapons, to discourage any move toward a negotiated surrender. Up to the very end he promised that he had in reserve some kind of new

weapon which would change the whole course of the war. And this claim was not as foolish as it may appear today. After all, we were not the only ones working on the atom bomb, and the V-1 and V-2 weapons were already in production.

The final myth impeding progress toward a surrender was that of coming Allied dissension. Hitler unflaggingly nourished the illusion that the Anglo-American Allies and Russia would quarrel and that he could then make a deal with one or the other of them. This myth grew apace at the time of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's death on April 12, 1945.

"Peace" Begins to Crop Up

Some of the main obstacles to peacemaking had been created by Hitler much earlier. Of these, the Nazi oath of loyalty taken by every soldier and officer in the German Army was no doubt the most potent. The oath read as follows:

I swear before God to give my unconditional obedience to Adolf Hitler, Führer of the Reich and of the German people, Supreme Commander of the Wehrmacht, and I pledge my word as a brave soldier to observe this oath always, even at the peril of my life.

The distinctive feature of this oath was that it pledged the military to the person of Adolf Hitler, as leader and commander, and not simply to country and flag. Today, far removed from the scene in time and spirit, we find it difficult to form a notion of the awesome power the Nazi oath had in the minds of the German officers.

Once the July 20th plot had failed, the generals—singly or as a group—were still less prone to try to influence the course of the war, either by direct representation to Hitler or by action taken behind his back. For Hitler's awareness of their treachery had turned him fanatically against the military caste. Even generals who had had no part in the assassination attempt had to fear the slightest appearance of treason.

After the 20th of July, aside from close personal advisers like Bormann and Goebbels, Hitler relied almost solely on the SS for the execution of his policies and for his own protection. The SS was, of course, precisely the faction which the Allies would be least disposed to recognize as spokesmen of a surrender and whose removal and punishment would be one of the prime considerations of Allied policy. Thus the outlook for early peace was exceedingly bleak.

During the autumn and winter of 1944-45, however, we became aware of certain stirrings to the

south of us, certain changes in the political weather in North Italy. The word "peace" began to crop up repeatedly. We were suspicious from the start because the dreaded SS rather than the Army most often seemed the interested party in these peace feelers. Still, churchmen frequently appeared as intermediaries or emissaries, and one of the most dramatic reports we got stated that Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander of the German armies in Italy, was ready to quit if the Allies would offer acceptable terms. A few weeks after that, we heard from an Austrian agent who had been sent by Ernest Kaltenbrunner himself, the most powerful man in the SS Security Services after Himmler. His message rang a new change and, if it were true, gave some inkling of the conflict within the Nazi leadership. Kaltenbrunner wanted us to know that he and Himmler were anxious to end the war and were contemplating liquidating the warmongers within the Nazi party. They wanted contact with the British and Americans.

By the end of February 1945, we had talked to several churchmen and industrialists whom the SS—not the Army—had sent to us as emissaries. Any connections to the Army had been a result of our own initiative—and were fruitless. Among the SS feelers, it was still impossible to tell whether the men who had allowed their names to be used were acting on their own or on higher authority and, more importantly, whether any of them had anything to deliver. It is no wonder, then, that when still another probe bearing all the familiar earmarks reached us, we were not especially enthusiastic.

I heard about it first on February 28, 1945, at a meeting with Gero v. S. Gaevernitz and Major Max Waibel of Swiss Military Intelligence. Gaevernitz is a naturalized American, German by birth, who had business interests and family holdings in Switzerland and who remained there after the outbreak of war largely because he foresaw that he might make

himself useful in the anti-Hitler cause. He was deeply motivated by the conviction that Germany had never been so thoroughly permeated by Nazism as the world was inclined to believe, and that there were many people in Germany in high positions both civilian and military who were ready to join any workable undertaking that would get rid of Hitler and the Nazis and put an end to the war. Then in his early forties, Gaevernitz was a tall, handsome man with a great capacity for making friends. Indeed, on innumerable occasions, I enlisted his aid, and we have collaborated both in the writing of the book, *The Secret Surrender*, and in preparing this article. For many months he and I had been working closely with Waibel, and a strong bond both of friendship and of professional trust and understanding had grown up among us. Naturally we shared the desire to know what the Germans were planning. This was almost as vital to the Swiss as it was to the Americans.

That day Waibel had been contacted by an Italian and a Swiss. The Italian, a businessman whose name meant nothing to us at the time, was Baron Luigi Parilli. The Swiss was Professor Max Husmann, who ran a well-known private school not far from Lucerne. One of Baron Parilli's relatives had attended Husmann's school, and this was the



Allen W. Dulles and Gero v. S. Gaevernitz

slender link that had led Parilli to tell Husmann his plan. Husmann, hearing what Parilli had to say, had come to Waibel, whom he had known before, and Waibel had turned to us. It was a matter, Waibel explained, which could not be handled by the Swiss, but only by the Allies. At the same time, he assured us, the Swiss had a very deep and natural interest in any project which would bring an early peace and spare North Italy from destruction.

The Baron and the Professor

What did Parilli want? What was he offering? For the details Waibel suggested we talk directly to the two men. I considered this for a moment and decided it would be premature to entangle myself personally with an unknown emissary who might be acting on his own, or worse, be the agent in a German attempt to penetrate our mission. Gaevernitz was ideally suited for the task. He had been working very closely with me for some time, knew my views and methods, and was eminently capable of forming an accurate opinion as to the genuineness of peace probes of this kind.

Gaevernitz reported to me the next day. At first the two men had struck him as unlikely contacts to the armed forces of Marshal Kesselring and the black-booted SS in Italy. The Italian Baron was a short, slight, bald gentleman with ingratiating manners—as Gaevernitz put it, a bit like the keeper of a small Italian hotel who is trying to persuade you to take your dinner there. Husmann was talkative, given to sweeping generalities, and quite pompous in the delivery of them. During the pauses in Parilli's account the Professor lectured on peace and international understanding, which were as dear to our hearts as to his, but to which the session in progress did not seem to be bringing us any closer. Parilli hedged when pressed for the names of the people he was representing. He kept on the theme of the coming horror of German vengeance in North Italy. He had had an inspiration, he declared, that he had been "chosen" to find the solution, to be the intervening "angel" for North Italy.

At last Parilli began to elaborate on the idea that the SS in Italy were somewhat different than you might expect. It was the SS, not the German Army, that might be capable of some independent thought and action—certain people in the SS, anyway. Who? How did he know? Gaevernitz kept pressing for proof. Finally the Baron mentioned his close relationship with a young SS captain, a certain Guido Zimmer, who until recently had been

chief of counterespionage in the SS intelligence office in Genoa. Zimmer, despite his membership in the SS, was a devout Catholic, an aesthete, and an intellectual. According to Parilli, he was moved by a desire to save the art and religious treasures as well as the industrial and power plants in Northern Italy. The talks between them had reached a point at which Zimmer carefully broached the whole problem to a top SS official whom he knew, Colonel Eugen Dollmann. To Zimmer's great relief Dollmann had listened to him with apparent sympathy, and had said that he would pass Zimmer's views to his chief, General Karl Wolff, commander of all SS units in Italy. Parilli did not know what had happened after that. He and Zimmer, he said, had developed a plan of trying to get to Switzerland, to search out a connection with the Allies. On his own, Parilli had applied to the Italian authorities for an exit permit for "economic reasons." Somewhere in the German SS command the word was given to let Parilli take his trip.

Gaevernitz was not overly impressed by all this. He thanked Parilli for informing him of his contacts and his good intentions and said that a talk with Dollmann or Wolff or preferably Marshal Kesselring might be worthwhile. Beyond that one could not go at the moment.

To our surprise, a few days after these meetings we had an urgent call from Waibel. Parilli had returned. Not only that; with him were Colonel Dollmann and Guido Zimmer. Their presence in Switzerland would be kept secret, but they would have to return to Italy shortly. It was up to us to see what we could extract from them.

Wolff: The Prime Mover

It struck me as a good idea to try out another intermediary on these emissaries, one who so far had had nothing to do with this particular operation. The man I had in mind was Paul Blum, a trusted member of my Bern staff and an excellent judge of people.

On March 3, Paul met in Lugano with Parilli, Dollmann, Zimmer, and Husmann. Dollmann, with his dark look, his long black hair combed back and curling a little over his ears, struck Paul as a slippery customer who knew much more than he was telling. Captain Zimmer, good looking and clean-cut, was obviously in a subordinate position, and hardly opened his mouth. Paul quickly learned that Dollmann would try to persuade General Wolff to come personally to Switzerland to continue the talks if there were any hope of estab-

lishing contact with the Allies. No claims were made that Dollmann spoke for Kesselring, nor did anyone promise to produce him.

Before the meeting I had decided that it was high time we had concrete evidence of the German emissaries' seriousness and of their authority. I had given Paul a slip of paper on which two names were written: Ferruccio Parri and Antonio Usmiani. Parri was one of the heads of the Italian resistance. Usmiani had been doing military intelligence work for me in North Italy and had rendered gallant services. Both had been caught by the SS police and both were being held in prison. I proposed, therefore, that General Wolff demonstrate the seriousness of his intentions by releasing these two hostages to me in Switzerland. Parri was probably the most important Italian prisoner the SS held.

Had we known at that time the anxiety of the German chieftains in Italy about their military situation, we would have been less surprised than we were at what came next. We knew that many of them were willing to pay a price to achieve a sure line of communications with the Allies but they knew they were risking their lives in giving to us a hostage of Parri's stature. Furthermore, the three representative components of German power in North Italy—the Army, the diplomats, and the SS—had little reason to like or trust one another. And within the ranks of each of these three groups, everyone knew that his closest associates—out of fear or loyalty to Hitler, real or feigned—might betray to the Gestapo the least sign of wavering from Hitler's order to fight to the finish.

Even with the historical records we now have, it is difficult to reconstruct the way the idea of a separate Italian surrender grew, and how the various partners to it gradually approached each other. No doubt something in the atmosphere of Italy nurtured it. The people there were remote from the main European fighting front and from the German heartland. The Church was a mollifying influence. And these factors, combined with the particular type of men who happened to be on the scene, must account for it. One thing at least is certain. The prime mover in the end was SS Obergruppenführer Karl Wolff.

To supervise all SS activities, both police and military, a position existed in most German-dominated areas which was called the Higher SS and Police Leader. Normally, this is what Wolff's title should have been but Himmler wanted him to have standing in the eyes of both Mussolini and Kesselring. Accordingly, a new and unique title was created for him. If the other bosses of SS and police were Higher SS and Police Leaders, then

Wolff would have to be Highest SS and Police Leader. He was responsible directly to Himmler and of course to the Führer. He was sent to Italy as Himmler's personal representative to keep order in an area which, at the time of his arrival in 1943, stretched from north of Naples to the Brenner Pass. He was to be Mussolini's adviser in police matters, and no doubt he was to keep a close eye on Mussolini and his Salò government for Himmler's benefit as well. But Wolff was also to work with Kesselring in coordinating the disposition of his SS forces with those of the Army.

To do all this, Wolff was given still another title: Plenipotentiary General of the Armed Forces for the rear combat areas of Italy. As the Nazi power dwindled, titles grew. This new title meant, of course, that if any question of authority between SS police and military forces should arise in the North Italian area, Wolff could intervene to coordinate matters.

Who was this Karl Wolff on whom Himmler showered favors and in whom he had such trust? The facts about him are briefly these. Before he arrived in Italy in 1943, he had been the chief of Himmler's personal staff and one of the liaison officers between Himmler and Hitler—that is, between the SS top command and Hitler's headquarters. At times, he was also liaison between Himmler and Ribbentrop—*i.e.*, between the SS and the Foreign Office. Thus he was not primarily either a commander of troops or a police official. Rather, he was a kind of diplomat or political adviser to the SS leaders. He had unobtrusively slipped into very high places as a man who could manage other men by dint of his personal qualities.

Shortly before coming to Italy, he had broken one rule of the SS which Himmler could not lightly forgive. He was married and had four children but, early in 1943, he decided to marry another woman. He went to Himmler with his request for a divorce (every marriage and divorce in the upper ranks of the SS required Himmler's approval). Himmler turned him down; his own Chief of Staff could not be allowed to set such an example. Without a word to Himmler, Wolff then went to Hitler and asked for his permission. Hitler gave it. According to many accounts, this incident, which annoyed Himmler, was one of the reasons he packed Wolff off to Italy. A top SS official was needed there and while there were other more experienced SS administrators, Wolff had the rank and the personal qualifications for the job and Hitler apparently still thought highly of him.

Reportedly Wolff had told the Pope in May 1944 that he "was ready to commit his own life to the cause of peace." Few knew he had seen the Pope;

one of these few was the ubiquitous Dollmann, and it was he who seems to have been Wolff's eyes and ears in sounding out like-minded, potential supporters in a conspiracy for peace.

Hitler's Promises Were Lies

When Dollmann, according to a report he wrote after the war, was in Florence in July of 1944, he received an invitation to visit the commander of the German Air Force in Italy, General Max Ritter von Pohl, at his headquarters outside Florence. To his surprise, Pohl opened up at once with a hard-hitting statement on the absurdity of continuing the war and the hopelessness of convincing Hitler that it had to be stopped. The idea which was really the key to the whole surrender in Italy was clearly formulated by Pohl on this occasion, almost a year before the event. Pohl told Dollmann that an agreement would have to be made with the Western powers without Hitler's knowledge. The Army, with its cast-iron notions of loyalty to the Führer's oath, could not be called on to take any action. The SS was the one organization left in Germany with sufficient authority to carry out negotiations to stop the war, yet Himmler would be an unsuitable and unacceptable spokesman. Therefore—and here Pohl turned to Dollmann with a question—wasn't there an energetic and uncompromised leader in the SS who could approach the Allies? Dollmann brought Wolff and Pohl together that September.

As Wolff told us much later, he had believed in the possibility of a compromise peace until the beginning of 1945. He believed in it because he thought that Hitler was really going to produce the new weapons he had been boasting about. After the failure of the Ardennes offensive (Battle of the Bulge in December 1944 to January 1945), Wolff heard that the Germans had almost no air support. The long-awaited new jets had not materialized. For the first time, he realized that Hitler's promises were lies. In mid-February he talked to Hitler in front of Ribbentrop about the need for Germany to find a way to stop the war. Hitler remained unruffled by the proposal, didn't say no, but didn't actually give Wolff permission to do anything.

At the same time, one other man of highest rank in the German establishment in Italy was thinking about surrender and was perhaps even readier to act than Wolff. This was the German Ambassador, Rudolf Rahn, Hitler's personal emissary to Mussolini. While Rahn commanded no troops himself, and had none of Wolff's police powers or mili-

tary titles, he was closer to Kesselring and had known him longer.

After Wolff moved up to quarters on the Lake of Garda in the summer of 1944, he became a neighbor of Rahn's and the two men carefully sounded each other out. Both Rahn and Wolff realized that only Kesselring could bring about an armistice, and that he would have to be won over. Rahn offered to talk to him, since he knew him best.

Early in March, Kesselring dropped in to see Rahn, who was sick in bed at the time. Rahn drew him into a discussion of the hopeless military and political outlook for Germany, and told him bluntly that the final moment had come to save the remnants of the German nation from total destruction. As far as Rahn could see, only Kesselring, the last undefeated German Field Marshal, could do



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Field Marshal Albert Kesselring

something effective. He alone could really influence his fellow generals to surrender. Rahn waited. Kesselring didn't bat an eyelash. Outwardly he was a cool and dispassionate man. He quietly referred to his oath as a soldier and added that he thought the Führer would still pull them all through. To this Rahn said, "Field Marshal, this is no time for either of us to resort to propaganda slogans for each other's benefit. If you cannot make a decisive move now, I hope you will be ready

to the moment we hear that the Führer is dead." Kesselring said nothing. He rose from Rahn's bedside to leave. Just before he went he said in an unmistakably friendly manner, "I hope your political plans succeed."

When Parilli had approached us, of course, we knew nothing of all this and we were astounded when, on the 8th of March—only four days after he had started back to Italy with the report on the Lugano meeting at which I had asked for "hostages"—those hostages were delivered to me. Furthermore, Wolff was hard on their heels. Wolff and Parilli had crossed the border shortly after the two released men, Parri and Osmiani. With Wolff were three German officers, Colonel Dollmann, Captain Zimmer, and his adjutant, Major Wenner. All in civilian clothes, of course.

Wolff had acted with astonishing speed. How did he do it? Did he regard himself as invulnerable? Was his power so great that he had nothing to fear? Was he perhaps foolhardy? How did he cover up his tracks? Or did Himmler know, and had he given his approval, and was there, therefore, nothing to hide?

I then decided that it was worth the gamble to see Wolff myself, in full recognition of the fact that considerable risk was involved. It would probably be the first meeting to discuss peace between a commanding German officer and an Allied official since the war began. If Wolff was trying to trick me, and the news leaked, the consequences could be unpleasant. I could see the headlines it would make: "Envoy of Roosevelt Sees High SS Officer." Wolff would learn nothing, but he could make political capital of the fact that I had talked to him. At least I had an alibi: Through Wolff, I had secured the release of two Italian hostages of importance to the Allies, and I hoped to get valuable intelligence also.

Before our meeting, Husmann handed me some papers which he said General Wolff wanted me to see. They were surprising documents, written in German and with Wolff's official card attached. The covering page, in translation, read as follows:

Karl Wolff

SS Obergruppenführer and General of the Military SS.

Highest SS and Police Leader.

Military Plenipotentiary of the German Armed Forces in Italy.

Commander of Rear Military Area and of the Military Administration.

Information about the above person can be given by:

1. The former Deputy of the Führer, Rudolf Hess, at present in Canada.

2. The present Pope: Visit in May 1944, re-

lease of Professor Vasella at request of the Pope, who stands by to intercede, if desired, at any time.

3. Father Pankratius Pfeiffer, Superior of the Salvatorian Order in Rome . . .

There followed seven or eight more names of churchmen, Italian aristocrats, and so on, with details of how Wolff had been helpful to them, in most cases by releasing them from prison. On the next page were claims of a different sort. Here Wolff set forth that on his orders several hundred of the most precious paintings of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence had been removed to safety in North Italy when Florence was bombarded, along with various sculptures and the famous coin collection of the King of Italy, which was said to be worth many millions of dollars.

He claimed also, to have been responsible, along with Kesselring, for saving Rome from German bombardment; to have settled without bloodshed the general strike in Turin, Milan, and Genoa, involving some 300,000 workers in 1944; and to have negotiated with the partisans in November of 1944, with the result that an amnesty had been declared and the Italian population of North Italy no longer needed to fear being drafted into Mussolini's armies or into German labor forces. There were attachments in support of the claims made. Wolff wanted to show us what kind of man he was, in case I had the wrong idea about him.

Meeting by the Fireplace

I have always tried to have important meetings around a live fireplace. There is some subtle influence in a wood fire which makes people feel at ease and less inhibited in their conversation; and if you are asked a question to which you are in no hurry to reply, you can stir up the fire and study the patterns the flames make until they help shape your answer.

Shortly before ten o'clock Gaevernitz led Husmann and General Wolff into my library. There were no formal introductions. We nodded and took seats around a fire I had built there. Wolff was a handsome man and well aware of it, Nordic, with graying, slightly receding blond hair, well-built and looking no older than his age, which was about forty-five. He sat rather stiffly and said very little at first. Our conversation was in German. Husmann asked my permission to summarize the discussion he had had with General Wolff during the long train ride from the Swiss-Italian border. I consented and Husmann, in his professorial manner, ran down the list of topics they discussed,

occasionally turning to Wolff, who nodded his agreement. Wolff had conceded that the war was irrevocably lost for Germany, and that the Western Allies could not be divided. He also had assured Husmann that he was acting without the knowledge of Hitler and Himmler. When Husmann had finished, he left us.

"I control the SS forces in Italy," Wolff told me, "and I am willing to place myself and my entire organization at the disposal of the Allies to terminate hostilities." However, he emphasized that in order to end the war in Italy, it was imperative to win over the commanders of the German Armed Forces in Italy.

For a long time he had been on very good terms with Field Marshal Kesselring, he said. If we could assure Wolff that a secure line of communication reaching the top level of the Allied Command was available through his contact to us, he would do his best to arrange that Kesselring or his deputy come to Switzerland with him to sign a surrender. I assured Wolff that we were in direct contact with Allied Headquarters. He seemed immensely relieved.

Neither at this meeting nor later did Wolff suggest that his action would be contingent upon any promise of immunity for himself. He did say that he did not consider himself a war criminal and was willing to stand on his record. In an hour we had progressed as far as we could go at the moment. Until we knew Kesselring's attitude we could not safely plan our further course.

Late that night I sent a full report on the meeting with Wolff to Washington and Allied Headquarters in Caserta. I had not sought prior approval. This would have put too many people in Washington on the spot. It was better to leave them free to disavow me if they wished. Needless to say I awaited the reaction with impatience.

To Caserta, I had suggested that, if Kesselring or his deputy was prepared to come to Switzerland with Wolff to surrender, it would be well for AFHQ to be ready to send some high-ranking officers to meet them. I made it clear that we could not yet judge how much weight could be placed on Wolff's assurances.

This word of caution did not deter Field Marshal Alexander. A man of action, he answered my message with action, not with comment of approval or disapproval. He radioed that two senior staff officers were coming to Switzerland at once. The OSS offices at Caserta and Bern, under the orders of General William J. Donovan, chief of OSS, were already making preparations to provide guards, clerical assistance, special communications facilities, and the personnel and para-

phernalia required for a complex operation which must remain absolutely secret and secure. If all went well, within a few days emissaries could be converging on Switzerland who could speak for the Allied commanders of the armies that had been locked in battle with the Germans in Italy since June of 1943.

But on the afternoon of March 11th, Waibel phoned me that Parilli had just crossed the border at Chiasso—alone. I met him for the first time that day. Bundled in a large handsome overcoat with a fur collar (it was bitter cold outside) which made him look twice his size, he said a few words to me in English when we were introduced; he spoke Italian, French, and German with equal speed. He liked to interlard whatever language he happened to be speaking with phrases from another. One, which he threw often in my direction, was, "You are the boss." He had a sense of humor, as well as a tendency to dramatize things a bit.

What he had to tell was dismaying. No sooner had Wolff (after his talk with me on the 8th) crossed into Italy and entered the Italian customs office than a message from Kaltenbrunner was handed to him by an SS official from Milan. Kaltenbrunner wanted Wolff to meet him in Innsbruck. During Wolff's absence Kaltenbrunner had tried to get in touch with him, and had been told that Wolff had gone to Switzerland. The fact that Wolff had failed to inform Berlin of his trip immediately aroused the most hostile suspicions. Late that night Wolff sent a teletype message to Kaltenbrunner begging off because of the pressure of work. He had to assume that Kaltenbrunner might try to arrest him if he left his own territory and went into Austria.

Wolff knew now that he would have to straighten everything out with Himmler soon. What he proposed was that we, the Allies, should turn over to him a German prisoner of high rank, equal in importance to Parri, so that Wolff could say his release of Parri was merely a prisoner exchange. Wolff asked us to locate and deliver to him, if possible, Oberstumbannführer Wuensche, a personal friend and favorite adjutant of Hitler's who had been taken prisoner in France. Hitler's birthday was coming up soon and Wolff could say he had personally and quietly engaged in the Parri release in order to give Hitler a birthday surprise.

What amazed me about this was the impulsiveness it revealed in Wolff. He had released Parri, expecting no doubt that word would somehow leak to Berlin, and he had done nothing at the time to cover himself. Now that he was in trouble, he was hastily trying to devise a pretext for what he had done. Either he considered himself even more

powerful than he was, or he thought his stock with Himmler, or possibly Hitler, was so high that he could do no wrong. Or, worst of all, he simply didn't think ahead.

At about this time another unsettling event took place. Kesselring, we learned, had been transferred from Italy and made Supreme Commander of the hard-pressed West Front in Germany. We soon found out that his replacement was to be Colonel General Heinrich von Vietinghoff.

And just at this juncture the two officers whom Field Marshal Alexander was sending to me from Caserta arrived: the American Major General Lyman L. Lemnitzer, then Deputy Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Alexander, and the British Major General Terence S. Airey, Alexander's chief intelligence officer. On March 14 I met and briefed them at the French-Swiss frontier. No finer officers could have been chosen for this particular job. General Lemnitzer had already had experience in secret operations, as he had participated prominently in operation TORCH, the North African landing of 1942. Terence Airey was a highly trained and competent intelligence officer. Naturally, the two men were disappointed to learn of Wolff's problems due to Kesselring's transfer. They had other news for me which filled me with mixed emotions. A report of my March 8th talk with Wolff had, they told me, been sent via the Combined Chiefs of Staff, to Moscow and communicated to the Soviet government through our military representatives there. From the beginning I had felt that one of the risks which lay in my meeting with Wolff was a German maneuver to use it as a wedge between the Russians and ourselves. Now that the Russians had been advised this seemed less of a threat. However, though the danger of a leak had been minimized, what would the Russians do with the information that had been given them? We were all too soon to find out.

Up to the Villas

On March 17 we received a message that General Wolff would arrive at the Swiss border on the morning of the 19th. Thus, everything was set for the meeting of the Allied generals and Wolff with their respective advisers on that day. In agreement with Headquarters, we had decided on Ascona, on Lake Maggiore, as the place for the meeting, in part because Gaevernitz had the use of two villas located there which were well suited for our purposes. One villa was directly on the lake and the other a short distance above it on the hillside. We were well protected from the point of view of

security and isolation, and it was close to the Italian frontier.* The placid lake, among towering mountains, created an atmosphere of serenity and calm. It was hard to believe that not many miles north of us a war was being waged in those mountains. All our surroundings breathed peace and mirrored beauty. It was no accident that Locarno, only a few miles away, had once been selected for a famous peace conference. For a secret meeting between Allied and German officers, here was the perfect spot.



General Karl Wolff

This time Wolff was leaving Dollmann behind at his headquarters to keep an eye on the situation there. If any messages came from Himmler or Kaltenbrunner relating to the business at hand, Dollmann would forward them on to us.

The Allied generals arrived at the villa on the hill at Ascona during the morning of March 19. Wolff and his party were already in Ascona.

Gaevernitz and I settled down to a long preliminary talk with Wolff so that we could brief Lemnitzer and Airey of all the recent developments.

First of all, I pressed Wolff to tell us all he knew about Vietinghoff. What sort of man was he? How well did he know him? How would he react to our particular enterprise? Vietinghoff, he replied, was an old hand in the Italian campaign. Wolff's rela-

*In fact it was so close that Headquarters had at first objected to Ascona on the ground that the adversary might pull off a coup and kidnap the Allied generals. As this would involve a serious violation of Swiss neutrality we persuaded Headquarters that there was no danger. Anyway we were well guarded.

tions with him had been close and friendly. However, Vietinghoff was a stiff and proper aristocrat of Baltic origin, as nonpolitical a German general as one could find. He was not likely to take independent action or to understand the political and ethical implications of Germany's position at the present stage of the war. He would not be easy to win over unless he felt that he had the backing of other senior officers in the Wehrmacht. Furthermore, Wolff—having had no way of foreseeing Vietinghoff's assumption of the Italian command—had never discussed the idea of surrender with him. If he could be brought around to it at all, Wolff feared convincing him would take some time.

Kesselring had now been gone from North Italy for ten days, and Wolff had not been in touch with him and could not risk talking with him over the telephone because the Gestapo would be listening in. Did this mean, I asked, that we would have to dismiss Kesselring entirely from our surrender plans? No, Wolff answered, not entirely. As he saw it, there were three possible alternatives. If there was practically no time available, he, Wolff, could simply act with the forces under his own command. This might not be very effective. Or he could go directly to Vietinghoff and see if he could enlist his aid. The third possibility, which he strongly recommended, was for him to go immediately to Kesselring's new headquarters in Germany and try to get his support. Kesselring, he thought, could bring his influence to bear on Vietinghoff.

In Wolff's mind, the controlling factor was time, and that touched on a most delicate question. The German command, he said, had information which led them to believe that a big Allied offensive in Italy would be staged by the end of March. I could not help wondering whether Wolff was trying to find out the date of the offensive for his own reasons. Though I did not know it, the two generals from Caserta most certainly did. His point was, of course, that once the offensive began, the chance of talking surrender with any success was minimized—at least until the first clashes were over.

When we turned to the alternative of Wolff's, acting alone, he described the mixed and motley forces which the SS had assembled in North Italy: Italians, Russians, Serbs, Croats, Czechs, *et al.* They were widely scattered, armed only with light weapons and a few rather ancient tanks. Besides these units, which totaled just under 200,000 men, Wolff had some 65,000 Germans assigned to him, of whom only about 10,000 were in tactical units; the rest made up supply and transportation companies. Prospects for any major support to our cause from these troops seemed slight.

One thing was now very clear. In any surrender, General Wolff's principal contribution would have to be primarily as the persuader, the man who would talk the Army generals into realizing the futility of further fighting. The question was, therefore, whether Wolff should try to see Kesselring or should just concentrate on Vietinghoff.

We then asked Wolff about Mussolini's position. Wolff said he was largely under the influence of the women around him—his wife, Donna Rachele, and his mistress, Claretta Petacci, and her relatives. He was, in any case, now of no consequence in the matter of surrender. Kaltenbrunner? Wolff showed signs of disgust. Kaltenbrunner was merely trying to develop his own line through Sweden or Switzerland for peace negotiations. He did not want to encourage or permit any competition. What about the Alpine Redoubt, we asked? "Madness," said Wolff. "It would only bring additional suffering to the German people. Everything possible must be done to prevent such last-ditch resistance."

"Produce Somebody"

That afternoon, after I had introduced Lemnitzer and Airey, giving them pseudonyms as "my military advisers," I called on General Lemnitzer to open the discussions with Wolff. He spoke in English and Gaevernitz acted as interpreter. The situation was unique and solemn. It was the first occasion during the entire war when high-ranking Allied officers and a German general had met on neutral soil to discuss a German surrender and talked peacefully while their respective armies were fighting each other.

Lemnitzer, after an appropriate reference to the purpose of the meeting, said that he thought he had a good picture of the problems which Wolff faced as a result of Kesselring's departure for the West Front. The early defeat of Germany was inevitable, and it was understood that all concerned accepted the fact. It was now up to Wolff, in collaboration with the appropriate military commanders, to produce specific plans to achieve unconditional surrender. Technically it would be necessary to arrange for qualified German military representatives to meet with Allied military representatives. If the Germans could be brought to Switzerland, arrangements would be made to take them from there to Allied Headquarters in Southern Italy. Wolff replied that there should be two representatives, one for the Wehrmacht and one for the SS. General Lemnitzer emphasized that once these men reached Switzerland, the Allies

would protect the secrecy of their passage to and from Allied Forces Headquarters and assure their safe return to Switzerland. The Allies, Lemnitzer went on to say, were interested only in unconditional surrender, and it would be pointless for the Germans to come to Caserta unless they agreed to such terms. Furthermore, he told Wolff that conversations at Allied Headquarters would be limited to methods of military surrender, and would not include political issues.

At the end of the meeting I explained to Wolff that it was going to be impossible to produce Wuensche in exchange for Parri, as he had suggested some time ago. Wolff took this in good grace but said his position would be considerably easier if we could produce somebody; it needn't be a general officer; a lower one would do, as long as he had a decoration or two. I said I would keep trying. Then, having received our agreement that he contact Kesselring, Wolff departed.

Ten days later, on March 30, Zimmer came over the border and reported that Wolff had seen Kesselring and Kesselring had consented to support Wolff's plan. Further, he had told Wolff to tell this to Vietinghoff. If all went as expected, Wolff would come to Switzerland on Monday, April 2, and would try to bring Vietinghoff, or one of the latter's staff officers, and Ambassador Rahn with him. The three components of German power in Italy would be represented.

On Monday, April 2, no one came but Baron Parilli, accompanied by Waibel and Husmann who had met him at the border. He had been at Wolff's headquarters ever since Friday, and Wolff had sent him to tell us what had been taking place.

Himmler had phoned Wolff early on Easter Sunday morning. He had found out that Wolff had moved his family south of the Brenner into an area which was under his own command. Himmler had said, "This was imprudent of you, and I have taken the liberty of correcting the situation. Your



The three intermediaries: Major Max Waibel, Professor Max Husmann, and Baron Luigi Parilli.

wife and your children are now under my protection." It was a clear threat—the usual SS method. He then added that he was warning Wolff not to leave Italy, *i.e.*, not to go to Switzerland. Wolff was almost too depressed to talk. The best he saw for himself was a funeral at state expense. He had not dared come to see us that day.

We fell on Parilli with our questions. How did Himmler get into the act? Who told him what Wolff was doing? How much does he know? What about Hitler? What about Kesselring and Vietinghoff? What about the surrender?

Then the Baron went back to the beginning. Wolff, traveling by car, had finally reached Kesselring's command post near Bad Nauheim on March 23. The Americans had already crossed the Rhine a bare fifteen kilometers away and their continued advance was about to cut Germany in two. All hell had broken loose. While Kesselring was keeping a handful of field telephones hot with orders to his hard-pressed armies, Wolff was trying to tell him what he had done. He asked Kesselring not only if he would approve the surrender attempt in Italy through Vietinghoff, but if he would join in by surrendering in the West.

This Kesselring said he could not do. He was defending German soil and he was bound to continue

even if he died himself in the fighting. He said he personally owed everything to the Führer. Moreover, he was sure the well-armed SS divisions behind him would take action against him if he disobeyed Hitler's orders. But he would counsel Vietinghoff to go ahead. "I regret that I myself am not in Italy now," he said.

The phone call from Himmler threatening his family had brought Wolff up sharply against the fact he had been evading ever since he had made his first moves in our direction. He could not charm Himmler and the whole SS over to his side. If he took a false step he could be liquidated and then the whole surrender project would collapse. He had to be most careful.

Certain "Points of Honor"

Although he could not meet with us on Easter Sunday, Wolff did meet with General Vietinghoff, and the two met again on the 5th and 7th of April. Parilli was present at the meeting on the 7th, along with Vietinghoff's (formerly Kesselring's) Chief of Staff, General Hans Roettiger.

Both Vietinghoff and Roettiger were well aware of what Wolff had been doing in Switzerland. And they were in full agreement that the time had come to put a stop to any further useless slaughter. But Vietinghoff did not want to go down in history as a traitor to his country or to the traditions of his family and his caste. He was ready to sign an "unconditional" surrender only if the Allies would accept the "points of honor" he wished to have observed. They were these: the Germans would stand at attention when the Allies arrived to accept the surrender; the Germans would not be interned in England or America; they would be held in Italy only temporarily, and while there they would be allowed to do useful work on reconstructing roads and railways instead of being put behind barbed wire; after the situation had stabilized they would be returned to Germany in possession of their belts and bayonets as evidence that they had made an orderly surrender and had not merely been rounded up as a beaten rabble. Vietinghoff also requested "the maintenance of a modest contingent Army Group C [his command] as a future instrument of order inside Germany." Things were getting rather far away from the Casablanca formula of unconditional surrender—so far that Field Marshal Alexander could not accept the terms. Clearly, we had come up against a serious roadblock.

The coming days brought the sad news of President Roosevelt's death, and also a report that

Himmler had been after Wolff again. On April 14, Himmler had telephoned from Berlin ordering Wolff to report there at once. After putting Himmler off by claiming that his presence was absolutely necessary in Italy, Wolff sat down and wrote him a letter. Playing on an idea which he had long since abandoned himself but which he knew would appeal to the hallucinations of the top Nazis in Berlin, he declared that he was pursuing important negotiations with the Allies with a view to separating the Anglo-Americans from the Soviets.

At length, he pointed out to Himmler how he, Wolff, had been right on previous occasions when he had advised Himmler, and he begged him to take his advice now. Germany's Western defenses were failing, as Wolff had told Himmler they would. Further fighting in the south would only kill off more Germans to no advantage. Wolff was seeking honorable terms with the Allies. He closed his letter by inviting Himmler to come down and join him in his attempt to make peace. (If Himmler had accepted this invitation, Wolff said he would have arrested him on arrival.) Himmler telephoned Wolff immediately after reading the letter. "I didn't ask for a report," he said. "I want to talk to you personally." Wolff gave in; he decided he would have to talk it out with Himmler and probably Hitler. He left by plane for Berlin on March 16.

I did not learn until some time later that, before he left, Wolff gave Parilli a kind of personal testament addressed to me. These were its contents:

In case I should lose my command . . . and the action with which I have associated myself should not succeed, I request that the German people and the German troops in Italy should not suffer the consequences.

If, after my death, my honor be assailed, I request Mr. Dulles to rehabilitate my name, publicizing my true, humane intentions; to make known that I acted not out of egotism or betrayal, but solely out of the conviction and hope of saving, as far as possible, the German people.

After my death, I ask Mr. Dulles, in the name of the ideas for which I shall have fallen, to try to obtain for the German and Italian troops honorable terms of surrender.

I request Mr. Dulles to protect, after my death, if this is possible, my two families, in order that they not be destroyed.

[Next month Mr. Dulles will conclude his story of the negotiations that led to the last "Jawohl" and were followed by the Allied victory in Europe.]



Out in the Bleachers, Where the Action Is

by William Barry Furlong

While the Chicago Cubs are drearily losing games down on the field, their fans up in the cheap seats carry on the liveliest betting operation in the big leagues.

Just inside the bleacher entrance to Wrigley Field in Chicago is a sign that warns: "No gambling." On the ramp leading up to the bleacher mezzanine is another sign that warns: "No gambling." At the top of the ramp, patrolling the aisle of the mezzanine, is a cop whose presence warns: "No gambling." In the right-center-field bleachers are Stace and Sambo, Jonesy and Zsa-Zsa, Dynamite and The Preacher—all there to sit in the sun and enjoy the National Pastime: gambling on baseball.

"Sollie! Hey, where's Sollie?"

"Where's-a Duke? Somebody see-a Duke?"

"Wha'd'ya gimme, I take-a Cubs?" asks a man with a nervous tic.

"Six ta five." This is a man called Groundhog.

"Six ta five!" screeches Nervous Tic. "Them Cardinals are gonna start Gibson!"

"I don't care they start Samson," growls Groundhog. "It's still six ta five."

Nervous Tic sits down petulantly. "Why-a Cubs?" he complains. "Why you always gotta take a-Cubs? The Cubs, they're the same bunch-a crumbs as always."

Groundhog remains silent, above interrogation. Around him, some of the Faithful are becoming annoyed at the gaucheries of a non-investor who wonders aloud why the Cubs never have put lights into the ball park and let the fans come out in the cool of night. Two bare-chested men, elaborately preparing to be parboiled in oil—suntan oil—glare at him. "Baseball supposed to be played inna daytime," one says scathingly. "This ain't no drive-in movin' pitcher place."

Wrigley Field in Chicago is the last surviving temple of baseball in the sun. As the only major-league ball park with no night baseball, it is the last tie to those more languid days when baseball was less an industry than a sport. For many fans, it is still a neighborhood gathering place, one they can walk to after lunch to sit and gossip and watch the Cubs lose. For others, it is a place to come and get a suntan while immersing themselves in the pleasant brouhaha of the bleachers. For still others, it is the place to come to engage in that ancient if fast-fading tribal ritual, ball-park betting.

Nobody knows quite how much money is bet on baseball every year. A vague idea came out of an investigation made seven years ago by the New York State Commission of Investigations. It found that one bookmaker handling bets on baseball from upper New York State gamblers alone made a profit of \$500,000 in eight weeks. Given the normal illicit profit margin of bookmaking on baseball, that particular entrepreneur had to have handled more than \$20 million in baseball bets in that eight-week period or the equivalent of \$60 million for the entire season, a cash flow that shows booking bets on baseball is a more prosperous business than merely running baseball or playing it.

Most of the money bet on baseball engages the leisurely judgment of the bettors, who have all day to survey the odds or the records of the starting pitchers, or to apply their systems. Theirs is a Gothic approach, one that relies less on wit or nimbleness of mind than on a religious dedication to records or a "system." One very popular system, for instance, is to bet on "streaks"—to bet a team to win if it has won two or more consecutive games or to bet it to lose if it has lost two or more consecutive games. The first half of the 1961 baseball season is reckoned the wildest bull market in streak-betting history. The Cincinnati Reds lost eight straight games, then turned around and won nine straight. The Minnesota Twins had a thirteen-game losing streak, the Chicago White Sox won nineteen of twenty games in one stretch, and the Philadelphia Phillies had one ten-game losing streak and three more seven-game losing streaks. Altogether, there were ninety-three streaks of four or more games in the

period, streaks in which the bettor stood to win at least two bets and thus come out ahead. (He is certain to lose one bet on each streak—the one in which the streak ends.) The season was climaxed a little later when the Philadelphia Phillies lost twenty-three consecutive games, a sort of *ne plus ultra* for streak bettors.

For many years, a more sporting approach to baseball was to bet while the game was in progress. This involved the investor's pride as well as his purse, for such bets demanded a willingness to make bets, and mistakes, in public. The bettor called out his bid—"Three to one the double play, gimme three to one the double play"—in a gambling parlor called an "open room," a shop where he could listen to the game over the radio or follow it by wire, and make a bet just as investors now visit the "public" rooms of securities houses to play the stock market. Or he might go to the ball park where he could gather with others of like mind to carry on a loud, incessant conversation about the game and its environment. ("Here comes a-rain. Wha'd'ya gimme the rain?" "Three ta two the rain. Give ya three ta two the rain comes!") In those days, the select part of such ball parks combined the speculative flavor of Lloyds of London and Big Julie's floating crap game. Over the years, the owners of various major-league teams labored hard to eliminate the "open room" aspect of their operations and they have, by and large, succeeded.

The Analyst's Method

The most viable remaining gambling outpost is in the right-center-field bleachers of Wrigley Field. In these years of the Long Drought, when the Cubs set a league record by finishing in the second division nineteen consecutive times, the bettors are the only bleacherites to show up day in and day out—the Cubs' solitary sentinels against dullness and deficits. Long years of watching the Cubs, and betting on them, have left them sour of mien and little leavened by grace of human spirit, something like a drama critic whose only exposure to the theater is an Edward Albee festival. If the bettors are ever disturbed by the thought that what they are doing is slightly illegal, they are fortified by the conviction that what the Cubs are doing on the field is downright criminal. Their activities, to be sure, are not endorsed by the management. Indeed, in the last few years, undercover agents for the police have infiltrated the bleachers, implausibly disguised as baseball fans, and carried out mass arrests of the investors.

William Barry Furlong's free-lance magazine research was carried on the past year from the steel mill to a MacKenzie race. Mr. Furlong worked for several years for "Newsweek" in Chicago and Washington and then wrote a sports column for the Chicago "Daily News."

At their best, the bettors in the bleachers give the game a flavor beyond the Cubs' poor power to add or detract. They exchange information and bets not only verbally but through a system of finger signals as abstruse as the bidding at Sotheby's. The bidding has a pace and rhythm that is almost contrapuntal, as in a game when the Cubs threatened to break a three-to-three tie with the St. Louis Cardinals by putting two men on base with one out in the eighth inning.

"Wha'd'ya gimme the ball game? Wha'd'ya gimme the game?" chanted a man in a peaked cap.

"Two-an'-a-half the ball game. Two-an'-a-half the game," said a bespectacled man with a rain check folded over his nose as a sunshade.

"Wha'd'ya gimme the run scores? Wha'd'ya gimme the run?"

"Seven ta five the run scores. Seven ta five the run," said Sunshade.

A drunk stood up and with a rich, winy sense of grandeur announced, "I'll take twenny thousand dollars on whatever happens next!" He lurched down a step or so and swayed ominously in the dead calm. "Eight ta five the drunk falls! Eight ta five the drunk!" cried out an investor.

A ripple of laughter drifted through the bleachers. Next to me, a bookish man in his sixties watched the performance with satisfaction. He had been kind enough, as the game progressed, to explain some of the investing situations, which are as formalized as a sonnet: With Willie Mays of the San Francisco Giants at bat in the late innings of a close game, the odds are customarily seven to five not simply that he'll get on base, but that he'll score. Though he was not betting on this game, it became clear that my neighbor had an extraordinary insight into baseball and betting.

Shortly I was to learn why: He was long regarded by many as the most knowledgeable bettor on baseball—indeed, on most sports—in the country. Because of his singular gifts he was much sought after as a shill by the operators of the open rooms which once flourished in Chicago. He would assay the situation in a game, as reported by radio or wire, and make a bet for the house; the other bettors would then bet against him, increasing the volume—and the profits—of the

management. It sounded like a taxing job, one that required great speed in appraising a situation and developing within seconds a set of odds that would attract business and still leave an edge for the house. He said he had the ideal education for the job: a degree in economics and experience as a securities analyst in a bank. The latter experience was during the depths of the Depression—and "if that didn't teach you to play the angles, nothing would." His banking career came to an end when, indulging his hobby, he made bets with other employees on how long the various executives would hold their jobs in the bank. When the bank president learned that the odds on his tenure had shortened to three to one, he fired the securities analyst.

"At the time," he says laconically, "I had eight to one on myself."

Through the years he had nevertheless managed to prosper enough—by gambling in the stock market and the ball park—to acquire an interest in several small businesses, retire by and large from the labor of betting, and establish a reputation in the community.

Most bettors, he explained to me, lack that very quick wit—the ability to sift swiftly through a maze of mathematical probabilities—to enjoy long-

term success at the game. This is so common a failing that an enterprising man named A. C. Lowther drew up a chart, certified by a CPA, that many bettors have found indispensable for betting baseball parleys, a form of self-immolation in which the winnings from one game are bet on another and the accumulation on a third game and so on and on until eventually everything is lost. A dreamer—and betting is filled with them—might want to know the return on a \$100 investment on a four-team parlay at odds of five to seven, one to two, two to three, and four to five. A glance at the Lowther chart would provide the answer: \$685. My companion in the bleachers could perform much more complex problems in his head. "When I was five years old," he said, "I was making up calendars in my head for three years in advance."

On occasion, his astonishing gift for mathematics allowed him to penetrate the obscurities of odds-making and so to place a sure-



thing bet. About a month before the end of the 1961 baseball season, he consulted a bookmaker about the prospects in the National League pennant race. The bookmaker reeled off some odds that were, as is usual, designed to lure bettors to bet on their favorite team to win. As he listened to the odds, The Analyst translated them into another dimension—"Los Angeles seventeen to ten to lose the pennant, Cincinnati $4\frac{1}{2}$ to one to lose the pennant, Milwaukee ten to thirteen to lose the pennant"—and came up with a remarkable conclusion: He was a sure winner if he bet on everybody to lose! By betting \$1,700 on Los Angeles, \$2,250 on Cincinnati, and \$1,300 on Milwaukee—all to lose the pennant—he'd be sure to come out with a profit ranging from \$200 (if Milwaukee won the pennant) to \$490 (if Los Angeles won). (Customarily he bet on baseball in large multiples of these figures but he chose them to illustrate the technique.) Moreover San Francisco had been coming up hard and if it won the pennant The Analyst would win all three bets. "A San Francisco win means \$3,190," he said, "and I don't even have to bet on them!" Ultimately, Cincinnati won the pennant—San Francisco finished third—and The Analyst netted \$440.

Splitting a Million-dollar Hair

Nearby, one of the Faithful began talking about a friend in a voice as cheerless as death. "The Gs picked up Abe at the trots the other night," he said. There had been a raid by federal agents at a harness-racing track. "They caught him without a tax stamp," he said. He leaned back on his elbows and thrust his face upwards, as if by this act of martyrdom—letting the sun burn into his ample eyeballs—he could mitigate the manifold injustice of it all. "He's got no chance," he lamented. "The Gs, how you gonna beat the Gs?"

It was a question which also bothered The Analyst. Several years ago, Congress passed a law making it a felony to communicate gambling information, or bets, across state lines. As a political and economic conservative ("I'm the last of what Roosevelt called the 'economic royalists'") he considers this an encroachment of the federal government on individual enterprise. It also interferes with his "public service," the judgment he offers like a high court on some of the plagiary problems of betting. In July 1960, for instance, he handed down a landmark decision over how a starting pitcher is designated. For most baseball bettors, the choice of a starting pitcher

is the most influential factor in their bet. It is so important that some New York newspapers print the odds with the names of the starting pitchers, just as they print the odds on the horses at the track. (The difference, of course, is that betting on pitchers is illegal in New York while betting on horses is legal, at least at the tracks.) In the particular dispute that The Analyst came to adjudicate, Don Newcombe was listed as the starting pitcher for the Cincinnati Reds in a game against the Pittsburgh Pirates in Pittsburgh. After the Reds batted in the first inning, Newcombe took his place on the pitcher's mound for his warm-up pitches. On the pitching arm of his sweatshirt he was wearing a long, loose sleeve that flapped mightily as he threw the ball. Dusty Boggess, the umpire at home plate, was fearful that the flapping sleeve would distract and thus endanger the batter. He ordered Newcombe either to change his sweatshirt or to bind up the sleeve so that it would no longer flap. Newcombe objected. Heated words followed and Newcombe was thrown out of the game, before he'd even faced the first batter. Cal McLish warmed up hurriedly and replaced Newcombe on the mound for the Reds. Pittsburgh eventually won the game, 5-0.

Now a subterranean argument swept the nation. Was Newcombe really the starting pitcher—for betting purposes—or was it McLish? If Newcombe was the starting pitcher, then bettors backing Pittsburgh, who based their bets on the published list of starting pitchers, won their bets. If McLish was, then all bets were off and Cincinnati backers would get a refund. The argument raged back and forth until a good many bookmakers, in desperation, asked The Analyst to hand down a decision. He could be dispassionate; he had no bets on the game and, at the time, no great interest in betting on baseball. He also had an intellectual's approach to the question, weighing the abstractions as well as the realities. On the one hand, Newcombe was listed on the lineup card given to the umpires by the team manager just before the game (which made him, by the official rule, the starting pitcher); he was listed in the box score as the starting pitcher; and a half-inning of the game *had* been played before he was dismissed. On the other hand, Newcombe appeared *only* in the box score and on the lineup card; he never appeared in the game. It was McLish who had thrown the first, or starting, pitch for the Reds.

The man in Chicago, handling the dispute with all the probity of a Supreme Court justice, ruled that a man must throw at least one pitch in a game to be considered the starting pitcher. There-

fore, McLish was the starting pitcher in this game and all bets had to be called off. That decision now transcends baseball's own rule on the matter, at least among backers of the National Pastime who have a lot more invested in it than baseball's owners.

Nine Runs in the Ninth

Behind us we could hear the chant of a bookmaker hustling bets on the game. My companion commented on the risks he was taking. "Bookmakers go to jail," he said. "Bettors do *not* go to jail." Bookies have to hustle because they make their money—as do chain stores—on a high volume with a low markup. On an even-money bet, called a "105 pick-it," their commission is 2.4 per cent. It's figured this way: The bookmaker collects \$105 from each of two bettors on a game or a total of \$210. To the winning bettor, he'll pay \$100 in winnings plus the original \$105, or a total of \$205. That leaves him a profit of \$5 on his original handle of \$210, or 2.4 per cent. Bookmakers tend to liken themselves to stockbrokers as the middlemen on the bet. "In betting, as in handling securities, you need a buyer as well as a seller," said the defrocked securities analyst.

It is true that the bookmaker expects to make his money out of a commission for acting as broker for the bet (although a bookmaker who doesn't bet—even in the way he handles his books—is as rare as the stockbroker who doesn't play the market). And it is true that the bookmaker did, in the days before the aforementioned federal law, take all long-distance calls collect from his customers, as do stockbrokers. And he must also pay his overhead—rent, lights, phone, protection—out of the commission. But there the resemblance ends. For the bookmaker is supposed to pay a federal tax of 10 per cent of all moneys handled in a transaction, or \$21 of the \$210 in the example cited above. Since that would not only wipe out his profit but put him 7.6 per cent into the hole on an even-money bet, the bookmaker rarely, if ever, pays it. Some bookmakers are said to tithe scrupulously, paying 10 per cent of their tax. But this seems unlikely to become widespread since a bookmaker who is successfully evading 90 per cent of his taxes is likely to figure he can as easily evade 100 per cent.

In ball-park betting, the bookmaker has more leeway on odds and on handling parlays, all of which can boost his commission. "The remarkable thing," said my companion, "is the faith that the small bettor has in baseball. It's not like college

basketball or pro football. They *believe* in this game." Their faith was reflected in the brisk give-and-take of the crowd at this game. In the last half of the eighth inning, Ron Santo of the Cubs came to bat with runners on second and third. The score was still tied, 3-3, and on the first pitch Santo lowered his bat as if to bunt. The man called Zsa-Zsa reeled into the aisle in mock horror and clapped a hand to his forehead. "The world's worst bunter! The world's *worst* bunter," he said, "and they send him up there to squeeze inna run." His voice trailed upward in a wild derisive giggle that ended in a sing-song, "Zsa-zsa-zsa-zsa zsa-zsa zsa-zsa!"

But Santo didn't bunt. Instead he took a full swing on the next pitch and singled to left to drive in two runs. Now the betting in the bleachers had a staccato tempo that reflected the Cubs' chances of winning the game. "Eight ta one the ball game! Who'll gimme eight ta one the ball game!" The Cubs scored again. "Twelve ta one the ball game . . . twelve ta one the ball game!" Then the Cubs got a runner on second base with one out. "Sixteen ta one the ball game . . . twenny ta one the ball game . . . who'll take twenny-two ta one the ball game?" There were no takers and some of the older hands thought this was deplorable. A well-manicured man in a tan Eisenhower jacket stood up, elaborately fingered his plastic-tipped cigar, and announced, "I just get back from Las Vegas and wha'd I find? Everybody's dead. Dead!" The bettors sat hunched against the storm of his criticism. "We had Cincinnati out here one day, they're leadin' by eight runs in the ninth," he went on. "So wha' happens? So the Cubs up with nine runs in the ninth and I'm a year payin' off the bets!"

The lesson was lost on the investors that day. With two out in the top half of the ninth and the Cubs leading, 6-3, they stood up—almost at an invisible command—to pay off or collect their bets all around. Suddenly the Cardinals got a runner on base and everything stopped, as in a frieze. "Thirteen ta one the ball game," said a thin reedy voice. It was a feeble effort and there were no takers. A moment later the game was over and the Faithful were shuffling toward the exits and past the "No gambling" signs. "What I shudda done," said Zsa-Zsa, "I shudda taken that pick-it and then I only lose five."

He shrugged. "If lose, I lose—so what. I'm gonna take the gas pipe?"

Next to me, my companion got up, expressed some pleasure at the mental calisthenics the game had afforded, said, "Six to five you never write about it." Then he disappeared into the crowd.

My Life Story by Sheila Greenwald



From The day I was born, My parents have seen to it That I am a winner.

when I was two years old, I was taken to a cubicle in New Haven where They Taught me to type. Two year olds

can learn such things and if They don't, They merely waste Their time. when two year olds who don't know how to type meet two year olds who do know how to type, They are very helmed and fall behind and are losers from then on.



At two and one half, I was sent to school, where I play with learning equipment. I excell in carrot grating. My play time is not frivolous or wasted, I learn about Textures and colors and relationships.

At three my Mother Taught me to read. Children of three can learn to read and if they don't, they waste Their time. They fall behind in school from The start and they are Losers.



My parents never neglected the social side of my development. I have been exposed to children constantly. After school I attend play group. Relationships with one's contemporaries cannot start soon enough and are vital in the child's development. If these exposures to one's contemporaries don't begin soon enough, the child cannot cope with them when he starts grade school. He falls behind. He is a loser.

MERRY HOUR PLAY Group



I began to attend rhythm classes at three and one half. I play drums and run like a pony, which strikes me as frivolous, but it instills something in me and I'll be a winner, rhythmically speaking.

Now that I'm four, I feel sure of my ground. When I enter the kindergarten of my choice in the fall, it will be with a sense of purpose and feattiness to cope with all situations. I will be on my way as a winner.

When I grow up I would like to be a garbage man.



America, India, and Pakistan

A Chance for a Fresh Start

by Selig S. Harrison

This summer may be a historic watershed, because it offers Washington a chance to begin a new (and healthier) relationship with more than 600 million people of South Asia.

A single cryptic signboard interrupts the miles of barbed-wire-and-concrete barricades along the lonely road in northwest Pakistan: "Headquarters, 5235th Communications Group, U.S.A.F." If you peer down from the roof of your car you can see stretched out the Middletown in miniature that Americans invariably try to establish abroad, whether in Pakistan or Pango Pango. There is a supermarket of sorts, a swimming pool, a bowling alley, even a softball park fixed up with night lights to keep 1,150 restless expatriates out of mischief with the natives. Off in the distance down the valley, hulking electronic monsters tower over the wheat fields, and crisscrossing columns of steel latticework straddle the landscape like some giant Erector set dropped out of the skies. The skull-capped Moslem farmers who work the fields thread their way through the endless rows of metal "trees" and vast, dish-shaped contraptions pointing inquisitively toward the heavens.

What the Air Force, the CIA, and the code-breaking National Security Agency do behind their barricades falls within the least-known but most important area of our Cold War intelligence operations. The new art of electronic espionage has grown up almost overnight, and ironically enough, it has been rapidly displacing 007-type

escapades in real life at the very time they were getting to be the literary rage. In a few short years science has made the secret agent seem almost passé. New varieties of supersensitive maser amplifiers developed since 1958 have revolutionized electronics technology, making it possible to pick up even faint radio-wave emissions from far-off places loudly, clearly, and without static. By applying the same principles of radio astronomy used to communicate with satellites, our intelligence agencies have gradually perfected the somewhat awesome science of international eavesdropping. Moscow knows the game now, too, but apparently feels less compulsion to play it strenuously against the open societies of the West.

From places like Pakistan on the Soviet periphery, you can "listen in" on the Soviet military communications system and monitor key defense testing sites in Central Asia. The precise character of current intelligence activities is obviously not a proper subject of public examination. But it is no longer a secret that the old World War II intelligence techniques of "photo interpretation" have now been largely supplanted by the use of complex, interlinked tape-recorder and computer apparatus in what is known as "image interpretation." Hanson Baldwin has described this as the "composite interpretation of infrared and radar images, electronic emanations and radio eavesdropping," crediting it with "yielding a pretty clear picture of Soviet missile development." Even a casual look at the map shows how useful northwest Pakistan would be for scientific snoopers seeking to locate IRBM launching sites, track satellite experiments, penetrate Soviet radar de-

fenses, or unravel codes. Tyura Tam, the Soviet Cape Kennedy, is only 675 miles away, and the rest of the major Russian military research centers are all concentrated in the desert fastnesses of Tadzhikistan and Kazakhstan. Pieced together with intelligence gleaned by the Samos reconnaissance satellites, the accumulated "take" from electronic surveillance activities in the peripheral countries has been of great help to the United States in keeping up on the state of Soviet military progress, especially during the years since the U-2 flights were stopped.

Although Pakistan has not been used as a U-2 base since Francis Gary Powers' ill-fated flight in May 1960, the Ayub Khan regime has permitted the continuance of other intelligence operations up to the moment of this writing. In addition to the electronic installations, the United States also used to operate a number of marginal facilities concerned with gathering fallout and taking seismographic readings for our program of nuclear-test detection. These were the ones chosen by Ayub as the target for limited reprisals after the cutoff of U. S. military aid during the Indo-Pakistan war last fall. But the important electronic installations still remain operational—despite the crisis in relations between Pakistan and the United States growing out of the war, and despite Ayub's increasingly cordial interchange with China and the U. S. S. R.

Like old soldiers who never die, the electronic behemoths of northwest Pakistan could conceivably linger on at their battle stations for months or years to come as an anachronistic reminder of a dying alliance. The intelligence community in Washington clearly wants to keep the tape recordings and computer cards coming in for as long as possible and, if the price is right, Pakistan might be willing to strike another temporary bargain. Viewed solely from the perspective of intelligence gathering, there may well be persuasive reasons why facilities in Pakistan continue to be important to the United States. Whatever its military value, however, the time has come to recognize that the alliance entails exorbitant political costs. Rarely has there been a more striking example of

the conflict so often found in foreign policy making between immediate security advantages and long-term diplomatic interests.

The alliance has had a profoundly damaging impact over the years on U. S. relations with Pakistan's four-times-larger-neighbor, India. As an intelligence partner, Pakistan has commanded a degree of leverage in Washington entirely out of proportion to its size. The tail has all too often wagged the dog. Decision after decision involving a choice between American interests in India and Pakistan has been conditioned by the necessity—albeit unstated—to keep Pakistan happy lest the bases there be jeopardized.

One obvious measure of the distortion which has resulted in U. S. policy is the fact that the rental fee so far paid for the installations has come to the staggering total of \$1.5 billion in military aid. India has actually had Chinese troops at its borders, but has received \$84.5 million in defense assistance. Since the electronic installations are supposedly secret, the United States has never been able to give the Indian public a plausible explanation for the continuance of the alliance after Pakistan's "normalization" of its relations with Peking and Moscow. This has injected a strong undercurrent of bitterness and distrust into our relations with New Delhi, canceling out much of our political influence at a time when our investment in economic and food aid has been steadily growing.

Scenario by Washington

Paradoxically, by attempting to perpetuate the alliance past its time, the United States also frustrates the evolution of a new basis of friendship with Pakistan itself to replace the old one destroyed by the recent war. The suspension of arms aid in the midst of the fighting last fall made it dramatically and painfully apparent that the United States did not regard the military alliance as an anti-Indian commitment. Pakistan retaliated at first with an ugly burst of anti-Americanism, but this has gradually given way to a local variant of neutralism which sits much more easily with the country than the old pro-West foreign policy. The war has actually served to clear the air after years of misunderstanding. It could open the way for a greatly improved relationship—in the long run—if Washington adapts itself gracefully to a changed world environment.

The events of the past year have been a historic watershed for the United States in its relations with the 610 million people of the Indo-Pakistan

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subcontinent. For more than a decade, the United States has tried to make the two South Asian rivals fit into a Cold War mold cast in Washington. In 1954, this meant membership in a U. S.-sponsored collective-security system directed against the Soviet Union and China; when India refused to join, the United States signed up Pakistan anyway, disregarding not only the impact this would have on the power relationship within South Asia, but also the inevitable Soviet response in the form of military aid and political support for India. The war came as the crashing finale to the scenario written by former Secretary of State John Foster Dulles. Now Washington is groping for a new approach to South Asia, suited to a new time when the Soviet Union no longer poses a direct military threat to the subcontinent and has a clearly overlapping interest with the United States in deterring Chinese expansion.

By fully acknowledging that the old assumptions of the alliance era are obsolete—and acting accordingly—the United States could probably tip the balance onto the side of a hopeful new phase of neutralization on the Indo-Pakistan subcontinent. In this depolarized South Asia, the United States would no longer seek to retain its special military alliance links with what would gradually harden into a neutralist Pakistan. The United States and the Soviet Union would continue to compete as rivals for political influence; but they would have broadly similar aid relationships with the two countries, for the first time, and this would introduce a stabilizing new element into Indo-Pakistan relations. Sustained pressure for a *détente* from the aid-giving superpowers would strengthen embattled moderates on both sides of the border. With the U.S.-Soviet rivalry placed on a new and less dangerous plane, China would have less of an opportunity to exploit Indo-Pakistan differences. Together, Washington and Moscow might gradually find a way to give India and Pakistan nuclear security against each other as well as against Peking.

The Johnson Administration has carefully kept open the opportunity to pursue a neutralization policy in the early months of 1966 by adhering to the moratorium on arms aid to both countries started during the war. In his discussions with Indira Gandhi in April and with visiting Indian and Pakistani economic delegations in May, the President initiated an effort to tie a resumption of economic aid to a stabilization of the arms race in South Asia. But he has shown no signs of a willingness to give up the alliance, which means, in effect, that he is trying to have his cake and eat it. The chances that such an ambivalent policy

will yield much success seem extremely bleak.

It is difficult to understand the nature of the choices now open to the United States in South Asia without first facing up to just how badly this nation suffered in its relationships with both countries as a result of the policy debacle culminating in the war. Indian attitudes toward the United States are fundamentally colored by the belief that a decade of U. S. arms aid to Pakistan made a military clash in the subcontinent inevitable. Even the most pro-American elements in New Delhi cannot explain away the fact that Washington unabashedly failed to honor its pledges to prevent the use of American weaponry against India—just as Pakistan, too, for reasons of its own, now looks on the U. S. as a faithless friend. There could not have been an American-sponsored Tashkent conference to wind up the war even if Washington had wanted one. Moscow alone was in a position to play the peacemaker's prestigious role.

Inadvertently, and with the best of intentions, the U. S. in its decision to give military aid to Pakistan in 1954 touched the raw nerves of a Hindu-Moslem rivalry which has been building up in intensity since the ancient beginnings of Indian history. The reasons for India's traumatic reaction lie deeply embedded in this history and in the sense of age-long failure which troubles most Hindus today. There has never been an enduring "India" for very long. Unlike China, which can trace a continuous tradition of political unity back to the first Han emperors, ancient India did not produce a national political idea. Culturally, the Indian subcontinent presented a picture of remarkable cohesion from the beginning for an area so vast and so disparate. Without its counterpart to the Chinese "Son of Heaven" conception, however, India inevitably became a congeries of warring Hindu principalities and regional empires until the Moslem invaders came along in the twelfth century and established their own form of order out of the chaos that was Hindu society.

The fact that Moslem rulers had enjoyed seven centuries of unchallenged power in India was an ever-present insult to Hindus as they began to shape a modern nationalism. The Indian movement for freedom became a confusion of anti-British impulses mixed with what was an underlying spirit of Hindu reassertion. Advocates of a frankly religious nationalism such as Swami Vivekananda set the tone for the independence movement at the turn of the century. Moslems were relegated to an explicitly marginal position in the India that was to emerge after the British withdrew. It is our turn now, the Hindu nationalists said in effect.

Subconsciously, at any rate, they viewed independence as a Hindu coming of age, politically, after the long centuries of what was regarded as alien domination.

Although Nehru tried until the end to counter the Hindu nationalist tradition with his own secular, modernist nationalism, the unspoken tendency to equate "Indian" with Hindu nationalism has consistently molded the thinking of the rank and file of the governing Congress party. Hindus seethed when the Moslem League campaigned successfully for the creation of a separate Pakistan on territory envisaged in the Vedic scriptures as Hindu holy ground. Partition was accepted by the Hindu Congress leaders solely as an expedient way to end communal rioting and to dispose of British rule. The Hindu majority had never reconciled itself to a status of parity for the Moslems. On the contrary, it was generally assumed that the truncated Moslem state with its two wings a thousand miles apart could prove viable only as part of an Indian-dominated regional power system.

Shopping for Allies

In the early years after independence, when I first lived in the subcontinent, the cycle of recrimination and counterrecrimination had not yet started. There were always irritants, with the Kashmir issue offering a ready handle to chauvinist forces in both countries. But the full implications of sovereignty had not yet fully dawned in New Delhi. Liaquat Ali Khan cut a sorry picture in his efforts to line up the rest of the Moslem world against the "Hindu threat," and it was difficult for Indians, in this heyday of Nehru's diplomacy, to take the idea of an independent Pakistani foreign policy seriously. Pakistan could not automatically get a rise out of India in those days by the defiant wave of a finger.

This was the psychological background when the U. S. went shopping for allies in 1954 after the shock of Panmunjom and Dienbienphu. For the record, John Foster Dulles defined the new military pact with Pakistan as part of the global collective-security pattern then being developed to meet an expected recurrence of conventional aggression by Communist ground forces throughout Asia. Off the record, Vice President Nixon defined the objectives of some elements in Washington more candidly in briefings with newsmen. Pakistan's readiness to enter into a military pact offered an opportunity, the Vice President felt, to build a counterforce to Nehru's neutralism in the Indian leader's back yard. India had been offered

comparable military aid and had turned it down, absolving the U. S. from any charges of partiality.

At this stage, so far as one can determine, the possible utility of Pakistan for intelligence purposes was only a marginal consideration. The electronic art was not yet far advanced, and the first monitoring facilities were not to be installed until 1958. In Secretary Dulles' eyes, by all accounts, the collective-security role assigned to Pakistan was itself reason enough for the alliance.

One of the few outspoken opponents of the military-aid pact at the time was Senator Fulbright, who made a major speech on March 2, 1954, warning that "the difficulties between India and Pakistan have threatened war, so we are not unaware of the tension between them and should have been extremely careful in our relations with both. This is an unfortunate mistake." Behind the scenes, Paul G. Hoffmann and Chester Bowles, then recently retired as Ambassador to New Delhi, fought the move unsuccessfully.

What the military-aid program did was to disturb the natural balance of power prevailing between India and Pakistan, giving Pakistan a greatly enhanced bargaining position in its dealings with India on Kashmir and other issues. Emboldened by the promise of a pipeline to the Pentagon as well as additional infusions of related economic assistance, Pakistan began to address India in the accents of an equal. And as if Washington had not done enough damage, Moscow later made matters worse by countering with its own, more flexible form of military aid in New Delhi.

To be sure, India continued to hold its inherently superior military position, partly as an indirect result of economic aid from the United States. From 1956 until 1960, however, before India had carried out its military counter-buildup in response to the aid pact, the Pakistan Army held the numerical edge in armor. Pakistan also had overall qualitative superiority with its Patton M-48 tanks, self-propelled artillery, and supersonic aircraft. In the Indian Army, with its World War II Shermans, this was an outrageous insult; and in the country generally, the United States became a focus for all of the sublimated feelings toward Pakistan that had been present since Partition.

In Pakistan, meanwhile, the U. S. enjoyed a honeymoon which lasted for several years. The Pakistani military and political leaders who had taken the country into the alliance in the name of anti-Communism did not talk much then—in public, at least—about the Indian danger. They did not think of themselves, however, as playing a double game. I remember the intense assurances given to me in an early 1954 conversation by Aziz Ahmed,

doyen of the Punjab elite corps of the Pakistan Civil Service. An able patriot who was later to become Ambassador to Washington and until recently Foreign Secretary, he refused to distinguish between the Communist threat and the Indian threat, treating them as two sides of the same coin. His basic argument was that India would sooner or later join the Communist camp. "What is important," Ahmed said, "is that we are agreed on the Indian question. Your people don't trust them, and neither do we."

As India's economic dependence increased, so did its unarticulated misery over the American role in Pakistan. It was bad enough for a proud, newly independent Asian country to become a client seeking constantly expanding aid from a rich Western patron. The necessity to acknowledge this status in the face of the persistent affront of a military buildup in Pakistan added to the underlying strains in the Indo-American relationship. India's military reliance on Washington after the 1962 Chinese attack further aggravated these stresses. Indians could always rationalize their situation, though, by recalling the insistence of the United States that its arms aid had been solely intended to deter Communist aggression. The Americans were, after all, well-meaning innocents who had been taken in by the Pakistanis. They had promised to guard against the misuse of their weaponry and had to be given the benefit of the doubt.

Then, a Verdict of Betrayal

This rationale sufficed until May 1964, when India and Pakistan clashed in the Rann (flood basin) of Kutch. Pakistan's use of its U. S.-aided tank units brought to the surface the latent anger which had been building up for a decade. Incredible as it may seem for countries to become genuinely exercised over a barren, remote waste with such an implausible name, the Kutch war was a grimly serious business. India, in particular, saw in Pakistani moves into the Rann a fresh humiliation on top of the Chinese invasion of 1962. The unwillingness of the Indian Army to become engaged on a large scale in this inhospitable terrain meant that the government had to choose between a second front—opposed by the U. S. and Britain—or a cease-fire with Pakistani forces still in occupation of Indian-claimed territory. Prime Minister Shastri chose a cease-fire, but he protected his domestic political rear by fanning the flames of anti-Americanism.

Aerial reconnaissance photographs of Patton tanks taken over the Rann were splashed across

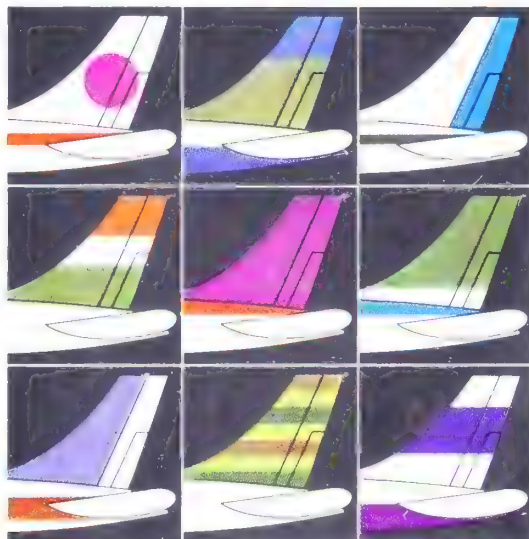
the front pages of Indian newspapers. Washington was asked to apologize, and when the State Department responded with a pained silence, India pronounced a verdict of betrayal.

Actually, for all of the rhetoric about the anti-Communist basis of the alliance, the 1954 military-aid pact stipulated in its operative clause that Pakistan could use U. S. arms for "legitimate self-defense" or to "participate in the collective security of the region." The U. S. had no basis for a formal legal protest. It could—and did—complain privately that the use of American arms in a disputed border area had been extremely embarrassing and "unfortunate." Walter McConaughy, then U. S. Ambassador, made what Pakistanis recall as rather plaintive representations at the Foreign Office, admonishing them to talk over their differences with India before matters got to the shooting stage next time, and thus to spare their friends the necessity of having to judge what was "legitimate self-defense." But Indian public opinion hungered for an unequivocal reprimand. As the weeks dragged by and Washington remained silent, the U. S. became an increasingly convenient whipping boy.

The Kutch episode proved to be a particularly bitter ordeal for the Indian Army. Once again, the Army found itself cast as impotent and helpless before the country. General J. N. Chaudhuri, Chief of Staff throughout the critical period of the Kutch skirmishes and the later Punjab-Kashmir war, felt strongly that the commitment of major forces in Kutch would be a blunder. Brooding in his austere office at Army Headquarters, Chaudhuri, a veteran of World War II tank battles at El Alamein, looked with contempt on the politicians who were daily issuing thundering statements demanding that the intruders be thrown out. "Have you ever been to Kutch?" he exploded on the afternoon of April 28, two days after the first encounter between Indian and Pakistani forces at Biarbet. "Just sand and more sand, and then in a few weeks, mud, mud, mud. They probably think we're bloody fools enough to put our armor in there, but we can find better places."

In the months after Kutch, the Indian Army was spoiling for an opportunity to tell off not only the Pakistanis but also the Americans, who had shown the temerity to arm Rawalpindi with one hand while cautioning New Delhi against a second front with the other. As for Indian pledges to use U. S.-aided divisions only against China, all bets were now off; if Pakistan could use its equipment with impunity, India could no longer be expected to fight with its hands tied in the event of another Pakistani provocation, the Army argued. India

paint is only skin deep



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CONTINENTAL



The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

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For one thing, there wasn't enough room on the cake.

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And, after all, who else is there?

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later did use two of its American-aided mountain divisions in the September war as a final gesture of disdain toward the United States.

In Pakistan, a comparable crisis of confidence has been developing since the U. S. decision to give military aid to India at the time of the Chinese attack. What was left of the spirit of '54 quickly vanished when the U. S. cut off military aid evenhandedly to both sides during the September war last year. Top-level bureaucratic and military insiders knew that the Pentagon had kept Pakistan on a thirty-day supply of ammunition, spare parts, and petroleum. Since the U. S. had complete information on Pakistan's supply position, and since Pakistan, unlike India, depended wholly on its U. S. supply line, the cutoff was viewed as a deliberately pro-Indian move.

The violence of Pakistan's reaction to its "betrayal" is explained partly by an ambivalent attitude toward the United States which had festered beneath the surface from the very beginnings of the alliance. Like most developing countries, Pakistan would have preferred a neutralist posture.

Some years before he was to become director of our foreign-aid program, David E. Bell, then an adviser in Pakistan, spoke with foreboding of the "political problems" inherent in the alliance. "It is no doubt very attractive to the ordinary Pakistani to see the Indians maintain a position which to us looks like neutralism, but to them looks like strong independence," Bell said in testimony before the House Foreign Affairs Committee on January 22, 1959. "For a Pakistani politician to defend the fact that he has not taken up a position like India but has instead joined himself to the United States, this is a hard thing for him to defend, and one can doubt a little bit that it is always going to be defensible."

Pakistan swallowed its pride and entered the Western alliance to outflank a powerful neighboring India. Thus, when the U. S. turned out to be India's friend, too, the sacrifice of freedom of action in world affairs necessitated by the alliance began to seem intolerable. The beginnings of disillusion came long before the start of military aid to India in November 1962—ostensibly the provocation responsible for Pakistan's gradual shift to a neutralist foreign policy.

The belief that the original basis of the U. S.-Pakistan alliance could have continued to remain viable if only the U. S. had not rushed to India's defense in 1962—and that the good old days could now be exhumed if the U. S. gave its military aid in South Asia one-sidedly to Rawalpindi—rests on a very narrow definition of "Pakistan." To a military elite which has fortified its domestic power

through external support, and to a business-oriented bureaucratic faction concerned primarily with the U. S.-financed flow of imports for Pakistan's private industry, a return to 1954-type normalcy would be welcome. To public opinion generally, however, the United States is now a catchall target for xenophobic frustrations. The affair is irrevocably over. Having been burned once, Pakistanis are now in a mood to play the field, and the vindication of national self-respect is increasingly equated in the public mind with Ayub's efforts to offset his dependence on the United States.

The postwar climate in Pakistan is a complex amalgam of India-obsessed fears and hatreds overlaid with this new desire for a sense of freewheeling independence. Rawalpindi's diplomatic adventures in Peking since 1962, for example, were no doubt initially motivated by the desire for an anti-Indian ally. This desire found at least the appearance of fulfillment in China's ultimatum to New Delhi at the height of the war, and in a symbolic installment of Chinese military aid this spring. Yet the China lobby which has begun to take form in Pakistan makes a more broad-gauged appeal—to pan-Asian racial feelings, to ideological doubts about the big-business cast of the Ayub government, and to a popular readiness to identify with China's development struggles. Basically, the attractiveness of this appeal lies in its contrast with the official pro-Westernism of the alliance years.

Up, Moscow

Except for the racial factor, the Soviet Union has an appeal comparable to China's and for the same reasons. Pakistan turned to Peking first rather than to Moscow only because the Chinese made the initial overtures to Rawalpindi and the Soviet Union seemed hopelessly committed to a pro-Indian policy. When Moscow showed signs of unaccustomed flexibility, following Nehru's death in mid-1964, Pakistan was immediately responsive. As a source of "soft" loans for industrialization and eventually, Pakistanis hope, for some forms of military aid, the Soviet Union has much more to offer a developing country than China.

Precisely because the Soviet Union has so much more to offer, it is Moscow, not Peking, which could well pose the most serious challenge to American influence in Pakistan in the long run. The sea-change in the Soviet line toward South Asia since Nehru's death has been steady and deliberate, implying a long-term decision to upgrade Pakistan for compelling strategic reasons. The Tashkent initiative did not come out of the blue.

It was the culmination of a long process of change dating back to Vice Premier Mikoyan's visit to New Delhi in August 1964.

India's new Prime Minister, Lal Bahadur Shastri, was quick to detect a different tone in the Soviet leader's careful comments on Indo-Pakistan issues. As Shastri related it later, Mikoyan began by assuring him that the Soviet Union would continue to back India on the Kashmir issue if it came up again in the Security Council. The Soviet leader then added, however, that he hoped it would not come up, and he asked whether it was not time for India and Pakistan to take stock of their relations. Could two developing countries afford to remain at odds? Shastri replied that whereas Pakistan ranked far down on India's list of concerns—development claiming first place—India was Pakistan's all-consuming preoccupation.

"We were aware," he said in an interview several months before his death, "that they were changing their policy, and that there was nothing we could do about it. We felt it must be China. They want to keep China away from Pakistan, and of course, they would not mind if they could also push out the American bases. I suppose India will have to adjust to all of this. I suppose we shall all have to. In any case, we have many things to thank them for."

The three-month Soviet campaign to get Shastri and Ayub to Tashkent last fall was part of a game for very high stakes. Beyond the limited immediate goal of a military disengagement, Moscow was pursuing its effort to establish a new political presence in Pakistan which would relegate both China and the U. S. to lesser status. This was clear when Foreign Secretary Aziz Ahmed announced as the conference broke up that the Soviet Union had promised to "continue its efforts to solve the Kashmir problem." During the Tashkent proceedings, Moscow attempted to show Rawalpindi that it is willing to draw heavily from its accumulation of political capital in New Delhi for the sake of consolidating its new position in Pakistan. As the military victor on the major battlefronts, India had to be pushed and pummeled strenuously before finally agreeing to a comprehensive disengagement plan involving troop withdrawals in prized areas captured during the war.

Moscow is offering Pakistan a bargain: permanent neutrality on Kashmir, or possibly even a pro-Pakistan policy reorientation, in exchange for a corresponding loosening of Rawalpindi's ties with Washington and Peking. An important extra sweetener in such a bargain would undoubtedly be a substantial program of Soviet economic aid. In private conversations with diplomats, Soviet offi-

cials stress the "class character" of the Ayub regime and appear skeptical, at times, that a government with such important links to the business world could ever actually snap its Western moorings. But they say frankly that they are playing a long-range game. In time, as Soviet economic and political activity in Pakistan grows, Moscow counts on an increasingly pro-Soviet climate of public opinion, and new friends in high places.

The capstone of Soviet success would be a decision by Pakistan to ask for the removal of American intelligence installations. Although the U. S. has formal lease rights on its major installations until 1970, Pakistani officials have made clear that this is not an ironclad commitment. It could be cut short at any time, I was told in Rawalpindi, if the continuance of the facilities became "embarrassing" or "conflicted with our national interests." Soviet leaders tell Pakistan that the installations are offensive in character; Russian pressure for their ouster has become progressively more direct and explicit as Soviet diplomatic activity in Indo-Pakistan affairs has increased.

Even if Moscow fails to dislodge the U. S. installations for some time to come, the Soviet political breakthrough in Pakistan is now an accomplished fact. So far, at least, this has cost Moscow remarkably little in India. Stepping in to fill the void left by the wartime collapse of American policy, the Russians have very nearly achieved the overarching position of influence spanning both countries that the U. S. has always wanted.

The basic reason why the Soviet Union has been able to maneuver so boldly and effectively during the past year is that it had always retained full freedom of action in Indo-Pakistani affairs. Since Moscow had never entered into a formal alliance relationship with India, it was not a breach of faith to play the mediator. Indians were ready to give the benefit of the doubt, in any case, to a country which had so carefully earned their goodwill over the years. Soviet support on the Kashmir issue had rescued New Delhi from many a tight spot in the United Nations. The Russians did not break their military-aid commitment as a result of the Indo-Pakistan war. In its relations with Pakistan, Moscow had nowhere to go but up; and in India it had a deep cushion of goodwill.

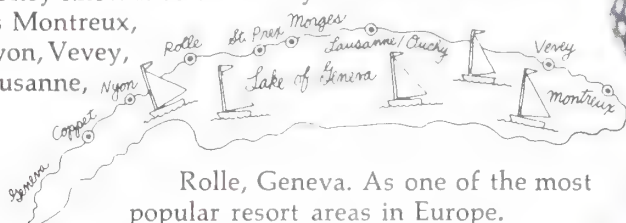
There are important factors—apart from the Soviet record on Indo-Pakistan issues as such—that help absorb the shocks of the present transition period in India. The fact that Soviet industry is state-controlled means that Moscow (unlike Washington) can assist in the development of public industrial enterprises abroad through its aid program. This makes Soviet aid particularly effec-

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SWISS AIRLINES WORLDWIDE THROUGH THE SWISS RIVIERA

tive, politically, in a country such as India where the powerful family and caste monopolies in control of private business are extremely unpopular. In most developing countries, nationalist elites are anxious to keep control of key industries out of the reach both of foreign private capital, on the one hand, and of the would-be builders of local Zai-batsu empires. Moscow thus has an easy aid entree not only in India, but also in Pakistan, where some of the country's top planners see in the Soviet link a route to greatly expanded bureaucratic power.

Perhaps the major reason for the staying power of the Soviet Union in New Delhi is the tendency of Indian leaders to view Moscow as a natural geopolitical ally. An important school of Indian nationalist thought argues that the threat of Chinese expansion in the Central Asian borderlands makes a strong, friendly India indispensable to the U. S. S. R., and that there is no comparable community of interest between India and the faraway United States. Moscow points to the threat of Chinese penetration in Pakistan when seeking to justify its role there, equating its own interests in Rawalpindi with those of India.

Washington, too, tries to explain its presence in Pakistan as an offset to Chinese influence, but this has been harder for the Indians to swallow. If Washington had ever cared seriously about deterring Chinese expansionism, it could have offered to help equip the Indian Army as far back as 1959, when Peking moved into Tibet. Yet even after the 1962 attack, the United States military aid program steered carefully clear of air power, tanks, and sophisticated weaponry comparable to the aid given to Pakistan. To the handful of officials who know about the electronic installations, it has seemed excruciatingly clear that Washington attaches a much greater priority to its immediate anti-Soviet interests in Rawalpindi than to emergent anti-Chinese interests in New Delhi. Actually, though, the issue is not quite this simple. By mid-1964, the reluctance of the U.S. to arm India in a big way could also be explained in part by the anxieties of some prescient officials who thought they saw an Indo-Pakistan war coming.

Five New Departures

In *Uncertain*, the controlling consideration for the U. S. in formulating a new South Asia policy is likely to be the behavior of China. If Peking should assume an actively belligerent, missile-rattling posture in the Himalayas, the United States might at some point have no choice but to

resume military aid to India. This is an option that clearly must be kept open at a time when the Chinese nuclear potential still remains uncertain. Yet it is also apparent that new military-aid infusions to either India or Pakistan could quickly rekindle war fever and provoke increased Soviet and Chinese military-aid deliveries. The United States should therefore allow for a prolonged period of reassessment in South Asia and make every effort diplomatically, to bring about a military-aid freeze with the Soviet Union.

There appears to be a genuine possibility that the Soviet Union will not substantially extend its military-aid commitments to India beyond those made before the war if the United States freezes its own military-aid activity. Soviet strategy in Pakistan appears to point clearly in this direction since only in a relatively quiescent subcontinent could Moscow expect to go very far in its present effort to carry water on both shoulders. Like Washington, however, Moscow appears to be divided into Indophile and opposing camps on matters of South Asia policy, and the outcome of the current policy controversy in the Soviet Union could be critically affected by the course of U. S. policy in the coming months.

A purposeful American approach to South Asia suited to the realities of 1966 would involve five major departures from present policy:

(1) *Phase out the U.S.-Pakistan alliance.* Whatever the original merits of the alliance, Pakistan now regards India as the sole threat to its security and does not even offer the pretense that it wants our military aid to deter Communist aggression. No significant military advantages outside of the intelligence field come to the United States through Pakistan's membership in CENTO or the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization (SEATO). The U. S. has never enjoyed base rights for aircraft in Pakistan and is entitled to use the jet-sized airstrips built under the military-aid program only if Pakistan itself is attacked. As the new Ferret satellites come into use, even the importance of Pakistan as an intelligence vantage point will decline.

The restoration of large-scale military aid to Pakistan in any guise would in all likelihood give birth to an endemic anti-Americanism in India making healthy aid relationships impossible. One critical result would be an increase in sentiment favoring the manufacture of nuclear weapons. Pressures for an Indian nuclear program have tended to grow in direct proportion to the emotional distance between New Delhi and Washington. To the extent that Indo-American relations deteriorate as a result of a conflict of interest over

Pakistan, India's ability to adjust to its dependence on the U. S. for its security against China is likely to be hampered.

As a practical matter, the most vexing immediate issue facing the U. S. is how far to go in supplying spare parts for Pakistan's remaining American equipment, and on what terms. Here the determining factor should be whether Pakistan is prepared to keep the sum total of its military procurement in bounds. While a total cutoff of spares would be self-defeating, the U. S. should shift from grants to straight commercial sales to discourage excessive force levels. Eventually, as tanks or airplanes wear out, they should not be replaced on any terms in line with the inflated force levels established under the 1954 aid agreement.

Any sales of equipment or spares to Pakistan should have a strictly limited objective: making it unnecessary for Rawalpindi to replace one exclusive dependence on Washington with a new one on Peking. American equipment should be no more than one important component in a consciously diversified procurement pattern. Moreover, if Pakistan is ready to take all that it can get from Peking, irrespective of what Washington does and of what a country of its size can bear economically, then the U. S. should correspondingly downgrade even its spare-parts sales.

Chinese arms aid and political penetration in Pakistan could conceivably go far enough, in time, to force both Moscow and Washington onto India's side in a new and most undesirable form of polarization. But as former Ambassador J. K. Galbraith has observed, the marginal quantities of Chinese weaponry given to Pakistan so far since the war and flaunted at the time of Mrs. Indira Gandhi's visit are probably "more symbolic than dangerous." The most disruptive element that could be added to a still-disturbed South Asian scene would be a rush of competitive American military aid to Pakistan—on top of Chinese aid—that would once again give Pakistan a disproportionate measure of strength.

(2) *Make a clear break with the regional "balance of power" concept.* The United States should be peculiarly wary of pleas that it is an American responsibility to help maintain a balance of military power between India and Pakistan. On the contrary, it would be in the American interest to permit South Asian power relationships to develop naturally in accordance with the size of the two countries.

In order to avoid rocking the boat during the alliance years, the United States has always fudged this issue. President Kennedy and Marshal

Ayub agreed with studied ambiguity in their 1961 communiqué that Pakistan could use its military aid to maintain its "security," omitting any reference at all to the original anti-Communist premises of the alliance. As the war has made amply clear, however, the United States is playing with fire when it overextends its policeman's role, and a redefinition of purpose is now in order. If aid levels fixed in proportion to the size of the two countries help India to realize its natural margin of economic and military superiority over Pakistan, this is not the fault of the United States. It is inherent in the situation created by Partition. The test of U. S. friendship with Pakistan can only be whether we are making an adequate contribution to the fulfillment of Pakistan's own power potential.

Since 1964, when Pakistan agreed to a series of economic reform proposals, the U. S. has given Pakistan 2.25 times more aid per capita than India. Now India is embarking on similar reforms, and this imbalance should properly be reduced.

(3) *Give military aid indirectly.* Unless an aggressive Chinese posture would warrant a resumption of military-aid grants to India, the U. S. should for the most part support the defense capabilities of India and Pakistan indirectly through its economic aid. It might seem to make only an academic difference whether Washington gives a country military hardware directly or instead gives economic help which might in turn serve to release funds for defense. But the difference is a real one for a very important reason. If aid is given for economic purposes, military purchases then have to be justified in the recipient country's internal battle of the budget. The Army has to compete against the advocates of steel mills and dams. As a result, there would probably be much less militarization if the U. S. were to make its arms equipment available only at straight commercial prices.

The United States has been seeking since the war to condition future economic aid to India and Pakistan on limitations in defense expenditure. This might prove workable, to some extent, if Moscow joins Washington in an aid freeze. It would then be possible to enforce *de facto* limitations on arms spending whether or not the two countries ever formally agreed to them. But such a plan would clearly have to come within the framework of a tacit American-Russian neutralization understanding. If, instead, Moscow *steps up* its military aid to India despite U. S. restraint, Washington would have to decide whether to respond in kind or take the risks involved in a Soviet-oriented Indian military establishment.

(4) *Clarify U. S. intentions in the event of a*

Chinese attack. When the United States asks India to restrain its own military spending, this clearly implies an American responsibility to intervene if China ever does attack India again. But precisely what would constitute an occasion for American intervention in the Himalayas has never been spelled out even in private exchanges with Indian leaders. Both sides have preferred to leave the issue fuzzy and hope for the best. After the Chinese ultimatum last fall, General Chaudhuri made his own soundings in Washington without waiting for his government to do so. He said that India would need American bomber attacks on supply lines in Tibet if China attacked in "division strength." Before matters came to a head, however, the ultimatum had been withdrawn.

Washington—and Moscow—may well have frightened Peking off with threats of intervention. The historical returns are not all in yet on this remarkable episode. In any case, it is far from clear how the United States would react in the future, given a wide range of contingencies short of a massive Chinese thrust toward the Ganges.

(5) *Prepare for continuing political competition with the Soviet Union.* Although Peking now poses the only Communist military threat, the Soviet challenge to American interests in South Asia continues unabated. It has simply shifted to the political and economic arena. While pursuing a neutralization policy in the military-aid field, the United States should not go to the extreme of assuming a broad identity of objectives with the Soviet Union. Neutralization would be a worthwhile risk, in fact, only if the United States remains as active as ever in the economic-assistance field and deploys its aid investment competitively.

Soviet aid has always had a greater impact than American aid, ruble for ruble, because the Russians use it as a political rather than an economic weapon. Lately, however, the contrast has been greater than ever as a result of the war. The deep loss in prestige and popularity suffered by the United States when Pakistan turned its Patton tanks toward India was inevitably a gain for the Russians. Tashkent further enhanced the Soviet image in both countries and placed the political initiative for the present with the Soviet Union.

This is a profoundly exasperating predicament for the United States at a time when both India and Pakistan are dependent for help in food not on Moscow but on Washington. With an imminent danger of famine and the food-population race intensifying, the scope of the American commitment to help India, in particular, inescapably mushrooms. New Delhi and Washington are forced into ever-expanding relationships as the United States

acquires a vested interest in Indian success. Yet the ability of the two partners to communicate effectively is fundamentally impaired by the sub-surface distrust left over from the war.

In his recent aid message to Congress, the President made a bad situation worse by alluding indirectly to the war as an instance of bad behavior on the part of two equally naughty miscreants. Generally speaking, the official American attitude has been that India and Pakistan were extremely inconsiderate to get into a scrap and should be made to atone. This was the implied reason for the Administration's refusal to release a backlog of some \$510 million in suspended 1965 aid funds which had been earmarked for the two countries when the war broke out. The thought that the United States might itself have anything to live down has rarely been entertained in Washington. I am continually struck by how readily we tend to push the inconvenient record of the past decade out of our minds. We try to act as if nothing has happened, impatient that the past dogs us today and reluctant to say we are sorry.

When Indira Gandhi visited Washington in March, the President launched a determined effort to promote the adoption of major domestic reforms in India—far-reaching administrative, political, and economic reforms which are regarded by the United States and the World Bank as essential for a rapid increase in food production. The effort to attach these "performance" strings as part of a stepped-up aid program would be a blistering psychological experience for two countries under the best of circumstances. But as it happens, we are laboring under extremely trying circumstances, and this makes forbearance peculiarly important. The fact that the Indians "have nowhere else to go" for food aid and that the Pakistanis depend as heavily as they do on commodity loans gives Washington a certain margin for error in its immediate handling of aid matters. In the long run, though, the tensions generated in a patron-client relationship could become explosive.

What the United States must necessarily do first of all to make a new start in South Asia is to scrap the Pakistan alliance and thus serve notice that it no longer thinks of aid as a payoff for bases. By showing as much interest in friendship with a freewheeling Pakistan as with an ally, Washington would indirectly be making a telling gesture to India. New Delhi and all of Asia would know that the United States really does accept neutralism. And surprised Soviet leaders might find themselves drawn inescapably into the "peaceful, competitive coexistence" they are always talking about in at least one major area of the world.



How to Write "New Yorker" Stories

A story by Eleanor Karp

Does fiction exist? We pretend it does. Everyone knows the formula. "This book is fiction. No resemblance is intended between any character herein and any person, living or dead; any such resemblance is purely coincidental." Perhaps it is meaningful that I am copying this disclaimer off the lining of the title page of *The Hand of Fu Manchu* by Sax Rohmer. I don't read such rubbish myself, but my husband relaxes with mystery stories, and I'm sure that every paperback ever printed is packed three deep on the highest bookshelves next to the living-room fireplace. So this is not real, this is not true, the people I am about to describe have never existed. They have not thought the thoughts they think or done the things they do. How ridiculous! If it were possible to write such stuff, who would read it?

But of course, the very definition of fiction is a barefaced lie. There are kinds of work that are based on the free play of imagination, even though writing little stories is not one of them. Take structural engineering for example. Suppose there is a sixty-story office building to be designed. It is always done this way, in every engineering office in the world. You start—at the top. There's nothing but air underneath, but you imagine some likely loads (people, furniture, machinery) on the sixtieth story of your building up in the air; then

you lay out beams and girders to support them out of a material (steel?) whose strength you guess at, running the empirical (guesswork) formulas off on a slide rule—an approximating machine for doing arithmetic problems roughly—and if you are within 10 per cent of any accurate answer, you're perfectly satisfied. Then you go on to do the same for the fifty-ninth floor, the fifty-eighth floor, the fifty-seventh floor, and so on until you get down to the basement. Then you use the soils engineer's guess at what loads the unknown earth below will probably hold, and you design concrete foundations to hold only a percentage of all the floors above, since it's not likely that all the people will be there at once (one hopes). In short, the whole building is a large guess from start to finish. That is why the best engineers work intuitively, and engineering is a science.

For pure fantasy, how can you match the free imagination that can define matter—which is this piece of paper, people, wood—as consisting of infinitesimal fields of energy in the enormous empty spaces inside the (again) infinitesimal atom, which may be part of a chain that forms a protein inside a cell that is one element of trillions in a tissue, of which we ourselves, not so big, are composed of thousands. Since the electron and proton of my high-school physics course have grown into

a mess of fifty primary particles of matter, none of which exists, we are told, except as statistical probability or an energy exchange, I have given up the *Scientific American* completely.

Thus, imagination and fantasy being the necessary properties of science, we are left to find in fiction what does not exist—the simplest reality. Being such awkward amateurs at life, we write, and use ourselves and the people we know (can we use the people we don't know?) and our relationships with them to pile and stack blocks and needles and layers of words densely over and under and through each other so that I will read, and read on.

Irv reads all sorts of things (and he reads so quickly): engineering (he is a structural engineer), every book ever written on the Civil War, every paperback on the last world war, two newspapers, a lot of magazines. In the evening after the children are put in bed, we both sit and read, unless the Garry Moore Show or a Marx Brothers movie is on television. I have seen Irv slowly but continuously turning the pages of a mystery story, and at the end of a half-hour, when all the pages had been turned, he'd finished reading the whole darn thing.

This island is too isolated, I have found, to keep help (or Help) for any length of time. They all want to scoot to town as soon as the supper dishes are done, and of course, you can't blame them. So I am accustomed to managing by myself, but I find that if I start the evening by looking at the newspaper, I am too tired to read a book afterward. I have to limit myself to reading nothing but one book at a time. It took me six months to read *Tristram Shandy*, carefully chewing through a page or two every evening. I sound stupid on the rare occasions when something does happen in the world, but, in the main, it's hard to tell one issue of a newspaper from another.

I hope we understand each other. My name is Eleanor Karp. It is not a common name. Irving's father left Russia with all the other Jews who filled steerages from the Baltic to Ellis Island with their bodies, their bundles, their baskets of honey-cake and hard-boiled eggs during the years tucked in and around the first world war. The very sweet, middle-aged lady who runs the gift shop at the village where I shop for groceries once asked me, "But shouldn't your name be Karpovich or Karsky—something like that?" I have found some other Karp: an escaped convict who roams the neighborhood in *The Brothers Karamazov*, and in *War and Peace* there is a rebellious serf named Karp who gets what he deserves.

Having married, as everyone does (the final act of childhood), we are dutifully living out the adolescent rebellion and daydreams of the exotic of depression-born Jewish children from East Flatbush and Crown Heights; out of six-story walk-up apartments and knishes and people sitting on the stoop and subways and cockroaches, we naturally live here, on a tiny island at the northern end of San Francisco Bay, a green hill pushing up out of the water. A causeway connects us to the highway, and although it takes only twenty minutes to drive into San Francisco, here our privacy is complete. Privacy is very important to people from Brooklyn.

We have deer (they are wild and their young are born in March); a family of raccoons whose ambition is to steal our garbage can for their very own, and they have made some good attempts at it. Quail wander up and down the road; and wild duck, pelicans, crane, and a single Great Blue Heron (they're big, but grey, not blue) pass through on their way south. All the plants are strange. The fern-leafed acacia trees are covered with bunches of tiny lemon-yellow ball blossoms at the end of January, and the eucalyptus trees follow with fuchsia and yellow flowers of an absolutely menacing design; these don't grow in Brooklyn, but three thousand miles seem to make the most ordinary plants unrecognizable. Why are buttercups flat and not cupped at all in California? And will my children, surrounded by the calm bay and the soft shapes of mountains (like so many large, lazy animals covered with a rough gold fur of dry grass, lying in the shallow water) grow up to live, of equal necessity, in Manhattan?

In dropping these crumbs of incident (after all, one of the few things you *can* do with words is to tell what happened), I find I am haltered and stopped by the limits of incident itself. What is there that can happen that is not commonplace? Everyone is born, learns to suck, to walk, etc., etc., etc., and everyone knows the etc. Simone de Beauvoir noted in *Les Mandarins*: "We all lead the same life," and it is very true. If I write down these commonplace experiences, it is so that my life, which is disappearing as I live it, will not be lost without a trace; to render experience, in its nature wordless—the observations, sensations, thoughts, and reactions occurring in broad, simul-

Eleanor Karp and her husband, both architects, have a small office in San Francisco, two small children, and "live in a small house on a small island in the Bay." Mrs. Karp is working on a large novel.

taneous, and overlapping waves and bands, each with its changing depths of memory and dream—into the alien form of language, the drip, drip of the word faucet. It is impossible, and so we confine ourselves to an essential minimum, even to render no more than the texture of experience, enough to bring the answering, the sympathetic response from you—your “Yes, yes, I know; how true; I too have lived, you see.”

And of course, I show only my good profile. I can be sharp with the children, kick the cat, slam the receiver down on some idiot woman soliciting contributions for the Heart Fund (everyone has bad days), but *you’re* not going to hear a thing about it. The paper receives only our most sensitive, our most loving souls. These are my most precious, my most personal thoughts, we write. I am aware of the tenuity of our hold on life. My experience is not wasted—merely happening, passing and forgotten. I am showing you that I have understood and that the meaning of life is in loving. Auden’s line goes, “We must love one another or die.”

Yet we will all die, no matter how we spend our time; even now we are dying, sloughing off dead cells until, like so many windup dolls, the momentum of life runs down; and buried in the dirt, we go on living as the uninformed hair and nails, scrounging meals off a liquefying corpse, continue to live and to grow, or so I have read.

To die, the active verb, must be no more than another giving birth. You lie, so frightened, quite still, the doctor tells you to relax (he has seen the performance so often) on a chill and unfamiliar bed, the damp sheets heavy on your cold legs, waiting for your body to do something that *it* knows how to do and of which you yourself know nothing. And so you wait, an observer only, as it tries and tries, until finally with a gasp which you feel and a scream which you hear, the work is over and your only thought is, “What have I done?”

My great-aunt woke up in the night calling to my mother, “Lillie, Lillie, *Ich shtarb!*” and then she did.

We stand facing each other and talk through bald, bone skulls, dead on our feet; two flayed cadavers, white bones showing through the tatters of meat and skin hanging, stirred and lifted by the breath of our conversation. In a medieval dance of death, the skeletons grin.

Does this seem unpleasant? Surely it is no more than the conventional shudder that Dracula and Fu Manchu and Frankenstein got out of us as kids at the serials that stretched out for twenty Saturday afternoons at the neighborhood movie houses—admission twelve cents for children under twelve.

two feature pictures, the news, a cartoon, and then the lights going on in the middle to show the fat and ancient theater manager (was he forty?) and the stage covered with bicycles and bingo sets for the drawing of the lucky number, which I never had.

Adlai Stevenson, in the middle of one of his Presidential campaigns (I think it was after the hole-in-the-sole business), came out with the most extraordinary remark. I was so impressed. It was in the newspaper, and it said, he said, like so, “The things that a man knows at fifty, that he did not know at twenty, are for the most part inexpressible.” It was apropos of nothing, but how beautifully done. I thought about the line and I figured it out. Of course, the thing you know at fifty that you cannot make someone twenty years old believe, unless by doing so you make him fifty too, is the simple knowledge that you are really and truly going to die—not someday, but soon, in so many days, weeks, or years. An anticlimax, but the one from which we learn to live, since there is only each instant of time, as it comes, to live in, and I wait (the wind and sun are in the eucalyptus trees seen through glass doors; Florence is sitting next to me at this table scribbling on a shirt cardboard of Irv’s, her round head bent down to her chubby hand; and the sound of a railroad train choo-chooing around the garden below is my son) at this edge of nothing where we dead live, waiting for the next moment—my lips hanging open, the breath held between them. WILL IT BE THERE? My hand continues to move across the paper; the momentary crisis is over as the blackness again opens up at my feet. We hang on the terror and do not speak of it, and we make plans as though we were young: I’ll make a beef stew for dinner, I’d better start it at three; let’s go to the beach on Saturday and to Europe next year (will there be a next year?). The pit does not close. And to think that maturity is an admired idea!

“**W**e must love one another or . . .” How much love have you seen in your life? Enough to make the world go round? How we exaggerate the amount of time we spend having emotions. In a lifetime is there more than an hour of real loving, or of real hating either, the emotion so flat and straight that you are not aware of your own face and hands moving? Don’t talk to me about affections and liking—there’s no octane in ’em, although I know as well as you do the light warmth of sitting around the table at breakfast; cool air wisping in through the open terrace door; the sun making the white walls, the gold rug, the natural redwood furniture, the bookshelves, the white

dishes on the round table each glow with a soft and independent luminosity; the color of morning, and the round cheeks of the children, so seriously eating, and Irving eating and reading the paper and telling me the news.

"This deKaplany thing."

"More? Details?"

"It says that she had been to see her mother. She came back to the apartment, and he was waiting for her; he tied her up, slashed her breasts with a knife, and bathed her in nitric acid."

"In the bathtub?"

"It doesn't say."

"How long did it go on?"

"It doesn't say."

"Do you want coffee?"

"I do. The neighbors heard."

"Her screaming?"

"I guess so."

Florence raised her cup in both hands saying, "Milk! Milk!" I poured her some and refilled Aaron's glass too, talking.

"What's unusual is that she was such a beautiful girl—a lovely, lovely blonde. Did he just pour a bottle of nitric acid over her? Ordinarily the papers play up anything that happens, but when you really want the gruesome details, they grow dainty."

"She lived for a month. The skin of her face was like tanned, black leather, her doctor said."

"If she lived for a month, she could have gotten better. She must have been healing all that time. But she was twenty-five and accustomed to being treated the way pretty girls are treated. She wanted him punished, and could they have done anything to him if she had lived? There's no law against dipping your wife in acid. She had to die so that there would be a murder. Isn't it funny? He didn't want her to die. Not at all. He wanted her to live and be in pain. The poor, poor girl, taking into account that she may have been a perfect bitch. The *poor* girl. She just walked into the apartment after seeing her mother. It's funny, isn't it, that with all the laws and courts and prisons, what is punishable? Only murder and double-parking. If you use the slightest imagination, you haven't even committed a crime. Do you want more toast?"

"No, I've got to go."

Florence held up her arms and her mouth with a kiss on it and said, "Bye, bye, Papa," and Aaron said, "Oh look"; a towhee, a brown bird smaller than a robin, had hopped into the room through the open door to peck at the crumbs under the table. Aaron jumped off his chair and ran around and around the living room in the pale-gold light,

after the brown bird flying around and around and finally out, through the door, and we all laughed.

There is this happiness that comes from having small children in the house; it is effortless and lovely—but unimportant, a by-product, and irrelevant to the way we go at life and to what the children are working so hard to learn to do well, the simple climate of our lives. Butting and kicking, we rip our way out of Mama to force our personalities on everyone around us; to beat other wills into submission to our own. This is the permeating mood of what we do and are, in the war between children and parents, between brothers and sisters. It is the padded, barred cage for two that marriage is. It is the surly salesgirl and the bullying bus driver (people you don't know, feeling you over for soft spots), one's friends who analyze you and each other to ribbons over coffee, the cannibalism, man eating man, that business is, everything that happens in all the stories, and the interactions that are the reason for writing novels that don't, after all, explain anything. It is why there are world wars and why the UN is so pathetic. We live a war, and the great wars are no more than the excess energy of our ordinary lives frothing up into a community activity—like the Little League. It is all self-expression, and the idea is common enough, although we prefer to approach it obliquely: "Everyone" has some "aggressions" that have to be "worked out"; and our sympathy overflowing for the poor conforming "organization man" who is, after all, conforming only in the expectation that he will someday be Chairman of the Board or whatever so he can make *his* junior executives jump through hoops and each other wearing pink burlap suits; as though this were not all the air we breathe.

What makes you think that the meaning and purpose of anyone's life are distant, even a millimeter, a micron, from the life itself? Idiots drool artificialities about the meaning of life being found in loving. What! The whole meaning of all that time only found stuffed in the one little hour? *Nothing* continues to live unless it has purpose and intention.

When we first came to the island to live, Irving, for no great reason, cut down the flowering stem of a century plant. It was a week old, a giant asparagus stalk six feet tall on the pile of debris behind the barn, and there, its butt end dried white, the crazy thing pushed out another ten feet of vertical stalk, thinned out into branches at the top and bloomed its fleshy white blossoms—and that was the simple vanity of a mere vegetable! *Our* meaning and purpose are here in this single-

mind ed straining to stand and smile up into the face of the sun, our feet balanced on a little rug of soft and submissive necks. Just listen to the *tone* of whoever speaks to you next. Not admirable, but no one ever said living was—only that, aside from living, what is there? You plead that you are acting in self-defense, and it is true that you'll get stamped if you don't watch out, but is that the reason for your own broad boots?

My babies are born so tiny, only half-formed, and months must pass before the elaboration of cells, begun in the womb and continuing uninterrupted outside it, gives volition and use to the little bumps and knobs that are the incipient arms, legs, and head of the unfillable hollow tube that is my child. But does this less than a midget, this insect, know his insignificant state? To the contrary. He yells and turns red and throws his arms and legs and all but beats his chest until his unstated needs are satisfied. Maybe everything starts from eating, the four-hour necessity of which sends us gulping up and chewing everything and everyone to fill the void around which we are formed. Aaron's first words were "mama," "papa," and "no!!" The world and how to beat it as seen from down inside the bars of a crib. Florence added to these "I want," which, with the addition of any word—noun, verb, what-have-you or what-haven't-you—becomes the universal, all-purpose sentence.

It is ten o'clock, and I am trying to write. Aaron says to me, "What is your favorite animal, Mama?"

"Little boys," I say, not looking up.

"An animal has *four* legs," is his disgusted reply. "What is your favorite animal, Mama?"

"A deer," I mumble, still trying to keep my mind on the work under my hand.

"*Why* is a deer your favorite animal, Mama?" comes next, and I give up. I am beaten; simple harassment is the ultimate weapon.

It starts in the morning. "I don't *want* to get up!" "I *won't* brush my teeth." "*Don't* wash my face!" I put plates of scrambled eggs on table. "I *hate* that"; and the orange juice and milk get spilled "accidentally"; and dishes broken and the furniture attacked and the pulling and slapping at each other; the garden uprooted plant by plant and the continuous questions, not listening to the answers, but looking up at you so sweetly to see how much further they can go before your patience turns on them, and then two hundred and eighty-seven "no's" later "I *won't* go to bed!!" and the day's battle is over. Irving and I sit down to a calm evening's reading, and there is more of the same, happily married as we are.



Guerrilla actions wearing away at your flank. For instance, it's a small thing, too insignificant to actually fight about, but you would think that with all the magazines that come to the house—*Consumer Reports*, *Progressive Architecture*, *The Engineering News-Record*, *The New Statesman*, *Look*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The New Yorker*, *Sunset*, *The New Republic*, *Landscape* (which is not about gardening) the Sunday edition of the *New York Times*—without which life would still be incomplete—you would think that with all this paper that Irv reads and takes apart and leaves piled up on chairs, the floor, and in the bathroom, you would think he would let me have *The Ladies Home Journal* when it comes. There is something very pleasant in handling a fresh magazine. I've told him several times in a calm and reasonable way that it is the only magazine I would like to see *first*, but he grabs it every time (it's absolutely ridiculous, isn't it?), and by the time I get it there are orange pits sticking the pages together. It is a small thing and quite unimportant, but of course, I am always annoyed, and there is no reason for it except simple antagonism and the same sort of ripping at you that the children do—except that Irv is simply being human, while the children are still learning how to do this, honing their personalities on mine for the full set of fangs and claws they'll need to get them through kindergarten. They are, however, still new and small, and the world seems very large, so it is very hard work and they get very tired. After tearing and tearing at you in the hope you'll fall apart in screaming frustration, they creep up on your lap to be comforted and petted, because these are the people who love you.

I give Aaron his bath, wrap him in a towel, and hold him while sitting on the closed cover of the toilet. I tickle him and he wiggles and laughs, and I rub his hair to dry it. And I look at the smooth skin of his cheek and the grave clarity of his gray eyes and think that in fifteen years he will be shaving and I won't be able to enclose him in my arms; he will be a man—and a stranger. Even more meaningful, my daughter is myself. I pick her up and press her round warmth to me, and it is as though I am standing and holding another myself in my arms, and if together we make one round shape of completeness, there is equally an intensity of feeling that no man babbling about the "innocence" of mother love admits. There is nothing whatever innocent in us—it is ultimate sexuality. A man loves a woman and wants to screw her, but this is only a mutual aggression, a preliminary for a woman who loves a man and so *wants to have his child*. Point of view is everything; men always

think the world stops where they do, but there is a purpose to all that rubbing, no less.

My complaint is in the extravagance of it all, but then in nature (in Nature, in the nature of things) everything is overdone; we have to eat—we want to gorge. To reproduce only a new Irving and myself on the earth, we have enough juice to repopulate it, and there is this enormous sense of responsibility in being a mother.

Grace Kelly described it in one of the magazines that came to the house last spring. "Once you are a mother," she said, "you never have a peaceful night's sleep the rest of your life. I have terrible nightmares about accidents to my children, like their falling off cliffs." I know what she means. The children are so sweet and so vulnerable. Their eyes are so clear; you look into them and see them pierced with something long and thin and sharp—a knitting needle, perhaps. Their hands are so small and so perfect in the detail of joints and nails and cuticle, and you see the hand cut off at the wrist, and a stump—nothing waving on a little arm. These are nightmares.

"We must love one another or die." How inadequate; so passive; so masculine! I love them enough so they cannot, will not die, the amputations that life is waiting to inflict on them notwithstanding. To prepare, to protect them, I have found that I can do things I did not know I could do. Still, it has not been easy.

I have some strong little nail scissors. They are quite heavy, and I've had them a long time; the nails on my big toes are thick, and I also use them on the children. Three weeks ago I trimmed their nails and cut off the top joint of Florence's fourth finger on her right hand and the tip of Aaron's pinkie on his left hand, to start. The joint is a natural point of separation. They cried, and the fingers bled, so I held the children on my lap and comforted them and told them that now they would be all right. I put antiseptic and a bandage on each of them and held them with their hands up high for fifteen minutes so the bleeding would stop. And Florence said, "Mama, my mama." And Aaron said, "Now will I be all right, Mama?" I kissed them and they went outside again to play. In the evening I told Irv about the accident.

No children have fallen off cliffs in my dreams. If I have dreamed, it has been only of crying. In the darkness it comes in waves and hollows and surrounds and covers me and that crying does not stop. Only that. I can bear it.

Next time I will work on their toes. But how much more will I have to do? How do you know when your work as a parent is done?

for the grave of a peace-loving man

by *hans magnus enzensberger*

this one was no philanthropist,
avoided meetings, stadiums, the large stores.
did not eat the flesh of his own kind.

in the streets walked those in power,
smiling, not naked.
but there were screams in the sky.

people's faces were not very clear.
they seemed to be battered
even before the blow had struck home.

one thing for which he fought all his life,
with words, tooth and claw, grimly,
cunningly, off his own bat—

the thing which he called his peace,
now that he's got it, there is no longer a mouth
over his bones, to taste it with.

Translated by Michael Hamburger



auf das grab eines friedlichen mannes

dieser da war kein menschenfreund,
mied versammlungen, kaufhäuser, arenen.
seinesgleichen fleisch ass er nicht.

auf den strassen ging die gewalt
lächelnd, nicht nackt.
aber es waren schreie am himmel.

die gesichter der leute waren nicht deutlich.
sie schienen zertrümmert,
noch ehe der schlag gefallen war.

eines, um das er zeitlebens gekämpft hat,
mit wörtern und zähnen, ingrimmig,
hinterlistig, auf eigene faust:

das ding, das er seine ruhe nannte
da er es hat, nun ist kein mund mehr
an seinem gebein, es zu schmecken.

The German poem was published in the collection
blindenschrift. © Suhrkamp Verlag Frankfurt/m.
1964. Hans Magnus Enzensberger was born in

Bavaria in 1929 and now lives in Norway. He has
traveled widely and has published several volumes of
essays and poems since 1957.

Harper's Magazine, July 1966

The Case Against the Supersonic Transport

by John E. Gibson

The government is now hell-bent on a crash program to build—at enormous expense to the taxpayer—an airliner that flies 2,000 miles an hour. But who needs it? And is it worth the risk to passengers, the high operating cost, and the ear-shattering annoyance to everybody near its flight path?

In May 1965, when the Federal Aviation Administration began to consider the development of a Supersonic Transport aircraft that no airline really wants and on which no manufacturer is eager to spend a dime of his own money. The decision is of doubtful technical validity. It is a costly and still further our already overextended economy. With the prospect of a long and costly engagement in Vietnam, the President has declared his intention of subjecting nonessential capital expenditures to increasingly careful scrutiny. The SST surely belongs under the microscope. Yet the FAA continues to maintain, as it has since the late 1950s, that the SST is a sound investment. The FAA has gradually relaxed its stringent requirements for the SST, and it seems to bring to the surface the latent gullibility

in the best of us. The present SST fever is merely the latest of such imbroglios which stretch far back into American history.

The initial bold success of the Erie Canal in 1825, for example, triggered the building in the next half-century of some 4,000 miles of canals in the United States. None were financially successful. The same cycle was repeated after the completion of the first transcontinental railroad in 1880. Four more quickly followed. And in the next decade enough new track was laid in this country to girdle the globe three times. As a result of this overbuilding, long before they were confronted with truck and aircraft competition, many railroads were burdened with unnecessary mileage and unprofitable branch lines.

The third act in this drama began with the phenomenal growth of airline passenger traffic following World War II. As with the Erie Canal and the first transcontinental railroad, we gambled by crashing into the jet age. And again we have been lucky. The modern jet transport is a magnificent engineering achievement. It is as well-behaved as high-spirited steeds go. Passengers love the jets and they have proved economical in operation beyond the airlines' wildest dreams. Imagine a 707 or DC-8, either of which seats more than 100 passengers, making two round trips per day between Chicago and Los Angeles. This is normal procedure. Thus, an \$8-million jet can gross almost a million dollars a year. The FAA has gradually relaxed its stringent

restrictions on miles between overhauls as experience has been gained with jet engines and the new fan-jet principle makes more power available as needed. Now the new DC-9 and 727 for short hauls have proved better than optimists dared hope and the airlines are making money at last.

But the Supersonic Transport is a threatening storm cloud on this sunny horizon.

Test and experimental aircraft and some standard military planes have operated in short bursts above the speed of sound for more than a decade. But this experience does not reduce the problems of sustained operation by commercial airlines at such velocities. Supersonic speed induces strange behavior patterns in aircraft. The force required to push an object through the air rises abruptly as it approaches the velocity of sound (approximately 660 miles per hour at high altitudes). Thus—though it is not impassable—the “sonic barrier” is a very real thing. Because the waves of sound cannot outspeed a supersonic aircraft, the air in front of it is undisturbed before the craft pushes it aside. This simple fact accounts for the sonic boom, the heat barrier, and the peculiar handling qualities of the craft.

Supersonic commercial aircraft began to be talked of several years ago after European aviation interests recognized that the long-range subsonic market had been largely preempted by such superb American-built passenger jets as the Boeing 707 and the Douglas DC-8. Wisely, the British and the French shifted their sights to short-haul jets like the Caravelle and the Britannia, which are now available. However, we countered with the Boeing 727 and Douglas DC-9. So once again Europe failed to make a clean sweep. Moreover, the short-haul jet is not a suitable object for improving national prestige. De Gaulle toured South America last year in a Caravelle but he was carried across the Atlantic in a Boeing 707. One can imagine his pique.

Almost against their will, European designers were then forced across the sound barrier and told to design a plane which would operate at twice the speed of sound. Because of the enormous expense, Britain and France agreed in late 1962 to share the cost of designing and constructing the

monster. Simultaneously, de Gaulle was freezing Britain out of the Common Market. In 1964 the British, under Prime Minister Wilson, signified their desire for an “agonizing reappraisal” of this forced alliance whose purpose appears both frantic and unrealistic.

The United States has had far greater experience in designing and operating supersonic craft than any other country. It has been gained with our Century series of fighters which are capable of supersonic flight for short dashes and with the B-58 Hustler bomber which can achieve sustained operation at speeds above Mach 1.* While a British aircraft was the first to break the sound barrier in level flight, the British-French consortium has had almost no real operational experience with sustained supersonic flight.

The Europeans are using aluminum and conventional structural design for their ship, probably because they cannot afford to undertake costly studies of newer, heat-resistant materials such as titanium. Thus it will be difficult for the Concorde to evolve gradually during operational use into a more powerful and efficient craft. In essence it will be obsolescent before it leaves the drafting table. In contrast, the present generation of American-built jets have undergone continual modification and improvement, giving them more passenger-carrying capacity, more powerful engines for shorter take-off runs, and longer non-stop cruising.

The only men in the world accustomed to prolonged flying at Mach 2 are U.S. Air Force B-58 bomber pilots. Until recently it was not our policy to make this expertise available to all comers. Indeed, USAF technical reports on supersonic craft were restricted to American vendors with a demonstrated “need-to-know.”

Thus British aircraft designers were more than a little interested in a lecture given in London during December 1964 by Lt. Col. George E. Andrews of the USAF to the British Guild of Air Pilots and Navigators. Colonel Andrews was one of the pilots of a B-58 Hustler which flew the 8,000 miles from Tokyo to England nonstop. About 1,400 miles were flown at supersonic speeds, between inflight refuelings. This one to one-and-a-half-hour segment of the flight apparently represents a

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*A Mach number is the ratio of the speed of an object through the air to the speed of sound under the same conditions and is named after the eminent Austrian fluid dynamicist Ernst Mach. Although the speed of sound varies with such factors as temperature and altitude, it is about 660 miles per hour at the normal operating altitude of the SST. Thus, Mach 1 is approximately 660 mph and Mach 3 is almost 2,000 mph.

significant portion of the *total* supersonic experience acquired in sustained flight. At times, Andrews reported, the skin temperature of the plane rose to 300 degrees F. This rather unexpected heat rise put an appreciable fraction of the plane's essential electronic gear out of action.

The British magazine which reported Andrews' talk remarked with characteristic understatement that the facts reported by the Colonel confirmed the data upon which the design of the Concorde is based, with the exception of the general heat rise which could only be halted by slowing to subsonic speeds. This small "exception" would, of course, if not corrected, result in complete failure of the craft.

Taxpayer's Gamble

The Federal Aviation Agency was disturbed by European activity on the SST. Overlooking Britain's disastrous previous attempt to press aviation frontiers with the ill-fated Comet jet, Federal Aviation Administrator Elwood R. (Pete) Quesada announced in May 1960 that America was not to be left behind. The FAA indicated that the government would probably be willing to subsidize 50 per cent of the development costs of the Mach 3, Titanium jet. American aircraft manufacturers met this modest proposal with thundering silence. The FAA then retreated a step. In 1961 its new Administrator, Najeeb E. Halaby, called for cost-consciousness; a "lean, mean, austere approach." This was fine by plane manufacturers; they were for zero costs—to themselves. Halaby subsequently explained that the government would support 75 per cent of the cost of SST development. This proposal also failed the salute test. By July 1963, Halaby was admitting that the aircraft industry displays "a great deal of anxiety" about sharing costs and that it has a "trauma" about past losses on new developments. When the Kennedy Administration did not include SST development in its fiscal year 1964 budget, it seemed the project would be dropped with a loss of only the \$11 million allocated by Congress for preliminary studies in fiscal '63. But pressure for a supplemental allocation of \$60 million mounted. And at the threat of Soviet and British-French progress, Congress acquiesced.²

²In 1961 Col. Gen. Yevgeni F. Loginos, chief of Soviet civil aviation operations and head of Aeroflot, told Western observers that the Soviets realized that a whole new aircraft, not a rebuilt bomber, was needed for SST operations. Since that time there has been little sign of unseemly haste on the part of the U.S.S.R.

In August 1963 Kennedy appointed Eugene R. Black, former World Bank director, as his financial adviser on the SST program. In December Black's report was on President Johnson's desk. The President released it without comment in February 1964. It called for 90 per cent of the costs to be borne by the government and for careful progress without racing other nations. Halaby was soon telling industry representatives that he had always felt that 25 per cent participation was too high for industry and that he had had a change in heart about the need for a race. Black also recommended that responsibility for the SST be removed from the FAA and an independent agency be set up to supervise its development. Halaby did not comment on this suggestion. Doubtless he was busy fending off criticism from industry, which still refused to accept the principle of participation and has not accepted it to this day.*

Self-certification

The frantic approach by the FAA to the Supersonic Transport is epitomized in the official timetable announced in 1964:

First flight of <i>production model</i>	September 1968
Type certification by FAA	September 1969
Introduction to passenger service	May 1970

For the first flight to occur in 1968, the design must be frozen by 1966 at the latest, and a host of technical problems must be solved in a miraculously short period. Doubtless this realization prompted the present Federal Aviation Administrator, William F. McKee, recently to stretch the entire schedule two years.

However, the position of the FAA in this adventure remains peculiar. FAA is a small but respected agency, concerned primarily with all aspects of flight safety, air traffic control, and

*In April 1966 Gen. J. C. Maxwell, director of SST development for the FAA, was quoted in *Aviation Week* as saying the financial controversy is unresolved. He repeated White House policy that all government funds will be recovered with interest. Ives, Whitehead and Co., a New York investment firm, has proposed private financing via a government-guaranteed bond issue.

Boeing and Lockheed are adamant against the 75/25 per cent split but both are willing to discuss a 90/10 per cent split, provided a number of special guarantees and tooling-cost loans are included which will further reduce their involvement. There is no question, of course, that many millions of company funds are tied up in the competition for the prototype-development contract and that the losers will suffer financially.

certification of new aircraft types.* It has no experience in administering huge technical development efforts like those carried on by NASA and the Department of Defense. Gordon M. Bain, until recently the Deputy Administrator in charge of the SST program, has said that the FAA intends to remain above technical details, allowing the manufacturers almost complete freedom. Lockheed and Boeing, prime investigators on the first phase of the work, were selected to continue with Phase 2, which will result in a detailed preliminary study of the two proposed SST designs. FAA will have to make the choice between these two proposals. How FAA can do this and stay above details is baffling. FAA is handicapped by complete ignorance of research-and-development management principles, such as those instituted by Mr. McNamara in the Department of Defense. FAA also suffers from a unique disability. In due course the agency will be asked to certify an aircraft developed only at its urging and almost wholly subsidized by its funds. Such a conflict-of-interest situation is pregnant with disaster for the whole concept of objective federal regulation of airways safety. In effect the FAA will be asked to certify that it has spent its money wisely and that its own technical judgment is sound.

The SST concept is an excellent long-range technical development goal for the aircraft industry and the role of the federal government in fostering such research and development is well established. Probably the investment over the past half-century of government funds in aircraft development has paid for itself many times over in establishing new sources of tax revenue. This concept is not under question here. What I do question, however, is the premature crash program to force the commercial use of the SST on the reluctant air-transport industry.

No Need for Oxygen Masks

Formidable technical obstacles still lie ahead. At Mach 3, the SST is well into the "thermal thicket." This is the name of the operating region in which the craft cannot dissipate the heat generated by air friction. Consequently the aircraft continually grows warmer, as mentioned by Colonel Andrews in his British talk. Unlike the Con-

corde designers, American engineers seem fully aware of this problem. Their solution is rather frightening, however. They propose to use the aircraft fuel as a "heat sink." Since the aircraft grows unbearably hot after a short stretch of supersonic flight, the engine fuel will be made to flow through passages in vital parts to prevent it from melting. We are assured that the warmed fuel will function just as well in the engines and that it won't explode. In fact, there will be only an hour's safety margin beyond normal flight time before the danger point is reached. (The critical moment comes when the pilot shuts off fuel to the engines in preparation for descent. Engine temperature will zoom 150 degrees higher in a few minutes' interval.)

There are several other interesting technical problems. At 70,000 feet, the proposed cruising altitude of the SST, there will be no need of oxygen masks if cabin pressure is lost. The reason is that the human body undergoes explosive decompression, the blood boils, and death occurs within several seconds. This happens whether or not one wears an oxygen mask. The only safeguard is an astronaut-type pressure suit. Engineers know this. They are also aware that the point of maximum threat to the integrity of the cabin pressure seal occurs at door joints and windows. This is why it was proposed on technical grounds to build the SST without windows. Psychological consultants felt, however, that passengers would grow uneasy without windows, (something about a coffin complex perhaps). Thus in a later design, windows appeared beside each row of seats.*

In a report by a company asked to design the cabin temperature and pressure controls for the SST, the following passage occurs:

The ambient temperatures [normal operating temperature of aircraft skin] at Mach 2-3 are those at which you normally cook chicken or broil steak [350-500 degrees F.] Thus the [cabin] cooling system must work continuously. Furthermore, if the pressurization system failed at 60,000 to 80,000 feet, the cabin would probably collapse. Even if this didn't occur, no one would survive since at 62,000 feet external pressure is so low the blood boils. Even at 42,000 to 45,000 feet, a human being would suffocate in pure oxygen without pressurization.

An efficient supersonic aircraft which can also perform at slow speed for takeoff and landing will probably require a folding wing arrangement similar to the experimental TFX fighter, which

*Still later, half of the six-inch-diameter windows were eliminated. Furthermore, Lockheed now advocates a reduction in design speed to Mach 2.7 to help overcome certain operating problems.

*It also deals with cockpit regulations such as ruling that pilots must remain strapped down during the flight, will not eat fish, will not take tranquilizers, and that pilots laps will not hold hostesses. Pete Quesada also ruled that hostesses may *not* be allowed to fly a plane.

recently took its first test flight. To design a bearing for the folding wing of a plane big enough to carry 200 passengers is a mechanical engineering problem of considerable complexity. The entire stress of the wing must pass through this single pivot. If one wing folds while the other does not, the plane will be subjected to twisting forces far beyond the capacity of the structure. If it is impossible to return the wings to slow-speed position for the descent to land, the plane will be unable to maintain a controlled descent. A "landing speed" in excess of 200 to 300 miles per hour is to be expected under this situation. If any of these contingencies face a young, superbly conditioned Air Force pilot of a TFX fighter, he simply presses the eject button. This ejects the completely enclosed, pressurized cockpit from the disabled craft. After falling five or ten miles into breathable air the pilot opens a metal parachute from within his escape capsule. He may then elect to remain with his capsule or leap from it relying on his personal, conventional chute. It is doubtful that an escape pod would be practical for the entire crew of an SST.

Uncomfortable Problems

Air Force-sponsored studies predict that a typical SST will provide a far less comfortable ride than current jet airliners because of atmospheric turbulence. Perhaps passengers will have to remain strapped on a contour couch for the entire flight to avoid injury. Our British friends report that Colonel Andrews' remarks on this subject are really quite "reassuring." They point out that "clear-air turbulence"—that little-understood phenomenon which is held responsible for several air crashes in the last few years—is seldom encountered at SST operational altitudes. On the other hand one B-58 Hustler has been reported lost in the turbulence of a thundercloud. One might expect that this maneuverable Mach 2 plane would simply slip around such an obvious cumulonimbus thunderhead, which can tower to altitudes of 50,000 to 60,000 feet. Andrews pointed out, however, that at a 60-degree bank, the B-58 requires 50 miles to make a turn. The Mach 3 SST could be expected to need at least 100 miles to turn. Thus the pilot will have little time to initiate a course change if a cloud appears on the horizon 50 miles away.

At least two more B-58s have been lost to a more insidious supersonic enemy. Aeronautical engineers call the imaginary point in the aircraft where all its weight balances, its "center of gravity." Similarly its "center of pressure" is the point

at which all its lift forces may be concentrated. As a plane goes supersonic its center of pressure undergoes a marked change with respect to its center of gravity. This is in contrast to the conventional subsonic aircraft where balance calculations for safe flight may be made before the craft leaves the ground. In the SST, the pilot must keep continual account of changes in the center of pressure in order to maintain control of his craft. One or two passengers moving the length of the cabin can affect this rather critical balance—another reason for keeping them strapped in contour couches.

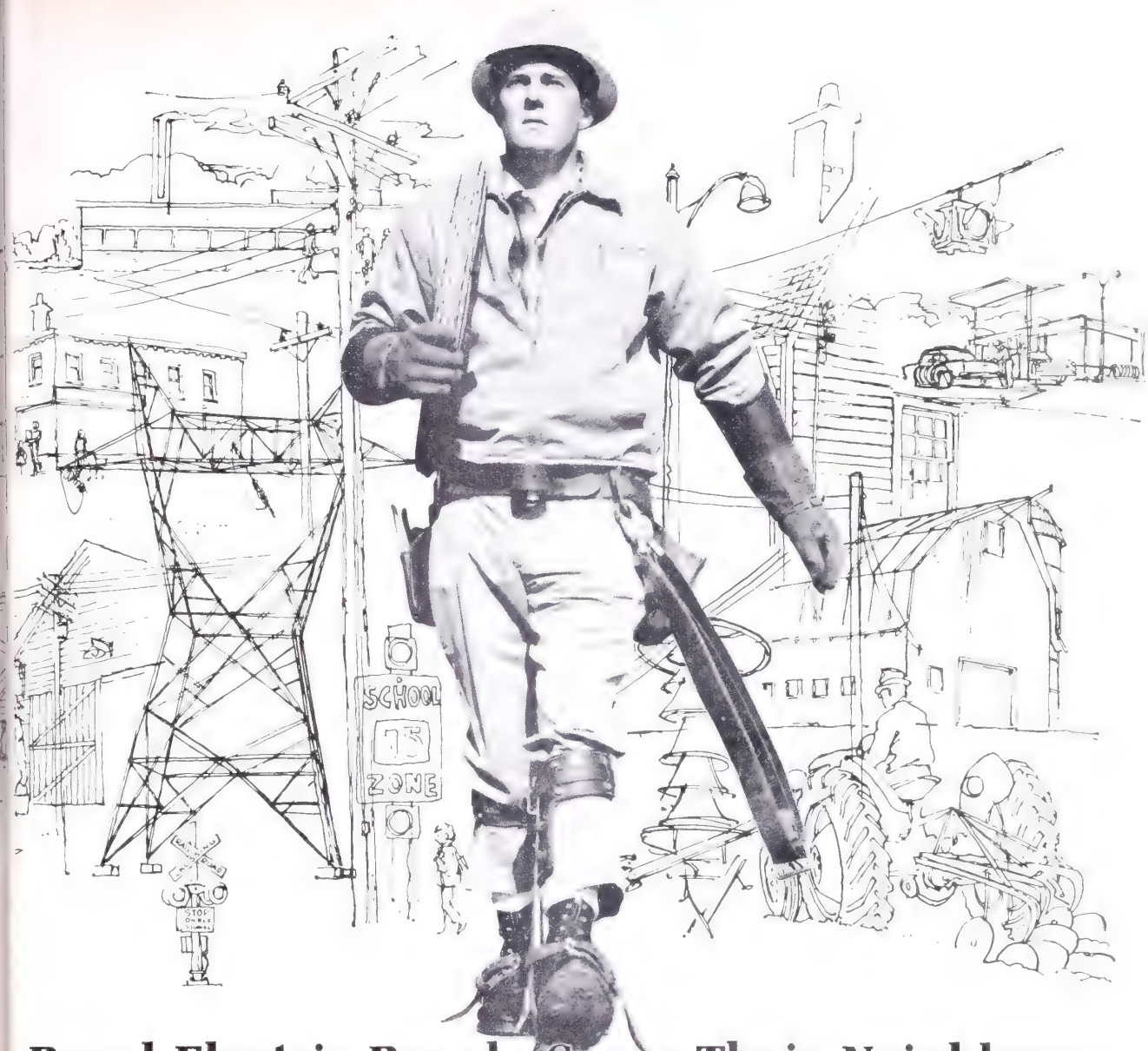
Without doubt there are other technical problems about which little is known and which will reveal themselves slowly, through hundreds of hours of test flights. Take, for example, cosmic radiation. It is known that at 70,000 feet, cosmic-ray intensity is more than twice that at sea level at temperate latitudes and more than five times normal near the poles. The long-term effect of cosmic radiation on metal fatigue and electronic instruments as well as disease and mutation in the human body needs careful study.

There are also a number of other "engineering details" to be cleared up before I would put Aunt Jane on the next SST for her vacation in Europe.

First, we must be alert to claims of years of supersonic experience with Air Force planes. Commercial craft must fly 2,000 to 3,000 hours per year to show a profit for their operators. This is ten to fifteen times the typical military usage. Thus, supersonic life-test experience is acquired very slowly with military craft. In addition to normal wear and tear, experience must be gained, for example, in restarting jet engines at supersonic speeds. Should a jet engine be turned off in flight, present military practice is to slow to subsonic speed before attempting to restart it. This is very costly in fuel and intensifies the sonic boom problem. The automatic pilot must be completely fail-safe since its operation is essential for stability augmentation of the aircraft during flight.

Technical problems involved in airway communication and traffic control will be severe in SST operation. Present radio-operation techniques will be rendered obsolete. In July 1961, a USAF Hustler bomber flying from New York to Paris was out of touch with traffic control for almost the whole flight due to the rapidity with which it passed from one controller's block to the next. This became critical as the plane approached Paris with little reserve fuel.

Several manufacturing problems have already been mentioned above. Others include the design of hydraulic control systems to operate reliably



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One more matter of some concern is the problem of supersonic rain erosion. After five years of research, no material has been found which can withstand the effect of this cavitation-like process, which can disintegrate cockpit windows and destroy the smooth leading edges of supersonic wings.

What Airline Presidents Can't Say

Technical problems have a way of disappearing as time goes by and perhaps we will all chuckle one day at the silly little details I have discussed up to this point. So now let's turn to the real problem with the SST. It can't make money.

Following the preliminary design reports, various airlines began economic studies of the SST's commercial possibilities. What they have found is not encouraging. United, the country's largest carrier, for example, has found that the operating cost of a Mach 3 transport will be 26 per cent higher than present-generation jet transports for transcontinental flights. For "short hauls," such as Chicago to Los Angeles, the cost will be 43 per cent higher. These are in-flight costs and do not tell the whole tale.

A simulation study of terminal operations reveals that the total number of flight operations of an airport servicing SSTs must be reduced severely compared with today's averages. Because of the turbulence of the wake of an SST, all craft must keep out of its track for as long as five minutes after it passes. All craft must be kept from in front of it since the SST, once committed to a landing, is dangerous and expensive to wave off. Takeoffs likewise are critical. One extra climbing turn as the plane takes off from an airport will require as much as 16,000 pounds of extra fuel. These and other factors mean that terminal costs will skyrocket for SST operations.

Earlier studies have shown that basic changes in normal airport procedures will be required if the SST ever sees the light of day. A 30-minute "hold" in an airport traffic pattern before being allowed to land will cost more than 10 tons of extra fuel. At 200 pounds per passenger plus baggage, this extra fuel takes the place of about 100 passengers.

The Concorde will carry 130 passengers while the American SST is slated for about 200.

Finally there is the \$25 million to \$40 million price tag for an SST compared with the \$8 million cost of a present-generation intercontinental jet. To fight these costs, the airlines have contemplated austerity measures in the passenger compartment. Passengers will be placed five or six abreast with restricted legroom. The number of lavatories will be reduced. There will be no coat-racks or carry-on baggage racks and, sad to say, the size of the liquor locker is to be reduced.

Several months ago President Johnson announced plans for a huge new military transport plane called the C5A. There was speculation about its future conversion into a vast passenger craft which might carry as many as 700 persons. Such a payload would make it possible to cut the transatlantic round-trip fare from the present level of \$300 to about \$150.

This April Pan Am ordered twenty-five immense Boeing 747 jets. Each will have a capacity of 490 passengers. Though speedier than present jets, these planes will be subsonic. Boeing estimates a saving of 35 per cent in passenger-mile costs. One wonders how many passengers will want to pay \$300 to \$400 extra to save three hours in crossing the Atlantic in an SST.

Recently the London *Observer*, under the banner "Has Boeing Killed the Concorde?" quoted the comments of Sir Giles Guthrie, BOAC chairman. "BOAC recognizes that supersonic aircraft will come into existence," he said, "but it is obviously vital to all airlines that they shall not acquire any supersonic transport unless they are certain that they will not lose a packet of money in the process." BOAC, the *Observer* predicted, will follow Pan Am in ordering 747s. To date BOAC has *not* ordered the Concorde nor has it even paid a deposit for a delivery position.

At International Air Transport Association meetings, the thoughts of the conferees return again and again to "the SST problem." The remarks of an Air India official in September 1964 seem to capture the mood of the majority: "We can't pay five times present costs for two-and-one-half times present productivity." At the same meeting, Sir William Hildred, Director General of the IATA, said, "I hope I shall not live to see the damn thing. . . . I can afford to say things like that," he added, "but airline presidents cannot."

The SST will produce problems for more than the minority of citizens who are air travelers. The sound of an SST taking off will make citizens living near airports long for the good old days of subsonic jets. The SST engines will be much louder.

It is doubtful, also, that the airlines can be forced to undertake dangerous noise-abatement maneuvers with SSTs as they do with jets on takeoff.

It is fruitless to suggest relocating airports any farther from the center of cities. With approximately one-half of the total transatlantic travel time devoted to getting to and from the airports in their present locations, the SST traveler may begin to ask himself what he has bought for his money.

"A Little Too Close and a Little Too Fast..."

Airport noise is a minor headache compared with the sonic-boom problem. A supersonic aircraft lays down a path of pressure disturbance which may be as wide as 100 miles. The boom may only be a dull, window-rattling crack but it can easily be more. By failing to minimize the effect by flying at just the proper speed and altitude, an SST can inflict property damage and pain. Studies reveal that low-altitude supersonic flight may be a more effective weapon on an enemy population than an atom bomb. Properly done, a sonic boom attack can main and kill people while knocking down buildings in a wide swath from one end of the country to the other.

A propaganda effort in the fall of 1964 to soothe fears about the sonic boom backfired in amusing fashion in full view of millions of television viewers. Those watching Chet and David that evening saw a film report on an FAA study at White Sands Proving Ground, New Mexico, on the effect of sonic booms on typical home construction. The day was almost complete with a number of tame booms that did no damage. On the last pass, however, the Air Force plane came over "a little too close and a little too fast." Plaster fell from the walls, picture windows were shattered as were the nerves of the newsmen, and foundations of the buildings were damaged along with the confidence of the FAA.

The complete results of the more extensive Oklahoma City sonic-boom tests more than two years ago have not been released officially at this writing. It seems safe to say, however, that they did not meet with universal approval. Two hundred persons received compensation from the FAA for damage to their homes from the more than 1,200 deliberate booms. More than 40 per cent of a sample of 2,000 citizens interviewed were convinced their homes had been damaged by the booms. Thus if not for economic reasons, then for public safety, SST operation probably should be limited to long over-water flights.

The United States today enjoys undisputed leadership in jet-aircraft construction, and no one questions that the federal government should encourage our continued supremacy by sponsoring aerospace research. The present generation of subsonic jets is the fruit of this policy. The Boeing 707, for example, flew for millions of miles as the Air Force KC-135 tanker before moving into commercial aviation. Similarly the experience gained on such military planes as the TFX, the A-11, and B-70 will provide a reservoir for a possible supersonic transport someday.

But the technical and operational problems of a commercial SST are numerous and difficult. The fact that one military aircraft has flown 1,400 miles supersonically does not prove commercial feasibility. Lindbergh flew the Atlantic twenty-five years before most of us were willing to try it.

Sikorsky's Medicine

The Federal Aviation Agency is abandoning its historic role as the objective guardian of airways safety to push a commercial adventure for which little if any technical or economic grounds can be found at present. The Concorde consortium was used as an excuse to trigger our unobjective rush not to be left behind. The loud "second thoughts" by the British on the Concorde and the recently revealed distress of the consortium at skyrocketing costs have, unfortunately, not slowed the push on this side of the Atlantic.

As a young engineer some years ago, I was fortunate to be called in as a consultant to the Sikorsky Aircraft Company in Bridgeport, Connecticut. On one of the reception-room walls I noticed a framed copy of that famous photograph of Igor Sikorsky himself at the controls of an early model of his helicopter. At first, I dismissed it as a typical publicity photo. Later, however, I found it was more than that. Sikorsky is not only a technical genius but a leader of men. He recognized that it was necessary to force his engineers to take personal responsibility for their technical decisions. Thus he required that all his designers make the first test flight of any new "improvement" they worked on. The photo showed Sikorsky taking his own medicine.

I suggest that Congress require the FAA to follow the Sikorsky plan. On the first test flight of the SST funded by the FAA, *all* responsible officials of the FAA would be required to be on board. On all subsequent flights at least one responsible FAA official would be on board until one full year of daily test flights had been completed.

The New Books

Murder Fancier Recommends...

by John Dickson Carr

For several years, it would seem, this department has done little but gripe about the scarcity of good mysteries and new writers. Some critics can find three or four outstanding novels a month; I count myself lucky if I stumble on ten good ones in half a year.

The reviewing of mysteries is, and ought to be, a very personal thing. While enjoying any form of well-written sensationalism, detective novel or suspense story or espionage thriller, I confess to certain preferences in the handling. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so your correspondent panteth after the mystery which gives its reader all the clues and yet tries to yank the rug from under him with a staggering surprise finish. My path, consequently, has not been easy.

But this time, for once, the miracle occurs. This time, bejabbers, they have dealt me ten winners. Though it has been necessary to cheat a little by including at least one title published toward the end of 1965, most of the books here applauded are by comparative newcomers, most have a grace of humor to lighten the dirty work, and all—including the "Gothic" romance listed second and the two spy stories at the end—conform strictly to the fair-play principle.

In *The Fourth Side of the Triangle*, by Ellery Queen (Random House, \$3.95), one of the old masters, perhaps the most accomplished craftsman of them all, is up to his old tricks with a bang. Few families have been so harassed by the New York police as the wealthy, ultrarespectable McKells; father, mother, and son. When a tricky-minded fashion designer is shot to death in her top-floor apartment, suspicion fastens on the father, who at first is thought to have had an affair with her.

McKell senior is arrested, tried, and

then, on unimpeachable evidence, acquitted. Suspicion shifts to the mother, a *grande dame* of impeccable background but infirm purpose. *She* is arrested, tried, and acquitted. Still the bloodhounds are relentless. Unless something can be done to stop them, it seems they must fasten next on the well-meaning but hot-tempered son. Since Ellery Queen is both detective and author, we are assured of a first-rate story as well as a first-rate mystery, and the mystery is a corker. Follow the evidence set out with such care; weigh it, interpret it correctly, and it will lead you straight to the wrong conclusion. For here we have super rug-yanking; there is not only a twist but a double twist, upsetting outward logic until the final gasp; Ellery himself has been fooled. Twenty years ago, even ten years ago, Ellery's creator would not have allowed the great man to be wrong. We all learn as our whiskers whiten; the Queen ménage has learned lessons too.

Mass hypnotism? Extrasensory perception? The power of thought used as a weapon to menace or kill? These elements crowd like nightmares through L. P. Davies's *The Paper Dolls* (Doubleday, \$3.95). Told by Gordon Seacombe, a teacher in an English secondary (*i.e.*, grade) school, it begins in moderate vein when a thirteen-year-old boy apparently throws himself backwards off a roof and is killed. That is the last touch of moderation in the book. And you will like Gordon Seacombe. If his grammar is more shaky than befits a schoolmaster, the writing itself is easy, flexible, and powerfully vivid. Leading two other would-be detectives—Joan Grey, the fetching art teacher, and an engaging old buffer named Brereton—he races out on a quest through North Country towns and vil-

lages, and through hair-raising experiences every reader will share.

To turn these pages is like a ride on an emotional roller coaster; more than once, as the roller coaster rolls up a steep grade and plunges down, you wonder if the damn thing has any brakes. Though there may be argument about whether *The Paper Dolls* belongs to mystery or to science fiction, mystery triumphs, as in a kind of updated, more devilish *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. You won't believe the solution, but you must be dead and buried if you haven't enjoyed yourself. The Crime Club bills this one "something special," and how right they are!

Small towns, as everybody knows, conceal grisly secrets, both sexual and financial. *Weep for Willow Green*, by Paul Kruger (Simon & Schuster, \$3.50), in which a harmless-seeming photographer is murdered under such circumstances as to cause the arrest of his shapely secretary, begins against an urban background, soon shifts to the more dangerous locale of Sprague Springs, Minnesota (pop. 3,765). Here our amiable lawyer-narrator, so impressed by the shapely secretary that he knows she can't be guilty, attacks the problem of an absconding banker, a mysterious sex-bomb called Willow Green, and others caught in their own nets of chiseling or double-crossing. A certain youthful exuberance about his narrative may lead unwary people to suppose the ending will be naïve too. Don't let this fool you. Mr. Kruger, himself intent on the double twist, has

Mr. Carr, who chooses ten top mysteries annually for "Harper's," is the biographer of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and author of "The House at Satan's Elbow" and other detective fiction.

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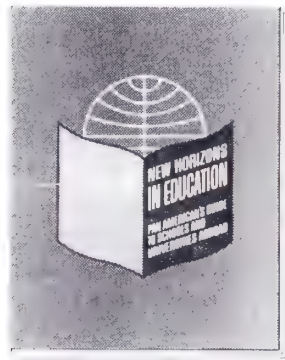
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provided several shocks for good measure, and only the connoisseur can avoid a pratfall in the last few pages. From this corner loud applause.

Any idiot who thinks the straight detective story must be a chess-puzzle, dull and desiccated, should try **House on Greenapple Road**, by Harold R. Daniels (Random House, \$3.95). The author fixes you with a mesmeric eye on the first page and never drops his gaze until suddenly, on page 167, he reaches down to yank the rug. What has happened to Marian Ord, the philandering wife, of Greenapple Road in Holburn, Mass.? The kitchen of the dismal little house has been splashed with almost as much blood as a human body can contain; this is butcher's work, and offers that ever-engrossing murderer's problem, the Disposal of the Body. If it is possible for any writer to be more fair than Ellery Queen at planting the clues, Mr. Daniels contrives it here. We have been given *everything*, even the smallest suggestion, which leads Lieutenant Nalon to his prey. The pace is breathless, the characterization satirically brilliant. Four stars and three cheers.

Throughout the complexities of **Black Money**, by Ross Macdonald (Knopf, \$3.95), an old pro plays at the very top of his form. It has become the custom to compare this writer with Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, though to me any resemblance seems more accidental than real. Unlike the snarling private-eye heroes of Hammett and Chandler, Mr. Macdonald's Lew Archer is a decent sort with whom any reader can sympathize. His toughness is never mere bad manners; he knows how to behave in good society, carries no chip on his shoulder, and does not insult everybody as a matter of principle. In another moneyed community of Southern California, young Ginny Fablon (virgin innocence?) has become involved with one Francis Martel, who may be a French aristocrat exiled by King Charles de Gaulle, or may be only an imposing phony; beyond doubt he has a solid bank account. Hired to investigate this suave stranger, Archer shoulders through past suicide and present murder to a finale as startling as it is plausible. Once more Macdonald scores highly; he has written no better book.

Today we hear much of the anti-

hero. Joyce Porter's **Dover Three** (Scribner, \$3.50) gives us the anti-Scotland Yard. As a contrast to those able, painstaking, conscientious police officers presented, say, by Mr. Creasey in one of his guises, Chief Inspector Wilfred Dover is everything a Scotland Yard man oughtn't to be. He is lazy, ill-tempered, a hypochondriac, and as stupid as Messrs. Lestrade, Gregson, and Athelney Jones all rolled into one. No efficient officer being available for duty, he lands at the bleak moorland village, presumably in Yorkshire, whose plague of poison-pen letters erupts into murder by coal-gas poisoning. You can't like Dover, but you will be fascinated by his sheer, dazzling incompetence. Miss Porter makes adroit use of this; she has a keen eye, a wicked sense of comedy, and a delightfully low mind. Having left no blunder uncommitted, Dover is on a train hurrying home when he falls slap over the truth in spite of himself. Miss Porter may command me in anything; with eagerness I await *Dover Four*.

There are times when **The Busy Body**, by Donald E. Westlake (Random House, \$3.95), suggests collaboration between Damon Runyon and R. Austin Freeman, with an occasional assist from Ring Lardner. Primarily this is no farce, despite so much excellent foolery in and out of graveyards; it is true, carefully planned conspiracy with the grimmest motives. Pursuing defunct, elusive, Charlie Brody—"It's just too bad the bastard's already dead," complains one mobster chief—Aloysius Engel, the hapless protagonist, chases and is chased all over Manhattan, in danger alike from the police, from his own gangland boss, and from the unknown murderer whose sinister game ends, as it has begun, in a graveyard. Here's your Mortician's Special, expertly mixed and shaken; drink up!

In **The Windy Side of the Law**, by Sara Woods (Harper & Row, \$4.50), Antony Maitland, the barrister-detective whose undeniable gifts were last exercised in *Trusted Like the Fox*, juggles another hot potato and just avoids being burned. The case of Peter Hammond is far from being the simple business of amnesia-cum-murder or murder-cum-fakery which on the surface it appears. But no good fellow appeals in vain to Antony Maitland, himself so good a fellow that we

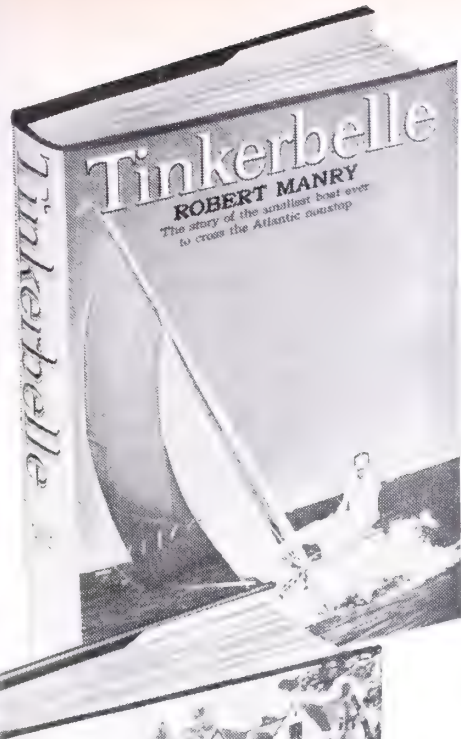
can hope he never attains common good sense. In defense of a pathetic client he will cut corners the younger Perry Mason. He has the despair of a patient wife, an infuriated father-in-law, and a Scotland Yard man fully as bad-tempered as Chief Inspector Dover; before he has finished he almost lands in the clink beside his client. If the solution is perhaps less tricky than in *Trusted Like the Fox*, we have seen ingenuity and excitement in plenty. You can go wrong with Sara Woods.

And still the secret agents prowl day or night. Turn toward any publisher; their latest epic of espionage is complete with single-minded vengeance and broad-minded women, whacking in the face like the stream from a fire hose. Of two such current novels, both are good and one is many miles above average.

Considerably more than a decade ago, if memory serves, a brand-new English writer named John Gardner delighted everybody with *Liquidator*, which was at once uproarious parody of superspy tactics and an ingenious, well-plotted explosive thriller on its own. In crowning touch it introduced "Boysie" Oates, the perfect anti-hero—sie, the supposedly ruthless killer who couldn't stand the sight of blood. Boysie, the reckless adventurer, couldn't even travel by air without turning sick from fright. And humane people were made happy.

It is a pleasure to report that *Understrike* (Viking, \$3.95) Gardner has done it again. Still agent of Special Security, Boysie is dispatched on a mission to America; he must observe the firing trials of latest nuclear submarine and misbehave off San Diego. Though ordinarily security chief in his senses, we trust Boysie with any errand more responsible than buying hamburgers and coffee, his immediate boss gambles on the young man's blind luck muddling through. The Kremlin, ways at it, has found a Russian spy in who looks, talks, and even thinks exactly like Boysie; at the right moment the double is to be substituted for the "formidable" British agent.

But the Oates luck never fails Boysie, whether calling for twenty Players at a New York cigar stand or hurled on a transcontinental bus journey.



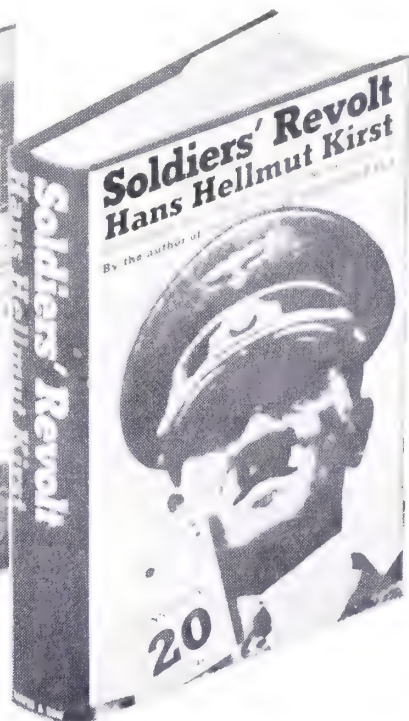
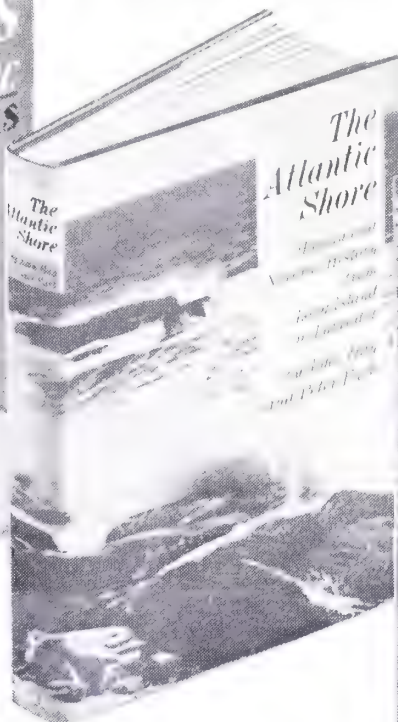
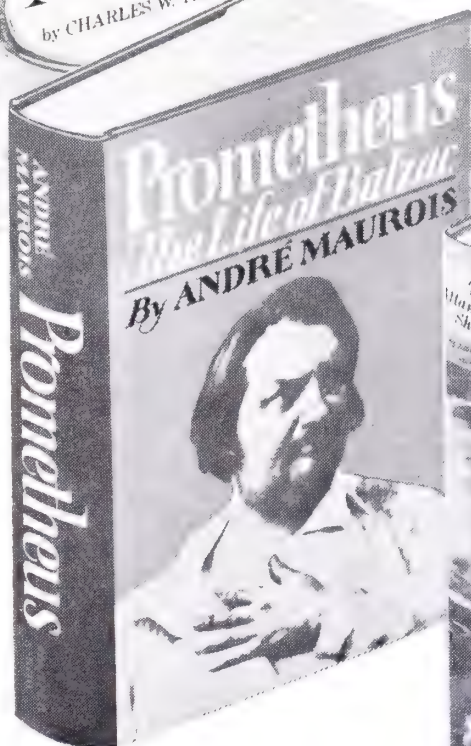
The story of an adventure that has captured the world's imagination, **TINKERBELLE** by **Robert Manry** tells how a middle-aged, midwestern newspaperman dreamed of crossing the Atlantic in a 13½-foot boat and turned dream into deed. *With many photographs, and with drawings of Tinkerbelle's construction.* \$5.95

Charles W. Thayer, author of **GUERRILLA** and **DIPLOMAT**, learned early the flexibility both roles require . . . from his mother, a Philadelphia Main Line lady with a genius for enjoyment, who radiates energy and entertainment in **MUZZY**. \$4.95

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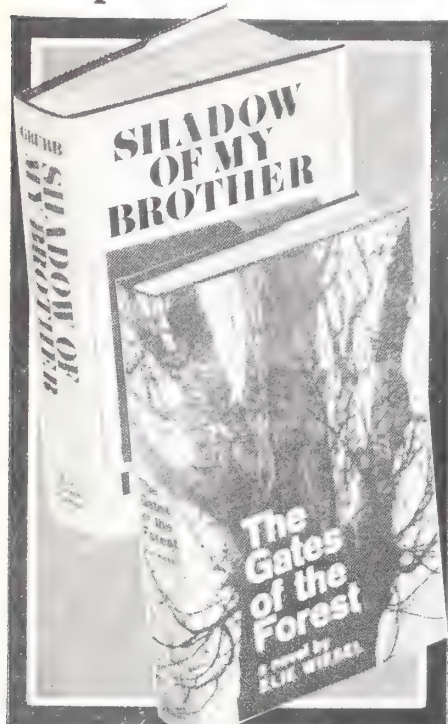
In **SOLDIERS' REVOLT** by **Hans Hellmut Kirst**, the author of **THE NIGHT OF THE GENERALS** surpasses even that success with a fast-paced novel based on the 1944 plot against Hitler's life — the plot that *almost* succeeded. \$5.95



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ney with a nymphomaniac round his neck and assorted hoods at his heels, remains as entertaining as he is indestructible. The American anti-heroine, Chicory Triplehouse, achieves a new high (or low) in uninhibited behavior. But Priscilla Braddock-Fairchild, the British naval commander's daughter, almost equals Chicory for anti-inhibitions. As some deep-laid scheme simmers toward the boiling point, everybody has a grand time except Boysie's double, whom the Russians polish off by mistake, and Boysie himself, who at the sensational climax finds himself trapped fathoms down in a submarine hijacked by the enemy and about to launch its nuclear missile at the wrong target. *Don't miss this one.*

I am no unconditional admirer of Len Deighton, whose British Intelligence narrator-hero is a kind of determinedly proletarian James Bond. But it must be conceded that *The Billion Dollar Brain* (Putnam, \$4.95) has its points. With all his usual dexterity the author suggests a world in which, if we are not careful, machines may be ruling men. Triggered by the murder of a Finnish political commentator, action shuttles between London and Helsinki, over to Leningrad and Riga, across the ocean to New York and San Antonio, Texas, then back to Europe for the payoff. The anti-heroine here is Signe Laine, a Finnish blonde with some curious traits; the bad guys are represented by Harvey Newbegin, neurotic American agent, and General Midwinter, that wicked conservative.

The day is long past when Americans in English novels (John S. Blenkinson of the Richard Hannay saga, for instance) talked a jargon no American in history has ever talked. The late Ian Fleming could draw admirable American scenes and characters. Alistair MacLean can do it. So can John Gardner; see above. Mr. Deighton's unnamed narrator manages tolerably well except when—his overmastering passion—he tries to be too in. Of him one American character is made to say, "He doesn't know a squeeze play from a loud foul." Do they hit many loud fouls in *your* league? The narrator understands baseball as little as he understands conservatives; in fact, with regard to so many things American, he doesn't know his you-name-it from third base.

The Wife, Poor Wrote

by Eleanor Perenyi

The Social Role of the Executive Wife, by Margaret L. Helfrich. Old State University Bureau of Business Research, \$3.

The Army Wife, by Nancy Shea, revised by Anna Pearle Smith. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The Air Force Wife, by Nancy Shea, revised by Anna Pearle Smith. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

The Navy Wife, by Anne Briscoe Peck and Nancy Shea, revised by Barbara Naylor. Harper & Row, \$5.95.

So You Want To Be A Working Mother! by Lois Benjamin. McGraw-Hill, \$4.95.

It is hard to imagine these books finding a public in any country but our own. All deal with group-think situations; all are dedicated to life-adjustment; and every one of them adds to the already striking impression that being an American wife is one of the heaviest chores in history.

The Social Role of the Executive Wife is 95 pages of soft science, written in a style that has come to seem a parody of the genre. American women, it points out, are undergoing social change, and in case we don't know what this means, we are told that it is "whatever may happen in the course of time to the role, the institutions, of the order comprising a social structure." With this under our belts, we can get to the point, which is to discover "the duties, responsibilities, obligations, and normative expectations associated with each of the wifely roles." The method used was questionnaires and interviews—of 145 of the former sent out, fifty were returned and of these fifty, twenty-five respondents were interviewed. Dr. Helfrich labors mightily over this minuscule survey, dividing and subdividing her uninteresting information until one is reminded of the jury in *Alice in Wonderland* trying to reduce the evidence

The daughter of a Navy captain, Eleanor Perenyi has been a magazine editor and writer as well as wife and mother. She is now free-lancing and working on a new book.

ounds, shillings, and pence. The
ts, alas, are stunningly predict-
Most wives, it seems, agree that
ought to be helpful to their hus-
s, and not talk or drink too much.
earn that "most wives of top-level
utives are community-centered
most wives in the lower status
gory are family-centered"—be-
e, of all things, they have less
ey and more young children. So it

here is no knowing what ultimate
hresearchers like Dr. Helfrich
e to uncover. In her conclusion, she
arks that "other factors" such as
al background and personality of
and wife probably account
the choice of role. But this perti-
information was not included.
I perhaps after all it does not mat-
much. In the ponderous recording
uch statements as, "I believe the
of any wife depends on the rela-
ship between her husband and
self . . ." there is an unconscious
deadly pathos that speaks for it-

The Army Wife, The Air Force
ie and *The Navy Wife* are three
mples of what is wrong with how-
publishing. With the possible ex-
tion of *The Navy Wife*, none of
m succeeds in its announced pur-
e, which is to give a young bride
e notion of what it means to marry
o the Armed Forces. (Incidentally,
e distinction is made between car-
r and temporary service and the
ftee's wife gets no shrift at all.)
ond a patriotic pep talk in the
faces, which sets the unmistakable
er-officer's-wife tone, there is no
empt to analyze the real hazards of
vice life—regimentation, rootless-
s—and very little about its re-
rds. Instead, we have assignment
ting, with a virtually identical
ipt for all three books, some
med information, much of which is
ilable in *The Vogue Book of*
iquette (where it is better worded)
any of the standard service guide-
oks, and a style that ranges from
e gluey-adorable to the merely ac-
table. Mrs. Pye (I assume it is she)
s at least done her homework in *The*
vy Wife, clothing her script with
sh-and-blood detail about overseas
ty, protocol, and parties. Unpreten-
us and thorough, she might, one
els, have written an excellent book
divested of Mrs. Shea's collabora-

"Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it."

—GEORGE SANTAYANA

Peter Laslett

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—*The New Historian*. \$5.95

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—HARRY SCHWARTZ, *N.Y. Times* \$8.95

Goldwin Smith

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND

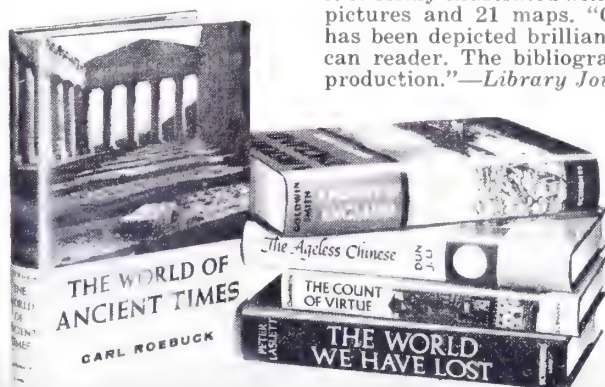
This widely-recognized classic, newly revised and updated, interprets the glory and drama of England's past—her art, culture, society, insti-tutions and people. Written by a man who is both stylist and historian,

it is richly illustrated with 130 contemporary pictures and 21 maps. "Once more Britain has been depicted brilliantly for the Ameri-can reader. The bibliography is a masterly production."—*Library Journal*. \$12.50

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tion. Mrs. Shea alone, even revised, is deplorable. Stuffed with antique platitude ("In these days, young people make up their own minds about marriage"), she is also imprecise just where she ought to be clear—about who exactly calls on whom for instance—and vague to idiocy about overseas duty in places she evidently never visited. About the eastern Mediterranean, she is content to say that "this is a different world from Hoboken, New Jersey."

One wonders why Hoboken, since in the chapter on military weddings one is told to imagine that the bride is "from a socially prominent civilian family" and "the setting is a [*sic*] historic old cathedral." Socially, indeed, all the ladies take wobbly aim. Would this girl married in an historic old cathedral really need to be told not to introduce her husband as "my hubby?"

So You Want to Be a Working Mother! (as its title implies) approaches a troubling topic with a bouncy archness that sets the teeth on edge. Mrs. Benjamin coins phrases like "the average run-of-the-Mil-town" American husband, and refers to mothers generally as "Mommy." Perhaps it could not have been done otherwise, but in setting herself to write a manual at this level, she necessarily finds herself defending the whole principle of mothers going to work, and skating with uneasy flippancy over the psychological difficulties involved. Motive does not trouble her. Nor do the inevitable guilt feelings, about which she has this to suggest: "The trick is to encourage his [the husband's] guilt feeling, instead of yours . . ." As a long-time working mother, I can tell Mrs. Benjamin that this is wide of the mark. The kind and quality of the work that absents a mother from her children is important. The feelings of the children themselves (incredibly, hardly ever mentioned as a decisive factor) matter, too. On a purely practical level, and when she can stop being too cute for words, Mrs. Benjamin offers dozens of stratagems for conning a little leisure and a little grace from the working mother's life. But what, in the end, the reader sees (I suspect, without design) is the portrait of endless compromise and even serious sacrifice that raises all over again a question Mrs. Benjamin never tries to

answer: Is it worth it? When she speaks up in favor of Thanksgiving dinners supplied by a caterer, one wonders if she is listening to herself.

One of the many weaknesses of her book is that she makes no distinction between the working mother and the career-woman mother, though one is as old as poverty and the other a relatively new phenomenon. That the career mother's adjustment in our society can be a heartbreakingly difficult one ought to be obvious. But you would never guess it from reading this book.

Science: Some Men and Some Mysteries

by Carl Dreher

The Elements Rage, by Frank W. Lane. Chilton, \$7.50.

Count Rumford of Woburn, Mass., by J. W. Sparrow. Crowell, \$5.95.

Thirty Years That Shook Physics: The Story of Quantum Theory, by George Gamow. Doubleday, \$5.95, cloth; \$1.45, paper.

Who does not delight in a great disaster, even while he commiserates with the victims and digs down to help those who have not passed beyond help. It is to this almost instinctive urge that Frank Lane appeals in *The Elements Rage*, but his book is a great deal more than a recital of exploding volcanoes, or the Yellow River killing 900,000 Chinese in a single flood season, or the possibility of a doomsday asteroid crashing into the earth, or the Siberian meteorite which did just that and wrought destruction over an area of 2,000 square miles. He has produced something quite rare. It is easy—too easy—to write a sensational book. If one is a scholar it is not too difficult to write a scholarly book. But exposition which

is exciting because it is based strictly on fact requires a combination of talents and an unconscionable amount of work. Mr. Lane's volume qualifies as science because the work has been done, the authorities have been consulted, the bibliography contains about a thousand items, the writer deals quantitatively with his material, and so he has combined a thrill and a reference work in a single volume. Besides which there are four brilliant photographs, and the whole book has been printed on glossy paper to accommodate these in the appropriate places. My advice is to read only one chapter at a sitting. It is not that one becomes anesthetized to the fearful destruction which the earth, of itself a mere speck in the universe, can wreak on the helpless creatures to whom has been vouchsafed the anguish and glory of conscious being. It is only that there is a limit to one's comprehension of quantities; reading that an Indonesian volcano ejected 1 cubic miles of materials in one explosion (it took some 25,000 megaton—TNT equivalent—to move such mass) and that 60 cubic miles of water may move down the Mississippi in a flood period of about two months tends to dull one's sense of proportion.

The mind is more at ease with a modest cataclysm like the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood of 1889, which has brought forth at least one movie, at least one book, innumerable articles, and a hillside cemetery in which many of the approximately 3,200 victims are buried. This flood was caused by heavy rainfall resulting in the overtopping of an earth dam. The reservoir should have been emptied long before, proving again that calamity is often the outcome of natural force and human error in fateful synchronism. Even full, however, the reservoir contained only about 4.5 billion gallons of water, or five days' supply for a city like New York. Modern reservoirs may contain as much as 50,000 billion gallons.

But, like Mercutio's wound, it was not enough. It emptied in 50 minutes and the deluge carried everything before it. In the town itself a railroad bridge held, and thereby contributed to the catastrophe. The debris piled up into a mound 70 feet above the flood level, a conglomerate of locomotives and cars, track and steel cables, the wreckage of buildings, viaducts, and

Carl Dreher, who was an early radio engineer, is at present science editor of "The Nation."

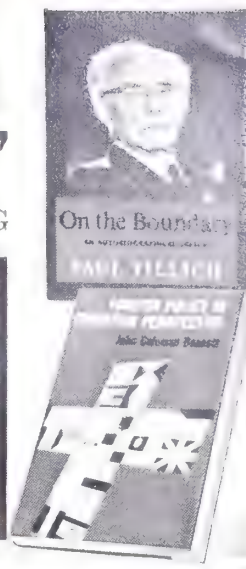
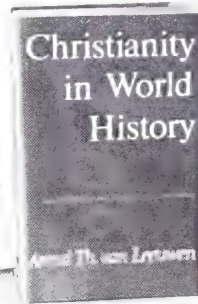
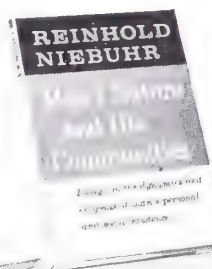
ges, telegraph poles, trees, and er, carcasses of livestock, and women and children, many still . After nightfall this immense of destruction caught fire and e who had not drowned, burned. et, as Thomas Hardy says, there's dy in all things—if they don't ern you. Some women, more or unclothed, refused to be rescued d the men promised to have coats ankets ready, and to turn their s during the crucial seconds. or me, the human side of these strous occurrences was no more inating than Appendix C, the gy scale, contributed by John um. This compendium covers n pages and ranges from the en- r of a home run hit in baseball (of rder of 10^7 ergs) to the total s energy of the observable uni- e, estimated at 2×10^{27} ergs. The oshima-type bomb, now relegated inor applications, is rated at $7.9 \times$ ergs, which does not conform with er figures in the text and in the e itself. I place it at about a hun- d times higher. ar below the Hiroshima bomb I d an old friend, but one even more lated—the muzzle kinetic energy a 16-inch naval shell. Shortly ore World War II, I made this ulation and came out with 100 watt-hours, approximately the ount of electricity used in a small se in a month. I went over the fig- s, but there was no mistake. It was t that a kilowatt-hour is really a midable amount of energy, which es us all those electrical slaves the ver companies are always congrat- ting us on having. And there it was Harpum's scale: 3.6×10^{15} ergs, ich is 100 kilowatt-hours. ow that we are far above such ty destructiveness, Lane specu- es on one of the possible effects of new order of weaponry. Suppose 1908 meteorite which felled 80 mil- n Siberian trees had descended five rs later and landed on St. Peters- rg (now Leningrad). Suppose also t such a visitation should occur w, with the nuclear-tipped missiles nding ready in their silos and tar- ed on American and Soviet cities. e energy of the Siberian meteorite s equivalent to that of a 10-mega- n hydrogen bomb. Scientific findings uld readily discriminate between a mb and a meteorite, but it would



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take a little time. Quite possibly the nuclear response and exchange would have been completed before the truth became known, assuming there were scientists left to tell it and that anyone still cared to know what had happened.

Political upheavals, rather than elemental ones, lie behind much of the action in J. W. Sparrow's biography, *Count Rumford of Woburn, Mass.* As Sparrow points out, his subject was not in the first rank of scientists—the great generalizers like Newton, Clerk Maxwell, Einstein, Planck; or the great subverters: Copernicus, Galileo, Darwin. In fact, more than a scientist, Rumford was a premature industrial engineer who strove always for “applications of science to the common purpose of life,” and proclaimed that “nothing surely is so disgraceful to society and individuals as unmeaning wastefulness.” He was also a soldier, administrator, diplomat, promoter, philanthropist (more out of a passion for order than love of mankind) and always a tireless climber. Had he remained plain, small-town Colonial Benjamin Thompson, he might easily have played a role as prominent in early American history as Franklin or Hamilton, whom he resembled in many ways. Sparrow's book leaves no doubt that it was a loss both to Thompson and the future United States that he chose the losing side in the Revolution and spent almost his entire adult life abroad.

A descendant of settlers who arrived in the Plymouth Colony in 1630, Thompson was exceptionally handsome and of pleasing address. In 1772, aged nineteen, he married a wealthy young widow and almost overnight found himself a major in the provincial militia and the squire of Concord in New Hampshire. His already developed passion for order impelled him to the Loyalist side. After serving as a high-level spy for Generals Gage and Howe, he sailed to England on a frigate with a certificate from Howe saying that he had been “cruelly drove from a competent estate by persecution and severe maltreatment” (he had suffered only minor annoyance), and testifying to his usefulness in His Majesty's service. The paper was addressed to Lord George Germain, the Secretary of State, and Thompson was shortly appointed Un-

der Secretary in the American Department. His income, apparently augmented by some shady fringe benefits, was reputed to be £7,000 a year. He lived in good style. On the side, he carried on experiments on firearms and the velocity of projectiles, and at twenty-six was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

After about a year he raised a regiment among the exiles and as its colonel fought the “rebels” in futile engagements after Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. Returning to England, he was knighted and retired on half-pay. He did not have the means to engage in scientific work, which was almost exclusively an avocation for the wealthy, and he spent the next fourteen years as an employee of the Electors of Bavaria, where he reorganized the army, eliminated the scourge of beggary, engaged in experiments in mass feeding and work relief for the poor, and effected other reforms. He rose to the rank of lieutenant general and was rewarded with a Bavarian pension and was made a count in the Holy Roman Empire. The frontispiece of this biography shows his statue in Munich, looking much like George Washington.

Count Rumford, however, was neither American, British, nor German, although he partook of the national characteristics, and possibly the sentiments, of all three. Some ties—a legitimate daughter, in particular—bore witness to his origin; also Rumford was the early name of Concord. In Germany he was a hired hand, although a highly placed one. He thought of returning to America, but in 1798 another opportunity emerged. The Bavarian ambassador to Britain retired, and Rumford asked for and received the post, although he was still a pensioned colonel in the British army. This was a bit too thick for George III, and Rumford again found himself without a job.

It was a fortunate miscarriage, for it forced him, with his now ample means, to look for another occupation. All this time he had been a zealous experimenter in chemistry, mass and family cooking, ventilation, fireplaces, stoves, kitchen ranges and roasters, lighting and light measurement, central heating and the economical use of fuels; in these workaday applications he remained true to his New England

origins. The preoccupation with thermodynamics was significant: it led to his principal achievement—the discovery that heat was not a substance, but rather the internal motion of the particles of a substance. But what he now turned to was equally important. He founded the Royal Institution, where Humphry Davy, whom he hired, and, later, Michael Faraday, pursued their investigations. Thus there is another link between Rumford and the technologies of our time—to trace only one line, from Faraday via Clerk Maxwell and Hertz to the electronics engineers of the twentieth century.

Sparrow, a British educator and authority on thermodynamics, researched the book in England, Germany, and the United States. His book is both scholarly and readable.

Thirty Years That Shook Physics offers a generous gallery of portraits of more modern scientists. George Gamow was a colleague and friend of most of the great physicists of whom he writes; consequently his book deals with them as people while he explains, as far as he can without enlisting the calculus, what they were about. Lucid and amusing as he is, the subject matter is so refractory, and in some areas remains so unresolved, that the popular-science sections will appeal mainly to physicists, engineer-intellectuals, and really serious lay students of science. For the latter, a little brush-up of their college physics may be desirable.

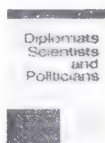
The anecdotes, on the other hand, are for everyone, and accompanying them there are some priceless photographs. One of the stories is about that marvelous human being, Niels Bohr who, with Mrs. Bohr, H. C. Casimir, and Gamow, was returning home in Copenhagen after a farewell dinner for a colleague. It was late at night and the streets were deserted. They passed a bank building with walls of concrete blocks which, at the corner, had crevices in the mortar deep enough to give a foothold to an experienced alpinist. That Casimir was, as he climbed up almost to the third floor and came down again. Bohr, who was no alpinist at all, had to emulate him. He got as far as the second floor and was hanging there precariously while the others fearfully watched him when two Copenhagen policemen a-

THE NEW BOOKS

ed from behind with their hands
 heir gun holsters. They looked up
 one said to the other, "Oh, this is
 Professor Bohr!" and they went
 quickly. Bohr descended and died
 ed at seventy-seven.

he personages to whom Gamow
 otes chapters are, besides Bohr:
 nck, Pauli, de Broglie, Heisenberg,
 ac, Fermi, and Yukawa, but prac-
 ally everyone who was anything in
 ic physics from 1900, when Planck
 ounded the quantum theory of
 iation in discrete packets, is some-
 ere in the book. The main divisions
 experimentalists and theoreti-
 ns; it is almost impossible for a
 t-rate physicist to be both.

oward the end of his discourse
 now, one of the most buoyant of
 n, sounds a little depressed. His
 pters grow shorter and he explains
 t this is not due to fatigue but
 her to the fact that "after the
 rious developments in its first
 rty years, Quantum Theory ran
 o serious difficulties, and its prog-
 s was considerably slowed down."
 me would say that, for the moment,
 is practically at a standstill. It may
 we are poorly equipped to under-
 nd things which are so far out of
 e range of our own physical dimen-
 ns. The spawning of particles and
 ti-particles of varying degrees of
 rageness" is one instance. At the
 er extreme—but I had better say in
 e other direction—I wonder whether
 e are qualified to speak of the "uni-
 rse." Beyond "our" universe, could
 ere not be another universe with a
 verse curvature of space, and be-
 nd that still another—universes
 hout end? Is there not a certain
 esumption—a subtle form of the
 ocentrism which seemed self-evi-
 nt truth only a few centuries ago—
 the notion that there is a universe
 hich we can probe with our optical
 d radio telescopes and which will
 ward us with something compre-
 nsible, like Coulomb's Law? It may
 e that though we reach out ever so
 any megaparsecs, and build particle
 celerators in the trillion electron
 lt range, and mathematize mightily,
 et the structure of our instruments,
 ur senses, and our brains, from
 hich all these spring, will still frus-
 rate our understanding. But we must
 eep trying, if only that we may not
 e lesser men than those Gamow mem-
 orializes.



Movies, Censorship, and the Law

Ira H. Carmen

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Books in Brief

by Roderick Cook

Fiction

Indian Summer, by John Knowles.

Whatever happened to the author that wrote *A Separate Peace*? His latest novel is strictly for Late Show viewers. Young Cleet Kinsolving is demobilized in 1946, but doesn't want to go back to his small hometown in Connecticut. He likes the wide-open spaces where he can call the stars "so many million of holes punched into the canopy by the Big Ice Pick." His dream is to set up an air-freight service between Washington State and Alaska, so he starts as a dust-cropper in Kansas. "I'm a *slow learner*, and that's the way it is," he says later.

Slow learning turns out to be as dangerous, for Cleet, as the proverbial little, for he winds up back in Connecticut after all, working for Neil Reardon, his millionaire childhood buddy, and gets mixed up with a lot of rich business and society folk who, to tell the truth, despite their wealth and success, are all pretty mixed up inside. But Cleet knows money cannot replace life—"it was the same thing as trying to compare a sixty-watt bulb and dawn"—and in the end, tries to get away.

Then comes a showdown. Neil tries to frame Cleet about an old plane accident; Cleet whips back with a tirade that runs the gamut of "It's a way of slipping around life instead of going through it" to "Anyway, I uh quit, Neil"; Cleet goes off furiously to pack; Georgia (Neil's pregnant wife) looks in for a chat so Cleet rapes her (though she does not protest too much); next day she has a miscarriage, which means (get it?) Cleet has killed Neil's son. The last we see of these three, Georgia is in the hospital, saying desperately to herself, "I do not love Cleet Kinsolving. I do not"; Neil is recovering from shock with true New England millionaire aplomb; and Cleet is headed back for Kansas with a clean feeling

Mr. Cook, a regular reviewer in these columns, is a graduate of Cambridge University, England.

in his heart and (no kidding) a dagger bag on his shoulder. They don't n movies like this any more.

Random House, \$

Alley Jagers, by Paul West.

A tour de force about a co bawdy, young English working-c chap, leading a drab, average e tence, searching for something f in himself, but ending up with r murder, and madness. It reads watching a very fast "realis movie—reels of local dialogue, l allusions, local thoughts and a tudes, local locations—all scrupulou real and brilliantly edited. Hun pity, and horror all come out of actly what is seen and heard.

The author strains this effect son what when some rather consciou folk-artty images start to creep i Alley's interior monologues. ("You to make a splash, like mekkin' C chomp on his own sick.") But perha this is meant to show the beginni of his breakdown, which leads to o of the most bizarre and macabre nouements in a long time.

It seems only fair to warn t American reader that all the talk in dialect and takes place in t world of gas mantels, Woodbin yobs, Izal, jerries, etc. So unless has been glued to every British wo ing-class movie since *Saturday Nig and Sunday Morning*, he might f a lot of it like trying to read Chau

Harper & Row, \$4.

Die Rich Die Happy, by James Mu ro.

An above-average thriller. Cobi deposits discovered in Near East; balance of power there between Ea and West in hands of Greek millio aire—threats on his life—British I telligence called in—and we're off that land where a knife is "a pa gleam in the moonlight" and tl Emir's daughter "wore thick-sole yachting slippers and she walked lil a queen." The opulence (a maske ball in Venice), the violence (a lot c guns, knives, and karate), the beaut ful, dangerous women (who all u peel at least once), and the stron British hero all make comparison with Ian Fleming inevitable. Bu apart from a lovely bottle of "sunta oil" that burns through paint, it i refreshingly free from fake 007 gir mickry.

Knopf, \$4.9

THE NEW BOOKS

son in the Life of Emmanuel, by Marie-Claire Blais. Introduction by Edmund Wilson.

Edmund Wilson (who is familiar to Mlle. Blais's earlier novels) welcomes this as a new "realistic" element in her work, and is also glad French Canada is getting so self-confident that it can allow a self-critical book to be published without anybody's calling out *bandarmes*.

The picture is certainly one of relentless horror. Out of a family of sixteen children, we know for certain that five are either dead, maimed, or corrupted, and we are left with the doubt that no good will come to the others. Mlle. Blais writes with a control, a clarity, and above all an impulsion that is remarkable, so that if this is a "realistic" picture of French Canada it is shocking.

Even if it is just a story, this may be the fiercest case of French tragedy not yet told well, for the dogged inevitability and doom of absolutely everybody's life in these nervous days, just on the inside of Black Humor. When, at the end, the fierce Grandmère picks up Emmanuel, the latest child, and orders over his future, it seems to us in the manner of Mme. Defarge turning over a new ball of wool.

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.50

Nonfiction

zy, by Charles W. Thayer.

There's nothing quite so soothing as a smoothly-written book about someone else's eccentric relatives, provided it doesn't push the sentiment or kookiness. Mr. Thayer holds back nothing in this charming, easy memoir of his upbringing on Philadelphia's Main Line, centered round his mother, a title figure. She is a high-spirited, learning to ski and dive headfirst in her sixties, for instance. She is resolute but willful motorist, and because she hates all illness, weakness, and bad sports, she also tends to think that if a car is grumbling for lack of oil or water, that is its fault, and tries to drive on regardless. Perhaps the sweetest picture is of her rushing to take her place at the lunch table, after an exciting morning on the very new telephone, holding her head and saying devoutly to the cynic Mawr 460."

Harper & Row, \$4.95

The Mistresses, by Betty Kelen.

"They divined that [Louis] Napoleon would not be able to resist a woman who could turn somersaults on a horse: indeed, she made an excellent first impression on him by entering his presence walking on her hands." Quite a change from the home life of Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour, as the author implies. Her proposition is that as the bourgeoisie began to ascend the thrones of Europe, the quality of their Grands Amours declined—and it's only too true. Miss Kelen writes of them with an unflagging vivacity and a rich line in metaphor, but it's uphill work all around—until she seems to give up and tells us more about the men. Then it gets interesting. She writes so affectionately about Emperor Franz Josef, for instance, that he sounds more appealing than the lovers of Mayerling.

Random House, \$5.95

The International Nomads, by Lanfranco Rasponi.

A gorgeously preposterous book about the Jet Set. All this rushing around apparently started when George Sand took Chopin to Majorca in 1838. From that moment, the race was on, and this book is the latest guide to Who's Who and Where's Where, and of course nothing to do with What's What. There are a few feints at social criticism, but most of the time it is a great big juicy gossip column. With his wealth of personal anecdotes, Mr. Rasponi sometimes makes the late Elsa Maxwell sound like a recluse. For the compulsive name-dropper, the long appendix of first names and nicknames—from "mercurial" Adele Astaire, to the "pixyish" Earl of Snowdon—may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Well, till next season anyway.

Putnam, \$6.95

Of Special Interest

Profiles in Power: A Washington Insight, by Joseph Kraft.

The new book by *Harper's* onetime Washington correspondent contains updated versions of essays originally published in this magazine as well as a good deal of completely fresh material. Together, the chapters map a route of understanding through the political complexities of the U. S. today. New American Library, \$4.95

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Pleasure Dome '66: The World of Murray the K

by Robert Kotlowitz

A celebrated disc jockey has created a "total theater" in an old hangar where 1,500 teen-agers at a time can dance, look at movies, slides, and TV, and simultaneously see themselves as the focal point of the universe.

Deep in Long Island's Nassau County, where Garden City shades into Mineola and West Hempstead is indistinguishable from Westbury, stretches a weather-beaten complex of old airplane hangars. In 1927 Lindbergh rolled the *Spirit of St. Louis* out of one and took off for Paris. During World War II, they served the Army as Roosevelt Air Field, and in the 'fifties a theatrical producer named Michael Myerberg set up film production on the base, making a puppet movie there of *Hansel and Gretel*. This spring, Roosevelt Air Field went through another metamorphosis when Myerberg transformed Lindy's old hangar into a teen-age entertainment center called "Murray the K's World." I am telling you about it, because in one variation or another The World may be coming your way.

Murray the K is a New York disc jockey whose last name is Kaufman. He is most celebrated for a national television program he produced last year designed to promote the Job Corps and keep adolescents from dropping out of school; Murray the K's sponsor was the United States government. The morning after the show, which consisted of pop singers, mostly rock 'n' roll, performing their big

hits in unlikely settings (all of them real, including slum streets), several Congressmen reacted with a Philistine zeal excessive even for elected officials. The music on the show, they complained, was a desecration of our way of life; was this what American culture was coming to? They should have known better. Murray the K is not Leonard Bernstein. He is not even Lawrence Welk, nor has he ever pretended to be. The government received value for its money if it really intended the program to reach teen-agers. Mr. K is a force in the teen-age world and the music he offered on television that night was exactly what most teen-agers want to hear. It is hard to reach potential dropouts with a Bach Brandenburg.

I recently visited "Murray the K's World," not unwillingly. I had been intrigued by the press announcements that preceded its opening. "A new concept of total theater . . . large enough to accommodate 3,000 visitors on the 5,000 square foot dance floor," they described it, going on to explain that "the traditional entertainment of today—movies, theater, radio, television, rock 'n' roll shows—all channel our interest to a single focal point, whether it be audio or visual,

or even a combination of both. We always reacting to this 'focal point' and never allowed to be part of it, be at the center—as is the case in life. The central concept of Murray the K's World is that the individual is the 'focal point'. . . you are center, and everything is happening around *you*! . . . Are you ready for the fantastic?" The fact is that I am always ready for the fantastic, really, I should say, to a fault; I also enjoy watching adolescents at play, especially when their toys are music and dancing.

There is room on Roosevelt Field alongside Murray the K's World to park one thousand automobiles, and on weekends it is filled. (To enter Murray the K's World at night, when alcohol is served, you must be eighteen; during the afternoon, at "kiddie matinee" the age limit is sixteen.) On the night I went, a line about a hundred yards long, made up of yawning teen-agers stretched in front of the hangar, moved slowly; each person paid \$2 to get in. As I entered the lobby, a young girl dressed in purple and orange bell-bottom slacks and a blouse to match, blew cigarette smoke gently into my face. "Are you sure you are over eighteen?" she asked. "Alas," I said. "I am." She laughed good-naturedly and pointed the way inside. Heading through the lobby I noticed a sign that read, "Occupancy more than 1,580 persons illegal," and alongside it another: "Anyone enter-



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ese premises gives unqualified al to the management to photo-televisé-exhibit and trans- their image for profit."

de the hangar it was dark, but taneously I was overwhelmed a quick series of visual and aural as, all of them registering almost e same time. Straight ahead, the hangar floor, was a bar ng the width of the building ver it a huge screen showing a wed, grainy picture of teen-ag- ncing. It was closed circuit TV, told, on which the dancers can t themselves looking at them- . Flanking the screen on each ere three smaller movie screens, owing variations of World War ater planes in action; dogfights rashes filled the wall. The same e was picked up on eighteen or de-film screens on both the right eft walls of the hangar. Lindy e be seen waving goodbye to the ra on his way to Europe; in- ly he was replaced by a picture Parisian crowd mobbing him. crashes followed, some of them e; no blood was shed.

rectly in front of me, caught by oscopic lights or plain spots, to 1,580 teen-agers were danc- getting ready to, or looking for one to dance with. The recorded e bounced solidly against the ar walls, producing a constant het of echoes and reverberations; o called The Supremes sounded six voices, then nine, and during solos, Diane Ross, their leader, e like a huge, amplified bell. Close saw a pretty girl, her face dead- e and sharp, wearing a suit with s, all of it covered with a pink- red diamond pattern; on her ere red boots, the toes pointed dagger. She was dancing with a d young man, forelock hanging his forehead, in a navy-blue er and ascot. They were sur- aded by a small, admiring circle ther young people who applauded y now and then; while they never ched, they made a fiercely poised ple, dancing smoothly and some- e beautifully together. Here and re, one dateless young girl danced h another, each an unmistakable g Island Mod, and at one point I ght a swift, startling glimpse of ough man in a tan satin shirt with fed sleeves, over which he was




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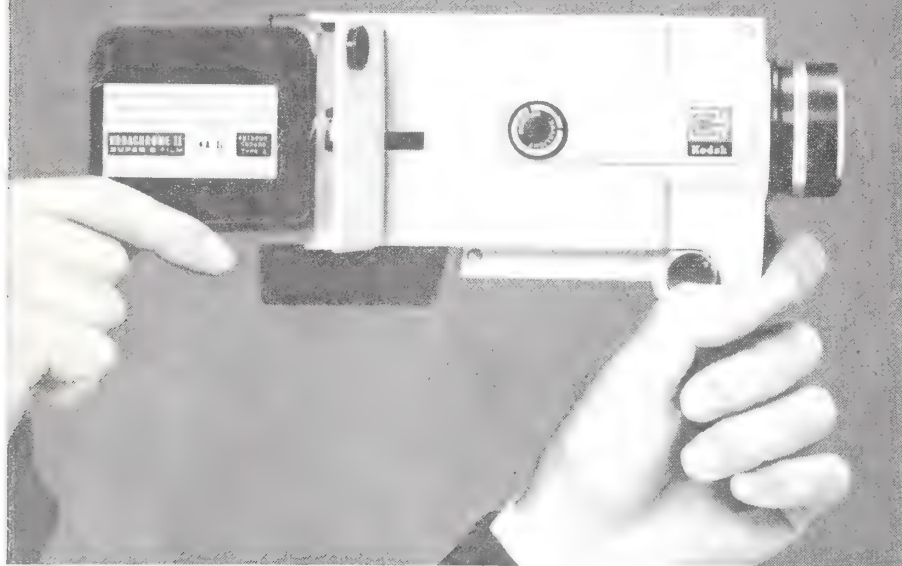
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wearing a sleeveless brown jacket; no one gave him a second look. Words drifted through the air (feigning surprise): "What are you doing here?" She (feigning surprise): "What am I doing here?" They are *you* doing here?" (They go on together.) One girl to another: "Where's Murray the K?" She to a girl: "I'm sure he's on the way."

I moved up a curved staircase. "The VIP Balcony," sat down at a small table, and looked out over the World. Around us on three sides were the TV, slide, and movie screens; the latter were still showing World I dogfights. Another balcony was over a refreshment bar on the hand wall; there the music was electronically programmed and the volume level controlled. On the right was still another balcony, dark and on which "live" singing groups as well as Murray the K and four dancers, were to perform later. Far dead center below the ceiling hung the final balcony from which all the film, and slide pictures were projected. Beneath this control center, young girls sat on a circular platform in the middle of the dance floor looking disdainful or frightened, while embarrassed clumps of boys unaggressively circled them; most of them looked as though they were in great pain. From my table upstairs I could see a tall girl with stringy hair performing a quiet, reticent dance with her plump girlfriend. One of the boys cut in and took her off for himself; as they danced together, he made him suit his style to hers.

"Where's Murray the K?" I asked the waiter.

"Don't worry, he's coming," he said.

Liberty Defrock

I suddenly became aware that the Statue of Liberty was being magically transformed into a nude on one of the movie screens. First her groin robes dropped off. Then her crown disappeared. Finally the torch was leaving an undressed woman in its place. The song that was playing was called "Love Makes the World Round." Thin, bony models from *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* flashed on the screen. Following the Statue of Liberty, they looked vaguely disheveled. Then strong men wearing tight pants showed off their biceps. Col-

New KODAK INSTAMATIC M6 Movie Camera

PERFORMING ARTS

of insects came on and off in motion; some were whole, some, others quartered. It seemed the insects were doing mating. I saw the white-faced girl in pink-and-red suit moving fast on dance floor; her partner was glowing in a spotlight. The Statue of Liberty became a nude again. A man in a Tarzan costume dropped off his biceps. "Love, suhweet, suhweet," the lyrics went. Strobe-lights played on and off. A spot lit me at my table; I looked up at myself—a "focal point" if ever was one—on the TV screen. The music changed. This time it was the Beach Boys, an aggregation of sopranos in their early twenties singing "Sloop John B." On one of the screens, a girl with long, Alice-in-Land hair danced on the deck of a sailboat, first fast, then in slow motion. Up and down she floated, her hair undulating like seaweed. Clips of teen-age sports followed. Cheerleaders jumped up and down in front of the crowd, arching their bodies and waving fake chrysanthemums in the air. Athletic kids in t-shirts somersaulted around the room. A football team ran onto a field looking terrifically gung ho. The music changed again: "Turn, Turn," with lyrics from Ecclesiastes. Some of the teen-agers on the dance floor began to sing along. I counted twenty-seven cursers at the bar across the hall; it was about sixty feet long and gaping with an unmanned bar space. Everybody was dancing. Details from Hieronymus Bosch and Peter Breughel's paintings flashed on the slide screens, depicting themselves, six, eight, a hundred times. There they were, goblin-monsters, grotesques, the war of the worlds, infinitely bigger than their creators. The crowd below was welded together with the music. I continued to sing: "There's a time for War and a Time for Peace. . . ." Corpses, witches, and skeletons covered the walls, and strobe lights played over the floor. A half-dozen other songs followed, another half-dozen. I saw the girl in the pink-and-red suit and her friend wearily dancing back to back, now like two tarnished spoons. The couple danced in each other's arms. From the loudspeakers, I heard, "To hold you and keep you and kiss

you to my dying day. . . ." And again: "To hold you and keep you. . . ." Then I heard it a third and fourth time. Clips from television commercials filled the movie screens—quick cuts of soap ads (lovely middle-class ladies in their bathtubs and housewives with their hands in the kitchen sink). Nearby, someone called out, "The Vagrants are coming." A sudden wild tune was accompanied by a film of Britain's Royal Family touring Africa; it subtly segued into an anti-Jim Crow film, all of it over and done with in a little over two minutes. The dancing was faster now; the barspace filled up with another dozen teenagers. Lights began to go on over the balcony on which the "live" acts were to appear. Someone alongside me said, "It's The Vagrants." A small cheer went up and a John Lennon hat was tossed into the air. I noticed that the card on my table said that a Coca-Cola cost one dollar.

"Where's Murray the K?" I asked.

"He's stuck in traffic."

Psychedelic Overload

A few days after I visited The World, the home of Dr. Timothy Leary in Millbrook, New York, was raided by police who claimed that orgies were taking place inside. According to Dr. Leary, the *New York Times* report said, "the impression [of orgies] might be derived by their glimpses of guests lying on mattresses staring at stroboscopes depicting multiple exposures of sound, light, and color on the ceilings and walls. The stroboscopes, by 'overloading the

senses,' were said to encourage psychedelic experiences without resort to drugs." (Dr. Leary seems to me the perfect picture of a bewildered idealist who is discovering fairly late in life that all weapons are dangerous, no matter who handles them.) The "psychedelic" experience, as Dr. Leary must know, is one of the basic techniques in the repertoire of all totalitarian groups and, projected with enough skill, has always tied its victims closer to the regime in power. Give a good citizen a socially acceptable chance to "expand his consciousness" and he will be your slave for life. Anyone who has witnessed in actuality or on film the Nazi rallies in Nuremberg during the 'thirties, or mass flower festivals in Peking attended by 200,000 identically dressed Party members, or a relatively small-scale Ku Klux Klan rally, at which the prime sacrificial object is a massive white cross ablaze against a night sky, knows full well that in overloading the senses a terrific excess of energy is created and that getting rid of that excess in ways that are not destructive is an almost insoluble problem. The old Romans were experts at controlling the populace psychedelically with huge public spectacles and in the end they were forced to the extreme of feeding religious martyrs to lions at ceremonies that sometimes lasted for an entire day.

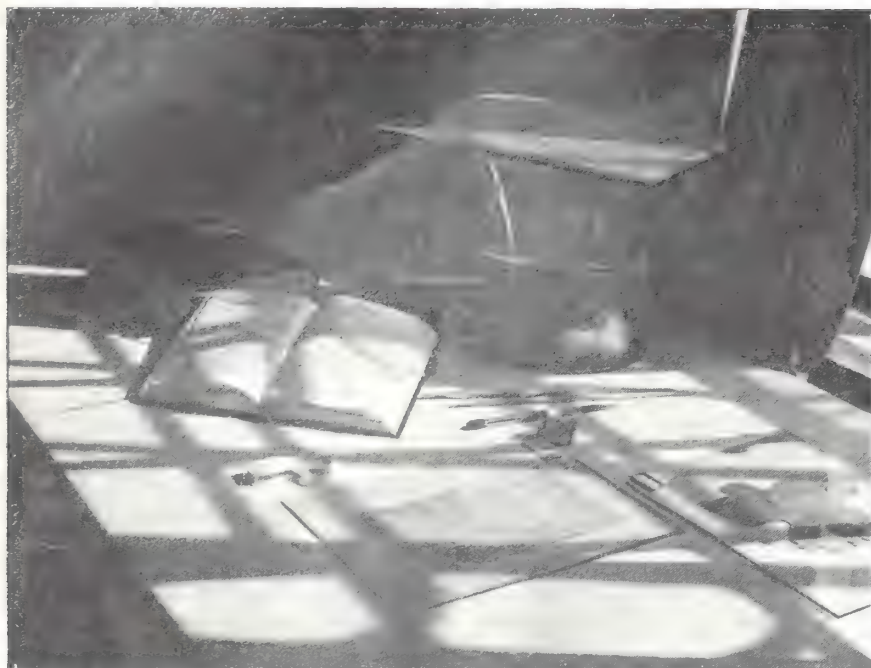
Perhaps I am being overly solemn about Dr. Leary, psychedelics, and, by extension, Murray the K's World. Still, the gentleman who creates the films and slides for The World, Gerd Stern, seems fully aware of the poten-



Pleasure dome crowd: waiting for the action

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Plus a guide to the year's best books of poetry, by William Jay Smith

PERFORMING ARTS

tial threat that lies in the sophisticated manipulation of "total environment" techniques. Mr. Stern, young man in his mid-thirties, bearded and black-haired, acting of a cooperative organization made of photographers, painters, poets, engineers; they call themselves and work out of Rockland County, New York. Thoughtful as well as calm, Stern is totally alert to the implications of what his group is doing.

"We can project our films and slides simultaneously or in sequence," he has explained. "We can vary the film speed up the rhythm, transform the lights, all to achieve an effect of breathing, of rhythm, of give-and-take, of pace. But it has to be controlled carefully because it can get out of hand. One night at The World did. The music was going full blast but for some reason the kids stopped dancing. Maybe it was the tune, which I don't remember, maybe it was the performers, maybe it was the sound level. In any case, they stood in front of the movie screen swaying as the images up there changed. Then they began to move in perfect synchronization with the pace. You could feel vibrations coming off the floor from that crowd. Well, we certainly can't have that, so we turned up all the lights and turned down the sound. That dimmed the films and almost cut off the music, but it did the trick. The whole thing evaporated within thirty seconds."

No one person among Stern's colleagues is responsible for all the ideas that get onto a film or slide sequence. The poets create verbal jokes that are transcribed into visual terms; the engineers work technologically; the painters graphically; and the photographers, of course, shoot or edit the film. Inevitably, in describing the results, Stern refers to the theories of Marshall McLuhan. "Our working world is a world of simultaneous operation. Everything goes at once. Isn't that more satisfying than the old, sequential literary tradition?"

More satisfying? Busier, as well as noisier, would seem to be more accurate, but then, I'm a professional practitioner of the old, sequential literary tradition (which means only that one line follows another on the printed page) and perhaps, therefore, out-of-date, prejudiced, and no doubt cranky, too.

Music in the Round

by Discus

An Original Edwardian

s of a coming Elgar renaissance raise inevitable questions as to its true quality.

Wuzzy, and Gunga Din, and White Man's burden, and Tommy. In recent years, Kipling has been rehabilitated. But his musical talent, Sir Edward Elgar, has not been taken up by the intellectuals, though Edward and Empire are more fashionable than they were a generation ago (to judge from the quantity of Edwardian studies that have been rolling off the presses). It is still considered, in most quarters, an Edwardian relic who had long outlived himself at his death in 1934. Even looked the part, this courtly figure with the white moustache, stiff collar, and old-fashioned clothing. Aside from the *Enigma* Variations, his music was never popular in the United States. His serious music, that nobody could have missed the *Andante* and *Circumstance* March No. 1; in earlier years of the century, *Salut d'Amour* stood on the rack very piano, thumped at by a generation of earnest and sentimental young ladies. Elgar has fallen far. In his own day he was accepted as the greatest English composer after Purcell; and, indeed, he was. Not that he had much competition. Handel, who died in 1759, had put his mark so strongly on English music that for years afterwards all music in that country seemed a pale Handelian imitation. Then along came another German-born composer, Mendelssohn, who was an equally great influence on English composition in the nineteenth century. The important British composers of the day—Parry, Stanford, Elgar, and the rest—were sterile, composing polite music in which faint harmonies were hastily smoothed out like Mendelssohn's, but without

Mendelssohn's genius. Elgar, born in 1857, was the first English composer to break the mold.

Elgar was influenced by Brahms and by Richard Strauss. But he also had a natural ebullience, a fine and original melodic sense, and a sheer mastery at orchestration. He used a big, Mahlerian kind of orchestra with tremendous ingenuity. His music *sounds*. And, with all of the influences on it, Elgar's music has real individuality, in that any score he wrote is unmistakably his. A traditionalist, he did not break any new paths. But there is something big, something vital about the man, just as there is about Kipling. Both expressed the confidence of their age: a provincial confidence, to be sure, reflecting the solid, bourgeois virtues of Empire and such immutables as the English tradition, the permanence of the British pound, and a way of life that seemed to be set forever.

A later generation found this annoying, both in Elgar and Kipling. And with the musical neo-classicism of the 1920s and 1930s, plus the wave of antiromanticism that hit all artistic manifestations, Elgar was relegated to the position of something like an English Max Reger. All of his bad points, and none of his good ones, could be perceived. He was pompous; he was thick; he overorchestrated; he represented a vanished age with nothing to offer to a later one; he was too Brahmsian. That still remains a summary of the estimate in which many musicians hold Elgar.

There are signs of a change, though. Some conductors active in America have been looking at other Elgar scores besides the *Enigma*. William Steinberg is one. A few years ago he took over a London orchestra and became interested; and last season in New York he conducted the Second Symphony and the symphonic poem.

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Falstaff. Several American critics heard the latter with some astonishment, writing where-has-this-been-all-our-life kind of reviews. It appears that there is likely to be a bit of an Elgar renaissance, even in England, where Benjamin Britten, the current idol, has all but erased Elgar from the map.

And some Elgar recordings are being issued. Two major ones have just come out—*The Dream of Gerontius* and the *Cello Concerto*. The former is presented by Janet Baker (contralto), Richard Lewis (tenor), Kim Borg (bass), the Hallé Choir, Philharmonic Chorus of Sheffield, Ambrosian Singers, and Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir John Barbirolli (Angel 3660, mono; S 3660, stereo; both 2 discs). The latter has Anthony Pini, cellist, and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum (Everest 6141, mono; 3141, stereo).

Every writer on Elgar unhesitatingly cites *The Dream of Gerontius* as Elgar's masterpiece. It is a long setting of Cardinal Newman's poem, and the composer himself was satisfied with it. When he finished the score, in 1900, he wrote, at its final bars, "This is the best of me." That this long, ambitious score has many noble and beautiful moments, there is no doubt. One has merely to listen to it. At the same time one wonders how much is read into it because of its subject matter. The British have an oratorio tradition, and they are apt to overpraise a work because it deals with a religious subject. It was Bernard Shaw who, poking fun at his countrymen's penchant for doting on gloomy subjects, said that the English take a creepy kind of pleasure in requiems.

The Dream of Gerontius is serious, is devout, deals with life and death, and has many beautiful moments. If we measure results by aspiration, *The Dream* is indeed Elgar's masterpiece. But if we measure results by actual accomplishment, there are quite a few moments of conventional piety, and others where the inspiration lags. In *Gerontius* there is perhaps too much Burne-Jones. The nobility, while sincere and heartfelt, is at the same time strangely self-conscious. Good—even brilliant—as this recorded performance is, it cannot entirely erase the impression of pietistic stuffiness.

The Cello Concerto, though it obvi-

ously does not aim as high, is a better piece of music, and in many ways is the quintessence of the late Romantic period. On its own terms it is a success from first note to last. An intense, soaring, big-thewed theme opens the work, and every musical idea thereafter is equally stimulating. The slow movement, introspective and stirring, is an especially remarkable conception. The concerto is a masterpiece, certainly on the level of the great Dvorak Cello Concerto, and it is a crying shame that the score turns up so seldom.

There is something of a mystery about this release. Presumably it is the Pini-van Beinum performance originally released in England and the United States in 1950. Everest plays it cool, merely noting on one place on the jacket: "A British Decca London Recording." No date or anything else given. But if it is that 1950 recording—and what else can it be?—Everest should have warned the purchaser that the stereo is "enhanced." The engineers have done wonders with the fake stereo, which sounds full and rich. It is not the real thing, though. It should be mentioned that the performance is admirable. Pini for many years has been one of the most respected of British cellists. His tone (favored in this close-up recording) is of unusual size and color, and he is a musician all the way through. So was Eduard van Beinum, who on his sudden death in 1959 was on his way to being one of the world's great conductors.

About fifteen years ago there used to be a large number of Elgar recordings. Most have been discontinued, and his current representation is wretched. We have several *Enigma* recordings (Barbirolli's, on Vanguard 184SD is as good as any); the Introduction and Allegro and the lovely E minor Serenade (both for string orchestra, and both on Angel S36101; also with Barbirolli); and any number of *Pomp and Circumstance* recordings. That is all. No *Falstaff*, none of the symphonies, none of the chamber music. A recording of the Violin Concerto has just been issued in England. Yehudi Menuhin is soloist; it was he who had made the first recording, in the 1930s, with the composer on the podium. Those interested in Elgar are keeping an anxious eye out for its American release. []

jazz notes

by Eric Larrabee

South S

In its lifelong war against sophistication jazz turns out to have unexpected strength. Sometimes it sounds as though the music were being ejected out of existence, the musician cutting their baby teeth on Viva and growing up to discuss Zen Buddhism with John Cage. Periodically someone laments that the blues roots have been torn from their native soil of poverty and despair, irreparably damaging the inner integrity of jazz.

Well, the news comes—not only from Michael Harrington—that there is still enough poverty and despair to go around, and, where there is, the blues still are being born and reborn again without benefit of midwifery from the recording industry, the jazz journalist, or the (such as it is) national jazz audience. In places like Chicago's South Side there is still plenty of deprivation to sing about, and when the songs break through to a recording—to the ease of casual listening—seems almost offensive to eavesdrop on the singer and invade his anguish.

Samuel Charters, the distinguished historian of the blues who has helped assemble these pieces, writes in his liner notes that it is ill-mannered for an outsider to linger too long in the South Side clubs where these musicians play; it is *their* music, after all. They are entitled not to have their naïveté either measured or patronized, since it is, as they must know themselves, among their prime resources. The world bears in on them enough anyhow; television and the discothèque are changing their instruments and tonalities, leading them increasingly into electronic amplification, even of the "harp" (harmonica), and the lyrics are full of references to modernities like Vietnam and the Twist. These are able men, and one of them (the pianist Otis Spann) is extraordinary. But listen not to judge; listen for reassurance that the wellsprings, back at the source, have not dried up.

Chicago/The Blues/Today! Vol. 1. Junior Wells, J. B. Hutto, Otis Spann. Vol. 2. Otis Rush, Jimmy Cotton, Homesick James. Vol. 3. Johnny Shines, Johnny Young, Big Walter Horton. Vanguard VSO 79216-8.

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CIRCULATION INFORMATION**Circulation and Promotion Director:**

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$8.50 per year. \$14.00 for foreign postage paid to except Canada and Pan-Am area. \$16.00 per year additional.

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 SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
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ADVERTISING INFORMATION**PRODUCTION MANAGER:** KIM SMITH

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.

535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3444

Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

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Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. **Directors:** Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. **Officers:** John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

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 No. 1394

Harper's®

magazine

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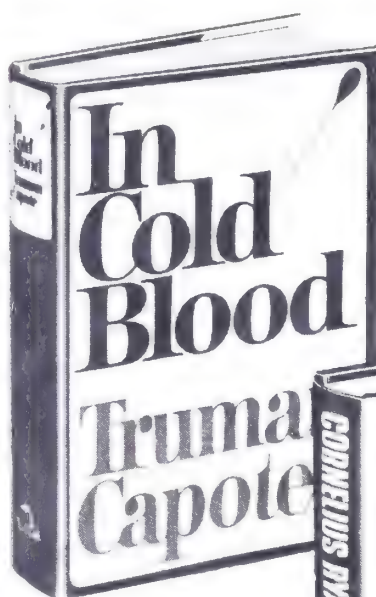
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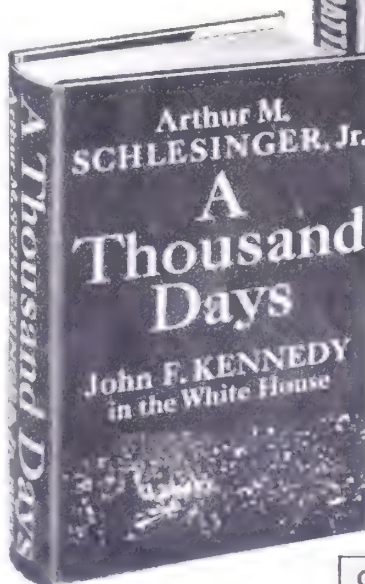
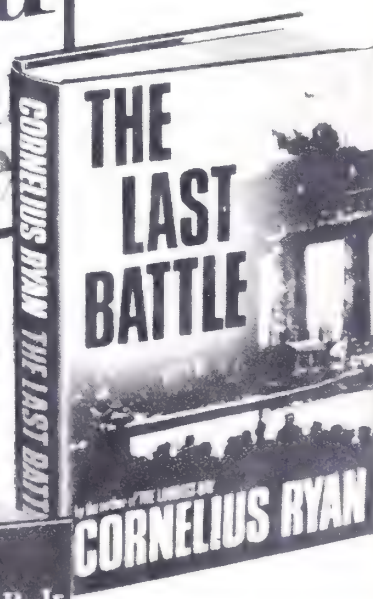
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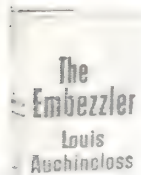
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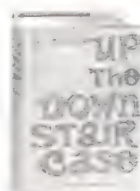
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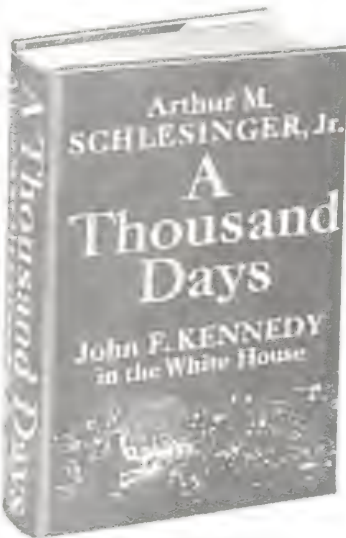
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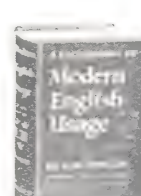
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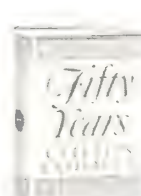
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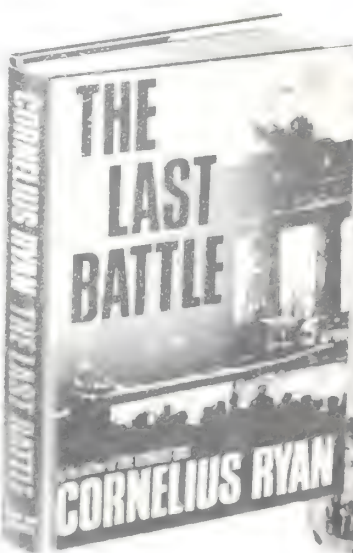
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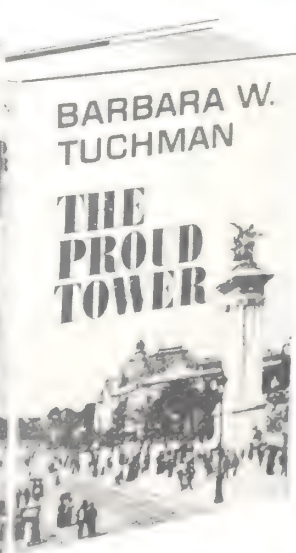
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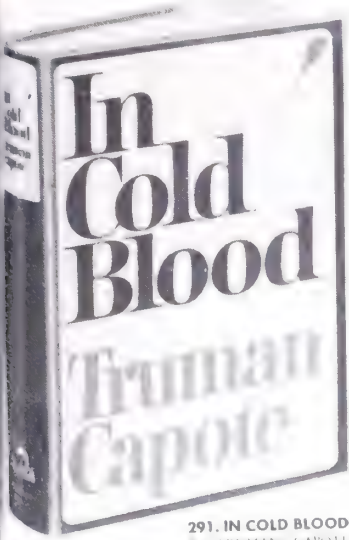


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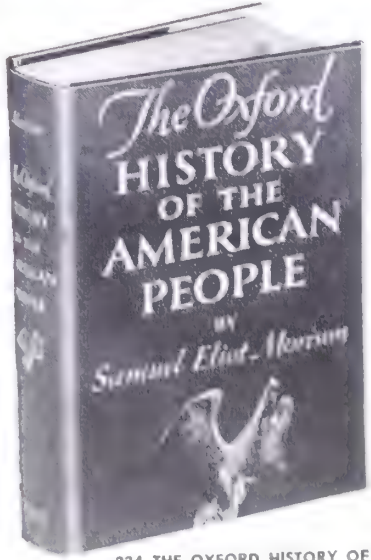
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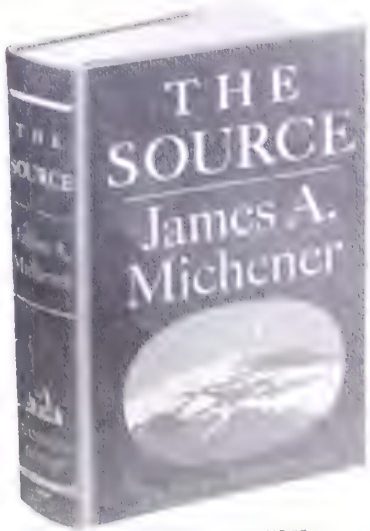
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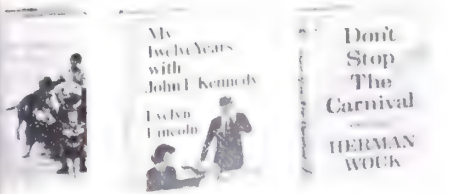


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Letters

The Last Gun of August

Since Professor Klaus Epstein's efforts to persuade himself of the unworthiness of my work seem to have become a monthly feature of your columns [Letters, April, May], I might suggest that he is heading for some embarrassment. He will find, when he attends the annual convention of the American Historical Association next winter, that there, in the cathedral of his own discipline, the writer of "bad history" who, according to him, does "not know enough about prewar Europe to write a good book about it," is the person, oddly enough, chosen by his professional colleagues to deliver the main address in his own field, namely, to the Modern European History Section. Will he risk coming to listen? There is a danger that he might learn something.

BARBARA TUCHMAN
New York, N. Y.

God at BJU

The article on "Bob Jones University: The Buckle on the Bible Belt" [Larry L. King, June] was the last straw. No earthly institution is perfect, not even the Church. There may be some faults in being extremely orthodox in religion, but you might have done much better writing an article in the same vein, *i.e.* sarcastic, derogatory, on the ultraliberal religious colleges or teachers who talk about the "death of God." . . . I forget how much I paid for your magazine but I'm convinced most of it went to the Devil.

JOHN HERNDON
Greenville, S. C.

In regard to Larry King's excellent article on Bob Jones University, . . . a friend of mine told me that in the year he was there he completely forgot how to think. He is rather close-mouthed about the whole experience but did confess that ever since he received ten demerits for eating an apple after lights out, his Prayer Captain was constantly checking up on him. He is now attending UCLA and doing quite well. However he is

a year behind me due to the fact that none of his credits from BJU were any good, although he pulled a 3.8 average.

LEONORA MARY HOLDER
California State College at L. A.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Larry King reported that the "biggest thing on local TV [in Greenville] is Billy Grammer and his gospel guitar." . . . It isn't "the biggest thing on local TV" by any stretch of Mr. King's wild imagination. At the time he was in Greenville (last November) the Billy Grammer show was racking up a staggering audience of only 12,800 viewers *per week* while some 165,800 viewers were tuned in *daily* to our Six O'clock News. . . .

Mr. King also failed to mention . . . the Greenville Symphony, Art Museum, Civic Ballet, Little Theater, . . . the Greenville Technical Educational Center where hundreds of white and "negra" people are being trained for jobs in progressive integrated industries, the Furman University campus which is *fully* accredited—nor the fact that the BJU Museum houses one of the finest collections of religious art in the nation. Reporting like Larry King's may sell a lot of magazines in Greenville, but it also gives Dr. Bob some pretty straight facts for future sermons.

DOUGLAS A. SMITH
Sales Manager, WFBC-TV
Greenville, S. C.

Mr. Blue and Mr. White

As the daughter of a blue-collar worker (my father is a carpenter), I was shocked by John Brooks's stereotype of the skilled laborer and his family ["Mr. White and Mr. Blue: Notes on the New Middle Class," June]. My family may be quite an exception to the norm, but I don't think we are as much of an exception as Mr. Brooks chooses to believe. . . . Not only did my parents raise my sister, my brother, and myself with the aid of Drs. Freud and Spock, but they also read Gesell, Ilg, and Ames. (So have I.) There are six hundred books in our dining room alone, including Nehru's *Glimpses of World*

History, The Brothers Karamazov, General Introduction to Psychoanalysis, The Complete Works of Shakespeare, Quo Vadis, and The Strange and at least one hundred books longing to my ten-year-old brother and my twelve-year-old sister. I patronize the public libraries regularly. . . .

My parents do not spend Saturday evenings getting "moderately drunk on boilermakers or anything else." My father watches no more than one hour of television per week, if that. . . . of us whose living depends on the skilled laborer do not live "insulated from contemporary currents of thought."

AMY BETH BRIDGES, Senior
Francis Lewis High School
Flushing, N. Y.

Leftist Hass

Steven Kelman's analysis of the New Left ["The Feud Among the Radicals, June] could hardly be called objective, since he is patently a "Can't Still," it is by far the most lucid answer to the question, What do the New Radicals want, anyhow? The recent statement by Stokely Carmichael, new head of SNCC, that "Integration is irrelevant" adds point to Mr. Kelman's contentions. The "Can'ts" are in the process of throwing away both the civil-rights movement and the peace movement by their nihilistic approach to problems. . . .

THOMAS J. CUMMINS
Oakland, Calif.

Cops in the Classroom

"Cheating in College" by Ralph A. Raimi [May] is not serious. . . . I have seen honor systems work, and well, in such a variety of institutions as the University of California, Davis, Oberlin College, the University of Virginia, and Hamilton College. I have observed very little cheating or plagiarism in my years at Berkeley.

The whole posture of the article, in which professors are "guardians of the integrity of . . . degrees" and end up being, in Mr. Raimi's educational 1984, "citizen-policemen" is paranoid and bizarre. To insure that a few cheaters don't get away with something under an honor system, we are to turn professors into wardens and policemen! I am willing to concede

6 out of 7 could not answer this question correctly. How about you?

In the past 7 years, the cost of living has gone up 11.4 percent. In the same period, the average price of steel has:

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that at most schools, were they to adopt honor systems, some cheating would take place. But frankly, who cares, as long as the community of trust and understanding between the vast majority of students and the faculty is strengthened? Honor systems teach honor. Mr. Raimi's system teaches them suspicion and alienation, and a cheap commercial attitude toward learning. . . .

I am happy to report . . . that the guardians of degree-integrity are giving way to professors who accept students as people interested in an education. . . . Pass-fail alternatives to grading have been adopted by the faculties at several campuses at the University of California, and at Princeton, Cal Tech, San Francisco State, and Harvey Mudd.

Mr. Raimi's hardheadedness toward human nature is admirable. Man is lazy and dishonest. But man is not as lazy and dishonest as Raimi makes out, and in the university at least, it seems senseless to design one's systems for those human dregs that Mr. Raimi, apparently, has to teach.

STUART MILLER, Asst. Prof.
of English and Comparative Lit.
and Faculty Asst. to the Dean
of the Graduate Division
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Other Rewards

In my letter about William Arrow-smith's article ["The Shame of the Graduate Schools, Comments and Rebuttals, May] I said that many people in the humanities preferred committee work for the money that could be obtained by it. As some of my colleagues at Berkeley have pointed out to me, this is a wildly untrue statement—and I hasten to withdraw it. There is no money in committee work; there are other satisfactions that I do not share. Actually, I was thinking not of committee work in the humanities, but of other academic disciplines which receive funds from corporations or the government.

LOUIS SIMPSON
University of California
Berkeley, Calif.

Protecting our Babies

Roul Tunley hits the nail right on the head in his article "America's

Unhealthy Children: An Emerging Scandal" [May]. I know from experience as a mother who registered in an obstetrical clinic, and then canceled and postponed appointments in order to avoid the three-hour waits, dingy corridors, and insufficient and non-caring clerical and medical staffs.

A. C. HAWKINS
New York, N. Y.

. . . There is a more vital problem than parental care. Our infants need expert medical care and supervision during the first week of their lives, and they are not getting it. The high risk to the infant is during his first week of life, *after* he is born, not before he is born.

If his mother is very poor, or Negro, the infant will be sent home within twenty-four hours of birth. . . . The infant may, but usually does not receive one cursory medical examination that cannot predict his chances for survival the rest of the week. If his mother is struggling with finances (and what young couple is not?), the infant is sent home in three to five days. The longer the infant remains under medical and nursing care and supervision, the more likely handicaps in extrauterine adjustment can be observed and treated. . . . It is a matter of socioeconomics, not physiology. The ten safer countries provide one to four weeks' expert medical care after delivery. . . .

REVA RUBIN, Prof. and Chmn.
Dept. of Obstetrical Nursing
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Japanese Inn

I enjoyed John Fischer's report on Japanese hostleries [Easy Chair, June]. I find that he describes a Japanese inn at least as lovingly as I did. But I must object to the canard in his footnote. . . .

The Minaguchi-ya is *not* overrun by foreign tourists. It gets a good share of them because of my book [*Japanese Inn*], but its guests are by no means all foreigners. . . . I do not doubt that the Minaguchi-ya was disparaged in conversation with Mr. Fischer. . . . But I suggest that this disparagement arises from jealousy because the Minaguchi-ya has received the publicity it has; envy and malice are not unknown in Japan. . . .

The Minaguchi-ya is also derogated for less subtle reasons by certain travel agencies which operate their own string of hotels and inns and try to steer guests to them. . . .

OLIVER STATLER
Huntley, Ill.

No Nose for News

Jeff Greenfield's article on "College Newspapers in Search of Their Own Voice" [May] tells only part of the story. Certainly most student papers are passive, timid, and dull. It's also true that some college administrations impose tight controls on them. But Mr. Greenfield's inference that the sharp knife of student journalism is continually blunted by a heavy-handed administration is contrary to fact. . . .

The main problem is that of staffing. For every able and conscientious undergraduate reporter or editor, there are probably ten others who are neither. . . . Many of them are not journalism majors and have only the vaguest notion of how to write and gather news, or what news is. . . .

The result is weak, unaggressive newspapers which fail to cover the campus. Various university research projects make big news throughout the country. How much of this ever gets into college newspapers? Very little, largely because there aren't enough reporters with sufficient initiative and guidance to walk across the quadrangle and ask a chairman what's going on in his department. It's easier to sit around and write columns and editorials flogging the administration on one issue or another.

Fine. Let college newspapers crusade for student interests. . . . But also please let them . . . be *newspapers*. A long step in this direction would be for editors to improve their staffs through careful screening and recruitment. The newspapers also should adopt higher standards of reporting and writing. I know many student editors blanch at the thought of newspapers run by journalism students and departments. But there is no question that many of these same editors can learn a great deal from such papers.

M. L. STEIN, Chmn.
New York University
Department of Journalism
New York, N. Y.

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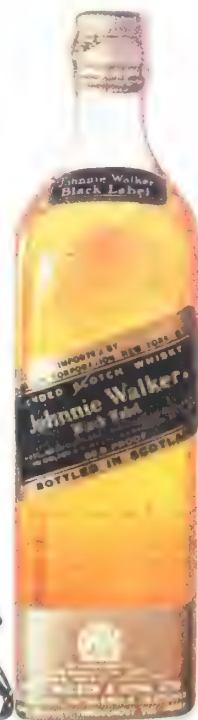
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1. Late Transplant:

Why I Left London for New York by Alan Pryce-Jones

A distinguished British writer and one-time editor of the "Times Literary Supplement" decided in middle age to change not only careers but countries. His reasons had more to do with the moral climate of England than its weather.

Six years ago I was living in London; at that time I was writing about eater for the *Observer*; I led what seemed to me an organized life, a life annexed to last. Then, all of a sudden, the Ford Foundation invited me to the United States for six months; six months became a year; a year became a permanent assignment. And although my small skiff has now been piloted into channels remote from the Ford Foundation, here I am in New York and likely to stay.

Why? Why does a Londoner in his mid-fifties uproot himself? It would be perfectly comprehensible at twenty, when most of life still lies ahead. But the fifties are a plateau period, a kind of west wing built out from the thirties toward the sunset; it is not normally a time for sudden changes, or radical decisions.

There is also this: that to leave one's native country in middle age and settle elsewhere when ebb rather than flow is the order of the day is an unattractive gesture. People think one is fleeing the police or debts or a botched love affair. One brings an ineradicable accent, clothes of foreign cut, and a furtive manner. For if one is constantly enthusiastic about the unfamiliar one is suspected of being innately disloyal. If, by contrast, one is ever critical, there is the instant implied retort: Limey, go home.

Into the bargain, a total change of domicile is seldom made for clear-cut reasons. Granted the power of choice,

we act on instinct rather than principle. Nevertheless, I have tried to make out a balance sheet, the more readily because six years is a long enough time to allow a first excitement to cool.

I was brought up with a constant idea of Great Britain's place in the world and of my own place in Great Britain. My father was a colonel in the Coldstream Guards, and the youngest of eight children. My mother was the third of four. Neither, therefore, either expected, or achieved, a fortune, and both were incapable of making one. Indeed the very notion would have been both strange and uncongenial. Sixty years ago, fortunes were things you inherited or did without.

My parents, and my mother in particular, resented this. Right on their horizon, and blocking the view, were their immediate elders, with large houses, hunters in the stable, prolific grouse moors, a coronet or two, and excellent pearls. My parents thought themselves half-starved when they observed such glories, though there were always servants in the house, cars in the garage, and chauffeurs in the cars. About once a year they would decide that the end had come. I would have to leave Eton. I could never go to Oxford. Well, they said, we have done what we could, and now we can do no more.

Nothing whatever changed on these occasions. I did not leave Eton. I did go to Oxford. But I remember thinking already that there was something essentially mediocre about a society so prone to complaint, so set in its ways, so unwilling to expand. My mother, for instance, was "grander" than my father. My father's eldest brother was a mere baronet; worse, my paternal grandfather had made a fortune in trade. Worst of all (for it had been a large fortune, he had lost

it, not once but twice, to which the general family comment was in line with Lady Bracknell's in *The Importance of Being Earnest*: "We have already missed five, if not six, trains. To miss any more might expose us to comment on the platform."

If, I reasoned, they were to feel themselves so sadly underprivileged, why did they not do something about it? True, my father had made a brief incursion into the City in 1919, gambled in German marks, and lost the lot. True, he had tried again a few years later and found a Mexican oil well which, after one spectacular week, never gave up anything except seawater. He may, therefore, have been nursing wounds. But it seemed poor-spirited, all the same, to cross hands in lap and watch, with lugubrious jealousy, the rise to prosperity and power, of my uncles.

There was, of course, the Empire. My father—incidentally the kindest and nicest of men—could always pin on his many medals and think of an imperial destiny. He would have been in perfect accord with the gym master of the *Queen Elizabeth* a year ago, when that gentleman fixed me with a cold eye and said, "In my view there are only two parts of the world: Britain and the Empire. What I say is, If a man can't make a success of his life in one or the other he can't do it anywhere."

As a son to these parents I was not a total success. I married a French wife—which was taken as a sign of flightiness, not in her but in me. I lived much abroad. I voted Liberal, not Conservative, and even found myself adopted as a Liberal candidate for Parliament in support of Winston Churchill in those days before the war when the respectable thing to say about Churchill was that he was an unreliable turncoat.



"Nice doing business with you."



"At best twenty three bucks worth of junk! Why'd you sell out so cheap, huh?"



"Well, to tell you the truth, it's a nice place to live, but I couldn't stand to live here."

But somehow, though I was attached to American troops for short assignments during the war, I never spent any time in the United States until 1950, and after that it took ten more years until I settled here for good. By that time I was a widower, with a married son in London. I had a pleasant apartment there, planned to last the rest of a lifetime. I was, if anything, overemployed. It was with no need of escape, or thirst for an enlargement of fame, money, power, that I landed at Idlewild in May 1960.

I think that what most had depressed me about England was its resistance to change. From 1929 onwards it was clear that the old order was in permanent eclipse. In that year the Labor party formed its second ministry, only seven years after it had reached maturity as the official opposition. I remember listening to the election results in the house of Leonard and Virginia Woolf with a delightful sense of sin as my fellow guests applauded. It did not need much prescience that evening to see that the old structure of political power, by which a Lord Rosebery was Liberal premier in due turn, and then a Lord Salisbury Conservative premier, had been overthrown.

Thirty years later that overthrow was thought of as a social revolution. The British warmly congratulated themselves on having moved out of the nineteenth century without bloodshed. The great estates, if not broken up, were breaking. Old institutions had been given a new image. The Empire was in liquidation. Poverty was turning middle-class, and at the other end of the social scale peeresses made their own beds, not without a sigh.

But the reality underneath this new look was very different. On the surface the counters of daily life might be shuffled into new patterns. For many people that life was certainly much "better" than had been the life of their parents and grandparents. But a very short way below the surface the subsoil was entirely undisturbed. The world in which my countrymen live—the world of the 1960s—is primed by a national heart still re-acted to the rhythms of 1880.

This has its good side. The British people, not having noticed the disappearance of their Empire, keep an imperial stance which steadies the nerves. They counteract the weakness

of the pound, the obsolescence of industry, the decay of parliamentary government, by never thinking about them. They regard the other nations of Europe not as rivals but as playgrounds. At home, if apathetic, they are calm and, if need be, fair-minded. All this is good.

I have never shared the passion of countless friends and contemporaries to make a clean sweep of the English past in expectation of a Utopian future. Certainly there have long been anomalies to correct, outworn attitudes to be replaced. But equally certainly the English tradition of order and mannerliness and service is a precious thing. The essential, surely, remains twofold: to understand the implications of surrendering an Empire, so as to find a new and proper place in the society of nations; and to shake off the crippling inhibitions of the British caste system.

Then there is our national apathy. It often looks sagacious, yet all too often prudent hesitation is no more than laziness. A very large proportion of British citizens never notice an event outside their personal experience, and in addition they take trouble to forget any experience they have found disagreeable.

The effect of this is curiously depressing. I used to have a house in Kent, some thirty-five miles from London. Quite a few people in cottages nearby had never been to London, and one lady at least had not even ventured the twelve miles into Maidstone, the county town. Why should she?

This was a much-bombed area during the war, directly on the path from Germany to London. If the raids were endured—as they were—with a refreshing courage, I sometimes wondered whether my neighbors really took in what was happening over their heads. Was not a succession of air raids, to their minds, rather like prolonged bad weather? One merely waited for the wind to drop, and then took stock of the damage. The Germans indeed! They were not in the habit of winning wars; we were. And so Kent went about its business without often pausing to think that the larger world was changing forever just over the horizon.

This inability to recognize change persists. To live behind park walls in the largest local house still gives us

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THE EASY CHAIR

questioned privileges to the owner, though the old Whig tradition as strong as ever. The fabric of society may be frayed, but it. The express trains will in fact stopped at a private station. local landowner is grand enough villagers in church will still round the pew ends to see what Grace is wearing this Sunday who is staying in the great house.

And why not? In the dam, and blowy life of the English country side such distractions are doubly welcome. But they carry with them the advantage that at any distance, row London—and one hundred miles in England is a long way—existence becomes static unless some remote authority decides to create a new town with new industry to sustain it and brings both so convulsively to life that the neighborhood turns surreal, caught between old and new worlds, neither of which makes an effort to understand the other.

Even in London itself change has a discount, outside the sad operations of real estate, where friends assume a personal part early in life, from which they can diverge. The jokes which were funny in 1930 are trotted out nearly forty years later; the kindly laughter of old friends in a close-knit society turns into reluctance ever to risk admitting a new face.

When Evelyn Waugh died this year much was made in his obituaries of his dual attitude to the human race: intense respect for youthful friendships and raw hostility to the rest of the population. His case is the more interesting because he adopted, by act of will, those attitudes which he thought suitable to a more or less artificial persona: that of a crusty Catholic aristocrat. Had any of these attributes been his by nature he might have been less rigid in his views. But that a grown man of exceptional intelligence should so have indulged his romanticism must seem extravagantly odd to anyone not British—the more so because Waugh was unique in his views of other people.

British dukes, for example, to believe themselves set apart from the duke of Labour Governments come and go. Harold Wilsons may claim as loud and often as they that Britain is being streamlined for the modern world. Conservative



**Gene Smith got the radio bug in 1927...
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First, Gene Smith built crude crystal sets. Then, he rebuilt a set operated off his father's car battery. Next a plug-in set, one of the first in the neighborhood. And radio was a big part of his life in the U.S. Navy, where he served as Radio Technician, 1st Class.

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THE EASY CHAIR

ers may plod behind the Labor party in an attempt to show that their cause is as democratic as the next man's. Nobody budges. I have not forgotten that a butler who left me to better himself once returned after three weeks, saying that he was not prepared to work in a house "where chef reads the *Daily Mirror*."

There are, of course, things (as well as people) I miss. I find that the speed of accomplishment—as distinct from the motions of doing something—is very much slower in the United States than in England. And as for anything which involves consultation—a committee, for instance—American slowness is almost unbearable to me. The gradual warming up, the unwanted coffee, the ponderous filling in of a background familiar to everybody, would not in England be tolerated for an instant.

I also miss the logic of the British social system. Caste-ridden it is, and envious and, at the lower levels, petty. But within an outmoded framework it at least makes sense. From monarch to garbage man there is a logical niche in the world for everybody, and it is not impossible to rise—or fall—by observing the rules, or failing to do so.

By contrast, I find fifty systems in operation in the United States, and none of them logical. Political and religious hierarchies, hierarchies of money, affiliation, ancestry, education, coexist with no special sanction and a great deal of heart-burning. Since to feel superior to someone else is a basic human pleasure, similar social escalations exist throughout the world; but I have found American snobberies far harder to plumb than anything in Europe, as well as standing in the same relation to old-world snobberies as vinegar to wine.

On the other hand, how wonderful to live in communities where nothing is static, where the right question to ask is "Why not?" instead of the British "Why?" For one of the symptoms of self-content which make Britain at times an exasperating country to work in is that nobody is willing to try anything new.

Oddly enough, this stems, I think, from a continuing concern for quality. In British eyes, quality is an outcrop of tradition. The craftsmen who have proved themselves for a century or two are bound—are they not?—to leave

their heirs an inheritance more valuable than any new procedure.

That is why, when I read and setting that London is the swiftest of cities, that teen-age fashion Chelsea are conquering the that new dances, new folk songs battles between Mods and Rock setting the pace for young people everywhere, I very much doubt read. For all such manifestations local. They arise from the closeness of British life in general from a parallel wish to break brilliance and fantasy. For grown-ups, even if they go through the Beatle period in youth, simply escape the ebullience of Latin thoroughness of Germans; in or two the damp gets into their and the game is up.

There is one further disadvantage of London, and to some extent of country, life: far more close-knit American equivalents, it is almost demanding. Either, like a soldier in battle, you are drafted to a position which has to be held in the teeth of opposition until death, or you are permanently behind the lines. Of course, that New York is unlike any other city in the United States. In New York one can set one's own pace, see as much or as little of other people as one chooses, be remembered or forgotten at will, where one is more or less under observation. But if you do not like what you find you can at least move on. In England, on the other hand, there is where to move to, should you tire of love with the city you were born in. Like D. H. Lawrence in flight from Nottingham, you will merely exile yourself in permanent exile.

And so, having chosen a new term for myself I am content to wait. Naturally, when the taxi-driver is rude, when the subway refuses to change a \$5 bill, when it takes minutes to buy a railway ticket, twenty to find a New York post office, I curse my choice. I long for another smoother civilization where the streets are not hacked up by cars and the buildings seldom or burst into flames; where there are seats for sale and cathedrals wear a proper patina. But the time passes. I would (and do) go back. But never willingly for good.

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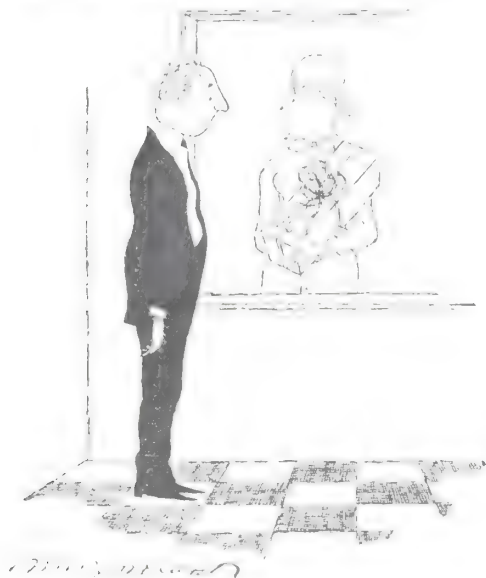
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After Hours



The Packaged Society

by Russell Lynes

At the hearings on automobile safety in Washington last spring a great many caustic things were said about the shortcomings of manufacturers and the naïveté of consumers. I do not recall, however, that anybody mentioned that the basic trouble might lie in the nature of what can be reasonably called The Packaged Society. Everything in America, including people, comes packaged, and the package, by and large, is designed to conceal and not to reveal its contents or at least to make the contents look a great deal better than they are. The safety hearings merely served the purpose of revealing what has been concealed in what was up to that time America's most universally revered and most carefully wrapped package.

When I say that everything comes packaged, I mean almost everything—ideas as well as objects, services as well as places, pleasures, vices, hallucinations. Almost the only things that are not packaged are cattle on the hoof, babies on the delivery table, and birds on the wing, and for the first two of these it is only a matter of time. We take packaging so for granted, indeed, that we are not usually in the least surprised when the contents do not measure up to the promise of the wrappings; we scarcely notice the dis-

crepancy at all. We do not think of ourselves as the creatures of packaging, and yet in a sense we are all items in a national supermarket—categorized, processed, labeled, priced, and readied for merchandising.

There have been various attempts in recent years to protect the consumer from the wiles of packagers. Maureen Neuberger, the Senator from Oregon, and Senator Philip Hart of Michigan, started a campaign several years ago to get producers of crackers and cereals and soapflakes to tell the customers just how much (or how little) there was in those great big boxes that were only a little more than half full and that looked like bargains when in fact they were partly air pockets. Mrs. Esther Peterson, with the rank of an Assistant Secretary in the Department of Labor, is President Johnson's special adviser on consumer problems, a watchdog at the nation's kitchen door, though so far she does not seem to have sunk her teeth very often in the delivery boys.


Our failure to get the Congress to legislate honesty in packaging is, I suspect, because packaging is so much a part of the American way of living that to fuss at people for the ways they present their goods might just remind the electorate of the ways that

the legislators (among others) package themselves for public consumption. If everyone had to say the truth about what is behind his public persona, if everybody's label, and perhaps especially the politician's label, had to be an honest statement of the contents therein... ah, well. The "falsehood" that made a two-story building look like a three-story building, and a street of shacks look like a prosperous town, is in our most revered traditions and not, evidently, lightly discarded because a few reformers think it is a fraud.

At a college commencement in 1911 I found myself ruminating on these matters and I wondered what a speaker could offer the graduating class that its members couldn't find at a drugstore, nicely packaged and ready to consume, a microcosm of a society that was about to confront them. It struck me at the time that a proper study of the packaged society, free of prejudice and cant, might be worth some young scholar's talents. I should like to make a few tentative suggestions for such an inquiry. I can think of no better place to start than with a drugstore.

Nearly all of our society is to be found on the shelves, neat and in profusion, the American dream prettily labeled and priced, sweet-smelling, sweet-tasting, and in some respects mysterious. There are the cosmetics by which we hope to transform ourselves into something enticing if possibly at least tolerable if not—devices to make the eyes shine, the lips blossom, the skin smell like gardens or cherry groves or pine forests. And there are bottles containing elixirs that presumably make the insides as beautiful as the outsides, pills and powders, mysterious liquors from herbs and molds. There are devices to bind wounds or just conceal them, to repress the spirits or to calm them, to prevent one from making mistakes and to correct the ones that have been made, to indulge and to soften the pangs of overindulgence.

But that is the least of it; any old-fashioned apothecary shop tried to do as much and very probably succeeded in many respects just as well. Today the drugstore serves the whole man. It feeds him meat or eggs or fowl packaged in bread; in some states it also serves him liquor as so-called "pack-



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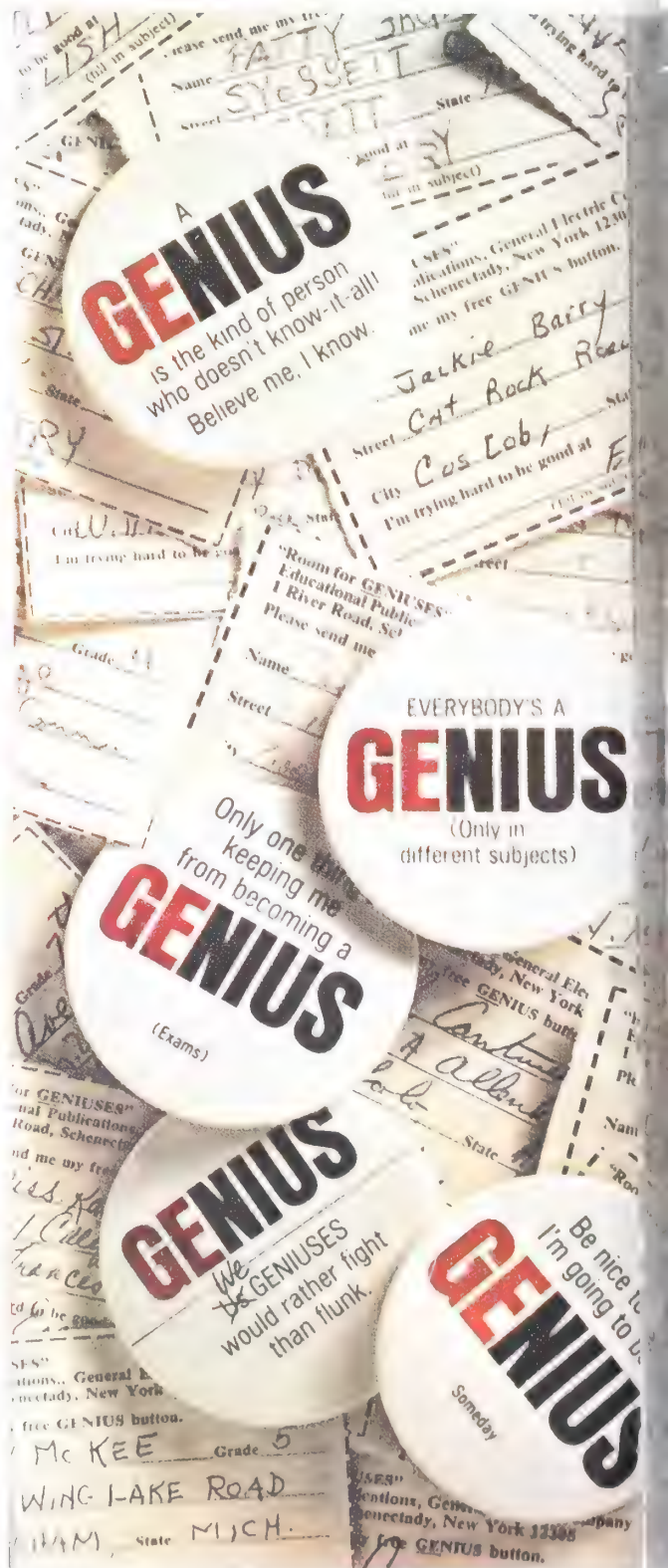
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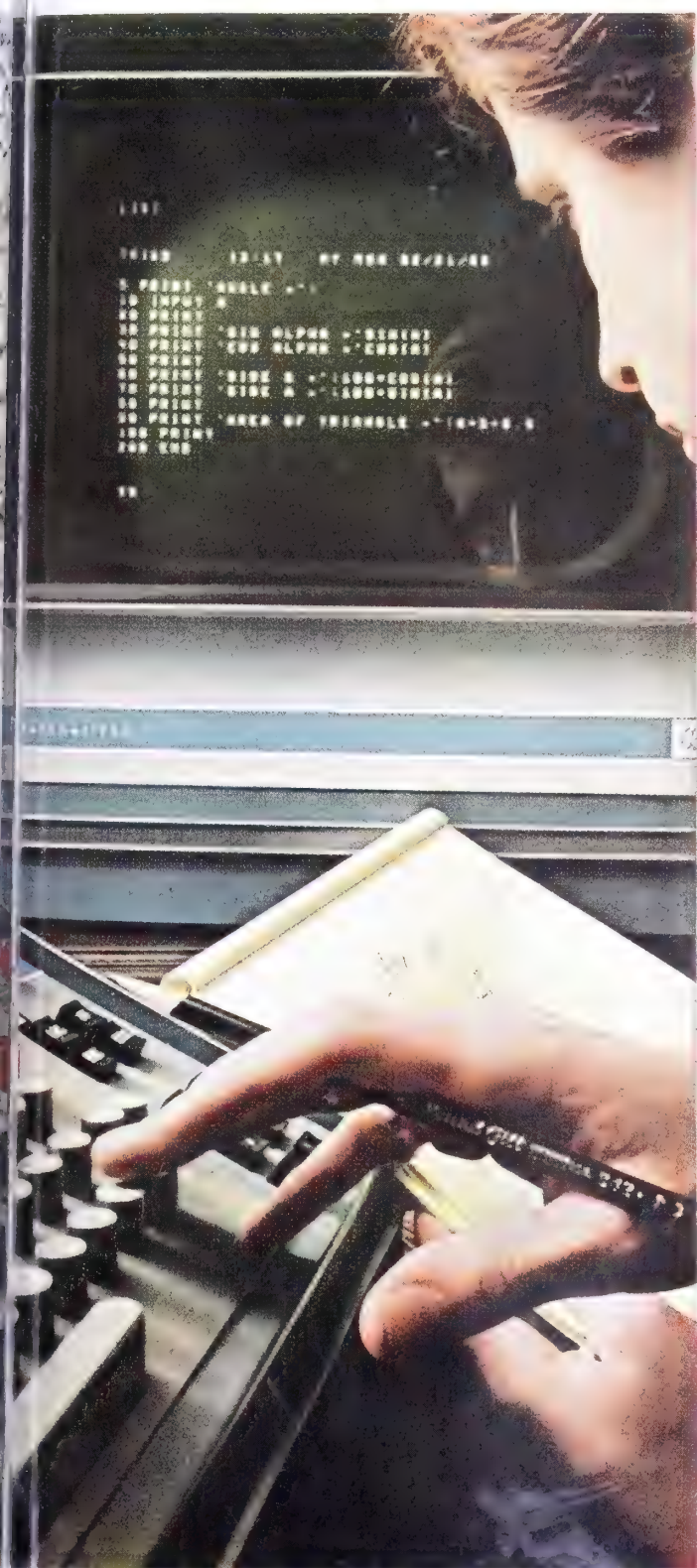


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can enjoy a wonderful change of pace, yet be away from his work just three business days.

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AFTER HOURS

es" do in other states. It also feeds mind. Racks of paperbacks provide with panaceas and utopias. They him how to love, how to diet, how relax, how to believe in God. They nsport him to other centuries and company of forgotten heroes and giving ladies, or to the back alleys his own city and the company of icts. They teach him how to get ng in French and how to get along h babies: Spock, of course. The elier the drugstore, the greater its tural riches and its seductions.

What else? Greeting cards from the st saccharine and genteel to the st obtuse and violent, the senti-ents predigested in the former and e witticisms precooked in the latter substitutes for emotion and thought. ree-stage alarm clocks that are ide to do anything but alarm . . . dgets for purring us out of sleep o what we regard as consciousness. vices to take the natural smells out the air and substitute whiffs of the aine woods; all sorts of packages to eate with chemicals the illusion of at the ladies' magazines have told is gracious living. And below (or hind) all the packaged dreams of e drugstore are its basic functions—the battles against pain and decay and scomfort.

But there are some things one can't y in a drugstore; you can't, I was eminded by my surroundings, buy a ollege graduate there, the future ope and promise of the world. (One ets sentimental at graduation exer-ses.) College graduates come from different sort of package store—one s tempted to say processing plant. or four years they have been slowly nd carefully wrapped in a specified umber of credit hours, tied together nally with a string of examinations, nd ornamented with a bow on top hich is their "senior project." Their B.A. or their B.S. is the label which akes them marked men and women, repared to enter a society that places onetary and a social value on their ackaging. One cannot help thinking hat it is the nature of the wrappings ather than their contents that is con-idered important. Why should it take our years and 128 credit hours in all out the rarest cases to produce this acceptable package? What is so magi-al about the numbers four and 128? What, indeed, is so magical about the

letters B.A. and B.S.? It is, of course, that they mark the package "market-able"; not "educated," surely. And as if there weren't enough academic parcels already, Yale has invented and announced still another, an M. Phil. said to be better than an M.A. and somewhat less scholarly than a Ph.D. —a sort of academic "big economy package." Undoubtedly other educa-tional processers will copy it.

Once our young investigator begins to look for manifestations of the pack-aged society and for examples of the packaging (and wrapped up) mental-ity, he will find them everywhere. People package themselves or, in some cases, pay others to package them. Corporations are no more concerned with packaging their products than politicians are with packaging happi-ness or foundations are with packag-ing "programs" and "projects." In-surance companies package security on earth and churches package secu-rity beyond the grave. Some of this is amusing, some of it is sometimes alarming, but all of it is at least partly misleading. It is not so much that the members of the packaged society want to fool others as it is that they want to fool themselves.

The packaging of objects in our so-ciety is so obvious that it scarcely warrants mention here. But I would like to have our scholar explain what psychology lies behind the package that the consumer has to fight his way into, a situation that is characteristic of all things put up in transparent plastics from fountain pens to field salad. I would like to know more about the mind that puts sliced bacon in a plastic sleeve (or slipcover) that can only be penetrated by a carbon steel knife or a pair of garden shears. But the packaging of persons and ideas and beliefs is more interesting by far, of course, than the packaging of ob-jects which can't defend themselves.

A very well-known practitioner of public relations who has made a for-tune at least partly out of other peo-ple's vanity explained to me the nature of his profession. "I'm in the busi-ness," he said, "of putting little men on big pedestals." But the public rela-tions man is just one professional in the personal packaging business. The tailor and coutourier are others, the beautician another, the campaign manager another, and the interior decorator, of course, still another. I

was recently told that the head of a very large novelties firm is about to move into a duplex apartment in New York, a matter of two dozen rooms or so, and he informed his deco-rator that he wanted each room to have a "theme"—making a series of packages, in other words, each one of which could be labeled, presumably, like the gadgets he manufactures. This is rather different from the com-mon notion of creating a house which "expresses the personality of its owner," the standard decorating cli-ché. It is the concealment of the per-sonality of the owner in a series of unrelated containers. This man is obviously all merchandizer, and one wonders where, if anywhere, he lives.

Personal packaging is probably the oldest of the arts, and an art to which a great many other arts have contrib-uted—the arts of costume and jewelry and *maquillage*, of portraiture, deco-ration, and architecture. (The ulti-mate packager, of course, is the mor-tician.) In recent years we have been taught by sociologists and social psy-chologists and their interpreters on Madison Avenue that personal pack-aging is primarily a matter of status symbols, which is only partly true. Status implies a position or standing somewhere in a defined hierarchy, and symbols are the badges of this posi-tion. But personal packaging more often divulges aspirations than it does position; what one would like to seem to be, that is, rather than what one has become. The office boy enfolds himself in the wrappings of the junior executive, hoping to make himself more marketable if he is an ambitious boy. (Indeed if he is really ambitious he spends his evenings trying to get himself wrapped in 128 credit hours and a B.A.) The young man in a beard and sports car, on the other hand, packages himself to create a special kind of consumer product, greatly desired by some young women in brown leather sandals. Who else does he want to consume him? Not the chairman of IBM, surely. *That* fellow packages himself in a white shirt and button-down collar, a dark suit, a hair-cut neither too short nor too long, a necktie neither too narrow nor too wide, and a smile that he hopes looks sincere. The chairman of the board, on the other hand, packages himself at work in a paneled office with por-

traits on its wall (if he works for a conservative firm) or with abstract expressionist pictures (if he works for a forward-looking New York bank), and to and from work he envelops himself in a black limousine with a chauffeur and a telephone. His status symbols, in other words, represent not aspirations but status itself.

This is superficial of course. Everyone cares about how he looks to others, and those who affect to care least—the conscientious objectors to the surface values of society (today we call them “Beats”; they used to be “Bohemians”)—actually care most of all. A Beat who does not attract attention by his packaging does not fulfill his ambition of protest. At Yale recently, a member of the psychology department who is also a psychiatrist did a reclassification of the undergraduates at that institution. He discovered that the principal characteristic of the main body of students is a concern with professionalism, that Big Men on Campus no longer count for anything as they used to; Under-achievers are also “out”; so are Activists, and so are Beatniks. Popularity doesn’t matter; intellectual achievement matters and so does staying “cool.” The New Haven package should be rather easy to recognize anywhere.

It is interesting that in a society that ostensibly sets such store by being classless we should have such interest in putting people into categories, financially, culturally, geographically, and in dozens of other ways. Advertising media make packages of their readers or viewers or listeners in order to sell them to manufacturers of goods and services.

How can we create an interesting package the readers of *Harper's* make?—It is sometimes called a “reader profile,” and I can assure you you have nothing to be ashamed of . . . oh, very distinguished, lively, and influential. Thank heaven, though, that it was not this magazine that several years ago packaged its readers as “The Influentials.” If, as I suggested earlier, some young scholar should want to look into our packaged society, he will find ready-made a vast bibliography of material that classifies the classless society. We are a lonely crowd, a self-conscious society; we are “in” and “out”; we are ruled by several versions of The Establish-

ment. Take your pick. For a while we were, as I once suggested, highbrows, lowbrows, and middlebrows. Possibly we still are.

The packaging of ideas, however, is somehow more interesting than the packaging of people because ideas spread faster and last longer, and are likely to do more damage than an individual, though a vicious-individual with an attractive idea, wrapped, for example, in a flag and tied with a slogan, can cause more harm than anything. Ideas come in all kinds of packages and all sizes and all degrees of attraction. They are over-simplified into slogans for the gullible. “The War on Poverty” is such a slogan. Who doesn’t want to eliminate poverty? Who has to think twice about such a catchphrase? “Yankee Imperialism” is a package turned against us. There seem to be a great many people who buy it. We should not be surprised.



In the past four decades we have been offered packages by a series of Administrations. By and large the Democrats have been more imaginative about labeling their packages than the Republicans. Years ago Harding called his “Normalcy,” a dull concept for a lively and expanding nation. Roosevelt’s “New Deal” was in the best American poker-playing tradition, and by comparison “The Fair Deal” seems rather limp, and Eisenhower’s “Great Crusade” has a twelfth-century sound about it. Just yesterday we had “The New Frontier” and today, of course, we have “The Great Society,” a parcel of expensive goodies, many of which are unquestionably worth the price. As James Reston has pointed out in the *New York Times*, many liberals and intellectuals cannot abide President Johnson’s Great Society, not because they don’t like what he has put in the pack-

age but because they don’t like the tone of voice. In other words it is the contents of his program or his ability to accomplish it, but the packaging that puts them off.

We have, however, learned at least one important lesson about the packaged society in the last twenty years or so. If you package people in housing developments that are beautiful you create as many problems as you solve. Even so there are a great many responsible men and women who believe that if you can replace physical ugliness with beautiful surroundings the pretty package will somehow get away with the social ugliness that underlies the troubles of the packaged society. It is not so.

One wonders if there has ever been a total society that has taken such precautions against revealing what it is conveniently conceal. By and large there is nothing unfriendly about the methods of concealment; everything is meant to look cheerful for everyone, so cheerful and full of promise that we wonder why everyone in the world doesn’t accept our packaged face value. If we can set such store by brand names and slogans and become prosperous and powerful, why doesn’t the rest of the world understand that all we want of them is that they be like us? Why won’t they buy our packaged happiness?

Perhaps the answer is in the automotive safety hearings that set off this mild diatribe. If the young scholar whom I’ve encouraged to examine our packaged society wants to get to the nub of the matter, he might profitably start with the reluctance of the manufacturers to admit there was anything in their packages that wasn’t 18-karat gold. Next one might inquire why, if they expected the public to take their package at face value they were unwilling to take Ralph Nader at his. But more interesting than either of these questions is why it took so long to rouse any interest in the part of the government or the people it represents to look into what, in fact, was hidden in those glamorous steel and chromium Pandora’s boxes. The answer, of course, is that we have lost the habit of skepticism. No one can say we are not a powerful nation but the fact remains that we too often seem unable to fight our way out of plastic bag.

The Pussycat.

It won't eat you out of house and home.

A Karmann Ghia is a Pussycat. Half beautiful; half Volkswagen. Its sporty looking body is hand-apexed, but its chassis and engine are the same ones we use in our economical Beetle.

So a Pussycat averages 30 mpg., and when you get the oil changed only takes 5 pints.

And its air-cooled engine never uses antifreeze.

And if something should foul up mechanically, it'll cost you what a VW would cost to get it fixed.

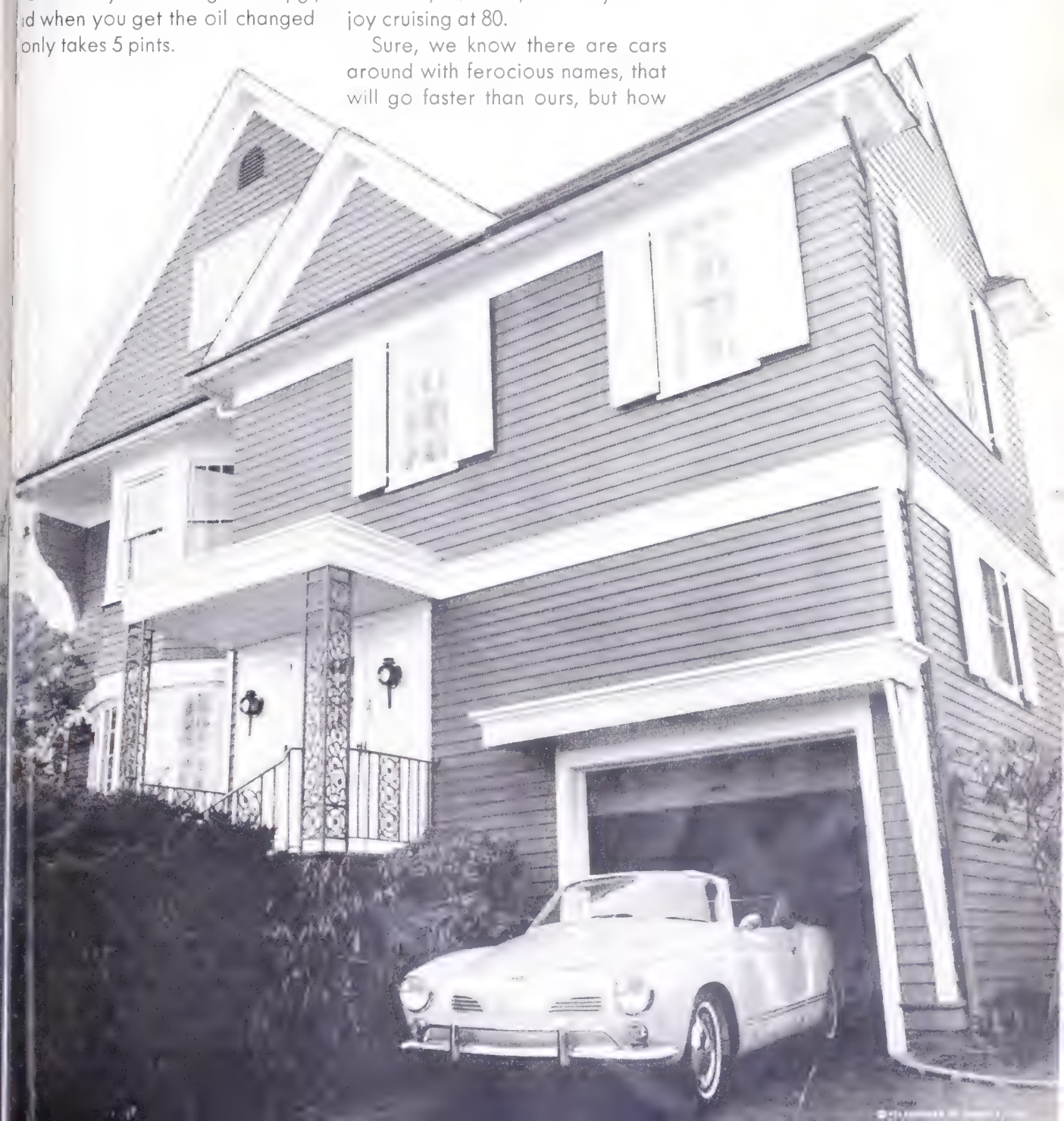
Also, the tires should last for about 40,000 miles, even if you enjoy cruising at 80.

Sure, we know there are cars around with ferocious names, that will go faster than ours, but how

much will they cost to keep up after you buy them?

After you buy a Pussycat, it's all downhill.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA



WASHINGTON INSIGHT

by Clayton Fritchey



What the Draft Might Blow Up

Because almost everybody—from students to the Number One Warlord—seems unhappy about Selective Service, Washington is trying hard to figure out a better system. But how to find one that is both fair and workable?

Washington, but not necessarily the White House, is in the process of reassessing four of the liveliest issues of contemporary American life: the Draft Act, U. S. globalism, U. S. policy toward China, and Robert S. McNamara, the Secretary of Defense. The strange fact about all this second thinking is that it has been largely, and apparently consciously, prompted by McNamara himself, although he has been the Administration's chief practitioner of the policies he himself has suddenly begun to question.

Washington frankly doesn't know quite what to make of it yet. McNamara has presided over ever-larger draft calls for the last few years, but gave no hint that the Selective Service system did not meet with his approval; now we learn that he is gravely disturbed over its inequities. Earlier, in testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee he took the hardest of lines against Communist China, grimly equating Mao with Hitler, and implying that it was hopeless to seek coexistence with a power bent on world conquest. Today, however, he advocates "building bridges" to Peking. Not long ago, the Defense Secretary sharply (indeed indignantly) took issue with critics who charged that the U. S. was over-

extending and overcommitting itself by unlimited globalism. His new view, however, is that the United States has "no mandate from on high to police the world."

McNamara has not yet offered any explanation of the changes in his thinking, but there is reason to believe that they have gradually evolved out of hard experience. There is no doubt that this highly intelligent man is much more sophisticated about government and foreign policy than when he came to office. In any case, there has been little need for him to explain himself, because the favorable reaction to the "new" McNamara has been universal and spontaneous. He has momentarily, at least, acquired a new public dimension. Political observers have been frankly surprised at the national response to McNamara, the thinker and philosopher, as distinct from the military manager.

Actually, his recent statements have not been revolutionary, or remarkably original, but they have been just right: his suggestions fell on receptive ears; it is clear that there is a public hunger for fresh and less chauvinistic thinking from Administration spokesmen. Nothing may come of any of McNamara's latter-day ideas, but it already is obvious that he has rendered the nation a service by encouraging the current reappraisals of American foreign policy and Selective Service.

A Rich Boys' Draft?

The draft, officially known as Universal Military Training and Service (al-

though in fact it is not universal), certainly needs to be exactly, not demagogically, reviewed. Not so much attention was paid to the student protests until McNamara let it be known that he, too, was dissatisfied, but since then both Democratic and Republican Congressmen have joined the hue and cry. Some of their criticisms are wide of the mark, as always the case, but it won't matter in the long run they are properly examined and lead to a restoration of faith in the draft. There must be confidence in a nation's conscription system; rightly or wrongly, doubt has been growing over the fairness of the system as it stands. A review is overdue in any case, for Congress has not fundamentally amended this law in fifteen years.

The recent public discussion has shown how little is really known about the draft, its origins, evolution, and Congressional history. There are no really new ideas on the subject, including McNamara's proposal of "asking every young person in the U. S. to give one or two years of service to his country—whether in the Peace Corps or in some other volunteer development work at home or abroad." The Congressional Library is full of thousands of pages of testimony on conscription, various forms of universal military training, and even more various alternatives or

"Harper's" Washington Correspondent has a background of newspaper reporting and editing and was special assistant to President Truman and the UN Ambassador Adlai E. Stevenson

WASHINGTON INSIGHT

nal service," both mandatory volunteer. Whatever the defects present act, it cannot be blamed sty and uninformed legislative . Everybody has been heard, anthropologists to psychiatrists, the Quakers to the American n, from General Hershey to al Marshall.

one form or another the U. S. has onscription since Revolutionary and it was debased for so long ruption and evasion that it has most of this century to over-old suspicions and gradually public trust in the present sys- There are eighteen different fications in the draft, but the nt unrest centers principally on one category (S-2), college-nt deferments, and they repre-only a fraction of total regis-s. The students in S-2 number 024, but total registration is 9,126.

ce the students are the sole iciaries of S-2, why are they pro-g against it? To begin with, the sters appear to be a minority. many of this minority are really opposed to the war in Vietnam to the draft itself. It is only fair, ver, to note that certainly some e students, like McNamara, are rely troubled by inequities or ng inequities that have devel- The feeling has been growing S-2 has made this a rich boys' . Congressman Adam Clayton ll has openly been pressing this re.

is true that by the accident of h some young men are able to go llege and thus be deferred, but students come from homes of vely modest means. In any case, nt college deferees do not com- in number with those who, often e accident of poverty, unfortu- y have physical or mental de- that cause deferment or rejec- But no one would think of calling poor boys' draft because of this ppy fact. The Selective Service ds show that over 50 per cent of ew registrants are rejected for ce, and, of course, the majority poor boys who have not enjoyed benefits of proper medical atten- or literate homes.

eNamara and other critics seem searching for some formula that allow or require all young men to

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give a little of their life to their country. It is an old search. It was, for instance, General Marshall's greatest goal. When he was the Secretary of Defense during the Korean War he used all of his prestige in an effort to promote Universal Military Training. The Armed Services Committee of both the House and Senate approved the bill, but it ultimately went down to defeat in 1951 and has never been revived. Many thoughtful men have tried to think of acceptable variations of UMT, but all these proposals have wilted under practical examination. So, too, with the draft. It is easy to criticize; very difficult to improve. In fact, when the draft act was last under Congressional consideration in 1959 it passed with only one dissenting vote.



Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, the long-time chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee and an authority on conscription, points out that there has always been argument over alleged defects in the draft system, but no one, he adds, has advanced better alternatives. Russell said he had not seen the details of the McNamara proposal, "but I do not see how it could be considered fair or equitable to count two years of service in the Peace Corps the same as two years of service in Vietnam." Even stronger opposition has come from the head of the Peace Corps himself. Director Jack Vaughn says, "We just can't take conscripts. It would destroy the Peace Corps." Vaughn's reasons were explicit: "Peace Corpsmen are special people who do a special job all over the world.

It takes people who are bright and tough and mature, and who feel that they can do something and should do something. It is a very special person. It has nothing to do with age, education, background, color. . . . It is a feeling of wanting to be sent there to do the job. A compulsion to serve one's fellow man is what makes the Peace Corps."

After the McNamara speech, Vaughn said, the Peace Corps switchboard lit up "like the Fourth of July," although the calls were not offers to volunteer but questions of whether a universal draft was in the offing, with Peace Corps service as a substitute for military service.

The Commissioner of Education, Harold Howe II, has also weighed in on the debate. "Our present policy," he says, "is one that says in effect that the nation will be best served by encouraging the maximum amount of education for each individual. There is much to recommend such a position." He called the present draft policies "orderly, understandable, and useful in the present situation." He also said it was difficult to defend rank in class and test scores as major bases for deferment in individual cases, although "it is clear that these are the best measures we have for predicting which students will be successful in higher education, and therefore will become significant contributors to the limited pool of highly trained manpower. . . . Perhaps as many people have been spared from being drafted by being uneducated as by being engaged in higher education, if percentages on draft rejections for literacy are any guide."

Some months ago, before the McNamara statement, the Louis Harris poll showed 90 per cent of the people favored the draft, and 71 per cent still believed in college-student deferments in spite of the sit-ins and protests. Even those with eighth-grade education or less, who might be expected to be hostile to college deferments, were 57 per cent in favor of the system. It is hard to believe, however, that the draft has that much support today. A previously quiescent Congress has suddenly come alive. They may not be providing new answers, but they are asking a lot of questions. Critics in the Senate, led by the Kennedy brother, also have been challenging the fairness of the

draft. And in the academic world leaders as the president of Yale, Keman Brewster, Jr., and the chancellor of the City University of New York, Dr. Albert H. Bowker, support student indictments of Selective Service tests. Brewster promised to fight against the present "antidemocratic policy which 'corrupts the aims of education.'"

Not Bright Enough

When all the returns are in, the current debate will probably demonstrate once more that the only practical alternative to the present discriminatory system of conscription is either Universal Military Training or a return to the old lottery system that was abandoned early in World War II. The reality is that the draft, now constituted, works acceptably in all-out war or all-out peace, for then everybody or nobody gets called. In situations like Korea and Vietnam that create the special problems that are now under fire.

Behind the demands for a review is recognition of the changing population characteristics of the nation. Since the present draft law was passed in 1951, the country has grown from 155 million to 196 million, an increase of 26 per cent. The male population of draft age has increased from 20 million to 39 million, an astounding jump of 95 per cent. Also, with the postwar baby boom beginning to operate, over 1.8 million men reach draft age every year, compared to about 1.1 million in the 1950s, and 1.5 million in the early 1960s. To keep the Armed Forces at the current level of about 3 million requires 700,000 to 750,000 recruits annually, of which 500,000 are obtained by voluntary enlistment (spurred on by the threat of the draft) and the rest by conscription. The large and growing number of eligible young men tempts some critics of the draft to toy with the idea of depending solely on volunteers, but most professionals are well aware that no modern power has been able to maintain a large military establishment on this basis. For one thing, the inducements would have to be as great as to make the cost prohibitive.

McNamara's views on UMT are not, at this writing, generally known, but he has in any case given it

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lease on life. It already has im-
 orsive supporters such as Senator
 ell and General Hershey, the di-
 or of Selective Service. "I recog-
 nize," says Russell, "that only a sys-
 tem of Universal Military Training,
 which I have supported in the past,
 would be perfectly equitable." There
 are many who agree. Also, there are
 indications that resistance to UMT
 has dwindled among the groups, such
 as the churches and labor unions, who
 have opposed in the past. So, the
 outlook for UMT is quite bright, but,
 in the end, probably not bright
 enough.

"Look Over the Edge"

In all, Secretary McNamara has
 succeeded in stirring up the capital,
 but it remains to be seen if the ques-
 tions he has raised on U. S. foreign
 policy lead to any changes in Admin-
 istration positions, or even Adminis-
 tration private thinking. President
 Johnson apparently is willing to tol-
 erate some tentative probing on the
 part of his Secretary of Defense, but
 there is little to show that he shares
 McNamara's new doubts about U. S.
 isolationism or U. S. isolation of Com-
 munist China. There are cynics in
 Washington who think McNamara
 is only sending up trial balloons for
 President, but the available evi-
 dence does not seem to support this
 opinion, nor does the White House
 seem to lend any credence to the
 theory.

Nevertheless, McNamara now
 seems to have embraced the main
 theme that emerged from the Fulbright
 hearings, namely—containment, but
 not isolation of China. "There are,"
 says McNamara, "practical alterna-
 tives to our current relationships
 with both the Soviet Union and Com-
 munist China." And he adds, "breach-
 ing the isolation of great nations like
 China, even when that isolation
 is of its own making, reduces the dan-
 ger of potentially catastrophic mis-
 understandings and increases the in-
 centive on both sides to resolve
 disputes by reason rather than by
 force. There are many ways in which
 we can build bridges toward nations
 [like China] who would cut them-
 selves off from meaningful contact
 with us. We can do so with properly
 advanced trade relations, diplomatic
 contacts, and in some cases even by



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exchanges of military observers." The Secretary conceded that China and the U. S. now stand on the "opposite sides of a cliff, separated by a wide chasm." But he also observed that because cliffs are dangerous places, some people "are afraid even to look over the edge."

One official who shows no great relish for looking over the edge is the President himself. The latest word in diplomatic circles is that Mr. Johnson has turned thumbs down on a Senatorial proposal for a "blue ribbon" commission inquiry into American relations with Communist China, with a view to relaxing tensions between the two powers. There is, however, such growing public support for coexistence, rather than coextinction, that the President may yet see fit to go along with those promoting a less rigid attitude toward the Chinese.

No matter how it all comes out, a new curiosity has been aroused about McNamara, and already this has taken on some political coloration, although there was no sign of any political motivation in the speeches that attracted so much attention.

There is only tenuous distinction between the prominent "career" official and the political one. Averell Harriman had served as a career man for twenty years until he once made a speech in Texas which had some political fallout. It wasn't long before he became Governor of New York and a candidate for the Presidential nomination. Thus, too, with Eisenhower. The "nonpolitical" war hero, a career man all his adult life, made several speeches while president of Columbia University that indicated his interests had widened into the mainstream of American life, and then his draft was on.

Secretary McNamara has never been very active or very partisan politically, so if he ever does move into the political arena, it is anybody's guess which badge he might choose to wear. There need be no guessing as to his political credentials. He is young, personable, intelligent, independent. He has won the approval of both the Johnson and the Kennedy camps. He already is an established figure in the business world, and now he has excited a new interest in liberal circles.

That adds up to a large potential for any man in public life.

Victory in Miami: A Follow-up Report

by Polly Redford

When, in 1962, a dozen Miamians challenged Daniel K. Ludwig, head of America's largest oil and shipping empire, their cause looked hopeless. Ludwig's plan for an industrial seaport, oil refinery, and petrochemical complex on Biscayne Bay had the blessing of the local power structure, the newspapers, the County Commission. Nevertheless, we fought. For this warm, lovely salt-water lagoon makes Miami a tourist city and a good place to live. Without it, we would only be a dirty little Southern town.

Two years later, our dozen had become 50,000, and *Harper's* carried the story of our struggle ("Small Rebellion in Miami," February 1964). Providentially, this article appeared a week before local elections. Copies of the magazine became campaign literature.

In spite of all-out opposition by the hitherto unbeatable *Miami Herald*, three conservationists were elected to the County Commission, an upset which had a profound effect on local, and ultimately state, politics. Ludwig got the message and withdrew his application for a refinery, whereupon the Commission took a long, hard look at all plans for filling, dredging, bulkheading, and bridging Biscayne Bay. As a result, more stringent bulkhead lines were set; a dredging boundary was established; future causeways were limited to 25 per cent solid fill; plans for a mid-bay causeway and cross-bay dike were killed; first steps were taken toward a county sanitary sewer system.

Meanwhile, our original dozen disbanded and returned to the civic, nature, and sportsmen's clubs from which we came. We had discovered that, though twelve people can start something, it takes hundreds to keep it going; and we also learned that saying NO isn't enough: you need a positive program.

So what happened then? Labor unions, garden clubs, and business groups, from Young Democrats to Senior Citizens, joined conservationists,

the County Commission, and local municipalities urging that Biscayne Bay be made a federal park. After exhaustive study, the Department of the Interior finally agreed that the bay was a geological, biological, and recreational treasure that must be reserved. Thus, a Biscayne National Monument bill is being drafted for this session of Congress. If Congress approves, Florida's richest estuary will be saved, as well as its last spoiled keys, and the only coral reef on the continental U. S. A.

Unfortunately, Governor Bunker Hunt disagreed. Though three Commissioners went to Tallahassee to plead the County's case, he and his Cabinet granted real-estate developers an easement through public lands to build a cross-bay causeway in the middle of the proposed park. But a funny thing happened to the Governor in the primary this spring.

Because all over Florida, people are fighting mad. Not only Biscayne Bay but all our bays, beaches, lakes, and rivers are in danger; and, as the battles go on, conservationists are drawn deeper into the state politics that control the Florida landscape.

Naturally, no one claims that a conservation vote alone won the gubernatorial primary for Miami Mayor Bob High. But voters remember his early stand against the refinery and for the park. And (as my husband explained when he organized Conservationists for High) there are 10,000 dues-paying members of conservation societies in Florida, each one with half-a-dozen friends who will vote for open space, clean air, and water if an opportunity is presented at the poll.

So, all you fishermen, bird watchers, skin divers, and botanists, don't give up hope. You never know how far you can go till you try. [

Mrs. James Redford is Conservation Chairman of Tropical Audubon Society, and her husband is President of the Florida Frank Walton League.



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Toward Peace in Asia

TWO PROPOSALS BY

James MacGregor Burns

AND

Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon

*Two distinguished political thinkers—
one American, the other British—
offer fresh, specific plans for ending the conflict
in Southeast Asia.*

*Professor Burns suggests how a "silent armistice"
might lead to an early cease-fire,
protect America's essential interests, and open
the road to negotiations.*

*The former British Prime Minister
and co-chairman of the Geneva Conference
outlines a plan for guaranteeing peace in Vietnam
and its neighboring states
and for an ultimate cooling-off of the conflicts
between the U.S.A. and China.*

*His proposal, though arrived at independently,
is consistent with Burns's suggestion
for an early armistice.*

A Way Out in Vietnam

BY JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

Today we are bogged down in Vietnam not only militarily but strategically and intellectually. There is a paucity of new ideas. Debate in this country has become dull and sterile not because either side has been proved right or wrong, but because the great moderate voting elements, who hold the balance of power in our nation's politics, have become skeptical about a "victory" in Vietnam and yet they still oppose a complete withdrawal.

The newest hope is that the proposed elections will save the day in Vietnam, that they will launch into power an effective civilian government—a government strong enough both to prosecute the war and to cooperate with the United States in negotiating for, and endorsing, a reasonable settlement with the Vietcong. I share these hopes, but I am not optimistic. Not only is the Vietcong boycotting the elections, not only may the elections be postponed or sabotaged or ignored—but even a new, duly constituted civilian government would be no nearer basic solutions than we are today.

Is there no way out of the Vietnam impasse? I believe there is—indeed, that a settlement will slowly emerge out of the political and military imperatives of the situation, and that we need but recognize it and take some leadership in winning its acceptance.

I assume that our buildup of combat forces will continue in South Vietnam, that our troops will slowly gain ground, that pacification and economic and social development will follow—but that the military task will become increasingly difficult as we move inland from coastal sectors, north toward the 17th parallel, and into the more rural hinterland areas. My argument is that our forces need not make this ultimate effort, that they should stand their ground and stabilize their front lines once they have cleared an area—let me call it the South Vietnamese *core*—that:

1. Would be contiguous (if not compact);
2. That would be large enough for the South Vietnamese to establish a politically, militarily, and economically viable nation;

3. That would constitute a *de facto* territorial division that could ultimately be accepted by both sides as a bearable settlement.

What would such a South Vietnamese "core" look like? There is no point in my drawing arbitrary lines on a map. The border would have its own logic because it would reflect the then military balance between the two sides, and that military balance would in turn reflect a complex of ethnic, religious, political, and cultural forces. Presumably the South Vietnamese core would include a large fraction of South Vietnam's seventeen million people; presumably it would be concentrated more along the coast than in the interior, more in the South than the North, more in urban areas than in rural. Potentially it would be a larger and stronger nation than a score of others dotting the globe.

My "core" theory should not be confused with the "enclave" idea. The latter is designed mainly to leave some United States bases along the Vietnamese coast; the core theory assumes that such bases would be both ineffective and dangerous if they were not fixed, at least temporarily, in a viable nation run (at least ultimately) by the South Vietnamese themselves.

Once American and Vietnamese forces had cleared such a core area, we could indicate to the Vietcong that we proposed to stand on this line, that we would actively defend it but not advance beyond it—at least for the foreseeable future. This frontier-fixing would not be a matter of formal negotiations, at least at the start, but would follow a phase during which we would reduce both our ground action in the South and our bombing of North Vietnam. If the Vietcong failed to respond to this cue, we could always renew our ground and air attacks later—but this time we might have to wait months rather than weeks.

Would such a silent armistice be acceptable to all parties?

It would, I think, to the other side. Hanoi and the Vietcong too are caught in a quagmire. They have little to gain from a long debilitating war.

For its part, the Vietcong can accelerate its military action only by becoming increasingly implicated and compromised by Hanoi and Peking. It would end up with its own "core," with a sanctum of its own, where it could either establish its own regime or pool its sovereignty with Hanoi's. It would not need to go through the humiliation of seeking or accepting peace terms; it need only taper off its own military activities as its own domestic politics permitted.

Would our side be content with the strip? Logically yes. Such a settlement would leave a foundation for continued American military power in a strategic area of the south Pacific. It would prove to our allies there that we would never pull out completely from a long and often-repeated commitment. It would leave a viable nation that could harbor and help thousands of refugees, that could achieve military and economic security (with a good deal of American aid), and that could support its own, hopefully democratic regime.

Would the Saigon regime accept such a settlement? Probably not, at least in any formal undertaking. But what is their alternative? They are increasingly dependent on American intervention, which means that they are increasingly subject to American decisions. They would have far more to gain from such a settlement than from an American withdrawal, or from an escalation that would ultimately jeopardize the lives of all peoples. They would have to accept an American presence indefinitely, but this would be far less harrowing than a continuation of the present conflict for years to come.

Could the United States accept such a settlement? Here is the rub. Clearly the hawks would pounce on such a compromise and label it a sell-out. But this would be a minor reaction compared to what they would scream if we should pull out of Vietnam completely—in that event, they would accuse the Administration of selling out one more nation to the Communists, of being influenced by treason in high places. And no President today would risk plunging the nation into another period like the 1950s, with all the suspicion and intolerance that marked that McCarthyite era.

Whether or not a "core" settlement would be

politically acceptable would actually turn on the great "moderate elements" of American public opinion. Most of us want to fulfill our commitment in Southeast Asia, want to bring about a more realistic settlement than the Geneva Accord, want to stand our ground against Communist aggression or pressure as we have in Berlin and in Korea and elsewhere—but we do not want to punish the enemy, to exterminate him, to force him into the hands of his own extremists, or to drive him into escalating the conflict. When the time comes—and I think it will come only with the securing of a South Vietnamese core—it will be our responsibility, as informed and active citizens, to support the Administration in effecting a settlement that will provide at least some stability in Southeast Asia and to buy some time.

I freely concede that there would be nothing neat or logical or lofty about such a settlement. The border would be messy and irregular; the core would need a great deal of economic and military help. But many of the borders of the world are messy and illogical—look at Berlin and Israel and Korea, consider our base in Cuba. Of course we would need to keep American troops in the core for a long time, just as we do in South Korea (60,000 today) and in West Germany (210,000). But given a long truce, time, and intensive aid, there is no reason that the South Vietnam core could not become as stable a nation economically and as secure militarily as Korea or Berlin. Certainly the yielding of the strategically vulnerable, strife-ridden Danang-Hue panhandle in the north would not seem much of a sacrifice.

To sum up, I see the following possible sequence of actions in South Vietnam:

1. Allied forces would continue to press operations against the Vietcong until enough ground is secured to establish a new national entity with a potentially effective economy, military integrity, and resources for ultimate political autonomy.
2. Once a line is achieved that establishes such an entity, bombing of North Vietnam would end and ground operations in the South would taper off.
3. This would be a signal to the Vietcong that without negotiations or treaties, and without loss of face, actual combat could be brought to an end.
4. The United States would step up its economic and social aid to the South Vietnamese core, but would hold its armed forces in ready reserve in the event that de-escalation failed.
5. The United States would retain a military presence in the new nation, just as it does in Korea and Germany, and would help arrange international guarantees.

Professor James MacGregor Burns is chairman of the Department of Political Science at Williams College. His books include "Roosevelt: The Lion and the Fox" and "The Deadlock of Democracy: Four-party Politics in America." He served in the Army in World War II as combat historian for Guam, Saipan, and Okinawa.

Toward Peace in Indochina

Twelve Steps to a Long-range Settlement

BY ANTHONY EDEN, EARL OF AVON

In the present situation in Southeast Asia the danger of direct conflict between the United States and China is real. There is, I think, a tendency in the Anglo-Saxon world to underestimate this danger, which will not grow less just because the war in Vietnam makes us familiar with it. The reverse is nearer the truth.

The Chinese have many qualities, among which industry holds a leading place. In negotiation, however, they are never in a hurry and it takes time to fathom their intention. It is not so much that the Chinese conceal it, as that their minds and methods set their thoughts in a different perspective. Nor is it easy to weigh the depth or the sincerity of their convictions. In spite of which, one Chinese article of faith is all too genuinely held, the belief that the United States is implacably hostile. To this alleged ambition to destroy the Chinese Communist state is attributed every American move of recent years, whether off the China coast or elsewhere in Southeast Asia.

It is not necessary to recapitulate to show how this deeply held suspicion has sought and found confirmation. Inspired perhaps by American support of Chiang Kai-shek's resistance to the Communist take-over in 1949, it was reinforced by the debate which took place during the 1952 Presidential campaign in the United States. From this it appeared that the Republican leaders and their supporters were at least considering whether they should sanction an invasion of the Chinese mainland by Chiang Kai-shek. Wiser heads might regard such proposals as extravagant; they would be notched up nonetheless in Chinese memories as intentions which they believed all Americans to harbor.

Whatever the cause, the chief Chinese opposition during the 1954 Geneva Conference on Indochina and Korea was to any American military presence, however innocuous in itself, within any territories of the three states of Indochina (Laos,

Cambodia, and Vietnam). The activities of the United States, the Chinese argued, were directed against them and not in defense of the territories which the United States was professing to help.

At that Conference, of which I was co-chairman with Mr. Molotov, the Chinese response to our attempts to agree upon a military mission to train the Royal Laotian Army was an example of this stubborn denial of any American good intention. After many weeks of argument Mr. Chou En-lai told me one morning in June that he thought he could persuade the Vietminh to withdraw from Laos and Cambodia. China would then, he said, recognize the royal governments, on condition that there were no American bases in the territories. The problem of training the Laotian Army remained and, after another spell of several weeks of argument, was finally resolved. It was agreed that the French government should keep their two military bases in Laos and that these should be exempted from the general withdrawal of foreign troops from the country. There was at no time any hope that even one American military base might be allowed instead.

This outcome may not seem so surprising now, at a time when large American forces are in Vietnam. In 1954, however, France was still the colonial power against whose forces the Communists had, until a few weeks before, been fighting a particularly bloody war on a large scale and over a period of years. In this business the Americans

Anthony Eden, Prime Minister of Britain 1955-57, served in the first world war in the King's Royal Rifle Corps and in the second as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He was a member of Parliament for thirty-four years, and was created first Earl of Avon in 1961. This article is adapted from the forthcoming book, "Toward Peace in Indochina" by Lord Avon, to be published by Houghton Mifflin Company in August.



S.D. TAN, WA

had taken no direct military part except through the French, whom they supplied with weapons and sustained with credits. Yet the military presence of the colonial power was to be preferred to that of the Americans, which had to be resisted even to the point of jeopardizing the agreements. I had no doubt then, and have none now, that this attitude was once again evidence of the incurable Chinese conviction that the United States intended a day of reckoning for them in its own time.

Anything which I could and did say, then or later, to the Chinese representatives to deny this false assumption failed to sway their judgment. Theirs was not a suspicion, it was a faith which was unhappily confirmed by occasional incursions from Washington, or on Washington's instructions, when the Geneva Conference was in a critical phase. These were difficult to interpret except as American impatience or reluctance to see the Conference succeed.

General Bedell Smith did everything a man could do, and more, to align himself with the French and British representatives at Geneva. Even he had to heed his government's instructions for the final session. These were that the United States was not prepared to join the Conference declaration, but would take note of the agreements, would refrain from the threat or the use of force to disturb them, and would view any renewal of the aggression in violation of them as seriously threatening international peace and security. This ambiguous American attitude caused many perplexities for the non-Communist delegations who wanted to stay as close to the United States as possible, but could not renege on their work. One stratagem we had to devise was to list the governments represented at the Conference at the opening of the final document in order to camouflage the American refusal to sign. These and other maneuvers which were more involved than successful did not, of course, pass unobserved. They served further to convince the Chinese that their view of American intentions was the right one.

The events of the summer of 1954 inevitably aroused controversy in the United States, as elsewhere. One of the most mordant of the Administration's critics was Senator Lyndon B. Johnson, who was, a decade later and in a position of greater authority, to be called upon to face a situation influenced by the decisions of that earlier period. He said, "American foreign policy has never in all its history suffered such a stunning reversal. . . . We stand in clear danger of being left naked and alone in a hostile world."

Fixed Beliefs on Both Sides

In its transience Hanoi has received thus far the undeviating support of Peking. There are many Western theories as to the true purpose of Chinese policy in Indochina. One which is specious and popular argues that Peking is well content with things as they are in North and South Vietnam. The United States is now heavily involved there by land and air, yet can see no end to its costly military commitment, which, so the contention runs, does the American name and fame intend.

harbor attedly Chinese intentions may have been What since 1954, but not, in my opinion, as situation due to this. If the active hostility of the China and the pose is a fixed belief in the Chinese presence, how why theory could compensate for so territories of th

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powerful a concentration of American force so near at hand. It is not that fear determines Chinese policy, on the contrary, probably no nation is more unafraid, but a natural geographical reaction which we should all share if we happened to harbor Peking's delusion about the United States. It is as if the China lobby of ten or fifteen years ago represented the American people today; the two scarcely speak the same language.

There is still less excuse for the Chinese to regard President Johnson as an eager belligerent. The President has inherited a sack of troubles which he had much rather be without, but he cannot just ditch it. He knows that if he jettisons his responsibilities, the consequences are quite literally incalculable. This has not kept him from repeating, since his Baltimore speech of April 1965, that the United States government is prepared to negotiate without conditions.

The American interest would probably accept a neutral belt as fulfilling its needs, but the assurances that it would be observed would have to be as complete as human ingenuity can make them. It may be that from their own angle the Chinese are not so far from the same position. Even when either side can reasonably accept a solution with which the other can be content, a wide gulf of mistrust may still divide the principals. It was, I think, one of the famous Cambon family of Ambassadors who declared that mistrust has done more mischief in diplomacy than overconfidence. That is an arguable proposition, but if the international situation is approximately as we have described, it remains highly perilous, but not necessarily insoluble.

So far, the President has played patiently and resisted pressure, which is statesmanship; for while I believe China will not seek an enlargement of the war, neither will she flee from it, so that the field of maneuver may not be large.

Question Marks Over Chinese Policy

Meanwhile the danger is rather that each country, the United States and China, should become fixed and determined in an erroneous conviction of the other's policy. That could bring us to disaster. As an Englishman I know that the Chinese are wrong in supposing that the present Administration in the United States wants to keep American troops in Southeast Asia. Even the immense expenditures at Camranh Bay and elsewhere do not spell permanency in American eyes. They could find their place in the expanding economy

of the areas which they are now designed to serve militarily.

I do not feel able to dogmatize about Chinese policy; Mr. Nehru's confidence, which was to be so sadly shaken at the end, and the phobia of the American China lobby, were neither of them convincing to me. The obligation remains to try to promote a settlement which, if it succeeds, can prove to each party that its extreme convictions of the evil intentions of the other are not justified. There is a fair chance that this may be the truth. On balance we can still assume that Peking would be glad to see the last American soldier and airman leave Indochina, but on what terms remains to be discussed.

China's conduct on its other frontiers has been checkered and hardly reassuring. Tibet has suffered an act of conquest. Neither its people nor those of India, with their own taste of Chinese aggressiveness, can be expected to interpret or excuse these acts as part of an old imperialism or as a border foray.

The truth is that while there is much that is disturbing about Chinese foreign policy there is also much that is equivocal. A critical question mark hovers over it. We cannot, unhappily, exclude the hypothesis that China's policy may be grimly expansionist. Our duty is to prepare plans providing international guarantees for the security of a neutral belt and offer the Chinese government their full part in them. Experience in the working of these guarantees has to be earned; there is no escape from that if we want to limit and halt this war.

It may be, of course, that the Chinese government sees the contest in Vietnam chiefly as a phase of the "revolutionary war," American aggressive intentions being discounted. If this were so, Peking should have more elasticity in its negotiating position.

If, for instance, the Chinese government's chief interest in Indochina is to ensure the security of North Vietnam, a scheme of neutralization for its southern neighbors might have its attractions. Peking would not regard any such arrangement as other than temporary, for it would no doubt count upon the success of propaganda among Buddhist, intellectual, and even nationalist elements in South Vietnam as certain to ensure a Vietcong victory in time. Meanwhile, however, a neutralized area in South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia might be acceptable in the interest of the North. Even if Peking's calculations of ultimate victory in South Vietnam were delayed or proved false, as well they might be, this would not appear so disastrous an event if compensated by a neutral South and the

reduction and finally the departure of American troops.

If, on the other hand, Communist China's obsession with early victory in this "war of national liberation" proves so strong as to surpass any fear of American forces on its southern flank, or any concern for the limited capacity of the Vietcong, or even of North Vietnam, in the face of growing United States military strength, another consideration has to be weighed. In such conditions, would Hanoi be prepared indefinitely to "fight to the last drop of Vietnamese blood" to prove a Communist theory so dear to the Chinese?

For Ho Chi Minh the pursuit of the union of the two Vietnams, which he has faith must be the ultimate outcome of the conflict however long it is postponed, could be of more account than the problematic future of the international Communist revolution. For Hanoi and Peking, as for Washington, the solution of a neutralized area in Indochina could have a growing appeal, not as realizing all the hopes of any one of them, but as a compromise which would fairly safeguard their principal security needs in the area. For all interested parties this solution might only be accepted as a staging post, the world would not be the loser if it became a permanent place of rest.

Hanoi May Control the Odds

If Peking is obsessed by its wrongful impression of American intentions, Hanoi's opinion may eventually prove less decided. Moscow's judgment has influence in North Vietnam which can at times balance Peking's. If China's support is the tougher and more resolutely proclaimed, a number of Hanoi's Communist leaders are Moscow-trained, including Ho Chi Minh himself. Moreover, historic instincts can be strong, however Left the leaders. The Vietnamese might not relish a fate which could relegate them to serve as China's southernmost imperial outpost, even for a time.

There are risks also for North Vietnam in the growing Sino-Soviet bitterness. Recently the Chinese government has even ignored all anniversaries of friendship with its Soviet ally, however revered previously. Peking makes the Vietnam campaign a cause of complaint against Russia, while dawdling Soviet supplies on their journey. That is not cozy for Hanoi, which has no wish to quarrel with either Communist great power, but could find the extreme Chinese demands increasingly prickly to live with.

The parallel which is sometimes drawn between Marshal Tito and Moscow and Ho Chi Minh and

Peking is not, however, close. North Vietnam is at war and in no position to quarrel with its chief provider of arms and supplies. Even in less arduous conditions, China would still be the big neighbor, as well as the big brother, and difficult to defy, if such a thing could be even dreamed of. All the same there is more scope for eventual agreement with Hanoi than with Peking, despite the tragic trail of blood and suffering, or maybe because of it.

It is Vietnam, not China, which has had the losses in life and in wealth, from schools to communications. Someday, somehow this has to end. Moreover, even the North has much to gain from forming part of a girdle of neutral states, or at least from seeing such a girdle formed to the south and southwest of its territory. For this to be possible, Hanoi must accept two glimpses of reality, though they need never be publicly proclaimed. The first is that the United States cannot be beaten, the second is that while a United States military withdrawal might find its place in a phased timetable within an agreement, there is not a remote chance of even a partial American withdrawal unless North Vietnam plays its part, although a negative one, to make this possible.

Admittedly, the National Liberation Front may have both a loyal following and a momentum of its own. This could make difficulties, whatever the attitude of Peking and Hanoi, but only for a while. Local resources and captured supplies would not be enough to keep the fight going indefinitely.

Hanoi's leverage gives it the power to decide.

It may be that in spite of, or even because of, the economic dislocation it has caused, the bombing of North Vietnam has created in the inhabitants an illusion of being David against Goliath. This has often been so, in Britain in 1940, in Germany when the allied attacks grew heavier, more recently in the Yemen, where there was scarcely an antiaircraft gun to crack against the Egyptian bombers. It is certain that the air attacks are regarded by the North Vietnamese with hatred, not merely on account of the casualties but also because where, as in the Far East the margin of subsistence is already narrow, destruction which narrows it further is considered the harshest cruelty.

Even so, the North Vietnamese government would be wise to take a tally of the odds. If it cannot win militarily, it could also lose out politically in South Vietnam if the American hand there is played intelligently.

Russia's Dual Role

From one point of view Russia might be considered as the country with most to gain by continued fighting in Vietnam. Whatever the immediate exigencies of Soviet foreign policy, the United States is still the leading capitalist power and the citadel of free enterprise. It could therefore be



tempting to see the United States as deeply enmeshed as possible in Indochina, because it is unfortunately true that, despite vast American resources, preoccupation with Vietnam could weaken Washington's watchfulness in other continents where the stakes are higher.

For the Soviets, however, still more formidable considerations of national interest must prevail. Moscow will do everything in its power to prevent the fighting in Indochina from spreading into a third world war. Should that peril draw nearer, Soviet diplomacy will become correspondingly more active, which could entail a revival of serious cooperation between the two chairmen of the Geneva Conference, Russia and Britain. It was so in 1954 and the experience could be repeated.

The Soviet government has shown a consistent interest in the position accorded it as co-chairman, which is one of the reasons for continuing the arrangements laid down there and offering Soviet diplomacy its chance.

Another motive for using the Conference machinery again is that China has never yet won sufficient votes to secure admission to the United Nations. While Peking would presumably welcome membership, no Chinese government, Communist or otherwise, would be willing to pay a price for what they regard as a right. In such conditions it would probably be prudent not to attempt to inject the United Nations into negotiations at the present stage.

Let us hope that Moscow is also mindful that the diffusion of the conflict could come suddenly, allowing diplomacy little scope, and that it is a dreadful responsibility to leave the world at the edge of risk if anything can be done to draw it back. Here, however, Russian diplomacy is vexed and impeded by the Sino-Soviet quarrel. Moscow will be infinitely reluctant to take any step which could be pilloried as showing less enthusiasm than Peking for Hanoi's cause at any given moment. Admittedly, the role is a difficult one, but it will not get easier and may have to be played lest the worst befall.

What is needed now is some dilution of the conflict, so that we can travel for a while in the opposite sense to the ever more intense fighting of recent years. That will not come about from war weariness alone, though after more than twenty years of hostilities, this influence might surely play its part. Two other components are indispensable. The first, a project for a peace settlement which is clear and in sufficiently detailed pattern to carry conviction. The second, a succession of military moves which could be related to this pattern, so that the spring can be unwound, not just

as a temporary accident but as part of a prepared scheme of things.

No agreement can be so drawn as to be proof against every malevolent intention. That is why the observance of international engagements is the first condition of any peaceful society. Once allow treaties to be torn up with impunity and the world is headed for trouble; violators soon have imitators.

All of which underlines the importance of building as well-founded an agreement as we can in Indochina and buttressing it soundly. Three conditions appear indispensable. First, that any arrangement takes account of the will of at least two of the territories, and guarantees the neutrality of Laos and Cambodia, offering the same opportunities to South and North Vietnam. This guarantee should be endorsed by the principal powers represented at Geneva in 1954, and preferably by all of them.

Secondly, the Geneva precedents should be followed whenever possible, if only because the Communist powers have shown a firm will to have it this way and there is no sufficient reason why they should not be met. On the contrary, some ingredients could be strengthened to give better results. For instance, there is probably advantage in the limited membership of the Geneva Conference. Though the direct interest in the area of some of the powers has grown since 1954, while that of others has waned, the mixture as a whole is much as before, which is all to the good. Moreover, certain of the machinery which the Conference set up, by intent, or hazard, can be made to serve to better purpose.

Thirdly, the greatest importance must attach to the supervision of any agreement reached. This was a stumbling block in 1954 and could prove to be so again. My own strong preference would be to keep the membership of the Commission as it is today. The three countries, India, Canada, and Poland, are admirably balanced politically and have as much chance of reaching a common judgment as any other three powers which could be named to do the job. They have had some years' experience of working together and, despite their limited powers, have enjoyed here and there some success. They are familiar with the territories and the work to be done.

On this occasion, however, their powers must be clearly defined and strengthened. The Commission must also have in its terms of reference an obligation to report to the Conference powers, though, in the first instance, this contact had better be made through an accepted and existing channel.

When it was first proposed that the Geneva Con-

ference should appoint two co-chairmen, there was no idea of perpetuating this arrangement beyond the life of that Conference. The Geneva meeting had been called to deal with two wars, Indochina and Korea. Evidently it would only cause confusion to have rotating chairmen to preside over each conference, the membership of which was not the same. Nor would the representative of any one power have been accepted to preside over either conference. Hence the proposal that Mr. Molotov and I should be co-chairmen of both. This working in double harness having proved tolerable to all concerned, it seemed natural to me to propose at the last meeting of the Indochina Conference that the troublesome, but minor, business of who was to deal with the financial costs of the arrangements we had made, should be left to the co-chairmen.

As a result of this accident the co-chairmen continued their joint existence, though there was no statutory authority for them. On balance we should, I think, gain by retaining this arrangement, if the other countries interested are prepared to endorse it. This time, the duties of the chairmen toward the Conference and their relationship to the Commission should be clearly laid down. Both they and the Commission will also need a secretariat.

Benefits of the Mekong Waters

None of these arrangements need imply that the United Nations will be excluded from work in the area. On the contrary, the most hopeful development there is taking place under its auspices and needs to be pushed forward with all possible speed. The scheme to use the waters of the Mekong River to bring prosperity to those who live in the region can be the key to the future of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. If once the bold schemes now being blueprinted can be executed, bringing with them a rising standard of living where there has been so much poverty, the minds of men and women may become less attentive to the cries of rival ideologies. This should be a tolerable evolution in countries where, for some of the population at least, neutrality is a natural bent.

Geography dictates that in the first instance the benefits of the Mekong scheme, in support of which President Johnson and the United States government have shown generosity and imagination, will accrue to Laos, Thailand, Cambodia, and South Vietnam. In time, however, they would percolate further afield to North Vietnam. The political significance of this project is that it will set going centripetal forces in the territories that

need them most. Economically those areas could then become an attraction because of their unity, instead of a political temptation to conflict because of their division. If so, their neighbors are not likely to be long impervious to such an appeal. All counsels therefore seem to join in the chorus: press on with the Mekong plans and any others that can raise the standard of life in the area.

The trade of both North and South Vietnam suffered severely when the territory was divided. That was inevitable, the two halves being economically complementary, with the minerals mainly in the North and the food production in the South. The fighting and bombing of recent years have made matters infinitely worse, but a recovering southern economy, joined with neighbors in a Mekong scheme rich in promise, could prove a magnet for the North. It might even result in less intransigence one day, but not just yet. It would be a mistake to try to go too fast.

We have to remember this when we come to consider plans for the eventual unity of North and South Vietnam. These cannot be rushed without the risk, amounting almost to a certainty, of disaster. Too much has happened; there has been a surfeit of agony and upheaval. Time and the soothing balm of economic recovery must be given a chance. A short span of two or three years before elections to determine Vietnam's future would give none of these influences their scope. All would be intent on the imminent political contest; neither governments nor people would have a mind to relax or rebuild. Charges and countercharges, incidents real or magnified, maneuvering for an early decision would keep leaders and followers taut and on a picket line. This would afford the territories nothing better than a harassed truce, with little gained from years of war and suffering. Political man must be offered some solace, but not at the cost of all hope.

There can be little doubt now that the brief two years allowed by the Geneva Agreements was altogether too short. Some of us thought so at the time, but the pressure from the North was strong and even the French, with their intimate knowledge of the country, had once been willing to accept eighteen months. We must not make that mistake again or we shall perpetuate conflict while there is still too strong a swell upon the waters. There is no possibility of a short-term neutralization scheme; the same is not necessarily true of a long.

Ten years, or preferably fifteen, should be allowed to pass before South and North Vietnam are asked to decide upon unity or otherwise with each other. As a compensation to the optimists or

the impatient, I would add this proviso, that the term can at any time be shortened with the unanimous agreement of the parties, the co-chairmen and the Commission.

However skilfully all this is worked out, it is doubtful if it will be enough. We need to search for a further undertaking, wrapped up in every contrivance of guarantee, to give confidence to those who want it and warning to those who need it. It is arguable how far deep suspicion of each other's intentions has prodded intervention in Vietnam. Whether on this account or to halt ambitious plans of conquest, every means must be used to allay mistrust and to scotch aggression. It is essential that the parties to the agreement guarantee it, but the form of the guarantee is also important. It should be joint and several and, in order to create the most effective deterrent value, the guarantors must have the right in certain conditions to act without waiting for unanimity, should the terms of the agreement be violated.

The result would be a system of the Locarno type, and, in order to bring it into being in South-east Asia, a number of difficulties would have to be resolved, but the effort would be worthwhile. For the United States such an arrangement would involve joining in a guarantee to which Communist China was itself a party. It would also mean for both countries the choice of some organization before whom any alleged breach could be argued. The Security Council of the United Nations is an evident possibility in this connection, but it could be that some body of more local character, though including the great powers, perhaps with a membership comparable to that of the Geneva Conference of 1954, or the later conference on Laos in 1962, would be found more suitable.

Twelve Points

Let me in conclusion summarize briefly and in outline form twelve points which I believe could lead toward peace in Indochina:

1. That the Geneva Agreements of 1954 can most usefully serve as the framework for the cease-fire negotiations and for the terms of any guaranteed settlement.

2. That the membership of the Geneva Conference should be retained, *i.e.* the United States, the U. S. S. R., China, the United Kingdom, France, Laos, Cambodia, North and South Vietnam.

3. That the co-chairmen of the Conference, the U. S. S. R. and the United Kingdom, should

continue to function, their responsibilities being defined.

4. That the present membership of the Supervisory Commission, India, Canada, and Poland, should be continued. The powers of the Commission should be defined and extended. It should be its responsibility to report its findings at stated intervals and in any emergency to the Conference, through the channel of the co-chairmen.

5. That any agreement should guarantee the territories and the neutrality of Laos and Cambodia, offering the same opportunity to South and North Vietnam.

6. That the guarantees should be endorsed by all the Powers represented at the Conference.

7. That the guarantees to be offered to North and South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia should be joint and several, on the Locarno model, the guarantors having the right in certain conditions to act without waiting for unanimity, should the terms of the agreement be violated.

8. That the guaranteed countries should be denied the purchase of arms from any guarantor Power, this prohibition being supervised by the Commission.

9. That a sufficient period must be allowed to elapse after the cease-fire for the economy and security of South and North Vietnam to be established. A short-term neutralization scheme has no possibility of success. A period of ten to fifteen years should be allowed before South and North Vietnam are called upon to decide their mutual relationship. This term could be reduced by agreement between the two parties, the co-chairmen and the Commission.

10. That the scheme for the use of the waters of the Mekong River, now being prepared by the United Nations, should be prosecuted with the utmost dispatch.

11. That the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention should be strictly observed.

12. That military plans and movements should be dovetailed into the political program laid down by the Conference, whose first duty should be to give instructions for determining a cease-fire.

The difficulties speak for themselves only too easily but, if once a system of this kind were established, it might gain authority and momentum, until all found it more advantageous to cling to its benefits than to try to upset it, with all the attendant dangers.

Self-portraits and Self-appraisals by James Thurber

DRAWINGS NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

with a foreword by Helen Thurber



My husband never cared much for the label of cartoonist, but he was equally reluctant about being called an artist. He had so much fun drawing pictures that he never really took them seriously. E. B. White has remarked that in Thurber drawings "one finds not only the simple themes of love and misunderstanding, but also the rarer and tenderer insupportabilities." Sterner critics, usually the parents of young children, have written that their four-year-old daughter could do better, and some have even proved it by enclosing a few childish scrawls that bore the unmistakable mark (I hardly dare call it promise) of a mature Thurber.

Except for Mr. White's perception, and the witty eloquence of Dorothy Parker, who once described Thurber men and women as having "the outer semblance of unbaked cookies," perhaps the best comments on his work have been made by Thurber himself. So I shall now turn the floor over to the artist, who at one time or another has made these confessions:

"I went back over my drawings in the wistful hope that I would find evidence on which to base a fond belief that my work, or fun, had somehow improved. . . . The only change I could find, however, in comparing old and recent scrawls, was a certain tightening of my lack of technique over the eras, the inevitable and impure result of constant practice. In the case of a man who cannot draw, but keeps on drawing anyway, practice pays in meager coin for what it takes away."

"The editors want to know if it is true that I draw by moonlight, or under water, and when I say no, they lose interest."

"My drawings sometimes seem to have reached completion by some other route than the common one of intent. They have been described as pre-intentionalist, meaning that they were finished before the ideas for them had occurred to me. I shall not argue the point."

And finally: "The State Police questioned us all, and did not come off very well with me. 'What kind of an artist are you?' a detective asked me, and I must have looked guilty as hell. I finally said, 'I refuse to answer that question on the ground that it might incriminate me.'"

(From the Introduction to the forthcoming new collection, *Thurber & Company*, to be published by Harper & Row in October.)

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Paris Street

Collection John Duncan Miller

Nature Vivante aux Pommes
(After a Visit to the Paris Exposition)
Collection Walter Goetz



Au Quatrième
Left Bank Hotel



The Untold Story of the Dead Sea Scrolls

BY JOHN MARCO ALLEGRO

Why does the main message of the Scrolls still remain hidden nearly twenty years after their discovery? Who is afraid of what they reveal? Here is an attempt to answer startling questions about the origins of Christianity and the very authenticity of the New Testament.

Nearly twenty years ago an Arab shepherd's discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls in Jordan set in motion a train of events that could change the face of history. Yet only now is the full significance of the Scrolls being realized. Why has it taken so long?

The answer lies partly in the fortuitous way in which the Scrolls were first discovered, how later ones came to light, and the unfortunate dispersal of them over a wide area. Even more important, the very scholars who should be most capable of working on the documents and interpreting them have displayed a not altogether surprising, but nonetheless curious, reluctance to go to the heart of their matter. The scholars appear to have held back from making discoveries which, there is evidence to believe, may upset a great many basic teachings of the Christian church. This in turn would greatly upset many Christian theologians and believers. The heart of the matter is, in fact, the source and originality of Christian doctrine.

The first discovery was quite accidental. Muhammad, a Bedouin goatherd, on the trail of one of his flock, chanced on a cave set high in the cliffs bordering the northwest shore of the Dead Sea in Jordan. He found inside some tall, wide-necked jars. In them were parchment scrolls wrapped around with some evil-smelling linen rags. These were the first of the Dead Sea Scrolls, seven in all, and now no money on earth could buy them. They included manuscripts of parts of the Old Testament a thousand years older than anything hitherto seen. Muhammad raised perhaps \$60 on their sale to a Bethlehem cobbler. Four were smuggled to the United States and sold for a quarter of a million dollars; the other three found their way more directly to the Hebrew University in new Jerusalem, where all seven now attract thousands

of visitors a year to Israel's Shrine of the Book.

Since then Muhammad and his friends have been scroll-hunting in earnest, well aware of the monetary value of every scrap of written material they can sift out of the dust. Another ten caves containing documents were discovered in the next nine years in the vicinity of the first find. They have produced the remains on parchment and papyrus, mostly fragmentary, of about four hundred different documents, a third of them texts of the Old Testament. All these scrolls have remained in Jordan. From 1952 the Bedouin began looking farther afield, so that today we have to acknowledge the fact that the whole of the west coast of the Dead Sea is a veritable treasure-house of ancient manuscripts.

It is the Bedouin who have done most of the work. Of course they know the area better than anyone. They have ample time on their hands. They can work in clouds of choking dust for hours on end protected only by head scarves tied around their faces. And they are patient. The \$300,000 they have so far made has been well earned, but finding the money has posed big problems for the local and foreign authorities who have assumed responsibility for custodianship of the documents.

When the first news of Scroll discoveries reached the authorities in Amman, Jordan, some eighteen months after Muhammad's adventure, they were faced with the problem of rediscovering the cave. The Bedouin had melted back into the desert. The Bethlehem cobbler deemed it wiser to keep to his shop and say nothing. Amateur archaeology of this kind is frowned upon; selling its fruits without a dealer's license no less abhorred. When eventually the officials found Muhammad's cave and saw the broken remains of many jars, they began to realize the potentialities of the dis-



*Wadi Qumran:
Bleak setting
for the Essenes
(photographs by
John M. Allegro)*

covery. Clearly there had once been scores of manuscripts here. This had been no chance abandonment of documents by a passerby, but a store of disused books from some sectarian library. There were almost certainly other caches nearby and conceivably further remains of the people to whom the library had belonged.

A mile to the south of the cave lay some ruins. They were situated on a marly plateau bounded to the south by the Wadi Qumran. The site had been noticed by passing travelers and commented upon but never archaeologically investigated. Five season's work, beginning in 1949, brought to light a crudely built settlement or monastery. It had been developed from an earlier lookout post around 100 B.C. and its main occupation had ended during the time of the first great Jewish revolt against Rome, A.D. 66-73.

The archaeologists concentrated almost entirely on excavating the Qumran site. Apart from one foray into the cliffs behind the settlement in 1952, they left Scroll-hunting to the Bedouin. The Arabs were happy to combine paid laboring for the archaeologists during the digging seasons with cave-searching in their off-duty moments.

Nineteen fifty-two turned out to be a bumper Scroll year. About eleven miles south of the settlement, in their own tribal territory, the Bedouin discovered some large caves at a place called Murabba'at. These produced not only parchment and papyrus scraps of Biblical and secular documents going back as early as Old Testament times, but wooden implements perfectly preserved from the Chalcolithic period, some six thousand years old. Two Jordanian officials followed hard on the heels of the clandestine explorers and noted the whereabouts of the caves. The archaeologists did not, however, start work for another three months. In the meantime the precious manuscripts and

artifacts had to be bought back from their finders for study and retention in Jordan.

Some of the Bedouin found their adventurous way even farther south, beyond the border that separates their native Jordan from Israel. In caves in the Wadi Seiyyal or Nahal Hebher they found some important Nabatean and Greek documents and smuggled them back over the border. The Palestine Archaeological Museum in Jerusalem, which had become the center for Scrolls work in Jordan, published some of these contraband treasures, describing them as having come "from an uncertain provenance." Many years later the Israeli authorities discovered what had happened, followed the traces of the infiltrators, and eventually found for themselves a wonderful series of cave deposits in that area and around the Biblical oasis of Engedi.

The Bird That Disappeared

A real deathblow to the Palestine Museum's finances was dealt when the Arabs discovered perhaps the biggest cache of all. It was in the area of the original find, on the edge of the Wadi Qumran and only a stone's throw from the monastery the archaeologists had been excavating a few months previously. The Scroll-hunters followed a lead from one of the elders of their tribe who remembered the site as one where he had been shooting

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Qumran cave: Arabs searching

partridge many years before. He had shot a bird that had fallen wounded on the plateau and then managed to flap its way along the edge of the marl to disappear in a hole. With some difficulty the hunter had followed his prey and found himself in a chamber hollowed out of the soft stone. He remembered seeing an ancient pottery lamp in a niche at the back of the chamber, but had not investigated further. He retrieved his bird and clambered back into the fresh air.

Following the sheikh's directions, his fellow tribesmen went back and found the cave entrance. The archaeologists and their assistants must have seen it many times, but no one apparently had thought it worth while looking for Scroll caches in the plateau itself. The little rain that fell in the region could be presumed to have soaked into the ground straight away and made the chances of anything perishable surviving for more than a few years negligible. After all, unburnt woodwork in the monastery had long ago rotted away. Doors were represented by only the nails that held the planks together.

It was an expensive mistake. To rescue the tens of thousands of Scroll fragments the Bedouin retrieved from the Chamber of the Wounded Partridge cost in the region of \$90,000. Worse, the money was not immediately available. Previous discoveries had exhausted the resources of the Museum and of the French Biblical School in Jerusalem, whose principal, Father Roland De Vaux, O.P., had been jointly responsible with the Jordanian Director of Antiquities for Scrolls affairs since the first discovery.

In the emergency the Jordan government itself was prevailed upon to donate 15,000 denars (about \$10,000) to the ransom fund. Academic and other institutions around the world were asked to contribute on the agreement, later rescinded, that they



Scroll jar: Controversial treasures

would eventually be allowed to obtain custody of Scroll fragments their money bought. The price stood at about \$1.50 per square centimeter. More was paid for larger pieces to deter the finders from increasing their revenue by ensuring a greater proliferation of small fragments.

To handle the editing of the new material an international team was called together, eight of us in all. Half were Roman Catholics—three seculars and one Jesuit. Only one, myself, was of no religious persuasion. The editor-in-chief, who actually took no part in the editing of the new cache, was Father De Vaux, the Dominican archaeologist of the French School in Jerusalem. He laid it down as a general rule that we should restrict prior publication of our documents to no more than one per year. Apart from this, all the material would find its first presentation in the definitive series of publications to appear under the auspices of the Jordanian Department of Antiquities, the French Biblical School, and the Palestine Archaeological Museum, and to be called *Discoveries in the Judaean Desert of Jordan*. Fourteen years after the discovery of the Wounded Partridge cave not a single volume dealing with this material has appeared. Were it not for our limited preliminary publications, the scholarly world would still know next to nothing about the contents of the four hundred or so documents that we have painstakingly put together from the fragments.

During the past few years a few of us have tried to stir some life into the resident archaeologists by making brief expeditions in the Judaean Wilderness of Jordan in search of more Scrolls. We have enjoyed the enthusiastic support of His Majesty King Hussein and the Jordanian Department of Antiquities, since 1956 under the direction of local officials. Our finances have largely come from newspapers and television companies, and re-

cently through the generosity of private individuals.

However, what money we had is now practically exhausted. Our all too short expeditions have taught us much about future possibilities, and where we can (and cannot) expect help locally. We have a clearer idea of the most promising search areas and a realization of what work still needs to be done, not least in the original Qumran region. Our last expedition spent its final days near Muhammad's cave, following a chance line of inquiry. We uncovered two caves, one quite new and the other inadequately searched, within yards of the 1956 cache, probably the most worked over stretch of cliff in the Qumran area.

Was There a Boycott?

But the physical limitations of time and money have not alone inhibited work on the Dead Sea Scrolls. Only recently two important American scholars, W. F. Albright and David Noel Freedman, had occasion to complain of a "partial boycott of the Dead Sea Scrolls on the part of New Testament scholars." They went on to say, "... in the Scrolls we have for the first time a direct Jewish background of the New Testament. Hitherto we have been partly dependent upon intertestamental literature (Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha) and partly on early rabbinic literature, which is, unfortunately, a century or two later than the deeds and words of Christ and the Apostles. Thanks to the Dead Sea Scrolls, we now have direct evidence that is of the greatest significance and which bears on all our New Testament books."^{*} It was Professor Albright who much earlier had described the new evidence of the beliefs and practices of the Jewish sectarians offered by the Scrolls as bidding fair "to revolutionize our approach to the beginnings of Christianity."^{**}

What went wrong? What happened to the "revolution"? The layman first began to look expectantly to the Scrolls for new, exciting light on the origins of Christianity through the brilliant writings of Edmund Wilson in his *New Yorker* articles and his book *The Scrolls from the Dead Sea* (Oxford University Press, 1955). Combining a scholar's acumen with a journalist's breadth of outlook, Wilson brought to the public notice not only the possibilities of the Scrolls for the disruption of accepted Christian dogma on the uniqueness of

the Faith but some idea of the "scrollduggery" that was going on behind the scenes. He left the reader in no doubt that not all the results that might come out of Scrolls researches were welcome to religiously committed circles, and that Christian scholars were tending to avoid working out their full implications.

At that stage I think Wilson was only partly right. There was a reluctance on the part of many Christian scholars to work on the Scrolls. But on the whole it had less to do with fear of what they might portend than sheer ignorance of how to set about tackling these Semitic-Hebraic and Aramaic-documents. For the average theological student has for many years relied upon English texts and commentaries for his knowledge of the Old Testament. It is possible to obtain a theological degree which requires little or no knowledge of Hebrew. So, suddenly confronted with questions from their laymen about the Semitic origins of Christianity, all too many clergymen could do no more than cast aspersions on scholars not of their faith and hope for some pronouncement from the seminaries with which they could make adequate reply to charges that Christianity was not quite so unique as they had led their flocks to believe.

Reassured but Befuddled

The pronouncements were in due course made. Articles, tracts, and whole books of apologia began to stream from the presses. Few of them had anything original to say about the Scrolls but all could be relied upon to offer comfort to the anxious reader in their final chapter. Although there was much in the Scrolls type of Judaism to illumine the background of Jesus and the Gospels, there was nothing here to undermine the Faith. Jesus' message, although couched in the type of religious language shared by the Scrolls, is nevertheless quite distinctive. The kingdom Jesus promised had little in common with the political state looked for by the people of the Scrolls. Above all, their leader, the so-called Teacher of Righteousness, martyred as some believed, even crucified and expected to return as Messiah or Christ, was quite a different kind of person from Jesus of Nazareth. And if the niggling fears of the anxious inquirer were still not quieted, let him but lay the New Testament side by side with a translation of the Scrolls to judge for himself how different they were; how much more comprehensible were the words we had always known and loved.

Doubtless these pronouncements reassured both layman and clergy, equally ill-informed about the

^{*}"The Continuing Revolution in Biblical Research" (*Journal of Bible and Religion*, April 31, 1963).

^{**}*Bulletin of the American Schools of Oriental Research*, Supplementary Studies Nos. 10-12, 1951.

Jewish background of their Faith. But there must have been a large number of intelligent inquirers who began to wonder how Christianity, an offshoot of Judaism and bearing significant traces of contact with the religion of the Scrolls, could have been quite so different. For such people invitations to compare English translations of Hebrew Scrolls with overfamiliar renderings of the Greek New Testament must have served only to make them doubt the honesty of the apologists. There is such a world of difference between the ancient Semitic and Greek literatures that facile comparisons must be virtually meaningless.

Popular interest began to wane. The layman became befuddled by the ever-increasing variety of views about the Scrolls, their dating and provenance, as well as their import for the study of Christian origins. Some of the "popular" works on the Scrolls published around 1956 seemed to have as their purpose the perplexing of their readers with these conflicting scholarly viewpoints, perhaps to drive home the folly of laymen trying to understand such a specialist's study.

In point of fact, behind all the placatory nonsense, much serious scholarship was being expended on the Scrolls and their relation to Christianity. Already a revolution had occurred in our understanding of the sectarian background underlying the "gnosticism" of the Johannine writings in the New Testament. The antithesis between light and darkness, good and evil, that we find so prominently in the Fourth Gospel and elsewhere could now be seen to stem from the thought-world of the Scrolls. No longer could it be maintained that the Johannine literature was the latest and least Palestinian of the New Testament traditions.

Essene fragments: The missing link between Judaism and Christianity?



The Semitic conceptions underlying such New Testament phrases as "men of goodwill" and "the poor in spirit" could now be better understood thanks to their appearance in the Scrolls. The sectarian ideas behind the crowd-feeding parables and the Last Supper were laid bare with the publication of a text from the caves outlining the rite of the Messianic Banquet.

There was no doubt that in the kind of Judaism exhibited by the Scrolls we had the religious matrix of Christianity. This was not entirely unexpected. Scholars had long ago suggested that a Jewish sect called the Essenes might prove to be the missing link between normative Judaism and Christianity. Hitherto we had known of these people only through the works of the ancient historians, like Josephus and Philo of Alexandria, writing in the first century of our era. Now it was generally recognized that in the Scrolls we had the remains of a vast Essene library. Furthermore, among the fragments were found traces of books we had known previously in later translations, collected in our Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha. So with caution these too could be used to supplement our knowledge of Essene ways and thought.

Enigmas of the Essenes

The Essenes were noted for their extreme piety. They lived in communal settlements loosely attached to towns and villages throughout Judaea but as far as possible keeping themselves apart. They had a mother community by the shores of the Dead Sea, and most scholars quickly identified this with the ruined monastery of Qumran. The Essenes were great Bible readers, and sought in every word of Scripture a message for their own day and age. They practiced baptism, and a form of communism, sharing their worldly wealth and caring for the sick and aged from a common fund. They sought in natural phenomena "signs of the times" and believed they could foretell the future. They had the powers of healing, combining esoteric knowledge of medicinal herbs with power over the demons of the spirit world.

With all this newly discovered pre-Christian literature at hand we could now see the New Testament in clearer historical perspective than ever before. Certain aspects of Christian teaching merged satisfactorily into its sectarian Jewish background. But there were differences. However usefully these allayed the fears of the Christian believer, they present a puzzling enigma to the disinterested historian.

Generally speaking, the main differences center

in the attitude of the New Testament toward the world on the fringe of Judaism. It has of course long been recognized that the Gospels are propaganda material for the non-Jewish Church. It is understandable that they should emphasize the universalistic outlook of the new Faith. The Greek and Roman, even the hated Samaritan, is painted in warm, if not glowing colors. It is reasonable that some of the stories should depict the Messiah as a most liberal-minded person, mixing freely with all manner of people, although to have him sitting at the same table as prostitutes and tax collectors might be thought to be carrying fraternization a little far.

But bearing in mind the sectarian background of the Faith—its debt to the Old Testament and the Jewishness of its basic ideas—one finds strange inconsistencies in the picture presented to us in the Gospels. How is it, for instance, that so often the enemies of the new sect are described simply as "Jews"? Were not the chief characters of the story Jews? Why is it that no mention is made of Essenism, although the titles Pharisees and Sadducees are freely bandied about, together with other sectarians like the Hellenists and Herodians whose affinities are most obscure?

Or again, in regard to the state of political tension existing in Palestine during the period supposedly depicted in the Gospel story, how could this Jewish rabbi have avoided taking some more definite stand on the burning issues of the day than the placatory sidestep about "rendering unto Caesar . . ."? Far from sending his inquirers away dazzled by his wisdom and piety, such a remark in the real world of the first century would more probably have brought its speaker a fatal stab from a zealot's sword.

In short, there is far too much that does not ring true in the New Testament in the light of the new comparative material. And in this I am not including the more obvious fantasies of the miracle stories, most of which New Testament scholars have long ago consigned to the realm of mythology. There is so much in the New Testament that is authentic Essenism, and yet in many cases it has been perverted in some way, robbed of its exclusivity, its political import, and given a new direction. The Christian scholar is tempted to fall back on the assumption that the differences are due to the genius or inspiration of one man. Undoubtedly this must be partly true. Most new movements can be traced to the work of one original thinker at some stage in their history. But there is usually a long process of development preceding the decisive intervention. The New Testament is so much at pains to disguise and reformu-

late this sectarian prehistory that the informed observer is left with a strong sense of unreality about the whole story. It reads like history and yet it so obviously is not.

Generally speaking, then, this is the present stage of our researches. But I believe the situation is by no means as hopeless as it might seem. We are, I am sure, on the verge of a tremendous breakthrough, and it will start with a recognition of the full extent of Christianity's debt to Essenism. We might begin with a fresh examination of the names and titles of Jesus and the Apostles. If these can be shown to be specifically Essene in meaning and origin then we have the kind of concrete link with the people of the Scrolls that goes beyond mere community of religious outlook.

Deciphering the Names

Something of this sort has long been recognized. Thus the *paqid* ("Inspector, Overseer") of the Qumran community was early on linked with the synonymous *episkopos* ("Bishop") of the Church. The "Many," as designating the generality of believers in the book of Acts, was seen to represent the Hebrew *rabbim* of the Scrolls. We can now go much further than this.

A newly deciphered document refers to one administrative official by a Semitic word which must underlie the nickname Cephass given to Simon Peter. The Essenes clearly deemed it a rather "special" word, since it signifies one having the ability to read men's minds through their faces. This gives us the clue to the origin and purpose of the story in Matthew 16 where it is Peter who recognizes the Messianic calling of Jesus. Furthermore, since Peter is here and elsewhere being designated an "Inspector, Overseer" on a pattern with the Essene administrative functionary, we can now see that many of the other stories related about him, speaking with tongues, relating the wonderful works of God, supervising the admittance of new members into the community, handling the common fund, and so on, are simply demonstrations of the supervisory work required of the Essene administrator.

The little document which gives us this information is interesting from many points of view. It appears to be a clinical report from the official appointed to dispense medical supplies and treatment to the "strangers" in the camp. We knew such a person existed within Essene communities since Josephus tells us that in every group there was someone appointed to look after the needs of pilgrims passing freely between the settlements.



A thousand scraps: The puzzle comes together and a story unfolds.

He also says that the Essenes were famed for their esoteric knowledge of the healing arts and this has long been suggested as the real meaning of their name.

Actually "Essene" goes back to a Sumerian word meaning "diviner" and was borrowed into ancient Akkadian and thence into Aramaic and the other Semitic dialects with the meaning of "wonder-worker" and thus "physician." The ancient medicine man was, of course, basically a magician, combining a rudimentary knowledge of physiology with the practice of herbalism and general hocus-pocus. By his secret knowledge and rites he obtained power over the devils that caused bodily and mental sickness.

The New Testament is, of course, full of references to healing, and to *magoi*, "wizards." Of such were the men from the East, the home of magic, who sought in the heavens the constellation that heralded the birth of the Christ child. Astrology was part of the secret knowledge of the Essenes and in the Scrolls it has been possible to find a significant part of the source material for the Bethlehem myth.

There are a number of other words for "magician" in the Semitic languages. One, also connected with divining, is *kharash*. Of such, as we can now deduce from Josephus' accounts, were the Essenes. And this title has been skillfully woven into the descriptions of Jesus and John the Baptist in the New Testament. Using a common Semitic idiom by which a person having some special quality or trade is called "the son of" that attribute, the Gospels derive from this Essene designation the idea that Jesus' father was a "carpenter" (also

kharash) and John's a "deaf-mute" (*kheresh*, with a change of vowels).

It now appears that the name Jesus itself means "Essene." It is also, of course, the Greek form of the Hebrew Jeshua, with its idea of "salvation," but that it meant for the Christian storytellers "magician, wonder-worker" is shown in the story of one Elymas in Acts 13. His title is given there as Bar. (i.e., "son of") Jesus, meaning, so we are told, *magos*, "magician." Jewish tradition has long held Jesus to have been such a person, and in these ancient writings his name is given in a form more closely representative of the word for Essene, as indeed it is in the seventh-century Qur'an (Koran).

The same process of deciphering the names and titles of the Apostles, by seeking a significant play on words and an equivalent Essene administrative office or self-description, yields equally promising results. Thus, for instance, it appears that Judas Iscariot served in the Christian story as Jesus' betrayer for no more reason than that the second part of his title, rendered in the text as "he who betrayed him," can mean "a hander-over of men" as well as "paymaster," its proper designation. The brothers called Boanerges, impossibly translated in the story as "Sons of Thunder," actually means "those having learned the ability to divine the will of God," having special insight. It is a necessary qualification of the Qumran judges, and it is indeed just this function that their stories are designed to illustrate.

When we come to examine afresh the New Testament descriptions of some of Jesus' more unorthodox table companions, the "gluttons" and "wine-bibbers," the "harlots" and "publicans," we find that they too disguise Essene titles and self-descriptions. Of particular interest in this respect are the female "sinners" as they are elsewhere euphemistically called. The Semitic word from which this word is derived means also "angel, one who serves God" and reappears not only similarly disguised in what Josephus tells us of the Essenes but straightforwardly as the title of Jewish and Judaeo-Christian sects elsewhere in the Mediterranean world. We are thus able now most satisfyingly to draw together into one fold a number of apparently disparate parties on the fringe of Judaism.

These and many similar instances of wordplay involving important religious titles and self-descriptions must prompt us to ask how these neo-Essene writers of the New Testament could bring themselves so to maltreat their source material. Quite obviously no female Essene would have called herself a "harlot" any more than her male

companion would have perverted his most coveted title of "Chosen One (of God)" into "tax collector, publican." Similar misrepresentation by the Gospel writers can be detected in their use of such terms as "Pharisee," "Scribe," and "doctor." That their purpose is not one of denigration or mockery of other sects is shown by the fact that they use disguised Essene titles for Jesus himself and his faithful followers. We can only assume that in the Christian writings we have moved out from the central core of Essenism into a shadowy half-world where even the most sacred names and ideas of the original traditions can be changed to suit the storytellers' homiletic purpose.

Certainly we are now only at the beginning of a complete revolution in our appraisal of New Testament traditions and their purpose. But already it is clear that there is scarcely a word of the Gospels and Acts that can be taken at its face value. The Dead Sea Scrolls together with historians' records of the Essenes and the wealth of intertestamental literature already in our possession have at last given us the key with which to open the hidden mysteries of the New Testament.

The process of unlocking these secrets begins with an attempt to find certain key Aramaic words and phrases represented by the Greek. This is not a new exercise, of course, but once we have made the initial breakthrough, as with the kinds of wordplay in titles already mentioned, and thus know the type of words we are looking for, the process can develop quite quickly. Each word will be capable of a number of different interpretations and we shall expect to find it thus variously used in diverse parts of the Gospels and Acts. Where this proves to be the case we can cross-check our supposed Semitic original so that the accuracy of our choice is self-demonstrating. We have then to decide which of the possible meanings must be deemed basic to the storytellers' purpose, and we shall usually be right if we assume it to be the one that does not rise to the surface at all. In other words, the sayings and incidents that appear in their "open" Greek form are of the lesser importance, or indeed of none at all to the writers' real purpose.

Punning Was Respectable

This intricate process of juggling with words is not easy to understand in terms of Western thought and language. The Semitic family of tongues, however, lends itself readily to such punning. In ancient writing only the consonants were

shown, the vowels being of less importance. For example, the group *D-B-R* can mean "word" or "he spoke" or "plague" or "pasture," depending on the context, the reader supplying the appropriate vowels. The group *KH-R-SH* has already been mentioned in connection with Jesus and John the Baptist. Other meanings that might be attributed to this combination of consonants are "tiller of the soil" and "wood."

To the Jew of ancient times such playing with words was by no means a low form of wit. Similarities between words of this nature could be expected to have real significance, particularly where they occur in Holy Writ. So to deduce a teaching or to portray an incident quite different from the plain meaning of the Bible text was considered a legitimate form of exegesis. The Old Testament itself abounds in wordplay of this kind. For example, it probably never occurred to the first audiences of the myth of Jacob's birth to wonder whether it was historically true that the baby came out of Rebekah's womb clutching his brother's heel. The similarity between his name *Ya'aqob* and the word for heel *'aqeb* was a sufficient justification for the tale which, furthermore, could be read as a moral and omen of future events.

The New Testament has dealt in a somewhat similar manner with certain key texts from the Old Testament. The story of Peter and the "rock" in Matthew 16 can now be traced to one particular passage of Isaiah, used elsewhere in the New Testament and in the Scrolls as a proof-text for the founding of the community. But as well as an intricate wordplay on the text itself, the writer has woven in an authentic Essene administrative title, played on that and a closely similar Aramaic word for "stone" (*cepha*), and linked it with one of the secret names of the angels, to produce the name Peter (*petros*). In other words, it is the proper name Peter that is secondary, not the "rock" nickname as commonly assumed.

We are thus brought to a fundamental consideration that must face us as we probe deeper and deeper into the underlying Semitic material of the New Testament. How far are these stories on the surface representative of real history?

Is it conceivable that such amazingly intricate literary compositions, woven from so many strands of text and tradition, can also be authentic descriptions of actual events of the first century? My own answer is no. Nevertheless some core of history probably exists in the stories of Jesus and his followers, and we might reasonably seek it in the history of the Essene movement and its leader, the so-called Teacher of Righteousness. It is with this in mind that we may look for pos-

sible parallels in the life of the Teacher and the Jesus myth. One possible link is the mention of "the crucified man" in an Essene commentary, with its reference to an event of 88 B.C. when the "Wicked Priest" of the time put to death in this manner many hundreds of the ringleaders of a revolt raised against him among his own people. Another point of possible reference is the story of John the Baptist's opposition to his king's marriage with his sister-in-law. One might see here a reflection of a similar reaction that the same "Wicked Priest's" marriage with his dead brother's wife would have provoked among strict Jews of his time, and the Essenes in particular. Of course the details were not exactly the same, but the marriage of Herod Antipas to Herodias could well have offered the Christian storyteller a useful, and he would have thought not purely coincidental, "peg" on which to hang the story of his latter-day Teacher's martyrdom. In this case it might well be that the stories of John and Jesus are to some extent merely reflections of the real-life history of the Essene Teacher.

What Becomes of Paul?

If the Gospels and Acts are mythical, then Paul, our earliest literary witness to Christianity, stands virtually without a historical point of reference. Indeed, the one rock in the Pauline literature that offers any help, the mention of the Nabatean king Aretas having a governor in Damascus, better supports a date around 85 B.C. than a chronology that places Paul's ministry in the 40s A.D.—when the Romans were in complete control of the area. It might also offer a point of contact with a breakaway movement within Essenism around that time, as evidenced in the Scrolls, and the sect's sojourn in Damascus, similarly authenticated. However this may be, the placing of Jesus in the time of Pontius Pilate is readily enough explained in Scrolls chronology by the reference to the death of the Teacher being "forty years" before the collapse of an armed revolt. The Christian storytellers would then have taken this latter point as the fall of Masada to the Romans in A.D. 73, and found the death of their second "Teacher" at thirty-three, during the procuratorship of the luckless Pilate (26-36 A.D.).

There are obviously many problems raised by this new appraisal of Christian traditions. Nevertheless the point to be remembered is that all future work must be based first on the literary conclusions of our comparison with the Scrolls. The New Testament records after all are our only

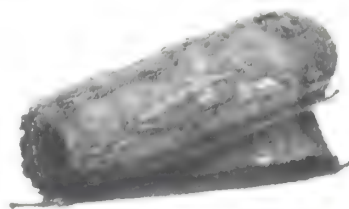
worthwhile sources for the Christian story. If they can no longer be taken at their face value, we must determine just what is their import, how they were produced and for what purpose. All other considerations are secondary.

We stand at the beginning of a long and exciting road. Not all our conclusions are going to be palatable. Not only is the historicity of the New Testament stories being called into question but the very nature of the underlying material must give occasion for pained surprise. Enough has already been resolved for us to realize that we are dealing with an extreme form of Essenism which is not only on the fringes of Judaism but even of any strictly religious philosophy at all. We are in the world of dark magic, and in particular that kind which deals with the calling up of the spirits of the dead for the purposes of necromancy. Beneath the surface of innocuous tales of giving life to little girls and older men lie incantations and even detailed rites of flesh-cutting and ventriloquism.

Can Christian scholars deal with such distasteful material sufficiently disinterestedly to probe their innermost secrets? For those of us to whom the problems involved are purely literary and historical, the sources merely bodies of ancient literature, emotional questions are not involved. It must be otherwise with those for whom the New Testament is a fount of faith. It would be unreasonable to expect them to approach the New Testament without emotion, completely dispassionately and objectively. But how else can this most exciting breakthrough that the Scrolls discoveries now promise be fully exploited?

We return to the same shortcoming that has dogged the Scrolls story from the outset: lack of money. If there were available, even at this late hour, sufficient funds, not only to safeguard treasures already found and to look for more, but to offer a new generation of uncommitted scholars the means of probing the significance of the Scrolls without fear or favor, undeterred by religious or academic pressures, we might look with more confidence to the future of these studies.

Perhaps the question really is whether this generation has the courage to face the truth and all its consequences.



The Wind Machine

A STORY

BY BEN MADDOW

I met my friend Jimmy, with a gray crew-cut, sunglasses, and a brand-new Korean wife, at the Los Angeles International Airport the other evening. We all had a drink together for exactly forty-six minutes, for they were flying on to London immediately. Jimmy Buttonwood was now Chief Engineer for Quality Control in a company that, so far as I could determine, manufactured space.

"Goes to demonstrate how low a man can fall," said Buttonwood. For when I had first met him, he was a famous but starving guitar player, and worked for fruit punch and pretzels and the elevation of mankind, as represented by an Ad Hoc Strike Committee; he sang his way into the hearts of literally tens and sometimes scores of people, with his right foot planted on a plain, proletarian, folding chair, property of the local Ukrainian-American Friendship Council; or in somebody's unpaid and unpainted walk-up apartment, with spaghetti endlessly trying to come to some sort of boil on an old, rusty, borrowed electric hot plate. The whole thing brought tears of nostalgia to my eyes. I remembered how the Madri-Gals, who were four singing sisters, all with long, dark artificial braids and what appeared to be a single large, somewhat sagging bosom, gave a party at their fogbound house in San Francisco that lasted from 11:00 P.M. Thursday, December 11, to 5:00 A.M. Tuesday, December 16, 1941. The blowout was ostensibly in honor of Jimmy Buttonwood, who had enlisted the Monday after Pearl Harbor, in that particularly exalted state of mind which comes from mass patriotism with guitar chords. As a matter of fact, Jimmy had, in honor of the occasion, composed a blues with forty-eight verses, one for each state of the Union that had entered the war against his present enemy, Adolf Hitler.

Jimmy also hated anything that wasn't spontaneous; he was generally an hour late for concerts, a day late for benefits, and a couple of months late for social appointments such as dinner or women.

However, on this famous occasion, sobered up by a quart of beer and two aspirin tablets, he was escorted to the Induction Center on Market Street

precisely on time, which was such an abrupt change for Jimmy that we were all a bit horrified. Otherwise, however, he was normal: he had lost his overcoat under a girl's bed somewhere on that beautiful, funky weekend; and shivering, with blue hairs already showing on his muscular cheeks and bony chin, and wearing a striped silk shirt and artificial bow tie, he stopped at the main gate of the Ninety-third Armory and, kissing each of the Madri-Gals in turn, gave away all his civilian treasures. To the first he gave a wild letter of congratulations from one of the direct descendants of Theodore Dreiser; to the second, he gave a photo of a great, fat, staring baby purported (he himself couldn't remember the incident) to be his daughter in Flint, Michigan; to the third, he willed a suicide note, written by himself only two months ago, whose composition had so enthralled him that he had given up the actual idea; and to the fourth and largest Gal he gave away his twelve-string guitar, which had had—tattooed, one is tempted to say, but actually, burned with a red-hot ice pick—inscribed around and around the flat curve of the instrument, these words: THIS HEAH GITTAR KILLS FASHISTS.

In return, the sisters gave him a magnificent going-away present: a Swiss army knife with twenty-five attachments, suitable for gouging, cutting, rasping, slashing, stabbing, and opening bottles. In this belligerent and tear-stained spirit, James Richard Buttonwood, third son of the Deputy Sheriff of Minas Picas County, Texas, gave away all his earthly possessions and entered the spiritual profession of United States soldier. Half-an-hour later, he was back again; the Army had rejected him on the grounds that he had a perforated eardrum and couldn't hear any too well through his right ear, either.

When he came out, onto the rainy granite steps of the Armory, the women were gone, his guitar and his mementos were gone, and he had no overcoat, and no career.

"A Bum with a Busted Drum," said Buttonwood. He was addressing himself, naturally. He was lying in bed in a hotel he had picked because

it bore the name of a man he worshiped: Mark Twain. Also, it was cheap. All around the white-washed walls were the marks of men's hands at about hip height, as if they spent their time here, not in bed nor on the creaking chair, but leaning mournfully against the plaster.

"Sweet Jesus, what am I going to do?" said Buttonwood. The habits of his uncles, sweating out the dry season on the porch beside the dusty enameled washing machine, the sole ornament of their marriage, began to creep back upon him. He worked loose an arm of the fake mahogany chair near the window and, opening the Swiss army knife, selected a stout blade and began to whittle away the anxiety of these afternoon hours. He went down once and bought a gallon bottle of gut-killer, which went by the name of California Muscatel. By evening he was lying dead drunk on the cigarette-scarred floor. On the bed, though, resting comfortably on a clean pillow, was a beautiful miniature wooden propeller carved out of the mountain ash of which the chair was actually lumbered, a generation ago, when these trees grew on every chalky, limestone hillside from Newfoundland to North Carolina. About midnight, dry, cold, and hungry, Jimmy Buttonwood left his hotel, and searched the gutters and the empty lots and finally, a recent construction site, where he found one new, clean No. 3 nail, and pierced and hung the propeller through its center of gravity, and so beautifully, that in the wind from the Golden Gate, the fine white wood spun round and round, giving a sound and substance to the mysterious air.

After eating six doughnuts and four lumps of sugar with his coffee next morning, Buttonwood coughed, spat, reached in his pants pocket, and unwrapped the marvel he had wrought; it was carefully cradled in his folded handkerchief: a miniature propeller, so beautifully whittled for balance, that it would spin at the merest exhalation of breath. The short-order cook put out his shaved head through the serving window of the kitchen, and watched with sleepy admiration. "Aha, nice, very nice," said the cook. Buttonwood thanked him in all sincerity. "You want more hot?" asked the cook. Buttonwood thanked him again. Such were the rewards of art.

He was resolved, suddenly, to quit the guitar and become a sculptor. He would erect heroic masses

of struggling granite, originally banned by the authorities, but restored after illegal demonstrations in the streets of Berlin, Helsinki, and Leningrad, as well as Denver, Colorado; no, no, he would do them in bronze; but all would have the faces of his ancestors, a spicy stew of Cherokee and Irish, with high cheekbones, burning eyes, red thick hair, and a thin, straight mouth. They were unsung heroes, every last one of them, but he was nothing but a twelve-string guitar player with a busted eardrum and a Swiss army knife.

He made up his mind. He got off the stool, paid his tab, saluted the short-order cook, marched across the street, and signed up to win the war with the Merchant Marine.

"There was one slight, tiny, miniature hitch, though," said Buttonwood. "They couldn't actually put me to work today, not until the official documents appeared, duly signed and countersigned, certifying I had a hole in my head, and was therefore not subject to future military service, though I would think the opposite was the case."

However, the fact was, the papers had first to be sent to his draft board in Minas Picas County, Texas, and they studied them keenly for some three months, and then sent them on to Washington with the following note: "I know this man. He's a real bum. Plays guitar okay. Why can't he serve his country?" This note was written by one of Buttonwood's uncles, James Roach Buttonwood, and because the initials were the same—but practically everybody in Minas Picas County had the same name; why change a good thing?—there was more confusion than ever, and the documents ended up in the FBI fingerprint room, under close scrutiny.

Meanwhile, the Germans drove deeper into Russia, unimpeded by these problems of identity; and despair, equally monstrous, had invaded the soul of Jimmy Buttonwood. He tried to remain dead drunk, and generally succeeded, except when he was in jail, and sometimes even then—for there was a trusty in the City lockup who peddled ether out of a can. Otherwise, Buttonwood slept in mission flops and downtown doorways, or in the cable-car terminal, or under the rotting canvas of an abandoned boat, named *Hot Papa III*, at Sausalito, California. He woke up one dry morning, certain he had died and gone to hell. Actually, he had fallen asleep in the Hall of Dinosaurs at the San Francisco County Museum, but it took him ten frightening minutes to realize this fact. "It was under repair at the time, and I blended in very nicely with the other bones."

It was the limit; he'd had just about enough.

Ben Maddow's stories have appeared in "Harper's" and in the prize collections. He is also a poet, playwright, and movie writer. Recently he completed the screenplay for "The Way West," and his new play, "A Window on the River Rouge," is scheduled for fall opening.

He borrowed a razor from the Salvation Army, undecided whether to cut his throat or clean up. He decided to shave first. The face that emerged was so fantastically burned and bony, that he put on a back-home Cherokee accent, went back to the Merchant Marine office, and demanded a job. They asked him for identification. He refused; he said it was against Indian religion and anyway the United States belonged to the Cherokee and their allies, so how about giving it back? However, the Tribal Council had authorized him to settle for a government job. They refused, so he sat back and squatted down on his heels in the outer office, chewing cigarette tobacco by the hour. On the third day, they signed him on as Ordinary Seaman.

Now OS is low enough, but the Executive Officer on the SS *Liberty Fort*, a ship just recently glued together out of old boiler plate, took one look at Jim's sad face and melancholy clothes, and, unwilling to assign him to a post of any responsibility whatever, posted him to the Steward's Department. According to Jim, this would have made, in the old days, a splendid ballad or a heroic piece of sculpture: Buttonwood, the ex-guitarist, carefully faced into the backside of the prevailing trade wind, emptying the morning garbage over-side as the sun rose gloriously over the Chinese horizon.

However, Jim was forced to satisfy his immortal soul by writing the day's menu on a piece of slate hung outside the main galley. Cabbage Soup, Ham With Lentils, Cheese-and-Noodle Salad, and other such flatulent delicacies, villainously suited to the crowded quarters below deck—these were his inspiration; he decorated the plain American goodness of such menus with elaborate margins of beasts and flowers, done in the available green, pink, and gritty white of the chalk pencils he borrowed permanently out of Ship's Stores. The slate, thus, rather resembled a sickly medieval manuscript. This grand outlet for Buttonwood's creative impulse was stopped by universal complaint: the seamen on board no longer could not merely not tell what they were eating by eating it; they couldn't read the menu, either. They cursed Buttonwood, declared him a nut, and threw the slate overboard. Thus Art, which was Buttonwood's only antidote to Life, was abolished by public censorship, which is the most hideous kind in the world.

They were eleven days out at sea; they were overloaded, till the newly bolted seams groaned and creaked, with cases of ball bearings in various sizes, plus spare parts for bulldozers (the bulldozers themselves had not yet been shipped), and in

Hold Number Four, great bales of raw, partly sterilized beef bone, intended, possibly, as fertilizer for Stalin by way of Vladivostok. There was a plausible rumor, started by Buttonwood, that the United States had been forced to ship supplies to our Russian allies, but had sabotaged the agreement by shipping everything in strictly alphabetical order; they had got to B; and when they got to Z (zinc, zircons, and zombies) the war would be over, one way or another.

But, first, of course, they had to cross the ticklish and watery boundaries of the Japanese Empire. Submarines, and the rumor of submarines, were the staple of chow-time and sack-time conversation. At times, one could actually see, on the blue horizon, two ancient camouflaged destroyers, which every evening sent light signals in code to the SS *Liberty Fort*. Jim Buttonwood, gone glaring mad with boredom, spent one morning learning the elements of the Morse alphabet, and that night he deciphered several messages from the U. S. Navy; they turned out to be surprisingly hungry: blinking furiously, they demanded chocolate bars or canned peaches, or denied, sometimes in pretty vigorous language, that they had any macaroni to spare. Life on board began to resemble, as Buttonwood told me, "A nice truckload of turkeys on a three-lane road—penned up, fed up, and destined to die."

The one reminder of more or less human civilization was the movies projected in the Seamen's Mess—"I use the word Mess deliberately," said Buttonwood—every night of the week, including Sunday. Everybody went. Jammed so close together that "You couldn't tell one man's butt from another man's bean," they saw three features over and over again. One was a western so bad that the projectionist, who also doubled as Pharmacist's Mate, took Buttonwood's suggestion seriously, and systematically scrambled the ten reels in a different order each night, thus converting the plot to a sort of madly sober fantasy; the second feature was a romance in which several men were hooked by Joan Crawford's enormous eyeball, and this, after about the seventh running, Buttonwood improved (of his own accord, for he had become assistant projectionist by now) by threading the film backward, so that all the swooning and cooing, all the kisses and tears and openings-of-a-dramatic-door, proceeded insanely in the reverse direction, thereby improving the dialogue rather considerably; instead of insufferable inanities, it became a fascinating series of gulps, chokes, gasps, and clucks, a sort of primitive, raw-knuckle Czechoslovakian.

Ah, but the third feature! Shown only twice a

Yin and Yang

BY KENNETH REXROTH

It is Spring once more in the Coast Range
 Warm, perfumed, under the Easter moon.
 The flowers are back in their places.
 The birds back in their usual trees.
 The winter stars set in the ocean.
 The summer stars rise from the mountains.
 The air is filled with atoms of quicksilver.
 Resurrection envelopes the earth.
 Bright, immortal, geometrical,
 Animals and men march through heaven,
 Pacing their secret ceremony.
 The Lion gives the moon to the Virgin.
 She stands at the crossroads of heaven,
 Holding the full moon in her right hand,
 A glittering wheat ear in her left.
 The climax of the rite of rebirth
 Has ascended from the underworld
 Is proclaimed in light from the zenith.
 In the underworld the sun swims
 Between the fish called Yes and No.

week, it was treated with silent and sweating reverence by the audience, by the Pharmacist's Mate, and even by Buttonwood. It was a duped and smuggled 35-mm print of *Ecstasy*, in which Hedy Lamarr (everyone aboard called her Haidee) swam in dazzling nudity, or loped in a white skin through dark forests, and submitted to the first pleasures of sex by letting her lower jaw go slack and dropping her pearl necklace onto the bedroom floor, bead by sensual bead. The men would stumble out of this experience on Wednesday and Saturday nights, mute and sweating, gone blind, deaf, and hoarse with perfectly useless concupiscent.

"For this disease, I had one sure cure," said Buttonwood. "I would go down to my bunk, shut my eyes, and remind myself, step by step, of a lady horse-wrassler I met in Ogden one bad November. Noticed her in a whiskey bar the week the rodeo was in town. She'd wore yellow elkskin gloves and would bang her palm down against the knotty pine and holler for one more straight rye. Ever romantic, I asked for the same. She bought me six shots, and in return she turned into pure cream under my loving care. Sad story, because when we crawled headfirst into my little shack, she took hold of me with intentions, I am sure, as tender as a baby, except her fine gloves had been took off, and those hands of hers were covered with calluses as hard as a hoof off a dead cow. I sunk into nothing right then and there, and the mere

and simple recollection of that incident has served to keep me from sin any time I choose."

One early morning, the ship's siren blew Emergency Stations. The brave platoon of Marines ran in their helmets, underwear, and size-eleven shoes, to uncover the olive-drab gun that was mounted on the poop deck, a position that was well calculated to knock the Skipper of the SS *Liberty Fort* to hell and gone. Luckily, it had no ammunition to fit. The crew—cooks, firemen, and all—ran to their lifeboat stations, and watched, cheering sarcastically, while the destroyers, one on each horizon, dumped depth charges into the vast, black, overcast Pacific Ocean. Buttonwood, though, had to be different; to him, this was simply an opportunity to practice the harmonica which he'd found in the Head four days before. But it hurt his artistic pride to play it badly. "However," said Buttonwood, "the worse thing about a war is there is nothing you can do in privacy. And I mean, nothing! In fact, you can't even do nothing without one of your mates inquiring as to your mental health. No, man, war is hell."

He dove down the iron ladder just as all emergency lights were doused, and in utter blackness he descended toward the dormitory deck. Both ship and Buttonwood were swinging violently back and forth, taking evasive action, though not quite synchronously. So, "I got a smart bruise on the left upper knob of my brain"—as he hit the brass corner of an empty life-jacket locker. He figured he was about three flights down at the time. Shock waves from the depth charges began to rock the whole creaky vast coffin of the ship.

Buttonwood lay in his bunk, playing "Love Oh Careless Love," in the key of F sharp; he was immersing himself in a sort of sentimental lust, common to men away from home, which not even the thought of the lady with the horny hand could quite dispel. Below the waterline of a ship at sea, a kind of total darkness becomes possible, where the passage of time, which requires some kind of movement of light, no longer exists; or rather, time does exist, but it's not going anywhere; it's like the interminable, frightening, anonymous, and forgotten boredom of a child waiting to be born. And then, suddenly, the child got a tough, painful probe into his left side. It was his shaving kit, fallen out of the net he had rigged up to keep it suspended; and jabbing out of the plastic cover was the object he had carved with such love and devotion in the hotel on Market Street in San Francisco. It still had the original nail in place. It was an omen, a sign, a direction from God; in fact, it was sent, Buttonwood is today fully convinced,

to save his miserable guitar-happy soul from a life of gin, peanuts, and women.

"I spun that baby in the dark," said Buttonwood. "And man, what a fine sweet music, especially when I held it to my good ear. Well, I swore right then—hear me?—to follow my destiny and whittle me a machine that would surpass the Beethoven Fifth in every department except Winston Churchill." What he had in mind, apparently, was a chorus of wooden propellers, a sort of wind-driven orchestra.

The trouble with a piece of work, though, is that, like a son or daughter, it bears your face and even your gestures, but not your intentions. From the day it's born, it cries, staggers, runs, shouts, contradicts, defies, and corrects you; it walks and breathes, which is astonishing, almost by itself; you made it, but it's not yours. This describes pretty accurately what happened to Jim Buttonwood's Wind Machine.

From pieces of baling wire he cadged from the cargo, from a broken alarm clock, from bars and cleats and chains, from deck equipment torn loose by the frequent storms, he began gradually to fashion the great work of his life. At first, it was about the size of a typewriter; several days later, it began to resemble a medium-sized dog; in about a week and a half, it had grown to the size and inner complexity of a player piano. It was no longer possible for the Machine and Buttonwood to occupy the bunk at the same time; they had to take turns. Just about this time, it began to affect even the somewhat sickly indifference of his shipmates. They accused him of constructing an artificial woman; and some inquired to know the going rental; and some of these were dead serious.

"Man, that was a sex-crazed crew," said Buttonwood. He was afraid one of them might abduct the Wind Machine and seduce and abandon it in a state of hopeless damage; so he carried it up the iron stairs to the C deck one morning, and bolted it down just outside the galley door, where he could keep on eye on it, and fight off mashers and rapists. But a curious thing happened: in the open air, washed by an occasional forty-foot wave, the Wind Machine took on a sturdy and masculine posture; and this, in turn, produced a certain comradely admiration among the seamen. Even the Marines, all of whom had learned to bayonet before they could shave, began to respect Buttonwood's work. Men came around to criticize and stayed to admire. They offered improvements, additions, corrections. They held councils and discussions; they pounded coffee mugs and got into fist fights on the subject; they made drawings and woke Buttonwood in the midst of his Four Off to tell him of

some really brilliant and fantastic addendum for the Wind Machine. It became more than their mascot. It was their brave, mad, immortal, and collective soul. They jimmied the locks off the Officers' Stores and borrowed stuff of a fantastic kind. A stainless-steel wristwatch, spare parts for the M-1 rifle, and a steel spring about forty feet long, which was the heart of an Eymo camera, otherwise untouched, the personal property of the Executive Officer—who promptly and mysteriously stopped photographing the Pacific sunsets, and was reported, two days later, to be sick in the head.

The Wind Machine was itself a somewhat irrational piece of architecture. "But only," stated Buttonwood, "if you looked at it as a whole. Take it piece by piece, it was absolutely logical." What he meant was that for every gear, there was a gearshaft, and for every gearshaft, an eccentric cam or two, that drove a train of additional gears, and these, in turn, powered a small motor, originally designed for the Skipper's electric shaver, and this motor, in turn, fed juice to a heart of tiny, blinking electric lights that spelled out the word: MOTHER. The Wind Machine, the work now of collective burglary, grew day by day until it became truly heroic in size. On the thirteenth of April, in mid-Pacific, it was almost twelve feet tall, and covered with hundreds of whittled propellers, which in any sort of wind would whirl like a cloud of pale dragonflies, and each with a special voice, so the effect was one of a vast and superhuman chorus of distant angels.

And it was a Machine that managed, with all its enormous activity, to accomplish absolutely nothing. It was; it existed; its being was its reason. All of its parts were dead; the sum total, though, was alive; and even in certain kinds of light had a sort of tough, witty, but sensitive personality.

Finally, even the Chief Pharmacist's Mate, who read hardcover books and regarded himself as the one sane soul in a cargo of lunatics, came down to inspect it, and said, with his customary wisdom, "Well, I'll be a sad son-of-a-bitch," which is about the highest praise he had ever given anyone but Schopenhauer.

"It was beautiful. It was immortal," said Buttonwood. "Nothing in the world could ever kill that Machine—except orders from above." About 6:00 A.M., somewhere across the Pacific dateline, a mimeographed order was run off signed by the Skipper, declaring all decks and passages and doors must be cleared of encumbrance before noon of the same day. A search-and-destroy squad of

baby Marines, armed with .45 pistols, were sent down to dismantle the Machine. But Buttonwood struck back. Relying on his trade-union experience, he incited the kitchen crew to a hunger strike—not their hunger strike of course, but everyone else's.

"It was an involuntary hunger strike," explained Buttonwood, "due to the fact that we had dumped all the forks and spoons overboard, and for the first time in the living memory of the Merchant Marine, we served hot food hot." And Buttonwood added, somewhat rhetorically, "Ever try eating red-hot barley mushroom soup with a knife?"

He went at the head of an elected delegation of twenty-three men and got an interview with the Skipper himself, who declared in a fatherly rage that, yes, they could keep the goddamn Machine on one condition, that they fetched the forks and spoons back from the Pacific bottom, which at this point—he whipped out a chart to prove it—was exactly 18,143 feet below the keel of the SS *Liberty Fort*. The strike committee foiled him, though. They got the Skipper's word of honor on this suicidal bargain, and promptly hauled back the silverware which they had stashed away in Buttonwood's footlocker.

Buttonwood became a hero, famous from stack to boiler. The Wind Machine, his masterpiece, had beat the Skipper; it therefore had every attribute of an old-fashioned heathen Greek or Hindu god, except a proper voice. This defect Buttonwood remedied by more or less blackmailing the Executive Officer for the permanent loan of his personal radio; it was installed with due ceremony in the belly of the Machine, who thenceforth acquired the marvelously incomprehensible voice of the Rose of Tokyo, who was still about four hundred sea miles south or north, depending upon which rumor you believed. It was really a great time: fine weather, good conversation, and a Wind Machine that played old Louis Armstrong records and spoke in delicious sexy Nippon-Americanese.

The nobility, the purity, the beauty, the grandeur of what he had built, changed Buttonwood's life profoundly from that moment on. After the Wind Machine, it would be pretty hard to go back to a hungry forty-dollar guitar.

"Well, man, that's all there is," said Buttonwood. The rest of his story, it's true, is a bit of an anticlimax. One early morning they were pronged, fore and aft, by two torpedoes, possibly Japanese. The SS *Liberty Fort* swallowed water at all seams, shuddered, caught fire, and broke into three parts, each of which began to perish separately.

There was some considerable confusion. Buttonwood ran to the Wind Machine and unbolted it from the deck, tied a life jacket to it, and lowered it into a boat, which promptly sank. He called for help, but no one listened. Most of his closest friends on board were busy smashing open the projection booth, where they tore souvenir frames out of *Ecstasy*. Still others, the crasser, less intellectual sort, flung themselves overboard, clinging to bits of wreckage.

Buttonwood himself, hit accidentally in the mouth by an officer who was endeavoring to restore discipline with a Stilson wrench, was knocked into the sea. He bled copiously, and swam further than anyone in his right senses would have dared. Some hours later, he crawled up on the beach of an uncharted volcanic island. For days on end he drank rainwater and ate fiddler crabs, till he discovered there was wild pig rooting about in the salty reeds. He actually killed one with a rock, but the flesh was too highly flavored to eat raw, and there was no wood nor branch nor bush on that bitter island.

Then, one morning, he stumbled across a piece of elaborate driftwood. It was part of a life raft, very possibly; but tied securely to it, by rusty wire, was a curious object, taller than a man, and covered with small bits of whittled wood. It took him several days to dry it out sufficiently to set it ablaze. It made a splendid fire, at which he cooked and ate his wild pig, hungrily, happily, gouging out the fat ribs with his fingers. He had absolutely no idea what he was burning. But the Wind Machine, blazing, crackling, and whirling, lifted a pillar of yellowish flame to a height about twice its own stature; it was noticed by a two-engine amphibious search plane from the Alaskan Command, piloted by a certain Lieutenant Joseph Strick, who, when he reported the sighting, was told to get the hell out of the way: it was a volcano. Luckily he hated his superior so much that he automatically disagreed, and came around, as low as he dared, and dropped flares and food. At the first taste of C rations, with a horrible cry of despair, Buttonwood returned to sanity.

When they sent a cutter and rescued Buttonwood, he was busy digging a monstrous grave in which to inter the charcoal remains of the great Wind Machine. The radio which had been its voice, protected by a steel and plastic case, played "Music Maestro Please," from a neighboring rock, the home and habitation of a family of hooded lizards.

"They make great eating," said Buttonwood, and lifted his empty glass, grinning with new false front teeth at his Korean wife, who wore a pair of some sort of carved propellers—or was I wrong?—in her rich, long, thick, young, and shining hair.

The Secret Surrender

BY ALLEN W. DULLES

At the beginning of 1945, when the defeat of Germany's Armies was inevitable and further destruction the only thing to be gained by continuing the war, General Karl Wolff, commander of all SS units in Italy, defied Hitler's instructions to fight to the finish. The efforts of a schoolmaster named Max Husmann, and an intelligence officer named Max Waibel—both Swiss—together with those of an Italian Baron named Luigi Parilli enabled Wolff to meet with Allen Dulles, head of the United States OSS mission in Switzerland, to propose a separate peace.

Part I of Mr. Dulles' report on these perilous secret negotiations appeared last month. Starting with a meeting between Parilli and Husmann and Gero v. S. Gaevernitz—Dulles' unofficial, and invaluable, aide—peace negotiations eventually pro-

gressed to the point where Wolff himself met with Dulles and with Generals Lyman Lemnitzer and Terence Airey (although he was not told the Allied officers' real names).

It was clear to all concerned that Wolff's greatest contribution to the peace effort would come when he persuaded Albert Kesselring, Supreme Commander of the West Front in Germany, and Heinrich von Vietinghoff, who had replaced Kesselring as Commander of the German Armies in Italy, to join him in surrendering.

Before he was able to win either of them completely to his side, however, the High Command in Germany got wind of his activities. Wolff was summoned by Himmler to Berlin, where he would have to face Hitler as well. The question was whether he would survive the confrontation.

PART II

On Saturday, the 21st of April 1945, I arrived at my office in Bern hoping that some news might have come in about General Wolff's return. Instead, I found a message from Washington waiting for me.

WASHINGTON
Dated: 20 April 1945
Rec'd: 21 April 1945

URGENT—TOP SECRET

AMLEGATION
BERN

1. By letter today JCS [Joint Chiefs of Staff] directs that OSS break off all contact with German emissaries at once. Dulles is therefore instructed to discontinue immediately all such contacts.

2. Letter also states CCS [Combined Chiefs of Staff] have approved message to Alexander stating that it is clear to them that German Commander-in-Chief Italy does not intend to surrender his forces at this time on acceptable terms. Message continues: Accordingly, especially in view of complications which have arisen with Russians, the US and British gov-

ernments have decided OSS should break off contacts; that JCS are so instructing OSS; that whole matter is to be regarded as closed and that Russians be informed through ARCHER and DEANE [Allied Military Representatives—Moscow].

Only the bare details were given me in explanation at that time. It was true that negotiations had dragged on interminably and that Wolff might now be Hitler's captive. President Roosevelt had died and President Truman had been in office only eight days. There were too many other urgent problems, other battle fronts. Very possibly our Joint Chiefs felt that at that moment there was little to be gained by pressing the Italian surrender issue, which I gathered had stirred up the Soviets. But little did I realize from the brief reference in the cable to "complications" which had arisen with the Russians, that Moscow had accused President Roosevelt of double-dealing in the Italian surrender talks, that this had occasioned the bitterest verbal exchange the United States had yet had with Moscow, and that Stalin had beclouded the President's last days with his

false charges which Roosevelt told Stalin he considered to be "vile misrepresentations."

In any event, it was useless for me, sitting there in Bern, to indulge in speculations. Orders were orders. The question was, how should they be carried out? For the moment, I had lost contact with General Wolff. The first piece of business I set myself for Monday morning was to inform Major Waibel (of Swiss Military Intelligence), whose whereabouts I did know, how things stood. I was not looking forward to it. As I was planning my moves the phone rang.

It was Waibel. Parilli, at the Swiss-Italian border at Chiasso, had just called him; he had astounding news.

General Wolff; his adjutant, Major Wenner; and one of General Heinrich von Vietinghoff's high staff officers, Lieutenant Colonel Viktor von Schweinitz, were on their way to Switzerland. They were coming to surrender. Schweinitz had full powers to sign for Vietinghoff. Wolff and Schweinitz were ready to go to Caserta immediately to arrange for the capitulation of all German forces—Wehrmacht and SS—in North Italy. They proposed an immediate meeting with me in Lucerne to arrange the details of the trip to Allied Headquarters. And I was under the strictest military orders to have *no* dealings with them.

To say that I was in a predicament would put it mildly. Even to see the Germans would be a clear violation of instructions. Yet I was convinced that the Joint Chiefs would never have directed breaking off contact if they had known that the German envoys were already on their way to surrender. I radioed this news to Field Marshal Alexander in Caserta and to Washington and urgently requested new instructions. Then I explained my problem to Waibel. He offered to see the Germans himself, at least until my new instructions came through.

Alexander reacted immediately. He cabled back that AFHQ was requesting a reconsideration of the entire matter by the Combined Chiefs of Staff, so that we could at least ascertain whether the intentions of the German envoys were serious and what the scope of their powers was. Meanwhile, he hoped I could parry for time and endeavor to keep Wolff, Schweinitz, and Wenner in Switzerland until a final decision came from Washington and London.

The following day, the 24th, I informed the Germans through Waibel that I had to refuse to see them. I also explained to them that Wolff's trip to Hitler had naturally made our Headquarters believe that further negotiations were useless. My instructions, I said, had come before anyone knew

what had happened to Wolff in Berlin and before we realized that Wolff was prepared to go through with the surrender. I urged them to be patient. They consented to stay a day or two and sent me Schweinitz's full powers, and I radioed the text to Caserta and Washington. In translation, they read:

The Commander in Chief, Southwest; and Commander in Chief of Army Group "C"

Headquarters, 22 April 1945

Lieutenant Colonel in the General Staff von Schweinitz has been authorized by me to conduct negotiations within the frame of the instructions given by me and to make binding commitments on my behalf.

(sgd) v. Vietinghoff

The phrase "within the frame of the instructions," etc. worried me and I asked Schweinitz to send me his interpretation of it through Waibel. It appeared that while Schweinitz had been instructed to try to negotiate on Vietinghoff's "points of honor," somewhat watered down from the earlier version, he was not bound to hold to them strictly. Regarding the surrender of the German SS troops, Wolff, by virtue of his position as SS head in Italy, had full authority to act.

Then the waiting began. Would the Combined Chiefs change their minds? Would the Germans quit and walk out on us before we got an answer? All day on the 24th there was no word.

I spent part of the time with Baron Parilli, who started to tell us what had happened to Wolff when Himmler summoned him to Berlin. Waibel and Professor Max Husmann soon joined us in my room and all three contributed to the tale which is recounted below. I have put it in exact chronological order, which is not the way I heard it. I have also taken the liberty of adding certain details which Wolff later gave to Gero v. S. Gaevernitz, after the war was over, to make the story complete.

Himmler Pacified

Wolff and Himmler met about 100 kilometers north of Berlin, at a clinic run by one of Hitler's personal physicians. Himmler immediately began to press Wolff, building up to what looked like an accusation of treason. Thereupon, Wolff produced a letter he was carrying written and signed by his ally, the German Ambassador to Italy, Rudolf Rahn. The letter, addressed to Hitler, subtly indicated that the contacts to the Allies which had been established (Rahn did not say by whom) had been planned to achieve an objective Hitler had sought, namely the holding up, to some extent, of the Allied

offensive in Italy. The letter, Parilli explained to us, was a trick cooked up by Rahn for Wolff's protection. Since Rahn, as both Himmler and Ernst Kaltenbrunner of the SS well knew, then had Hitler's ear and his trust a message from Rahn to Hitler could not safely be sidetracked. If Himmler or Kaltenbrunner had tried to get Wolff out of the way and Rahn had later learned that his message had not been delivered, they would have had to answer to Hitler for their treatment of Wolff. The letter seemed to have a pacifying effect on Himmler. Anyway, after reading it, he returned it to Wolff without comment.

During the afternoon Kaltenbrunner appeared and revealed himself as the primary antagonist to what Wolff was trying to accomplish. He presented evidence of Wolff's treason to Himmler as though Himmler were the judge, but it was all too evident that Kaltenbrunner was merely trying to corner Wolff and no longer felt that the vacillating Himmler was of real importance in the case. Kaltenbrunner had a file of papers with him. Presumably it contained all the information he had gathered about Wolff's actions. Much of it apparently was perilously close to the truth but Kaltenbrunner's bumbling agents had somehow never got the whole story straight, nor had they got their hands on the most incriminating evidence.

Eventually, Wolff decided it was time to play his trump card. He said he now wanted to go to Berlin to see Hitler. He insisted that both Kaltenbrunner and Himmler accompany him so that he could account to Hitler in their presence for what he had done in Switzerland and why he had done it. Himmler begged off, possibly because he was himself very vulnerable. He had already become deeply engaged in his Swedish negotiations with Count Bernadotte, and probably was not sure how widely this was suspected or known.

In Hitler's Bunker

So Kaltenbrunner and Wolff went off in a chauffeur-driven SS car to Berlin and arrived there at about three in the morning. Before they entered Hitler's bunker, Wolff pulled the ace he had been hiding. It was the only moment he would have alone with Kaltenbrunner. He told Kaltenbrunner that if the latter started accusing him of secret negotiations in front of Hitler, Wolff would inform Hitler that he had already reported on his contacts with me to Himmler and Kaltenbrunner and that they had both asked him not to bring Hitler into the picture. If Wolff was going to the gallows, he would see to it that Kaltenbrunner would swing

next to him. Kaltenbrunner, according to Wolff, turned pale. He normally had a flushed vein-swollen complexion, resulting no doubt from the fact that he drank brandy heavily.

The bunker, which they then entered, was filled with guards. Scurrying in and out of the various offices was SS Gruppenführer Fegelein, the brother-in-law of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun. He had taken over Wolff's job as liaison officer between Hitler and the SS after Wolff had been sent to Italy. (A few days later Fegelein was shot on Hitler's orders, allegedly for trying to escape from Berlin.)

Suddenly Hitler stepped out of his private quarters to cross the hall to another room where a military briefing was to take place. He seemed surprised to see Wolff but greeted him cordially and asked him to wait until the briefing was over. Fegelein and Kaltenbrunner stayed on the scene but remained silent throughout the conversation which subsequently took place between Wolff and Hitler.

Hitler, although not outwardly hostile toward Wolff, was critical. He called Wolff's approach to the Allies, which he had heard about from Kaltenbrunner, a "colossal disregard of authority," but he did not accuse Wolff of having acted behind his back.

Hitler then waited for Wolff to explain and Wolff launched into a long and detailed review of his work in Italy. He cleverly placed great emphasis on the meeting he had had with Hitler in February when, with Ribbentrop also present, Hitler had more or less given the nod to explorations of contacts to the Allies. He explained his not having informed Berlin before he went to see me on March 8th by claiming that, in entering into this contact on his own, he was giving Hitler the chance to disown and discard him if the whole thing went wrong. He concluded by saying that his undertaking had succeeded. He was happy to be able to tell Hitler that he had opened a channel for him that led directly to the President of the United States and to Prime Minister Churchill—if he wanted to use it.

Allen W. Dulles was Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency under President Truman and Director under Presidents Eisenhower and Kennedy. Since his retirement in November 1961 he has written two books, "The Craft of Intelligence" and—forthcoming—"The Secret Surrender," from which these two articles are adapted. The entire book will be published by Harper & Row in October. Mr. Dulles' service for the U.S. began in 1916 and included four years with the OSS in Switzerland during World War II.

Wolff did not mention the meetings with my "military advisers" (Allied Generals Lemnitzer and Airey). He was convinced by now that Kaltenbrunner and Himmler, and therefore Hitler, knew only of the March 8th meeting. Hitler watched him closely, apparently waiting for him to waver or to avoid his penetrating glance. Wolff felt that he had succeeded in giving an impression of frankness, because Hitler told him that he accepted his presentation. He then asked Wolff what he thought the terms of a surrender would be. Wolff replied that unconditional surrender could not be avoided.

Third School Bell Award

Harper's Magazine has been selected as a winner of a 1966 National School Bell Award for "distinguished service in the interpretation of education." The Award—*Harper's* third in the past five years—was presented by the National School Public Relations Association, a department of the National Education Association.

The possibility of some mitigation might, he thought, exist, but that would depend on the Germans demonstrating goodwill and respect for the country and the people of Italy. Hitler then broke off the interview by saying he had to get some sleep, and he asked Wolff to come back around five in the afternoon.

Wolff was emboldened to face the next interview by the new signs of weakness he observed in the Führer. Hitler had always carried himself in stiff military posture but now he was bent, shaky, and flabby, his features sunken. He dragged his body around heavily and slowly. His right hand trembled constantly; he seemed to have trouble with his equilibrium and, after walking only a few steps, he would appear to lose his balance and have to sit down. His eyes were bloodshot. For years his vision had been so bad that all memoranda addressed to him were printed on a special typewriter equipped with letters three times the normal size, which he then could read without glasses; he felt glasses were unbecoming to a dictator. At times his mouth dripped saliva, which he was unaware of. When he spoke, however, he seemed to be able to regain temporarily much of the ruthless energy for which he had so long been known, and then his famous memory for names, facts, and figures seemed as good as ever.

In their second conversation, that afternoon, Hitler told Wolff that he had considered the matter presented to him in the morning in the light of his overall plans for the future. He had decided

upon using the following general plan of warfare from now on. Three large strongholds should be established inside Germany: one in the center, under his command, in the capital city of Berlin; one to the north, in Schleswig-Holstein, Denmark, and Norway; and one in the south, including the Alpine stronghold. He was intentionally withdrawing from the wide open areas between Schleswig-Holstein and Berlin, and between Berlin and the Alps, and had issued orders that the German troops should retire to whichever stronghold was nearest. Soon, doubtless, the Russians and the Anglo-Americans would meet somewhere in these open areas.

The Americans, however, could not put up with this. They would therefore push the Russians back by force of arms. Here Hitler stopped and fixed Wolff with a piercing glance. That, he said, would be the point at which he, Hitler, would be invited to participate in the final war on one side or the other. He claimed he could hold out in Berlin against East and West for at least six, and possibly even eight, weeks and for this reason he told Wolff that he must hold out in Italy that long. In the meantime, Hitler expected conflict would come about between the Allies, and then Hitler would decide which side he would join.

A few moments later, with a sudden otherworldly and unnatural calmness, Hitler announced, "You know, my private ambition ever since the beginning of the war has been to withdraw and to observe the development of the German people from a distance, and to have my influence on it. I shall soon turn my power over to the most competent of my associates."

Wolff tried to bring the conversation back to practical realities. To this Hitler replied, "Don't lose your nerve, man. I need my nerves for other things; I cannot allow myself to be softened by these reports. For the man who is to make the final decision must not let himself be moved by the misery and the horror that the war brings to every individual on the front and in the homeland. So do what I say. Fly back, and give my regards to Vietinghoff."

"No Negotiations of Any Kind"

Then came a series of instructions, culminating again in the order to hold fast and defend. Hitler added that, should this fateful battle under his leadership not bring success, the German people would have forfeited their rights to existence. The greater, stronger race from the East would then have proved itself biologically superior, and there

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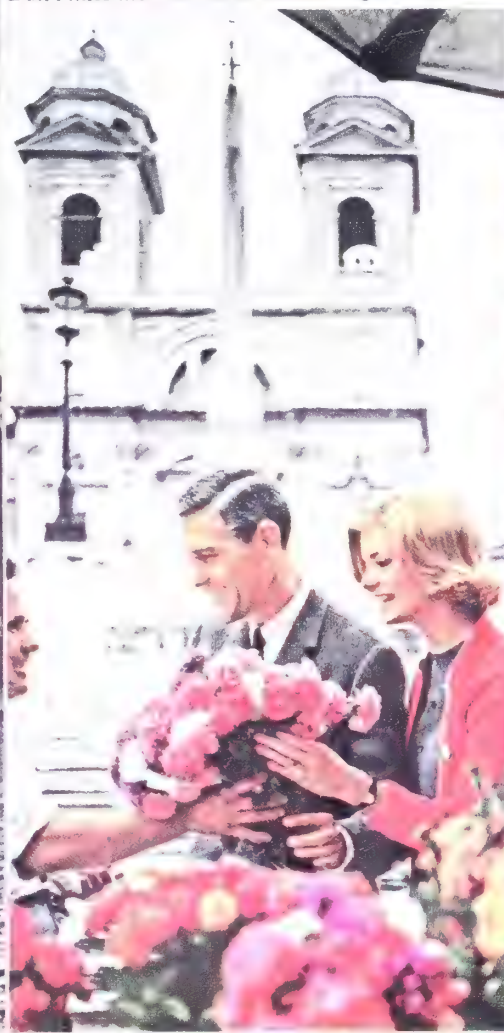
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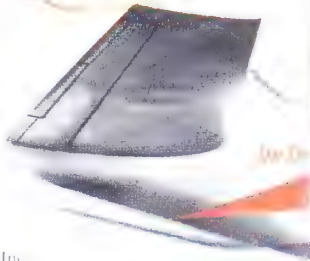
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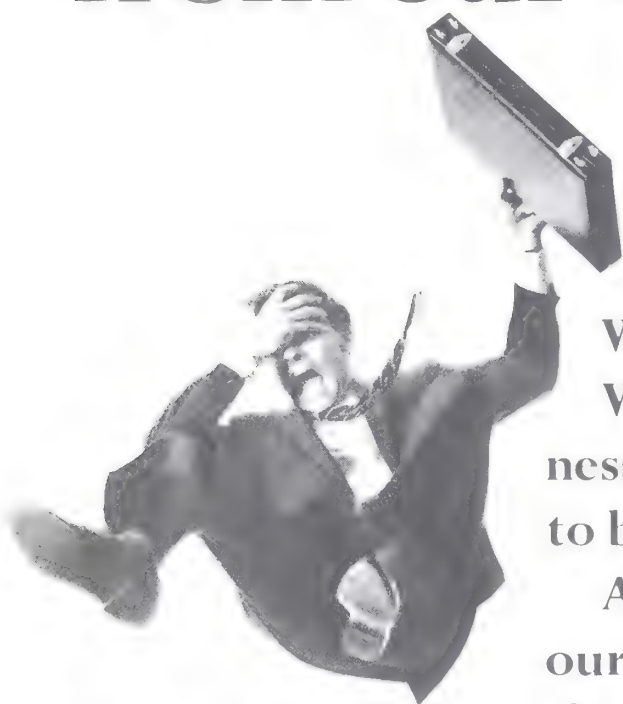
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would be nothing left but to go down heroically. He concluded, "Go back to Italy; maintain your contacts with the Americans, but see that you get better terms. Stall a bit, because to capitulate unconditionally on the basis of such vague promises would be preposterous. Before we come to an agreement with the Americans, we've got to get much better conditions."

As I listened, in Lucerne, to the story of Wolff's ordeal in Berlin, the prospects for any kind of surrender seemed to be slipping steadily away. For we still had no new instructions from Washington or Caserta and time was running out. Every few hours impatient messages came from the German envoys at Waibel's villa nearby. We were all fearful that any day a signal from Berlin would order the beginning of the destruction of the great industrial and power plants of North Italy as well as of the port installations of Genoa. As the front became more and more fluid, it would be increasingly difficult to put through a surrender. The lines of communication between the various German fighting units were becoming precarious.

While we waited for new instructions, an order arrived for General Wolff from Himmler. It had had a circuitous route to travel. Sent from Berlin to Wolff's Headquarters in Italy, it was then relayed from there to Wolff's trusted officer, Guido Zimmer, at Milan, who brought it to the Swiss-Italian frontier and telephoned it to Waibel, who passed it to me. For an intelligence officer it is not an unpleasant sensation to be able to read your antagonist's instructions before they reach the addressee. Himmler's message was dated April 23, 1945, and read: "It is more essential than ever that the Italian front holds and remains intact. No negotiations of any kind should be undertaken."

We were keenly interested in Wolff's reaction to this ominous threat. Waibel, as he handed the message to him, observed him closely. Without comment, Wolff passed it to his aide Wenner, and to Schweinitz. They looked at him questioningly. Wolff, Waibel told me, shrugged his shoulders. "What Himmler has to say now makes no difference," he commented.

All "Stop" Signals Reversed

On the afternoon of April 25, Wolff sent word to me that he felt he should return immediately to Italy. The situation there was becoming so chaotic that soon he would not be able to get back at all. If he were away too long, moreover, Himmler might try to take control of Wolff's forces; Vietinghoff might change his mind; and the Duce was

unpredictable too, although we had discounted his influence on the situation and his ability to make firm decisions.

Two days later, on the morning of April 27th, three cables came in, all marked TRIPLE PRIORITY—an emergency communications designation which takes precedence over absolutely everything else on the line. All previous "stop" signals were reversed. The Combined Chiefs of Staff were instructing Field Marshal Alexander to make arrangements for the German envoys to come immediately to Caserta to sign a surrender. The Russians had been invited to send a representative. There were to be no conferences or discussions in Switzerland. A plane was being sent up that very day to fetch the surrender team. It was suggested that both Gaevernitz and Waibel accompany the Germans if possible.

Then the cables began to fly and the phones began to ring. First I called Waibel's office in Lucerne to tell him the good news. He suggested trying to intercept Wolff, who would not yet have reached the Austrian border, to see if he wished to go to Caserta himself. I then informed Washington and Caserta of our situation, and told them that with luck we would stop Wolff before it was too late.

It was not yet noon when Waibel phoned to say that our message had reached Wolff at the Austrian-Swiss border. He was delighted with the turn of events but had decided not to go to Caserta. Instead, he was going to his Headquarters in Bolzano, where he felt he would be needed to keep the generals in line.

I did not go to Caserta for the signature either. Secrecy was still the order of the day and I was well known to the press, so that a trip by me to Caserta and my presence there might well have caused premature publicity and blown the security of the operation, which so far had been scrupulously maintained.

Gaevernitz, at Field Marshal Alexander's request, joined the German envoys, Wenner and Schweinitz, and acted as interpreter throughout the proceedings on the 28th and 29th of April 1945. He wrote a full account of these days. As the reader will see, Gaevernitz' functions were much more important than those of an interpreter, though he had no other officially announced duties. In fact, he exercised unique influence on the German envoys, and his skill in dealing with them was of vital importance, particularly in persuading Schweinitz to interpret liberally the oral instructions he had received from General Vietinghoff.

The following account is drawn from Gaevernitz' account to me of those two crucial days. All



Negotiators for peace: (from left to right) General Roettiger, Gaevernitz, Major Wenner, General Vittinghoff, Colonel Dollman, and General Wolff.

action took place at the Allied Headquarters of the Mediterranean Theater at Caserta in a great castle which had once belonged to the kings of Naples. Behind the castle cascades of water tumbled down a low hill feeding into a series of terraced pools and fountains decorated with baroque statuary, surrounded by eighteenth-century English gardens. The military had set up a number of quonset huts and bungalows on the grounds. One small bungalow housed the Germans and Gaevernitz occupied another one. There were other larger temporary buildings, one containing a conference room where the discussions were held.

The first official meeting took place at six o'clock in the evening on April 28. In addition to Generals Lemnitzer and Airey, a small number of the highest-ranking Allied officers in the Mediterranean Theater were present. The Allied officers sat on one side of a long table which almost completely filled the conference room; across from them sat the two Germans.

Lieutenant General W. D. Morgan, Chief of Staff to Field Marshal Alexander, presented the rather voluminous document containing the terms of the "unconditional" surrender, and informed the emissaries that they would have three hours to study it. He also told them that one or more Russian representatives would be present by nine o'clock, at which time another meeting was scheduled. Immediately following the first meeting, the German emissaries went to their quarters. When they had set out on their trip, they still entertained some illusions about the meaning of the word "unconditional." Now, studying the document, they discovered that the Allies were not making any concessions.

At the next session, they made a strong plea

for demobilization of the German armies on the spot, without internment in prison camps. They also reiterated their request that German officers be permitted to keep their sidearms; this, they claimed, was necessary to maintain discipline until the surrender was completed.

Another point for argument was the naval craft in the ports. Schweinitz noted that these vessels were under the control of the German Navy. He could guarantee the surrender of the ports only, not of the craft.

Then the Germans raised an important objection concerning the ports of Trieste and Pola. Recently, Trieste, Pola, and all the territory east of the Isonzo River had been placed under the command of a German general, who was not connected with the Wolff surrender negotiations.

The Allied commanders listened to the Germans' observations and made concessions on some of the minor points. They agreed to let German officers retain their hand weapons until the surrender operations had been completed. However, on the main German requests concerning the demobilization of the German troops and their quick return to Germany, the Allies remained adamant.

Thus, when the meeting broke up, the Germans—chiefly Schweinitz—were unhappy. At their request Gaevernitz accompanied them back to their quarters. Their discussion had lasted throughout most of the night.

It was soon clear that Major Wenner, the representative of the SS, was ready to sign the surrender agreement in whatever form it might be presented. Schweinitz, however, speaking for the Wehrmacht, felt he could not back down on the issue of internment. He claimed he wanted to spare the German soldiers a long sequestration in Allied prison

camps on foreign soil. Again and again he referred to verbal instructions which he had received from his Commander-in-Chief and which he said prevented him from accepting the surrender terms as presented.

At last Gaevernitz put forth an argument that seemed to make some impression: "Don't you realize," he said, "that every sentence which we speak may cost the lives of hundreds of soldiers? While we are arguing here every minute may mean further destruction, further air raids on German cities, further death."

Schweinitz weakened. But he still insisted that his chief, Vietinghoff, be informed regarding the surrender terms and be asked to give his final consent to the signing of the surrender document. Jointly Gaevernitz and the Germans drafted a telegram that was promptly sent to Vietinghoff. It was then 4:00 A.M.

Another informal meeting between Generals Lemnitzer and Airey, the German emissaries, and Gaevernitz took place early in the morning. Airey opened this meeting with the statement that they could not wait for Vietinghoff's reply. He insisted that the surrender be signed in time for the emissaries to leave that afternoon and reach their Headquarters in Bolzano the following day. It was then that the long debate of the previous night bore fruit, as Schweinitz now agreed to sign without his chief's renewed consent.

Thereupon the many arrangements necessary for carrying out the surrender were discussed and determined. To make a fighting army put down its arms is in many respects as painstaking a task as to mobilize it. It is most important to fix the precise hour when hostilities are to cease, and to see to it that orders reach the front-line units and are carried out early enough. Nothing would be worse than to have one side stop fighting while the other continued. Almost equally important was the establishment of radio communications between Allied Military Headquarters and those of the enemy. A code and radio wavelengths for the transmission of messages between the two armies were given to the German envoys.

The surrender was set for May 2 at twelve noon, Greenwich time, which was 2:00 P.M. Central European Time. It was now April 29th and it probably would require approximately twenty-four hours for the emissaries to return to their Headquarters. Thus, forty-eight hours would remain for the surrender orders to reach the German military units in the field. Matters had to be rushed. There was not even time to retype the "unconditional" surrender agreement—it took some thirty pages to set forth all its "conditions"—to incorpo-

rate the minor changes the Allied commanders had allowed. At General Lemnitzer's suggestion, Gaevernitz inserted the changes by hand while the General looked over his shoulder to make certain the wording was correct.

Under the Klieg Lights

By two o'clock in the afternoon everything was ready for signature. For this purpose a third and final official meeting between the Allied commanders and the German emissaries took place in the solemn setting of the Royal Summer Palace, which had once served for the hours of pleasure of the kings of Naples.

Although the signing of the first German surrender of World War II was still "top secret," it was staged in the glaring light of modern publicity. To record the historic event, a small group of British and American newspaper and radio reporters, drawn by lot, had been flown in from Rome and pledged to absolute secrecy until the official announcement of the surrender was made. The Germans, who had no inkling of the publicity arrangements, were shocked when they saw the huge klieg lights, the microphones, and the grinding movie cameras. Gaevernitz suggested to General Airey that the names of the German emissaries be withheld from the press altogether, as he feared they might be killed by the Nazi underground.

General Morgan opened the proceedings:

"I understand that you are prepared and empowered to sign the terms of a surrender agreement. Is that correct?" Gaevernitz translated.

Von Schweinitz answered, "*Ja*."

The General then turned toward Wenner and repeated the question. The SS representative replied, "*Jawohl*."

General Morgan went on, "I have been empowered to sign this agreement on behalf of the Supreme Allied Commander, the terms to take effect by noon May 2, Greenwich mean time. I now ask you to sign and I shall sign after you."

At this moment the representative of the German Army sprang a surprise. Schweinitz, once more plagued by doubts about the extent of his powers, interjected in German, "May I repeat, before signing, the point I made during the preliminary talks, namely, that I personally am going beyond my powers. I presume that my Commander-in-Chief, General von Vietinghoff, will accept, but I cannot be entirely responsible."

Gaevernitz translated the words slowly and carefully into English. It was possible that this

declaration would render the signature of the German Army officer worthless in the eyes of the Allies. General Morgan, though, seemed to have no such doubts. He said in a firm voice, "I accept." Thereupon both German emissaries signed five copies of the agreement, and thereafter General Morgan affixed his signature. It was 2:17 P.M. when he closed the proceedings. The Germans were led out of the room and the floodlights faded.

The document had been signed. Now one of the last difficult jobs was still ahead. The fact that they had surrendered had to be made known to the German Armies through their leaders. This meant that the emissaries had to be passed secretly via France, neutral Switzerland, and German-controlled Austria to German Headquarters at Bolzano. The final part of the journey had to be made through territory patrolled by Gestapo agents and threatened by partisan bands.

Gaevernitz and the two German emissaries reached my house in Bern around midnight. All three were exhausted. I produced one of the last bottles of our waning supply of Scotch, and hot coffee and sandwiches. The surrender party thawed out before a great open fire. It was cold and there was even a threat of snow in the air. I gave them a pep talk, as I knew the German emissaries had a rough and perilous trip ahead. Soon after one o'clock in the morning they were off for the frontier, still accompanied by Gaevernitz.

Before seven in the morning, Gaevernitz called to report that the envoys had been blocked at the border. The Swiss government, by formal action, had hermetically closed the Swiss frontier. No one could enter or leave without special permission. Ordinary visas were of no use, and even the special facilities enjoyed by the Swiss intelligence officers under Waibel's command were ineffective. Only action by the Swiss government could help us out.

There was no time to be lost. I called the Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, Walter Stucki, at his home. I knew that Stucki was a man of decision and of courage. In a few words I sketched the problem to him. Although this was probably the first he had heard of our whole operation, he got the point immediately. Within a few minutes orders were dispatched to the frontier to let Schweinitz and Wenner cross.

Wolff had sent a car from Bolzano which was waiting for them on the Austrian side of the border. He had also sent a message of the greatest importance. Franz Hofer, Gauleiter of the Tirol, who had declared himself a supporter of the surrender barely a week before, had switched. Together with Kaltenbrunner, he was trying to stop

it from going through. They had reported the independent actions of Wolff and Vietinghoff to Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, commander of the German Armies in Italy. They were aware that the envoys were going to return to Bolzano via Austria with the surrender terms and had signaled the Gestapo to arrest them when they passed through Innsbruck. For this reason Wolff told them to avoid Innsbruck by taking the longer route over the Alps, even though this route was in some places still covered with snow. The only car Wolff had been able to procure for them was far from robust, but nevertheless they slipped through Hofer's trap and got to Bolzano with the surrender documents late in the night of April 30th.

That day, as we learned the following evening, Adolf Hitler had shot himself in his Berlin bunker; two days before, Mussolini had been tracked down and shot by Italian partisans near the shores of Lake Como. His body and the body of his mistress, Claretta Petacci, were hung from the girders of an unfinished building in the Piazza Loreto in Milan, at the site of a reprisal shooting of partisan hostages by Fascist units the year before.

An Escape Artist

Even with both dictators dead, however, the last scene of our drama remained to be played. One of its leading actors was a Czech refugee from Dachau by the name of Vaclav Hradecky.

Fairly early in the course of our negotiations with Wolff, I had asked the OSS base at Lyons to look for a German-speaking radio operator; I had hopes of persuading Wolff to smuggle such a man into his Headquarters so that we would be able to communicate with each other without the risks that much travel entailed. The operator Lyons sent us was about twenty-six years old, short, stocky, black-haired, and rather uncommunicative. We had difficulty with his name and dubbed him "Little Wally." He knew German almost perfectly and had been trained in radio at one of our OSS bases in southern Italy. The adventures he had survived in six years of war showed that he could take care of himself in almost any situation. Deported by the Germans from Prague in 1939 along with much of the student body of the Charles University, he was sent to Dachau. There he was forced to do punitive labor, starved, beaten, and mistreated—at the hands of the SS who ran the camp.

After six months Wally managed to escape. He lived underground in Germany for three years,

posing as a laborer, and at the same time he made contact with the Czech resistance and passed them intelligence on what he observed in Germany. He was finally caught in a raid in a small town in Bavaria and, lacking proper identification, was arrested and sent to a PW camp. He escaped from that too and made his way into Switzerland. From Switzerland he went into France as soon as the Germans cleared out and there made contact with OSS.

After a few talks with Wally, I decided he was the man for our job. I told him he was to be turned over to an SS officer and he didn't bat an eyelash. He was to send and receive messages between the SS officer and us, I said. I gave him no clue whatever about the operation in which he was to play such a vital part. He asked me no questions.

On the 13th of April Wally had left to fulfill the assignment, taking with him a suitcase radio, his code pads and signal plan, a change of underwear and socks, and an enormous supply of cigarettes. In him, we had an essential tool for our work independent and secure communications with Field Marshal Alexander's Headquarters and with General Wolff.

On May 1, Little Wally was with Wolff in Bolzano but our radio had been strangely silent all day. Then, that evening, Field Marshal Alexander sent an urgent personal message via Wally to General Vietinghoff, which Caserta repeated to me in Bern. Alexander had to know immediately whether Vietinghoff intended to carry out the surrender. Otherwise, he could not issue the necessary orders to the Allied forces in time to stop the fighting. Caserta received a reply signed by Wolff thanking the Field Marshal for his message and saying that a decision would follow within an hour. What kind of decision? There was no mention of Vietinghoff and no further word that night.

Early the next morning, May 2nd, the day for the surrender, another message came from Wolff. It contained the startling news that Vietinghoff had been relieved of his command by Kesselring. However, it also reported that the commanding generals of the 10th and 14th German Armies, which comprised Army Group C under Vietinghoff, and Luftwaffe General von Pohl and Wolff himself had issued orders to their respective commands to cease hostilities at the stipulated time of 2:00 P.M. As soon as this had happened, according to Wolff's message, an order had been issued for the arrest of all the surrendering generals by Kesselring. Wolff wanted Alexander to drop Allied paratroopers to protect those who were carrying out the surrender in the Bolzano area. All this sounded very grim. A surrender that had to be



"Little Wally" sending messages with his secret radio.

enforced by Allied intervention might well turn into a continuation of hostilities.

Was that uncertain and indecisive character, Kesselring, routed militarily on German soil, going to frustrate a surrender in Italy at the last moment? The news of Hitler's death had just been heard all over Europe. The Fifth Army had taken Verona and was racing toward Austria and Trieste. The German garrisons in Genoa, Milan, and Venice had capitulated. The idea that military honor was still involved was fantastic unless Hitler's private lunacies had now infected all his general.

We waited out the hours in Bern on a sunny May morning, with red geraniums blooming in the window boxes and farmers' carts rumbling over the cobblestones on their way to market.

Lunchtime passed and there was no word. At last, between five and six in the evening, the news broke. It was perhaps the final irony that after two months of intense activity Gaevernitz and I, two of the engineers of this operation, learned the same way as the rest of the world that it had succeeded—on the radio. The news flash was not very elaborate: the Germans in Italy had surrendered. Could we believe it? A few minutes later our fears were finally put to rest. We picked up the BBC's official announcement giving in full detail Churchill's statement to the House of Commons.

With a tremendous sigh of relief and joy we

stood up and all but danced around the room. In short order a bottle of champagne was produced and we invited all the Bern staff to join us in a toast to the peace that had finally been achieved, and at last was no longer secret.

Not until around noon that day, only two hours before the deadline, had Field Marshal Alexander's Headquarters received the only message that now really counted. It had been sent by Wolff (through Wally) in Marshal Kesselring's name. It said:

"For the sphere of command of the Commander-in-Chief Southwest, I subscribe to both the written and oral conditions of the armistice agreement."

One last hitch, a minor one to be sure, had held up the actual announcement of the surrender. Kesselring, again through Wolff on Wally's circuit, had requested that no public announcement be made for another forty-eight hours, although hostilities would cease at the stipulated time. Apparently he hoped the delay would give him time to withdraw German troops stationed farther east in Yugoslavia and Istria so that they would not be forced to surrender to the Russians. Since, however, the cease-fire order had been radioed to the various components of the German 10th and 14th Armies in the clear (*i.e.*, not in code), anyone listening in could easily have found out what was going on, and Alexander sent word to Wolff and Kesselring that he would make the announcement of the surrender at once.

Referred to Eisenhower

The guns were silent in Italy—although the war in Europe had five more days to run—and we had achieved the first of the great surrenders. We had also established a line of communications which turned out to be useful for arranging the next surrender parleys. Little Wally, still sitting at his secret radio in SS Headquarters in Bolzano, now began to serve as the link between some of the defeated German Armies in Germany itself and the Allied High Command.

On the afternoon of May 3rd, Kesselring phoned Wolff at Bolzano from his Headquarters (now moved back into Western Austria) and asked that a wireless message be sent to Field Marshal Alexander. Wally must have been rather excited as he encoded it and tapped it out:

WOLFF TO ALEXANDER BY COMMAND
OF KESSELRING—INSTRUCT WHAT AL-
LIED HQS TO CONTACT FOR SURREN-
DER OF COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF WEST

The answer from Alexander's Headquarters in-

formed Kesselring that his question had been referred to General Eisenhower.

The next day, May 4th, Eisenhower's answer was relayed via Field Marshal Alexander's Headquarters to Wally in Bolzano where General Wolff telephoned it to Field Marshal Kesselring in Austria. "For unconditional surrenders on the Western Front, Field Marshal Kesselring or his emissaries should contact General Devers, HQ 6th Army Group." Details were then given as to how the German emissaries should approach the Salzburg area.

On May 5th and 6th what was left of Kesselring's forces in southeastern Germany and Austria surrendered to General Devers. The existence of Little Wally's radio, combined with the moral suasion Wolff had worked on Kesselring during the preceding days, hastened the practical realization of this surrender. As General Eisenhower states in his memoirs, the surrender of the German Armies in Italy placed the German units north of them in an impossible military situation, and this no doubt helped to make up Kesselring's mind. The surrender of all German forces took place at Rheims on May 7th, hostilities to cease at midnight May 8.

Field Marshal Alexander invited Gaevernitz and me to his Headquarters at Caserta immediately after the surrender in Italy went into effect on May 3rd, a gesture of great courtesy. While there, I received an invitation from General Eisenhower's Headquarters to witness the final overall surrender at Rheims, where the goal so long sought was finally attained.

General Wolff's Headquarters at Bolzano. The arrow points to Wally's room.



Is There a Soprano in the House? or, Who's on Jordan Tonight?

BY HENRY BUTLER



As the Met's new Lincoln Center home prepares to open, a director recalls a recent performance in the old house for which the great golden curtain nearly didn't rise.

It all began with a crick in Dorothy Kirsten's neck, which began in a drafty Kansas concert hall. Two days later Miss Kirsten's lovely voice evaporated. That was on Saturday, when she called the Metropolitan Opera in New York to say, sorry, but no performance on Monday night for her. The opera was to be *La Fanciulla del West* (*The Girl of the Golden West*), and the management was genuinely dismayed. These emergencies are not rare in the opera house (human voices are delicate instruments), and they are wisely provided for, but in this instance the provisions had run low. Of the two sopranos assigned by the management to "cover the role," one was in the hospital and the other had been given temporary leave. If the heroine in question had been one of the war-horses of the repertoire (Mimi, Violetta, Madame Butterfly, Lucia) no one would have batted an eye. But Minnie of *Fanciulla* is not standard stuff, one reason being that the role is a back-breaker, so few singers will tackle it.

However, the impossible is always worth a try, and the hunt was on.

Why not Birgit Nilsson? She had recorded the

opera, had tucked away the first performance of *Salome* in the season, was in dazzling form, and the notion just might intrigue her. It did not. Miss Nilsson cheerfully admitted that her study of the role had not necessitated memorization; without a score in front of her she was a dead duck. Leontyne Price, then? She had opened the 1961-62 season with a great performance as Minnie. But it was now 1966, and a telephone call confirmed that Miss Price was elsewhere singing otherwise. Marie Collier? All tied up in London. Tebaldi? Her schedule was already top-heavy. Then who? Who knew this role and was enough of a genuine "diva" to pluck this fast-burning brand from the fire? Saturday was almost gone.

At this point, any reasonable civilian is bound to ask: Why not change to another opera, or simply cancel the performance? That may *seem* reasonable, but not to the Met, where both prudence and pride contribute to a stubbornness about keeping the curtain up, once the opera is announced. In the first place, there is a delicate logistic schedule to respect, which uses judiciously the time and the energies of the singers on the roster; displace one apple from the carefully arranged display, and before you know it they are all in a heap at your feet. Second, members of the audience travel measurable miles to see a particular opera—it is an act of rudeness to put *Tosca* before them when they want to hear *Fanciulla*. Finally, the Metropolitan is one of the great opera houses of the world, not a televised spectacular with guest

stars, and what it says it will do it means to do.

Eleanor Steber! She had sung the role with great success in Chicago in 1955, repeated the success several times in Europe, and shook the mountains of Red Rocks, Colorado, with her performance in 1959. For several years her European and concert engagements had made a Met contract impractical, but at the moment she was home and might be available. Still, would she want to "return" in a flying leap, one day of rehearsal, with a strange cast, to do one of the toughest, longest roles in the repertoire? Mr. Bing is rated one of the most persuasive men in the world, and Steber is a genuine diva. She found Bing and the offer irresistible. As the Met broadcast was ending on Saturday, the imperturbable tones of Milton Cross announced that Miss Kirsten was indisposed, and Miss Steber would sing the role of Minnie on Monday night.

Stuffing the Goose

By the time she let herself go to sleep on Saturday night, Steber had finished six hours of musical coaching with conductor Jan Behr and had a date to meet with him and the stage director early on Sunday at her apartment. Franco Corelli and Anselmo Colzani, leading tenor and baritone, respectively, of the production had been called and asked to give up their sacred Sunday (an established day of rest even at the Met) in order to rehearse. Colzani said an immediate, "*Ma certo.*" Corelli was equally cooperative but understandably cautious. For two days he had been battling a bronchial cough, and he was running a fever; he would work, but could he hold it to just one hour? (As a matter of fact, he worked for nearly three, charmed Steber, and constantly assured her that all would go well: "*Come vuole, Signora, come vuole,*" which is to say, you do anything you please and the rest of us will work around you.)

Sunday was a day in Strasbourg, with poor Miss Steber as the goose. For two hours she was fed the details of the complex stage business—*Fanciulla* is, after all, a realistic Belasco drama, not a Wagnerian pageant. In a wild and woolly western, a gun-totin', heart-of-gold gal has to hold her own with a male cast of sixty-some.

In case you have not met Miss Steber, she is a tall, handsome lady with champagne hair and a smile as breathtaking as Texas Guinan's. Her energy is boundless, and she violates every supposed tenet of careful singing by rehearsing always at full voice and talking steadily, with great animation, in between. She charged into the job

of learning this new production like a starving gourmand approaching a banquet table. After two hours of acting the role within the confines of her small living room, she gulped down three more of musical refresher, and was ready to meet her men. Armed with a small notebook, containing the words of the opera, she jetted to the Met. Corelli and Colzani were waiting, and thanks to a bright member of the rehearsal department, so was William Weibel, who prompts this particular opera. (An opera prompter is not merely an emergency measure if someone should forget. One of his first duties is to relay the conductor's beat, so the singer can be kept in rhythmic line by someone a little closer than that dress suit half a block away across the orchestra pit. At the same time, he cues in each musical entrance and gives to each artist the first words of every phrase. That may seem like pampering, but remember that singers are often asked to step into any one of a dozen or more roles, often in a language other than the original, and to do so with minimal rehearsal.) Since the call to Weibel was at the last moment, he couldn't change all his Sunday plans, which meant he had to bring along his wife and his twin sons, on their way to a family evening. The boys were tucked out of the way in a corner with marking pens and paper, Mrs. Weibel settled herself comfortably with Signora Colzani, and the work began.

In the chilly, bleak roof-stage above 39th Street, Steber ran through the whole opera in a little over two hours. Carrying her notebook in one hand, sometimes her score in the other, muttering stage directions to herself, improvising elusive words, going over and over tricky musical passages, she strode, stumbled, and fell her way through the West. Her courage was awesome, but the going was tough. Colzani and Corelli skipped their big arias, the stage director and his assistant dashed about impersonating all the missing characters, from a blind minstrel to a female Indian servant, the conductor hummed lickety-split through the sections between Steber's cues, and the piano played on. To an outsider it might have appeared that four men were pursuing Miss Steber around a room, humming and hemming her in, while she, about to go over a cliff, was crying out for help, loud and long. As a matter of fact, it was a very efficient rehearsal. Whenever possible, the stage action was simplified: if Steber forgot to serve the

Henry Butler, who has directed several productions at the Metropolitan Opera, including this particular "Fanciulla," is also librettist for "Mourning Becomes Electra," a new opera commissioned by the Met for staging in 1967.



went to work on the text problem. A Xerox copy of the Bible scene was neatly fitted into the Bible, so it could be read off. A hotel register was created to sit on the bar in the saloon and conceal Steber's score, which was, in turn, paper-clipped into the sections she might be able to glance at as she dashed about the stage. The crew offered to hide portions of the text in bureau drawers, to attach them to the backs of walls and chairs, even to paste them inside the coat of the handiest singer. (As it worked out, except in the Bible scene, the diva was far too busy giving a performance to bother with these crutches, but they were there.) By two in the afternoon the props were ready, the wardrobe had been altered, the wig department was alerted, a new holster had been built—Kirsten had used her own gun and holster and they were stored—the other members of the cast had been briefed on the new stage business they must be responsible for, and there was nothing to do but wait.

A Horse Named Jordan

At six o'clock Steber arrived to look over the first act set and meet her horse. His name is Jordan. He is an English cob, fifteen years old, standing only thirteen hands high, but weighing a solid eight hundred pounds. Of Arab strain, he lives in New Jersey as part of Animal Talent Scouts, Inc., except when he is squeezed into their 18th Street brownstone for a shampoo and dry before a performance. Pure white, with flowing mane and tail, Jordan is a veteran of many stage successes, notably, *Rashomon* on Broadway. He has been in every Met performance of *Fanciulla* since 1961, knows his cues to the measure, and has an especial calm in close quarters with high notes. He made Miss Steber feel at home.

She quickly walked through all the movements of the first act. Meanwhile, the pistol she must fire on her first entrance was being loaded. With a little extra coaching from her husband, a retired Army officer, Steber fired off a deafening round of blanks and pronounced herself ready for anything. While she retired to her dressing room, the stage director and his assistant stood by, double-checking the new props, catching the other principals as they arrived for last minute instructions, assuring and reassuring each other that they had done everything to avoid that unpleasant surprise which could cause Steber's steel nerves to snap and render her speechless. Corelli arrived, looking limp and white, still complaining of an uneasy tickle in his throat, but he would go on.

Eight o'clock and the overture. The calm back-

Sheriff a drink, one of the boys onstage would remember; Paul Franke, playing the bartender, knew the opera cold and would coach her as the action went along; no need to worry about getting the chair in the right place—Andrea Velis would do that; the costume change in the second act would be no problem—Shirley Love, playing the Indian servant, would not be rattled if she had to crawl under the bed to retrieve a boot. In other words, "*Come vuole, Signora.*"

By six o'clock on Sunday, Eleanor Steber was on the edge of nervous tears, but ready for more work. Her one real worry was the text of the opera. The music was locked in its wear-proof mental file and came back easily. But the words were more stubborn. Unfortunately, that last performance in Red Rocks had been sung in English and, under pressure, the English and Italian words were fighting for control of her tongue. Weibel was doing a masterly job of feeding her whole phrases of the text, pacing himself just a split second ahead of her voice, but she would not have the luxury of simply standing before him and giving a concert. She had to be all over the stage—pouring drinks, giving a Bible lesson, clearing the bar, changing costumes, and riding a horse—and she was beginning to feel a panic about suddenly performing the entire opera with "la-la-la, la-la-la, ha!" While she grabbed a bite of supper and braced herself for three more hours of coaching, the stage director mapped out what the prop crew might do to lend Miss Steber a hand with the words.

Monday morning, while Steber snatched a few hours of desperately needed rest, the prop crew

stage was so tense that all the usual chit-chat was forgotten. Steber came onstage long before her official call, jaunty as a hostess, and made the circuit of choristers and soloists for embraces, spits over the shoulder, and murmurs of "*In bocca al lupo*"—short for "May you sing with the mouth of a wolf." The first is natural theater practice, the last two are traditional good-luck charms among opera singers. Act I began and the stage was full of good electricity. Steber was given her cue. She flashed a last smile to her husband and the back-stage crew, climbed a flight of stairs, turned the corner, and entered, shooting.

The roar of welcome was deafening. Since that Saturday broadcast, the tribe of fans had been gathering; calls poured in from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, from as far south as New Orleans, from as far west as Chicago. The ovation was merited, expected, but imminently dangerous. Over that roar no one can hear anything, neither orchestra nor prompter nor the reassuring voice of Heaven. If it lasted too long, the lady might well have to skip the first page of her role and pray to pick up the orchestra by the second. Happily, the fans controlled themselves, everyone could hear Steber come out loud and strong: "*Che cosa stato . . .*" and the performance was saved. But it was not over.

The first act was a triumph, but it did Corelli no good. As the curtain fell, he passed the word: his throat was raw, he had trouble drawing a really deep breath. The house doctor was called and confirmed his fears—no more singing for Corelli that night. Mr. Bing was notified, the other members of his staff gathered, doors opened and closed, whispered conferences took place in hallways. The stage was set for the second act, but the stage manager was holding the curtain for instructions. Where do we go from here, boys?

If there are few sopranos who can sing Minnie, there are even fewer tenors who can sing Dick

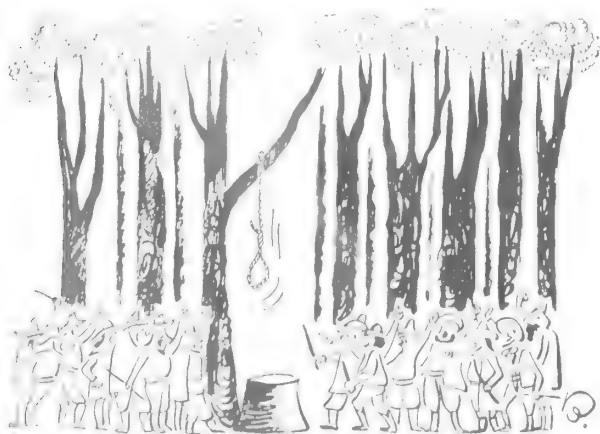
Johnson, her hero. Richard Tucker does, and would later in the season, but he wasn't in the country. The "cover" in the house had already been onstage playing a different role; besides, it would be folly to send him on without even a brush-up rehearsal. It looked as though the Met would have to throw in the sponge, when somebody said, "Bardini!" Gaetano Bardini is a new artist to this country. He had been scheduled to make his Met debut the week before, which illness forced him to cancel. But he was fully recovered, indeed, he had filled in for Corelli at an onstage rehearsal that day of *Andrea Chenier*. It is hardly ideal to ask an artist to perform after six grueling hours of rehearsal, but he knew and had been rehearsing the role of Dick Johnson, and he happened to be in the house to study the performance, since he would appear in *Fanciulla* later in the season.

A Round for Bardini

If Bardini had walked a little faster that night, the curtain would have stayed down. He was on his way out the door for home and rest, when he was drafted. A short conference with Mr. Bing, a nod, and Bardini was on his way to a dressing room, while the stage manager was announcing a slight delay and the change of cast to the audience. A costume was improvised, Bardini conferred with the conductor about musical give-and-take while he was being made up, then he was marched onto the stage for his very first meeting with Miss Steber: "Eleanor, Gaetano Bardini . . . *tanto piacere . . .* Gaetano, La Signora Steber . . . *molto tanto piacere . . . in bocca al lupo . . . grazie . . . e a Lei . . . mi scusi.*" Bardini walked to the wings, shrugged (a full sentence in Italian), cleared his throat, took a deep breath, and got set for his first line, which happens to be "Hello" (Puccini apparently fell in love with that word as the essence of Americanism, and his Italian text is studded with it.)

It would be rash to say that Bardini gave a flawless performance; under the circumstances it was a miracle that he could utter a note. He was exhausted, singing a role he had never rehearsed onstage, and most frightening of all, he was facing the Met audience and the New York critics for the first time without even a vocal warm-up. The tribute he won that evening—and the audience fell hard for him—was a salute to his intelligence, as well as to his voice. The voice is sizable, warm, and ringing, and he settled for a simple performance, worrying more about Steber and the opera than about himself.

By this time the stage was ripping along like a



rodeo, and the audience was enjoying itself at a pitch usually associated with the Roman arena or a fast hockey game at Madison Square Garden. Steber's final entrance in the third act tore the ceiling off the hall. Riding Jordan at full tilt, she dashed in to save her lover from hanging. She also neatly over-rode the men ready to help her from the horse at the one point in the music when she has time to make the descent. Undismayed, she trotted Jordan to the front of the stage and continued to sing from horseback. At the end of a ripping high A, she finally leaped off, drew a gun on the villain, and rescued her man. Bardini had only one lapse of memory, forgetting to remove the noose from his neck before he stepped off the block, but a quick-thinking singer did it for him, and he was able to join his Minnie in time for the walk into

the sunset: "Addio mia dolce terra . . . addio mia California . . ."

The curtain calls were joyously hysterical and seemingly endless. Of course the hair-splitters would natter for days about whether Steber and Bardini had dealt thus-and-so with this-or-that. But the audience had seen theater they could talk about for years. As the repeated cries of "Diva! Diva!" threatened the chandeliers, the sets were struck, the artists hugged each other, Miss Steber's husband stood beaming like a bridegroom, and a happy, exhausted staff adjourned to a bar across the street for some serious drinking.

One of the last men to leave the house was Jordan. He accepted with poise an emotional embrace from his leading lady, then climbed the ramp into his truck and headed home for New Jersey.



La Jolla's New University: Olympus on a Mesa

BY KENNETH LAMOTT

*A variety of attractions—
including one of California's finest beaches and
a new concept of higher education—
have lured some of the nation's great scientists
and scholars to a once-stodgy resort town.*

On a gorgeous day last winter I drove cautiously up the steep cliff road that climbs in a succession of S curves to the top of Torrey Pines Mesa from a broad sandy beach in La Jolla, a suburb of San Diego about fifteen miles north of the center of town and a hundred miles south of Los Angeles. A considerable corpus of folk humor has grown up around the attempts of Eastern visitors to pronounce La Jolla. The Town Council, which doubles as the Chamber of Commerce, points out that the name is Spanish for *jewel* and is pronounced La Hoy'a. Physically, this seaside community of some 23,000 people is the very model of the Southern California dream with its equable climate, palm trees, tile-roofed houses, handsome youngsters on surfboards, and downtown streets lined with attractive (and expensive) shops. It seems a most unlikely location for serious institutions of higher learning.

Yet as I wound my way upward I passed the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, then a long redwood building that houses an Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics, then a curved and soaring roof that shelters a laboratory for the study of waves, and finally a painfully modern structure where the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries conducts a variety of scientific activities.

Once on the mesa, I parked near a cluster of concrete-and-glass buildings that are the nucleus of the University of California's newest and most ambitious campus. Two friends connected with the university joined me, and we drove off to lunch past the raw concrete palace that is being completed for Jonas Salk's Institute for Biological Studies. We ate in a restaurant overlooking two eighteen-hole golf courses whose western limits are the Pacific cliffs.

My companions were Richard Lockwood, assistant dean of the embryo medical school on the mesa, and Robert Tschirgi, who was at that time the University of California's dean of planning for its nine campuses and is now vice-chancellor for planning of the La Jolla campus. Like everyone I was to meet on the mesa, they were possessed of a missionary enthusiasm for this remarkable institution. (Its official name is University of California, San Diego. Generally it is called UCSD.)

Lockwood is a young surgeon who, several years ago, traded a lucrative practice in Los Angeles for full-time employment as a medical educator. Tschirgi, who is forty-one, is a physiologist by training and a revolutionary by choice. It has been said that if he and Mario Savio were to appear on the same platform at Berkeley, the cops would arrest them both. In my view they would grab Tschirgi first, for he both looks and sounds like a dangerous radical. Slightly built, with a bald dome and an ascetic face fringed by a beard, he has the bright gaze of an unashamed and impassioned intellectual. His passion is education, and in his particular vision there is not necessarily any dividing line between a university and the world at large.

Over drinks and lunch, Lockwood and Tschirgi filled me in on the unconventional growth of the campus in La Jolla. This university has been built from the top down, awarding Ph.D.s long before bachelor's degrees—in fact, the first undergraduate commencement is still two years away. Its distinguished faculty of 190 includes two Nobel Prize winners and fifteen members of the National Academy of Sciences. (This is more members of the Academy than live in half of the fifty states.) Already, UCSD stands high in research grants

from the National Science Foundation—sixth or seventh in the country, Tschirgi said. Currently fewer than 1,500 students are enrolled (about 900 are undergraduates; 550 are doctoral candidates). The number will increase at the rate of 800 a year until it reaches about 10,000 in 1976 and 27,500 thirty years hence.

Looking out past the golfers toward a deep-sea fishing boat near the horizon, I wondered out loud how any serious work could be done in such surroundings. Mistaking my meaning, Lockwood jumped on me: "Do you really think all these first-rate people are going to get in each other's way? Don't be an idiot. They came here precisely because this is the place where the first-rate people are."

Before I could protest that I'd been misunderstood, Tschirgi chimed in: "The whole point of this place is that it's consciously Olympian. These aren't just the best people in California, they're the best people *anywhere*, people who deserve to live on Olympus. What the campus thinks of itself will determine what it becomes. If it continues to *think* of itself as Olympus, it will *be* Olympus. Otherwise, it may not be anything."

This part of our conversation lodged firmly in my mind. Afterward, I set out by myself to learn what I could about this Olympus on the mesa.

La Jolla Changes Its Tweeds

For many years La Jolla served chiefly as a gold-plated retirement home for senior officers in the Armed Forces, mainly the Navy. In the bar of La Valencia Hotel, smartly dressed women drink splendid martinis as they talk about hairdressers and clothes and stocks; gray-haired, ruddy-faced men in tweed jackets and flannels talk golf and horse racing and stocks. (The ten stockbrokers' offices in town open their doors at 6:30 in the morning to keep abreast of the New York exchange.)

La Jolla is not a swinging town. Walking back to my hotel from the movie house at ten in the evening, I counted one other soul on the streets, and even the police station seemed to have closed down for the night. Nor is this a particularly enlightened town. "Until a few years ago, Democrats didn't speak up in public and Jews couldn't buy land," I was told by a resident scientist. He added, however, that things have changed a good deal since then. I verified this by scanning a random page of the town directory. There I found listed—along with an admiral, a Marine Corps colonel, and a Navy captain (all ret.)—the president of a

research corporation, a physicist, a research biologist at the university, a scientist at Salk Institute, five engineers, and fourteen students.

The man who was most responsible for bringing the university to La Jolla and charting its course toward Olympus was Roger Revelle, an oceanographer, member of countless boards and commissions, an adviser of Presidents, a charismatic leader, and, in the eyes of his warmest supporters, a tragic hero. Several years ago I met Dr. Revelle at an international scientific congress in Honolulu. I was not then aware of his charisma; instead my impression was of a rather melancholy man with many things on his mind.

The admiration and even reverence that Revelle instills in his colleagues is very real, however. I sensed this particularly strongly in the office of Maria Goeppert Mayer, one of the two Nobelists at UCSD. A physicist born in Germany in 1906, Dr. Mayer is a quiet woman who dresses without vanity and wears her gray hair quite short. She is economical both of words and motion, and, as we talked, virtually her only movement was to knock the ash from a succession of cigarettes. Yes, she told me, she found La Jolla very pleasant after the rigors of fifteen Chicago winters. The provincialism of the place did not distress her. "I must confess that I know very few people outside the university," she added, and I had a sudden vision of the ladies in the hotel bar.

The graduate students in physics were very good, she said, and came from every part of the country. In low-temperature physics she thought UCSD was already one of the great campuses of the world. But it was only when I mentioned Roger Revelle that Dr. Mayer's rather austere face brightened and her voice took on color. "I came to La Jolla because of his dream of greatness," she said. "It grieved us very much that he was not chosen chancellor."

Revelle, who was born in Seattle in 1909 and educated in California, came to La Jolla in 1931 as an assistant oceanographer at the Scripps Institution. (In and around San Diego, the name Scripps usually refers to Ellen Browning Scripps, half-sister of the newspaper magnate E. W. Scripps and benefactress of many worthy causes.) For half a century Scripps has been one of the two foremost American scientific institutions con-

Kenneth Lamott's last contribution to "Harper's" was "Memoirs of a Brainwasher" (June 1956). In the intervening decade he has written many articles for national magazines, several books, and has served as co-editor of the California magazine "Contact." He lives near San Francisco.

cerned with the seas. (The other is at Woods Hole, Massachusetts.) In 1951 Revelle was appointed director of Scripps and subsequently dean of research for the entire University of California, of which Scripps is part. Revelle sold the Regents of the university the idea of establishing at Scripps an Institute of Science and Technology—a kind of Western MIT. Later, the Regents and the university administration became convinced that, rather than a scientific institute, a first-class general university was needed to serve California's third-largest population center. Revelle was again in the forefront, arguing, explaining, bulldozing, pleading, and finally winning approval for his concept of a university made up of twelve independent colleges, modeled much more after the ancient Oxbridge pattern than after Yale's residential colleges or Harvard's houses.

A Net to Catch Scientists

The faculty that Revelle began to bring together generally assumed that he would be the university's first chancellor (the chancellor is the chief executive officer of a campus, accountable only to Clark Kerr, who presides over all nine campuses of the University of California, and to the Regents). Instead, in 1961 Revelle was passed over and the appointment went to Herbert York, a forty-year-old physicist who was then director of the Office of Defense Research and Engineering in the Pentagon. While the faculty was not anti-York, many were passionately pro-Revelle, and they expressed their loyalty by writing letters, circulating round robins, and exerting all the personal influence they could muster.

The echoes of this lost battle still color conversation with people who, like Dr. Mayer, were recruited by Revelle. "Of course everybody knew he was a terrible administrator," one of his longtime colleagues at Scripps told me. "Weeks would go by when decisions were waiting to be made, and I wouldn't be able to see Roger—he'd be on a plane or something. But if they'd wanted to, the administrative problem could have been solved one way or another, and he still could have been made chancellor." Whether it was well-advised or not, the eclipse of Revelle cast the first shadow on this sunny Olympus. Revelle remained at La Jolla until 1964, when he moved to Harvard as director of its Center for Population Studies. First College—the former School of Science and Technology—was thereupon renamed in his honor.

Under Chancellor York, the university continued to recruit formidable scientific talent. "The

seduction parties at La Jolla became famous all over the country," I was told by an administrator. Though it is seldom admitted, the recruiters were surely aided by such natural forces as sunshine, surf, and year-round golf and tennis. The bulletin board in the administration building is crowded with handwritten ads for sailboats, surfboards, and motor scooters.

Local legend has it that La Jolla's second Nobel-ist, Harold Urey, when he first arrived, ungratefully demanded more Spartan and less distracting quarters than the office assigned to the great man precisely because of its splendid ocean view. Since then, he seems to have become thoroughly acclimated and, according to his associates, is now addicted to gardening, boating, and exploratory trips to Baja California, the Mexican peninsula that begins only a half-hour's drive southward.

The most cheerfully forthright scientists I met were an English couple who occupy adjoining offices in the Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics. Geoffrey Burbidge is a shaggy, untidy, articulate professor of physics who looks like a scientist in an English movie. His wife, Margaret, an astronomer, is an authority on such phenomena as quasars and certainly the most charming astronomer in the profession. The couple left Chicago to come to La Jolla because, said Mrs. Burbidge, "Urey and Mayer were here and the Lick Observatory's 120-inch telescope wasn't far away."

"Did the weather have anything to do with it?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she cried, waving an arm toward her office window, which looked out on a gentle surf breaking on the sun-warmed beach.

Geoffrey Burbidge laughed and said, "Not long ago a Chicago scientist told me he was after one of my graduate students. 'You won't get him,' I said. 'He can't go surfing on Lake Michigan.'"

Whatever the inducements, an impressive number of highly regarded scientists have moved to La Jolla since 1958. From the University of Chicago came not only the Burbidges, Urey, and Maria Mayer but also her distinguished husband, Joseph, who became chairman of the chemistry department. From Minnesota came the mathematician Stefan Warshawski, from Stanford the biologist Clifford Grobstein, and from Yale David Bonner and S. Jonathan Singer, both also biologists. From Toronto came the psychologist George Mandler, from Princeton the chemist James R. Arnold, and from the University of Pennsylvania the physicist Keith A. Brueckner. From New Jersey's Bell Telephone Laboratories came the physicist Bernd Matthias.

Revelle and York had created a first-rate grad-

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to mix a
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uate school of the physical sciences with a secondary concentration in biology, but to convert this scientific institute into a general university presented a new and quite different problem. When, in 1964, York resigned for reasons of health, he was replaced by a nonscientist—John Galbraith, a historian from the university's Los Angeles campus.

The stronghold of the liberal arts at La Jolla is Second College. Unlike Revelle College—a cluster of architecturally undistinguished “contemporary” buildings—Second College has the charm of a pioneer venture. Its buildings were inherited from Camp Matthews, a Marine Corps facility. Though the quonset huts have been converted to art studios, the proscenium arch of the crude outdoor theater where Marine boots used to watch John Wayne and Doris Day still bears red block letters that proclaim “Weapons Training Bn, Recruit Depot.”

In the frame administration building I talked with the provost of Second College, John Stewart. He is an oboe-playing professor of English from Dartmouth, an intense, friendly man with spiky graying hair and a vast enthusiasm for what he is doing. “Why did I come here? Very simple,” Stewart said. “The opportunity to do things I wanted to do. Twenty-five of us have been putting together a whole new college. Two of the guys who've been sitting in my living room drinking beer and deciding what we're going to do here have been consultants to Presidents of the United States.” The two are York and Seymour E. Harris, chairman of the economics department, who after forty-five years at Harvard moved to La Jolla to take part in one more great venture.

The college concept, Stewart believes, may be the university's major contribution to American education. Twenty-three hundred students will live in the dormitories of each college with a resident faculty. They will meet in their own classrooms.

“We're trying to combine the quality of life in Southern California with the best things you'd find in a small college in the East,” he said. “We want to give these young people a palpable institution to which they belong. We hope to fill the anonymity and moral vacuum that exist at Berkeley by encouraging close personal relations with the faculty.”

Built for Jonas Salk

The heady intellectual climate created by UCSD has had a generally bracing impact on the independent scientific institutions located in La Jolla,

which all enjoy a morganatic relationship with the university. One, in fact, is here chiefly because Roger Revelle persuaded Dr. Jonas Salk that his Institute for Biological Studies would be more likely to flourish in La Jolla than in Pittsburgh, Princeton, or Stanford.

Like most laymen I had been under the impression that Dr. Salk's popular beatification alongside Albert Schweitzer and Mohandas Gandhi was only an exaggeration of his colleagues' feeling for him. Consequently, it was a shock when I first heard biologists speak slightly of Salk. This did not appear to be mere professional envy. In part it reflected the still unresolved controversy over the respective merits of the Sabin and Salk polio vaccines. Others seemed to feel that Salk had reaped the rewards of work done by others. “Who got the Nobel Prize?” a medical scientist once asked me rhetorically. “Not Salk but the three people who did the basic work.”

I was reminded of this conversation when I visited the Institute that bears Salk's name. Conceived by the noted Philadelphia architect Louis Kahn, it resembles a fortress. Standing between the university and the sea cliffs are two great masses of unfinished concrete with the grain of the wooden forms deliberately left exposed. The buttress-like towers and infrequent windows suggest a great medieval castle. I can't recall ever being so physically overwhelmed by a building. Outside, one can remain detached, but inside, the vast concrete walled spaces, contrasted to the rich teak paneling of the offices, the long straight passages, and the sudden acute angles are breathtaking. This is either a very great design or a disaster, but it is not mediocre.

Just as Dr. Revelle and his successors have tried to attract the top people in their fields to UCSD, Jonas Salk has consciously chosen as fellows of the Institute men he hopes will push back the frontiers of knowledge. At present there are five senior fellows—four “wets” and one “dry,” (designations which have nothing to do with either skin-diving or drinking). The wet fellows are the laboratory-based biologists Melvin Cohn, Renato Dulbecco, Edwin Lennox (who started his career as a theoretical physicist), and Leslie Orgel. The single dry fellow is the polydextrous Jacob Bronowski, a mathematician-philosopher-critic whose works include studies of William Blake and the philosophy of science, and whose discussion of the “two cultures” antedated C. P. Snow's by five years.

Dr. Bronowski was home with the flu on the day of my visit and Dr. Salk was airborne. I talked with Arthur Galloway, an adviser to the Institute's

ident and with William Glazier, assistant for
ws' affairs. "Some kinds of people and work
ish in an atmosphere not totally university-
nted," Galloway said.

"The question is, can you put together the com-
nts of creativity deliberately?" Glazier added.
"We've brought the prepared minds and tried to
te the environment where 'accidents' happen."
his summer the wet fellows will vacate their
in a temporary frame building and move into
fortress. But it will take many years to find
whether or not great accidents can be made
appen.

t the other end of the scientific spectrum from
Salk Institute, both physically and in re-
ces and interests, is the Western Behavioral
nces Institute, which occupies a modest con-
ed residence in downtown La Jolla. At WBSI
ybody is a dry fellow. The best-known is the
chologist Carl Rogers, author of *On Becoming*
erson.

The dominant flavor of WBSI is youthful rather
an Olympian. Among the projects under way was
mputer simulation study designed, as I under-
d it, to match the probable characteristics of
world during the next five or six decades with
lds of education young people will need. Another
dy was concerned with minimizing the possi-
ty of the Polaris systems misfiring. Still an-
er dealt with the effect of the personalities of
ional leaders on world tensions. The whole
fessional staff struck me as exceptionally buoy-
and imaginative.

Sure, the sun and the warmth have something
to do with it," said the director, Richard Farson,
vo, like so many other La Jolla scientists, is an
Chicagoan. "It's very hard to have expansive
as in the intellectual and physical climate of the
st."

The first group of scientists to appreciate the
eansive possibilities of La Jolla were some zo-
gists from Berkeley who set up a marine station
re in the late nineteenth century. It grew into
Scripps Institution, was joined to the University
California in 1912, and, in 1958 became the
edbed of UCSD. Today some of the men at
Scripps seem to feel that the great parade has
nehow passed them by. With a wry smile, the
sistant director, Jeffery D. Frautschy said,
here's a tendency on the part of other scientists
hysicists, for instance—to look on oceanog-
phers as a bunch of skin divers." This appear-
ce is understandable—experts at Scripps teach
in-diving techniques not only to scientists but
so to trainees from the armed services.

As we discussed the growth of the university,

Frautschy went on "Some of the old-timers have
had a hard time realizing we're playing a new
game with a new set of rules."

But despite changes, oceanography seems to be
thriving. Frautschy handed me copies of two radio
bulletins just received from the Scripps research
fleet. One reported that the *Argo* was breasting a
full gale in near-zero temperatures off the Kam-
chatka coast. The other said that the *Thomas*
Washington, a new ship, was in warm Pacific
waters off Panama, en route to Scripps' new dock-
ing facility at Point Loma in San Diego.

Frautschy took me on a tour through a museum
filled with bottled specimens of sea life; a core
room where cylinders of ocean-bottom mud are
preserved under refrigeration; a dolphin tank
whose occupant surfaced to inspect us with a
curious eye; a human tank, designed for physio-
logical studies of swimming subjects; and floor
after floor of scientists' offices and laboratories.

Walking back across the campus, my attention
was caught by several pretty girls drinking coffee
at tables on the lawn. Frautschy laughed, and said,
"You ought to be here on a really warm day. Some
of our visiting scientists have trouble getting
used to the girls in bikinis."

"What girls in bikinis?" I asked.

"Why, the graduate students of course."

A Pretty Arrogant Place?

I had deliberately postponed a talk with the uni-
versity chancellor, John Galbraith, until I had had
a chance to get my bearings in La Jolla. We met
in his seventh-floor office, which looks down on raw
earth and newly planted turf, cement and ply-
wood, Torrey pines and eucalyptus, the edge of the
mesa and the ocean beyond. The din of bulldozers,
earthmovers, cement trucks, and pneumatic ham-
mers stops only during the lunch hour. An arching
footbridge over a highway connects Revelle Col-
lege with Second College.

I told Dr. Galbraith I was still confused as to
the campus' future evolution. Half the people I'd
met were delighted with its strong orientation
toward science; the others were excited because
UCSD was no longer science-oriented. Galbraith, a
handsome, silver-haired forty-nine-year-old his-
torian, laughed and said he wasn't surprised. "I
haven't the foggiest notion how to accommodate
everybody," he added.

I quoted Bob Tschirgi's remark on the conscious
creation of an Olympian institution. Galbraith
nodded. "It's even better not to develop in certain
directions than to compromise for the 'best avail-

able," he said. "People have called this a pretty arrogant place. Well, in a sense that's true. We've been granted a start like no other university for the past sixty years."

In addition to the development of the college system, he talked of the need for a great research library of two million or more volumes. This was essential, he said, to attract great scholars of the humane disciplines. He struck me as a man who was thoroughly at home in his job.

The next afternoon, a rumor began to circulate on the mesa that Dr. Galbraith and Vice Chancellor Robert H. Biron had resigned their posts. It turned out to be true.

The immediate cause was said to be the removal from the Regents' agenda—on instruction from President Clark Kerr—of Dr. Galbraith's plans for the research library and for the long-range development of the campus. Somewhat earlier, brakes had been applied to the growth of the medical school. Under Joseph Stokes III, a Philadelphian, it was being planned as a quality institution thoroughly integrated with the university's first-rate department of biology, which would produce researchers, scholars, and practitioners of a high order. Medical schools are astonishingly expensive to build and operate, however, and the legislators and bureaucrats who must authorize the necessary funds tend to be less impressed by research and scholarship than by a steady supply of physicians and surgeons who will minister to the citizens of Chula Vista, Yreka, Daly City, Fresno, Stockton, and Gilroy. A less immediate but equally galling cause of Dr. Galbraith's frustration was the difficulty of getting clear decisions from the elephantine administrative bureaucracy of the state university system.

Four weeks went by after Dr. Galbraith's resignation before another official announcement was made. In the meantime, I talked to Seymour Harris, who told me that he and other professors were trying to persuade the chancellor to reverse his course. They succeeded. A month after his resignation, Galbraith announced that he would stay. From Berkeley, Clark Kerr spoke of the high level of distinction UCSD had already achieved, attributing this success to cooperation between the La Jolla campus and the statewide university, a statement that under the circumstances seemed somewhat disingenuous.

Although the immediate crisis has been surmounted, other threatening clouds can be discerned on the horizon. There is, for one thing, the matter of money, in which California's reputation outruns its performance. In the past few years, for example, California has dropped from fifth to

Crow Box

BY HERBERT SCOTT

"Come with me," my grandfather said,
"We are going to check the crow box."

Then he took me by the hand and we walked
down to where the lane becomes a ravine.

There on a post was a crude little box
and I had to climb three rungs up the fence
to see the yellow chick enclosed.

"But won't it die?" I asked.

"Bait, my son, one life for ten;
each thing in the proper perspective," he said.

Three mornings I carried oats in my pocket
and water in my hand, to check the crow box,
until the black bird was trapped
and its neck wrung like a chicken's.

An old red hen hatched the next baby chicks
in safety, by the catalpa tree,
in the high weeds,
and I took four of her brood
behind the woodshed
and cut off their heads.

thirty-fourth rank in the size of professors' salaries. So there are, consequently, grounds for wondering if the legislature will, over the years, support the sort of school UCSD hopes to be. The increasing numbers of undergraduates cast a different kind of shadow. Will they respond to the dreams of the planners, or will the mesa become a comfortable but undemanding adjunct to the beaches, the surf, the tennis courts, and all the machinery of boys meeting girls and girls meeting boys? Will the pressure to take in as many students as possible upset the schedule for the gradual and deliberate creation of the college system? Finally, will the university's high hopes survive its location in a hitherto intellectually undistinguished community in Southern California, a part of the country that has been a notable graveyard for high aspirations and noble ideals?

Before leaving La Jolla, Roger Revelle told a local newspaperman that he was disturbed by the evidence he saw in California of general moral purposelessness. The antidote for this *anomie* he saw principally in California's visible commitment to education. "Our unique educational emphasis is an exciting experiment," he said. "Unfortunately, it is not a laboratory experiment. It's life or death. It has to work, or we're sunk, for it will be too late to go back to the drawing boards."

The New Books

New Books of Poems

By William Jay Smith

Recent books of poetry have concerned in one way or another travel and with the response of to new and foreign scenes and lions; never have poets seemed peripatetic than today. After through volumes of the past that deal with summer in Proas well as winter in Alaska, with America, Japan, India, as well as Italy and Greece (those two old favorites), the reader ends by inevitably what place has place in poetry. The answer is that a very important one. Certainly the most sensitive and concentrated of recorders, the fine poet will is a powerful sense of what it is to be in a certain place at a certain time. New England will be associated with Robert Frost, but San Francisco of his early childhood is equally vivid in his poems, and geographically and metaphorically (a rare thing, indeed)—he spans the continent. We cannot think of Hart without thinking of Wallace Stevens, nor of Brooklyn without Anne Moore, Paterson without William Carlos Williams. Place is what a poet knows and makes known. His point of departure, the base of his particular angle of vision. Then should the poet feel the need to travel about? A house in Amherst was enough for Emily Dickinson; travel?

In the title poem of her new collection, *Questions of Travel* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$3.95) Elizabeth Bishop asks the same question in these words:

*Is it lack of imagination that
makes us come
to imagined places, not just stay
at home?
Or could Pascal have been not
entirely right
about just sitting quietly in
one's room?
Continent, city, country, society:
the choice is never wide and never
true.
And here, or there . . . No. Should
we have stayed at home,
wherever that may be?"*

The question is answered by a question—one that every American poet seems to put to himself. The quest for home, for roots is unending; the metaphor of the journey provides the frame for the greatest imaginative literature. For the American poet the theme is central: alienated from a materialistic society, the views of which he cannot share, he nevertheless loves his country; he is the exile always returning. Each of his poems becomes a means of defining his true place, his real home.

For Emily Dickinson, Brazil was more than just a word; it was heaven on earth, all that she could ask for, and precisely the one commodity that God, "the Mighty Merchant," could not provide:

*Brazil? He twirled a button
Without a glance my way
"But, Madam, is there nothing else
That we can show today?"*

For Elizabeth Bishop, another New Englander by birth and upbringing, Brazil has actually for the past fifteen years been home; and she writes

of it in poems that make up almost half her volume with all the precision, clarity, and wit that we have come to expect of her. Her best poems have the sense of ease and repose that great poems possess. They are composed, both in the sense of being admirably constructed (she has a painter's eye and knows how to put together the most disparate objects and observations) and in the sense of being restful, controlled. She is modern, a student of Hopkins, in that she is interested in the mind in action. She is Romantic, also, a nature poet, Wordsworthian, but never allows herself to be carried away: her emotions are tranquilly recollected and her musings are made memorable. There are several poems in the Brazilian section of the book that any anthologist would want to include with Miss Bishop's best work: "The Armadillo," "The Riverman" (based on Brazilian folklore), and a ballad, "The Burglar of Babylon." In the second section, entitled "Elsewhere," I would choose "Filling Station" and "Visits to St. Elizabeths," the latter inspired by her visits to Ezra Pound in Washington.

But for all its brilliance, the book

William Jay Smith's fourth book of poetry, "The Tin Can and Other Poems," has recently been published by the Delacorte Press (a Seymour Lawrence Book). He has spent the year as Writer-in-Residence at Hollins College, Virginia, and will return to Williams College in the fall.

is oddly uneven and raises questions in our minds about the direction of Miss Bishop's work in general. The central part is given over to a short story, "In the Village," a childhood reminiscence of a village in Nova Scotia. The sick mother's scream hovers in the air throughout the summer, and echoes on down the years in the mind of the child who tells the story. But above it is another sound, that of the blacksmith, hammering out a horseshoe: his pure sound like the voice of the elements (the voice of the maker) "turns everything else to silence," even "those other things—clothes, crumbling postcards, broken china; things damaged and lost, sickened or destroyed; even the frail almost-lost scream." The story ends with a plea to the blacksmith: "Oh, beautiful sound, strike again!" The reader is reminded that much of Elizabeth Bishop's work is about childhood and lost innocence—"things damaged and lost, sickened or destroyed." But too often, the pure, elemental, mastering sound becomes itself lost in the small things, in the detail. Miss Bishop is a miniaturist for whom "The world is uniquely/minute and vast and clear;" and in which there is "no detail too small." As an epigraph to "Brazil, January 1, 1502," she quotes a phrase of Sir Kenneth Clark's from *Landscape into Art*, "embroidered nature . . . tapestried landscape," and it might be applied not just to the Brazilian landscape of which she is speaking here but to her work in general. The trouble with embroidery is that it is too fine and finicky; what is "vast and clear" is frequently lost in the small stitching. Miss Bishop overworks the adjective "little": there is something little on almost every page—little pearls, little bottles, little people, little moons, a little filling station. The effect of all this is sometimes to put things in proper perspective, but by its very insistence—everything viewed through the wrong end of the telescope—it often becomes merely peculiar and tiresome. Miss Bishop stated in a recent interview that she is "not interested in big-scale work as such. Something needn't be large to be good."

That is certainly true, but neither is something necessarily good just because it is small. By straining to understate, to undercut, to minimize,

to avoid the grandiose, Miss Bishop comes dangerously close at times to seeming as ridiculous as an earlier New England poet, Lydia Sigourney, the Sweet Singer of Hartford, was in trying to be grand. What we have always admired in Elizabeth Bishop is what she admires in Herbert, "the absolute naturalness of tone." When her work becomes muted and coy, quaint and quilted, that tone is lost. But she is so fine a poet, so individual an artist, that she can only momentarily disappoint us: we know that the simple, pure, "beautiful sound" is within her grasp, and that it will be heard again and again.

While Miss Bishop, a Northerner, has gone south, John Haines, a Southerner by birth, has reversed the process: he has for over ten years been a homesteader in Alaska, living seventy miles from Fairbanks in a house built by himself. In his first book of poems, *Winter News* (Wesleyan University Press, cloth \$4, paper \$1.85), he evokes the world of the North in short lyrics that are direct and strong. Like Miss Bishop, Mr. Haines has a painter's eye (he studied painting and sculpture in New York and Washington), and his poems also are carefully composed. Many recent young poets, influenced by Whitman, have felt that they can arouse deep, primitive feelings in their readers by the mere mention of the word "Montana" or the slightest reference to a horse. Mr. Haines is not one of them. While he owes much to Whitman and to Lorca, he sees for himself:

The tundra is a living
body, warm in the grassy
autumn sun; it gives off
the odor of crushed
blueberries and gunsmoke.

We know that he has been there. The animals of which he writes—the caribou, the lynx—are not creatures in a zoo, but ones that he has observed in their natural habitat.

Mr. Haines's verse, moreover, possesses a quality that is singularly lacking in much that is written in this day of too many first books—energy. He has long lived with, and clearly values, silence; and the best of his poems are distilled—every word carefully chosen, as fresh and clear as the landscape he evokes ("Prayer to the Snowy Owl"):

Descend, silent spirit;
you whose golden eyes
pierce the grey
shroud of the world—
Marvelous ghost!

Drifter of the arctic night,
destroyer of those
who gnaw in the dark—
preserver of whiteness.

Charles Tomlinson, a British poet whose work is also closely allied to painting, has collected in *American Scenes* (Oxford University Press, \$3.50) largely poems written while he was in this country and Mexico. His major concern is with the ordering of visual experience. As he puts it in "A Country Land for Thomas Eakins":

What does the man
who sees
trust to
if not the eye? He trusts
to knowledge
to right appearances.

Mr. Tomlinson's manner of righting appearances may strike many readers as somewhat academic and dull. But his closely knit, dry verse, which seems at times a combination of William Carlos Williams and Elizabeth Bishop, is singularly effective in treating the Southwest. He is a master craftsman, and happily one not lacking in humor. His collection includes some delightful portraits, particularly a verbal daguerreotype of a modern Indian, "Chief Standing Water," which is one of the funniest poems I have encountered in a long time.

A fascinating anthology could be compiled of English poetic responses to Italy, and A. D. Hope in his *Collected Poems 1930-1965* (Viking, \$5.75) with "A Letter from Rome" offers us one of the finest modern examples. As an epigraph Mr. Hope quotes Felicia Hemans, "Rome! Rome! thou art no more/As thou hast been!" And with wonderfully chiseled Byronic stanzas, he shows that in an "age of plastics and alloys" it indeed is not. Mr. Hope, one of Australia's best poets whose work is still less known in this country than it deserves to be, is a brilliant satirist, savage and incisive, capable of giving new life to the most exacting classic stanza forms. His poems have tremendous range and vitality, and he is

"Wonderful, that is the only word for it"

—J. H. PLUMB, SATURDAY REVIEW

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—Henry Steele Commager,
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ust...immensely

—Gordon A. Craig,
The Reporter

b historical writ-
establishes her
the very foremost
ican historians."

—Stanton Peckham,
The Denver Post

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never, even in his religious pieces, narrowly didactic. Although he lashes out at the debasement of love in the modern world, he has written some of the most original and moving erotic poems of the century. One senses that he has, as he says of William Butler Yeats, "found at last that noble, candid speech/In which all things worth saying may be said." His book is a reminder of the tremendous spirit and versatility of Australian poetry, the qualities of which are amply and handsomely demonstrated in the two-volume work issued by the University of California Press (**Poetry in Australia**, Vol. I, **From the Ballads to Brennan**, chosen by T. Inglis Moore, \$5.50; and Vol. II, **Modern Australian Verse**, chosen by Douglas Stewart, \$5).

Carolyn Kizer, in her second book of poems, **Knock upon Silence** (Doubleday, \$2.95), turns to the Orient for her form if not her inspiration. She takes her title from the *Wên-Fu* of Lu Chi: "We [poets] wrestle with non-being to force it to yield up being; we knock upon silence for an answering music . . ." Miss Kizer's answering music, frequently in the manner of Arthur Waley's imitations of the Chinese, is quiet, controlled, and effective. It is strongest in the diary "A Month in Summer," the record of an unhappy love affair, in which brief prose entries alternate with keen and witty observations in Japanese verse forms. The book contains also selections from a satiric work "Pro Femina," in which Miss Kizer discourses in spirited hexameter on the condition of women, and particularly literary women, of the twentieth century:

I will speak about women of letters,
for I'm in the racket.
Our biggest successes to date? Old
maids to a woman.
And our saddest companion, failures?
The married spinsters
On loan to the husbands they treated
like surrogate fathers.
Think of that crew of self-pitiers,
not very distant,
Who carried the torch for themselves
and got first-degree burns.

Miss Kizer's subject is particularly *a propos* in that the most significant development of the current poetic season is the number of volumes by women poets. Some are the work of

Miss Kizer's not-very-distant self-pitiers, and "the sad sonneteers, toast-and-teasdales we loved at thirteen." Sandra Hochman in her **The Vaudeville Marriage** (Viking, \$3.95), with all its strained modernity and Pop-art high jinks, is not far removed from them: "Getting rid/Of myself is like beating off a sad tiger."

But several are the work of mature and intelligent artists. Among the best is **The Puritan Carpenter** by Julia Randall (University of North Carolina Press, \$3.75). Although less at ease in her overtly metaphysical lyrics, which are frequently strained and imitative, Miss Randall has written, in poems like the one to her native Maryland or "To William Wordsworth from Virginia," lines that are wholly her own, memorable for their directness and power. **The Weathercock** by Ann Stanford (Viking, \$4.50) has a lucidity that is rare in contemporary poetry. The best of Miss Stanford's poems, fine-grained and clearly phrased, are reminiscent of those of Alice Meynell (1847-1922), whose **Selected Poems** have just been made available (Oxford University Press, \$2). To this roster of volumes by women poets should be added **West of Childhood Poems 1950-1965** by Isabella Gardner (Houghton Mifflin, \$4), which includes, along with the complete contents of her earlier volumes, two remarkable new poems that seem to promise a greater dimension and resonance in her poetry, and **Collected Poems** of Marya Zaturenska (Viking, \$6), that brings together the careful and subtly meditative work of one of the country's outstanding lyric poets.



The poems of Sylvia Plath, written during the last months before her death in England in 1963 at the age of thirty-one, have been collected

Books in Brief

—is omitted this month which regular reviewers are on vacation

under the title **Ariel** (Harper, \$4.95). The poems, composed at the rate of two or three a day with an extraordinary critical acumen in London, and have had a similar impact here. In their cool and courageous confrontation with pain of life and the horror of death they are totally unlike any other poetry. Every detail is observed closer than life, as if for the first time. There is about the book, as the title indicates, an airiness, a hilarity, but at the same time a transcendent terror:

And I
Am the arrow,
The dew that flies
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red
Eye, the cauldron of morning

The poems are, as Robert Lowell says in his foreword, "the autobiography of a fever." In them Sylvia Plath "becomes herself, becoming something imaginary, newly, vividly, and subtly created—hardly a person, all, or a woman, certainly not a poetess," but one of those super-hypnotic, great classical heroines. This character is feminine, rather than female, though almost everything we customarily think of as feminine is turned on its head. Her voice is now coolly amused, witty, sour, now fanciful, girlish, charming, now sinking to the strident of the vampire—Dido, Phaedra, Medea, who can laugh at herself "cow-heavy and floral in my Victorian nightgown." Though lines get repeated, and sometimes the plot is lost, language never dies in her mouth.

The core of the book is a series of poems about bee-keeping, clearly autobiographical, but recorded strangely as a kind of ritual in which the author, the queen bee, sees herself locked away in the white coffin box of the hive. Sylvia Plath's poems are more than a private record of intense suffering; they seem impersonal and timeless, terrifying and true.

Great Questions About China

by George Feifer

American People and China, by Steele. McGraw-Hill, \$7.50.

Toward China: Views from Six Continents, edited by A. M. Halpern. McGraw-Hill, \$9.95.

Thought Revolution, by Tung Pao-chang and Humphrey Evans. Coward-McCann, \$5.00.

Red China, by Lisa Hobbs. McGraw-Hill, \$4.95.

China Today, by Hugo Portisch (translated from the German by Hans von Koschembahr). Quadrant, \$6.95.

China and China, by Chang Hsin-shan. Simon & Schuster, \$5.95.

together proper, as we drift possible war with a quarter of the world's inhabitants, that a dozen out these 700 million people appear on the current publisher. Only a few can be mentioned. But these few raise all of the questions examined, obscured, buried in the full lot.

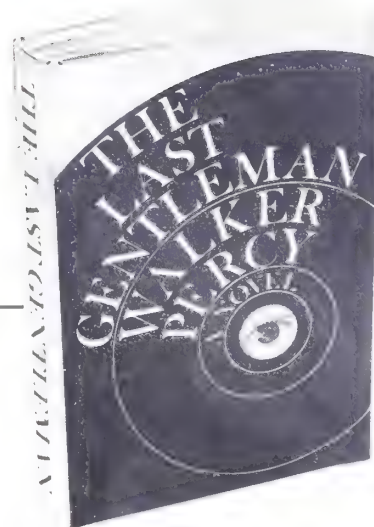
Question One: What should Americans do about China? In the first place, we should find out something about it. That current American attitudes toward "Peking" make a dangerous brew of fear, fantasy, shibboleth, half-truth, myth, legend, prejudice, confusion, and ignorance is carefully documented by A. T. Steele, a veteran correspondent who reported from China for 25 years. In *The American People and China*, under grant from the Council on Foreign Relations, Mr. Steele used formal opinion surveys, interviews with the man-on-the-street, and interviewed more than 200 Americans in various positions throughout the country; and the results of his research are grim. A now-famous 1964 survey conducted for his book, revealed that more than a quarter of the American public did not know the People's Republic of China was Communist. A State Department official, quoted by Steele, said, "First, there is an absolute inability to agree on the facts. Secondly, there is an inability to agree on what the goals are." And,

most shocking of all, Steele found that editors and other community leaders were too frightened of attacks on their patriotism to say in public that the Chinese "Reds" might not be quite as power-mad and fanatical as they are usually pictured.

Our ignorance—especially of how Americans helped outrage a feeble, suffering China during the last century, preaching God's word all the while, and certain that we were the best friends of those quaint little people—is deplorable. (It is true that America was less guilty than the European powers of outrages against China; our behavior during and after the Communist revolution, however, managed to channel most of the resentment toward us.) But the ignorance is rooted in something worse: the traditional emotionalism of Americans in their attitudes toward foreign adversaries, which makes of them devils and ugly monsters, and of us, freedom-loving knights.

It seems obvious that America is to be blindly and fiercely hated by China for some time, if only because we are the richest, most powerful "imperialist" country. But *Policies Toward China: Views from Six Continents* makes it obvious, too, that America has behaved in irrational ways which seem calculated to feed this hostility. This book, another study sponsored by the Council on Foreign Relations, is a collection of analyses of the relationships of sixteen countries (or continents or subcontinents) with the Chinese People's Republic. None of these countries is as obsessed with China's menace as we; almost none (Taiwan and a few others excepted) has resorted to isolation and (ineffectual) moralistic attacks. Not even those of China's neighbors with whom she has been in conflict—there are others with

While gathering material for his book "Justice in Moscow," Mr. Feifer talked at length with Chinese students at Moscow University. He is now freelancing.



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FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX

whom she has lived in peace—have felt the need to crusade against the evil of Chinese Communism and its thirst to dominate Asia and the world.

To attain the uneasy but unperilous accommodation with China enjoyed by Great Britain, France, Germany, Canada, and other Western nations—including her former exploiters—the United States must rid herself of emotionalism and substitute open-mindedness about the never-never land.

So far so good: it is agreed we must learn more about China. But how to find out? *A Chacun Sa Chine* is the title of a book now popular in France, and this puts our dilemma neatly: for every expert and traveler who warns that Red China is a land of horror and despair, another reports it is a poor but not uncheerful place where no one is hungry—a miraculous achievement compared to most of the rest of Asia and to China's recent, awful "free" past. (Hans Koningsberger reminds us in his new book, *Love and Hate in China*, that 20,000 coolies used to drop dead of starvation every year on the streets of Shanghai.)

This spring's books follow that old pattern. *The Thought Revolution* is the story of Tung Chi-ping, born in 1940 of humble origin in Shanghai, and educated in its Institute of Foreign Languages. (He had had a tortured childhood under the old regime which left him desperately unhappy and made him despise his father and grandfather—made him, in other words, an outcast in China, which perhaps helps explain his rebelliousness.) Mr. Tung defected in 1964 and wrote his autobiography with the help of Humphrey Evans, an experienced collaborator on why-I-choose-freedom exposés. Tung chose freedom because life in Shanghai, and especially at the Institute, was a terrifying ordeal of spying, "struggle-meetings," hypocrisy, social pressures and controls, and lies, lies, lies. Like China as a whole, the Institute was ruined by staggeringly total control exercised by stupid, selfish, unscrupulous Party hacks. The best professors were punished or dismissed; the curriculum was juggled in a dizzying series of frenzied leaps, switches, and campaigns following the slogan of the day; the students were mentally drawn and quartered by absurd and inhuman totalitarian pressures. It was chaotic, suffocating, and soul-

destroying—an Orwellian nightmare.

Quite a different picture, however, is sketched by Lisa Hobbs, a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter who accomplished a three-week tour of the mainland on the strength of her Australian passport. *I Saw Red China* ("Candid, revealing notes on life behind the Bamboo Curtain by the first American staff newspaperwoman to enter Red China") is a slick and superficial, but not silly, report which conveys Mrs. Hobbs' alternating dismay at crude and vicious anti-American propaganda and exhilaration at the sweep and promise of China's metamorphosis, and the still-strong enthusiasm for revolutionary ideals. "I understand well," she writes, "why . . . Chinese have returned to their homeland from safe and comfortable positions abroad to embrace the new doctrine and a plain hard life." Although plain and hard, life in China is not, as Mrs. Hobbs saw it, inhuman, cruel, or even unpleasant. In place of dreadful suffering, Mrs. Hobbs saw a—very modest—degree of material comfort; and most important, a high level of hope.

Hugo Portisch, editor-in-chief of the Vienna *Kurier*, toured China for two months, and his report, *Red China Today*, is far more substantial and thoughtful than Mrs. Hobbs'. But his conclusions are roughly the same. Mr. Portisch, too, was dismayed by much of what he saw. But he was impressed by the rationality with which Chinese officials talked about their economic problems and past mistakes, and by the evident progress they have made in providing at least the essentials of life for everyone.

Mr. Portisch is an intelligent man and a fine reporter; his book is dispassionate and highly informative. It does not make a slave labor camp of China, or "blue ants" of the Chinese people. As Mr. Portisch describes them, they are engaged in a stupendous campaign to restore their dignity and well-being, and, if he disapproves of some of their methods, his account as a whole provokes sympathy and respect and admiration. On balance, and considering China's culture and lamentable prerevolutionary condition, he concludes that Chinese Communism is an ennobling, not an anti-humanistic, movement.

And so confusion about the Real Red China persists; none of these

books dispels it, any more than more ambitious firsthand report lished in recent years. But the a to one Great Question seem emerge, even from Mr. Tung's d ciation: for all its devotion to l ism, the Peking government great measure a natural produ Chinese history. Chinese Commu in other words, is highly Chine. is largely an adaptation of an Chinese teachings, aspirations illusions—to modern times and t position of China (the Middle l dom), a weak, industrializing n with a great past and great amb. in a hostile world. Chinese Cor. nism may be alien—but it is alien to our image of what China was ing her most degraded days (ar age created largely by business and missionaries, whom most Chi despised), and to our image of China should be; not to what C in fact was and wanted to be.

That the revolution is lar "Chinese" rather than simply "Communist" is supported by Chang H-hai's *America and China*. Dr. Ch now a professor at Fairleigh Dic son University, held a series of l diplomatic posts in Chiang Kai-sh government; he is neither a Com nist nor a sympathizer. Being Chir however, he is proud of China's re gence and distressed at America's action to it. The Communists bec the agents and shapers of this re gence, Dr. Chang argues, because t alone supplied the energy and sk necessary for restoring China's tional unity and independence. Co munism is not destroying China's cient traditions—which it could ne do, even if it wanted to, because it r esents only a few short moments the nation's 2,000-year history—l painfully reviving those traditions modern form. Marxism will have more than a "superficial impact on t Chinese character," as did Buddh and other alien importations. It is way out of the prolonged nation crisis which began in the early n teenth century. It will make Chi great again, and for the sake of w stability, she must be recognized a great power.

Dr. Chang presents Peking's ea on controversies involving Tibet, I dia, and Indochina better than do Peking, for he is free of irrelevant Marxist ideology. And there is

case to be made that these consequences are not manifestations of the "Red expansionism," but of age-old Chinese policy. Dr. Chang points out, has traditionally expanded by means of cultural development, not by aggression; while Westerners, with their self-righteousness and military might, have traditionally resorted to warfare.

Nothing else emerges from these: our Chinese policy is disastrous at best sterile and futile, at reckless and frightening. We are applying the hard lessons learned of failure to stop Nazi aggression in the 1930s to a vastly different event involving vastly different peoples in a vastly different continent at a vastly different time. This is a mistake. Will a new war be recognized; or have we the maturity to learn something of China?

Sunday Cooks

by Mimi Sheraton

Cookbook for Poor Poets and Others, by Ann Rogers, with a foreword by Louise Bogan. Scribner,

Living with Love and Paprika, by Michael Pasternak. Geis, \$5.95.

Too Hot to Cook Book, by Miriam Ungerer, with illustrations by Miriam Ungerer. Walker, \$5.95.

Haphazard Gourmet, by Richard Gehman, illustrated by Paul Gehman, Jr. Scribner, \$5.95.

Now there must be at least six cookbooks to satisfy any gastronomic fancy, no matter how intricate and bizarre. Apparently there are still, however, still a need for books that tell how to cook with one arm behind you, in a kitchenette or a room, for dogs and dieters, with—and, perhaps, for—nuts. If, until now, you thought you were too poor, too young, in love, too hot, or too haphazard to cook, your troubles are over. These books above cover just such contingencies. All were written by people who love to cook, but earn their

livings in other ways. Unlike the home economists and professional "food" writers who deliberately affect a depersonalized, quick-frozen style, these enthusiastic amateurs keep waving out from behind their recipes to let you know they are there.

A Cookbook for Poor Poets and Others is one of the most charming books, in both appearance and content, that I have come across in years. Handsomely designed (no credit given) with graceful type printed on mocha-colored, rough-textured paper, it turns out to be every bit as good as it looks. Ann Rogers, the author, teaches history in a California high school, but she has also worked as a journalist, and her writing is relaxed and felicitous. Her experience as a cook shows too, in this collection of original and intriguing recipes devised for those who have limited funds and kitchen facilities. She certainly proves her thesis that those who have very little money need not subsist on candy bars and doughnuts, and she does so with considerable style. There are a few festive splurges included for the days the checks come in, and helpful information on buying basic utensils and food staples.

Anyone interested in cooking will have a hard time getting through many pages without being lured into the kitchen. Although my favorite is a dessert of dried figs stuffed with almonds and honey, baked in red wine, and served hot with whipped cream, there are several close runners-up. The cold Russian soup, *Chlodnik*, with beets, spinach, shrimp, sour cream, scallions, radishes, and hard-cooked eggs was a wonderful lunch, and Santayana's Garlic Soup, served, as the author suggested, with French bread, a green salad, and red wine was an elegantly satisfying yet inexpensive meal. Two beef stews, one with water chestnuts and the other with rum, were both excellent. There is an amusing recipe for a cheese fondue prepared on a fire escape, a good potato salad with sliced frankfurters that is baked and served warm, a giant steamed meatball that

Miss Sheraton is the author of many books on travel and cooking, among them "The Seducer's Cookbook" and, her latest, "The German Cookbook," which came out last winter.

Dr. Paul Dudley White says, "I can heartily recommend this book."

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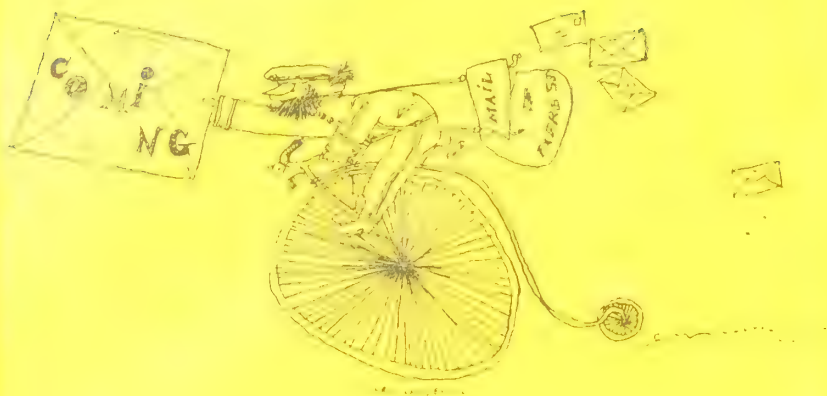
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COMING IN HARPER'S



HOW TO MANAGE YOUR TIME

by Peter F. Drucker

Most executives—in business, government, and the academic world—actually control only about 25 per cent of their working hours. A leading management consultant suggests a practical, and surprising, method for using these precious hours most effectively. (It works for housewives, too.)

THE WAR BETWEEN PLAYWRIGHTS AND DIRECTORS

Clifford Odets on "How a Playwright Triumphs." In an interview tape-recorded shortly before his death the author of *Waiting for Lefty* discusses the behind-the-scenes power struggles during the Golden Age of the American stage.

Walter Kerr on "How Playwrights Lose." The distorted role of directors in recent seasons troubles a distinguished critic.

A SCOTTISH MOTHER FOR AN AFRICAN TRIBE

by Naomi Mitchison

Bechuanaland soon to become the newest independent nation

THE NEW BOOKS

is sliced and served with a cold sauce, great breads and toasts especially the Pumpkin Bread, and irresistible desserts as Apple Pie, Bourbon and Whiskey Pudding. Throughout the book, Miss Rogers gently but firmly admonishes her readers always to serve fresh bread, real butter, and wine. The "others" who might find this jewel of a cookbook useful include, as Louise Brown points out in her foreword, "young wives and husbands making their first meet, students, musicians with copied scores and painters with unsold pictures, novelists in the middle of a novel, older people with small fixed incomes, and people who like to work only occasionally."

Joseph Pasternak apparently spends his time producing motion pictures, being a Hungarian, talking, and cooking for as many people as possible. All of these interests come through clearly in his pleasant, if world-shaking, book, *Cooking with Love and Paprika*. (There is another new cookbook called, simply, *Cooking with Love*, but that seemed a little bland. Paprika makes a big difference.) Since Mr. Pasternak's moviemaking takes him everywhere, he had the opportunity to collect recipes on a world-wide scale, and many the results appear in this book, though the best dishes come from his native Hungary. They are interspersed with anecdotes about other Hungarians and show-business people, Old Budapest and its café life and now and then you can almost hear the tzigane violins.

Some of the more unusual recipes were for pickled eggs, toasted prunes with bacon, mushrooms in sour cream with caviar, a marvelous Hungarian fish soup, *Halasz'le*, and paprika duck with sauerkraut, along with the expected Magyar favorites such as *Gulyas*, stuffed cabbage, dumplings, and noodles. There is an exotic shrimp and walnut casserole that seems to remind Mr. Pasternak of both Singapore and Antibes simultaneously, but I had a little trouble following that story line.

On the negative side, I must say that I thoroughly disliked the chicken soup flavored with ginger, and I think the author could have skipped some of his much too obvious advice on giving parties. Anyone who does not

THE NEW BOOKS

enough to shop before he starts
k, or who does not use his best
silver, glass, and linens for a
l dinner party, should not be
d with matches in the first

is really too hot to cook, one
dine in an air-conditioned res-
tant, or go to the nearest delicatessen
buy some sliced meat, potato
and cold beer, return home, and
the dark. From the title, *The*
not to Cook Book, you might ex-
his to be a collection of recipes
require no cooking at all. Of
e, this is not quite the case. It is
ht and attractive array of some
s that would be pleasant to eat
g a heat wave, most of which
cooked in advance and then
d. Meats are grilled or sautéed
ad of roasted, there are a number
ain-course salads, and very few
rts, which seems sensible when
ny fresh fruits are at their best.
st of the dishes are well-known;
ntended novelty is in grouping
with an eye toward dog-day
s. The Provence vegetable stew,
ouille, the Spanish cold soup,
cho (although I hope no one fol-
the author's suggestion to
en it with saltines), the Italian
and tuna-fish entree, *vitello ton-*
and rice casseroles such as *jam-*
ia, *paella*, *risotto*, and red beans
rice, are all here. The directions
a little less explicit than they
t to be and, occasionally, an in-
ient is left out of the listing
gh it is called for in the instruc-
t. I would quarrel also with
am Ungerer's version of several
gn dishes. For example, an Ital-
pizzaiola sauce should always
de oregano, just as the Nice vege-
puree, *tapenade*, must have salty
olives mashed into it. The Gar-
Soup *Pistou* is a Nice specialty
but is never, never served on its
ve ground in summer, as it is a hot
heavy minestrone-like concoction.
However, if you are stumped for
ety in your hot-weather meals and
ot think of what not to cook next,
may find this book useful. Del-
tful drawings by the author's hus-
d, Tomi Ungerer, make it pleasant
ok at, besides.

Richard Gehman's, *The Haphazard*
Gourmet, is perhaps the most unnec-

essarily brittle and opinionated har-
rangue on food that has been written
in a long time. Not content with being
one of our most successful and prolific
magazine writers, Mr. Gehman has
decided he must also make it as a
gourmet. Evidently, he thinks the way
to establish his franchise is to have
strong opinions which he force-feeds
to readers in much the same way corn
is crammed down the gullets of Stras-
bourg geese to enlarge their *foies for*
paté.

The book is a ramble through the
author's gastronomic memories, al-
phabetically arranged by people,
places, pubs, food, drink, and so on. I
suspect it is only fun to read if you
happen to be one of the cronies or
restaurant keepers mentioned, and all
of it seems to be one big testimonial
to Mr. Gehman's wildly colorful life.
Some of the opinions you are asked
to contend with include the following:
no cake is any good; borscht is abom-
inable; chopped liver is unfit to eat—
not, mind you, "I do not like chopped
liver"—a preference anyone has a
right to. Mr. Gehman also thinks the
two Sardi restaurants are "superb,"
and judges the Colony in New York
to be the finest all-around restaurant
in the United States. If that doesn't
make you *flambé* the book, nothing
will. Honey is listed as "Bee spit,"
and, after saying that no airline food
is fit to eat, the author gives us a
recipe for baked potatoes as prepared
by the Scandinavian Airlines System.

Mr. Gehman's plan for seducing a
woman is as naïve as that of a fifteen-
year-old, his only ploy being alcohol.
His menu for such goings-on starts
with a Negroni cocktail and goes on
to beef bouillon spiked with Madeira,
"a hot bird" finished off with a shot of
Cointreau, carrots that are whiskied,
a salad with vinegar in its dressing,
wine all the way, and coffee with—
you guessed it—brandy. But perhaps
the least ingratiating statement of
the year appears in this book: "Well,
I've got to hand it to me." I came
across it twice and have no reason
to doubt that it appears elsewhere.

There are, actually, a number of
recipes in this book, all done in
straight narrative style and larded
with anecdotes, so they are virtually
impossible to follow. The drawings
by Paul Coker, Jr., are devilish and
funny, but as misplaced as good ap-
ples among bad.



RODERICK THORP

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disillusionment of

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d DOUBLEDAY

Ballerinas Famous and Flawed

by Robert Kotlowitz



The Baby Ballerinas of Monte Carlo • Margot Fonteyn and Other Gracious Dames • Balanchine's Deadpan Young Women • And the Bolshoi's Powerful Machines • A One-for-one Exchange?

Stored in my mind's eye is a vast accumulation of images created by performers down through the years, an unending horde of actors and actresses, pianists and pop singers, comedians, operatic sopranos, symphonic conductors, good, bad, hammy, talented, not so talented, on pitch and off, but all memorable; and among them, it seems, there has been an unusually large platoon of ballerinas. Most of them were famous names and international idols, and the images they struck were sometimes disappointingly lackluster, other times not. I would like to discuss a few of these experiences, with particular reference to the Bolshoi's recent visit to this country (the company is now on the way back to Moscow) and my response to some of their ballerinas. To do that, it will be helpful to reconsider briefly the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo when they toured the nation in the 1930s as harbingers of fancy entertainment and high-toned culture, bearing with them a roster of chewy, unpronounceable Slavic names (half of them invented by New York impresarios for susceptible American audiences) and such hot-shot promotion gimmicks as three young ladies known as the "Baby Ballerinas."

These babies were still in their teens (so it was claimed); they were called Tamara Toumanova, Tatiana Riabouschinska, and Irina Baronova.

Toumanova had the austere Garbo look fashionable at the time; her hair was jet black, her skin dead white, and her face chiseled (and dieted) into beautiful, angular planes. She was said to have been born in a railway carriage in 1919 while her parents were fleeing the Bolsheviks, a story that never hurt the box office whenever she danced in the U. S. A. The fact is that she brought a certain grandeur to a performance, even before she was twenty, along with a brilliant technique, both of which soon began to degenerate into mannerism; but I remember a striking moment when Toumanova, all inflated hauteur and remoteness, made an entrance onto Baltimore's Lyric Theater stage and the provincial audience, whetted by enormously skillful publicity, offered an ovation before she had danced a step. (Toumanova eventually made it to the stage of the Paris Opera, where the eclectic architecture provided a perfect setting for her classic good looks and baroque style.) As for Riabouschinska, she was all blond ebullience and good spirits; her problem as a performer onstage, in an art form that was then still exotic, was that there were a half-dozen sunny girls in every American high school who looked exactly like her.

It was Baronova, the third "Baby," who touched the audiences of that Monte Carlo company. She was

neither as technically strong as Toumanova nor as immediately attractive as Riabouschinska, but she had a spontaneous, unteachable gift for reaching her audience in a human way. Baronova was round-faced, snub-nosed, and, as I recall, rather short, but like other dancers who have followed her—Sono Osato and Mimi Paul, among them—she had the curious, faintly amused expression of a young woman with a secret. The secret was that she was intelligent, and I remember her standing still on stage, up on her toes, her plump adolescent legs taut, her body tense, while her eyes sent witty messages to the audience. Baronova was one of the first of the cool performers, and there was always the suggestion in her work that she might suddenly get bored in the middle of an insipid ballet and give it all up for good. (I am told that something of the sort actually happened.)

For all practical purposes, the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo disappeared during World War II, and their place was taken by the great national companies.

In the mid-'forties, the Sadler's Wells troupe (now Britain's Royal Ballet) was brought across the channel to Paris to entertain Allied soldiers. They danced at the Théâtre des

Now an editor of "Harper's," Mr. Kotlowitz was formerly on the staff of "Show" and associate editor of "Discovery." He has also taught at Queens College. His articles and reviews have appeared in a number of magazines.

PERFORMING ARTS

hips-Elysées, and I have only two memories of the evening; both are Dame Ninette de Valois's *The Girl's Progress*. The first is of a laughing redhead kicking her in the air during an orgy scene; the second is Moira Shearer. The second is Margot Fonteyn wistfully in profile in front of the curtain, one foot gently placed behind the other, hands clasped expectantly with her chin, and two huge saucers modestly cast down: virtue waiting its reward. This demureness was Fonteyn's signature for me. Almost all I remember of her in her performances, for I belong to the minority who admire almost anything this lovely English lady does when she is onstage but can recall little of it once the curtain has come down. Whether she is the Swan Queen, Giselle, Camille, or Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty* (her most enchanting role, I think), her emotional quality barely varies; sweet seriousness is the keynote and it always moves me.

At the end of the war, the Paris Opera Ballet was giving traditional Wednesday night performances in the great Opera House to an audience wearing winter overcoats out front. I had come to see Yvette Chauviré, a pure stylist perfect in everything she did. Like Maria Tallchief, she carried an air of incorruptible elegance onstage with her as though there part of her makeup and costume. She would rise on her toes, delicately aloof, and perform impeccable motions with unfortunately the barest acknowledgment that the stage contained other performers. No matter who shared the ballet with her, she danced alone, relating to no one a trancelike expression of self-absorption on her beautiful face. Yet I remember images of Chauviré in the second act of *Giselle*, her Mediterranean features dark as an olive, or as Persian goddess Istar in the title of an otherwise banal work, have lived through more than twenty years.

Hovering Off the Floor

I saw Alicia Markova for the first time soon after the war, drawn to the performance by the kind of lush critical hyperbole that has marred a great deal of ballet writing in this

country, and others, too. Then I thought I would see Terpsichore incarnate, for Markova, like Pavlova and Nijinsky before her, had become an almost mythic figure; you couldn't really prove or disprove Pavlova's and Nijinsky's talents, since they were no longer dancing, but the newspapers of the time were writing about Markova with the same excessive reverence they had showed her predecessors. I saw another sweet and delicate English lady, gracious in everything she did and gracious in precisely the same way, with a rather inexpressive body, a curiously soft rhythmic response, and a striking, unforgettable lightness about her; when she was up on her toes, Markova's feet always seemed to be hovering a little off the floor, ghostlike. I remember her in a sentimental tribute to four ballerinas of the last century called *Pas de Quatre*, in which she seemed to move more slowly than the other three dancers, without flash or bravura, achieving a sense of quiet, conscious affectation. Like Fonteyn, she was also capable of a rapt stillness on stage (which could become somnambulistic at times); this in turn acted as an emotional spotlight and no matter what was happening around her it drew all an audience's attention upon her and kept it there.

The most satisfying images date from the 'fifties and later when there was a sudden, increased stringency in the demands placed upon dancers, mainly in terms of musicality. This

was most clearly evident in George Balanchine's New York City Ballet which began its remarkable journey at the time through the maze of contemporary music with complex, knotty works set to scores by Hindemith, Webern, Ives, Schoenberg, and the feverishly cerebral "late" Stravinsky. It was no longer enough for a ballerina to allow a Tchaikovsky waltz to carry her off, one, two, three. Many dancers had to learn how to listen to music for the first time and separate complicated rhythmic components; often they had to work without melody altogether and no recognizable cues except the arithmetical counts the choreographer had given them as numbered guideposts.

Legs Longer

New-style ballerinas began to evolve. Legs grew longer, bodies thinner, heads smaller, as though a revised standard of measurements had been issued. In the Hindemith Balanchine *Metamorphoses*, Tanaquil LeClercq paraded around the stage in various insect transformations while a whole corps of male dancers intently pursued her; while remaining totally deadpan, she made it clear that none of this sinister chase was to be taken seriously. Part of LeClercq was always able to remain detached from her work and, like Baronova (the third "Baby"), she could comment on both her role and her interpretation without demeaning either. In *Opus*



34, one of several extravaganzas Balanchine designed for her (before she was forced into retirement by polio), she was whisked away into the upper atmosphere in a cylinder made of metal gauze. Don't ask why because there is no answer. This mysterious disappearance act followed a long sequence in which LeClerc was wheeled in on an operating table and then worked over by a battery of dancers in surgeons' gowns, while Arnold Schoenberg's music moaned away in accompaniment. But LeClerc could do far more than act the pivot role in Balanchine experiments. She made the second movement of Bizet's *Symphony in C* her own property, for example, and no one since has quite duplicated her air of chaste elegance in this classically demanding adagio.

Allegra Kent followed LeClerc, calmly doing backbends as the bewildered young girl in *Seven Deadly Sins*, while all hell broke loose around her onstage. Later, she danced the shy but willing young Japanese bride in Balanchine's potent *Bugaku*, carving erotic images out of the air, none of them sly or pornographic, but all explicit nonetheless. Most moving of all is Suzanne Farrell, for whom Balanchine now creates all his new works (*Movements*, *Variations*; "these wacky ballets," she has called them). She is very young and quick to respond to her fellow performers; but what really touches her audience, I think, is the subtle quality she has of dancing as though they were not even in the theater. I have never seen her smile onstage or throw a look into the auditorium that indicated she was aware there were paying customers out front. In *Meditation*, she is all sweet, muted adolescent seriousness, without pretense; everything is important, everything matters.

Pulverize the Audience

What the mind's eye remembers of the Bolshoi ballerinas this recent season is another matter, not all of it pleasant. With the Bolshoi, we have come almost full circle, back to the old Ballets Russes, mostly high-toned culture and fancy entertainment, devoid of content. The audience, too, seems a throwback to the 'thirties, at least the audience—or the noisy part of it—that jammed the Metropolitan Opera House and Madison Square Garden

during the company's spring engagement in New York. No vulgarity was too much for it to accept; no corn too thick. Garish sets, ugly costumes, and choreography frozen in a late-nineteenth-century stupor dominated the repertoire; only a vain attempt to dance Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* indicated that the Bolshoi has its eye on the contemporary spirit.

The company's ballerinas all have powerhouse techniques, some of them so strong that they are run by them, like wind-up dolls somewhat out of control. Rimma Karelskaya, trying to burn up the stage one night in an attempt to pulverize the audience, lost her balance in a series of spectacular turns; luckily, she caught herself in time but it is all that I—and others—remember of her performance. Some of the Bolshoi ballerinas also have computer-like stage presences; their personalities tick away metronomically, letting memory do the work of spontaneous creation. The Bolshoi production of *Don Quixote* transforms the women into performing machines, from which a mechanical smile, repeated endlessly throughout the evening, is intended to reflect sunniness and good spirits; and incessant mugging, eye-rolling, and pouting in the style of silent film actresses to indicate a certain temperament on the part of the leading ballerina.

It doesn't work. Several times during *Don Quixote*, Ekaterina Maximova (a wonderful young dancer whose *Giselle* may now be the best in the world) found herself eight feet off the ground awkwardly placed in the palm of one of Vladimir Vasiliev's hands. It put the audience in a frenzy. Several more times, the choreography asked for—and Maximova perfectly delivered—stop-motion attitudes in which she froze on point for a moment, hard-edged, glittering, and unmusical as well. While Vasiliev, who is also her husband, partnered her with brilliant skill, there was hardly a moment, even during the famous *Pas de Deux*, when I felt these two gifted dancers were dancing together; what they offered was a self-conscious gymnastic exhibition. It was a little like the Bolshoi conception of *Don Quixote* himself, with whom the Russians seem totally out of sympathy. In this production, he is a simple, romantic idiot, without poetry or heart.

There is no doubt that Maya Plisetskaya, the Bolshoi's super-star, one of the most forceful theatrical personalities of the day, or that a young fragile woman named Natalia Bessmertnova, who carries with her the high-strung tension of a young ballerina, is a uniquely promising ballerina. But it seems to me that the Bolshoi, in its most heightened form, is a manipulative one, basically hostile to the audience; it culminates in the way its ballerinas take their curtain call, sweeping low to the floor, appearing paralyzed, where they remain to the audience's enthusiasm and applause. You either submit to it or turn your back. There is no neutral ground in the face of this image of arrogant power. The paradox is that all their Socialist grandeur offends our ethnocentric feelings.

Perhaps we could all use a little of each other's strengths. I would like to suggest an exchange program in which our dancers would have the chance to spend a season with the Bolshoi, the Kirov, or the Royal Ballet, as theirs would with, say, the New York City Ballet. It need not be elaborate; a one-for-one exchange, or three months would be most practical given the language problem, among others. Moscow might enjoy having Suzanne Farrell (or Allegra Kent) dance *Giselle* with the Bolshoi for a limited season, while Maximova or Bessmertnova took a crack at several Balanchine works in New York at the same time. The dancers certainly would be better dancers for it, and their works themselves would be enriched, and so would the companies and the audience.

Now You See It—Now . . .

LONDON (UPI)—A new art magazine devote an issue to self-destructive art—that art where "sculpture drops to 1 masterpieces drip away to nothing," "some of the finer pieces blow themselves up"—*The Observer* reports.

The magazine will participate in a destruction by treating the pages of its issue with a chemical "so that copies will disintegrate in about four weeks, leaving plenty of time even for serious readers."

—From the *New York Times*, February 28, 1966.

Music in the Round

by *Discus*

One Slick Modern; One Masterpiece

*inks, but no hosannas, for a
ny and chic Britten opera, and
a potty performance of one of
t. best Verdis.*

Last month I had a few words to say about the biggest of the Edwardian composers, Sir Edward Elgar. Now comes a recording of *Curlew River* by Benjamin Britten, and the story can be advanced a few decades. Britten is not only the most important, by far, of contemporary British composers. He also seems to be a figure all but godlike in the estimation of the British press. In 1952 a book about him was published, written by a group of British specialists; and after reading it one got the idea that Britten was the greatest composer since Bach, the greatest pianist since Liszt, the greatest conductor since Nikisch, the greatest musical theorist since Fux, the greatest human being since St. Francis. This kind of adulation pursues him in his own country, and it appears that no writer on music there could even dare to hint that the latest Britten work was anything but a masterpiece that is bound to accom-

pany the *St. Matthew Passion* into Parnassus. I am not exaggerating. When *Curlew River* had its premiere, not long ago, words of praise were used that are not even encountered in the thesaurus. Britten, of course, has an international reputation, but few in this country realize what this composer means to his countrymen.

Curlew River is a one-act opera, a "parable for church performance." It was inspired by a Japanese Noh play named *Sumidagawa* which Britten saw in Tokyo in 1956. He and his librettist, William Plomer, set to work transplanting the drama to medieval England, but following the original story—of a mother searching for her stolen child—very closely. He even followed the example of the Japanese orchestration, in which only a few musicians are used. *Curlew River* is scored for flute, horn, bass fiddle, viola, percussion, harp, and organ. So small a group requires no conductor, and in this recording the credit goes: "Music under the direction of Benjamin Britten and Viola Tunnard." In the cast are Peter Pears (Madwoman), John Shirley-Quirk (Ferryman), Harold Blackburn (Abbot),

Bryan Drake (Traveler), and Bruce Webb (Voice of the Spirit), plus a chorus of pilgrims (London A 4156, mono; OSA 1156, stereo).

The opera is typical of Britten in its skill, obvious intelligence, and imagination. Unfortunately, I did not like it at all, and have spent a couple of days trying to figure out why. The only conclusion I can give is that it is, like all of Britten's music, too precious for my taste. It moves in a tiny world, full of cute devices that have great technical but little expressive meaning. It is undeniably "modern" music. Britten is considered a conservative, and he is, when placed against the dodecaphonists and post-Webern serialists. But though he adheres to a tonal basis, his music could not have been written at any time but the present. It is not a matter of vocabulary. It is how he uses that vocabulary that bothers me.

In any Britten work one is sure to encounter a series of new devices. *Curlew River* has its share, even in the casting, which is all-male and uses a tenor to sing the role of the mother. This is quite a switch on trouser roles—women singing men's parts: Cherubino, Octavian, and so on. Trouser roles always are annoying, goodness knows. A woman never passes as a man, no matter how she tries to keep her bosom and fanny in, no matter how four-square she stands in those curvaceous trousers. But the sight and sound of a man singing about giving birth to a son is entirely distasteful, even a man with so high and white a tenor as Pears has. It may be good high camp, but it also leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

How to La-ha-ha-aff

As in so many modern operas, Britten relies mostly on declamation. Thus we get, in essence, a play with heightened rather than sung speech. Britten goes about this most skillfully, and tries to achieve the appropriate atmosphere. The British critics think he has indeed achieved it. Others without an axe to grind may well disagree. In any case, Britten has never impressed anybody as having a really strong melodic sense. His melodies do rise and fall, but they are too calculated and rely on tricky effects. From the beginning of his career he has been fooling around with all kinds of vocal effects,

and Also . . .

Delius: Cello Concerto; Songs of Farewell; *A Song Before Sunrise*. Jacqueline Pré, cello; Royal Choral Society; Royal Philharmonic conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. Angel 36285 (mono), 36285 (stereo).

Some less-known Delius. The Cello Concerto is like the Violin Concerto—in the rhapsodic long movement. *Songs of Farewell* are five settings to Whitman texts. *A Song Before Sunrise* is an orchestral work, sensuous and highly personal. Good performances and recording. Pré is a formidably gifted young cellist.

Bellini and Donizetti: Arias. Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and orchestra and chorus conducted by Felipe Cillario. Victor LM 2862 (mono), LSC 2862 (stereo).

Casta Diva from Bellini's *Norma* is the only familiar aria here. The others are from Bellini's *Il Pirata* and Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux* and *Maria di Rohan*. Caballé's unusual voice is best employed in a lyric manner. In coloratura she sounds restricted and awkward. Her famed pianissimo notes, though, are ravishing, and she produces a gorgeous sound *qua* sound. An interesting new singer.

chief among which is a sort of cantillation on vowel sounds. An aria like the Madwoman's "Hoping, I wandered on," is full of all kinds of cantillation, or melisma. Nor can Britten ever resist giving musical pictures of words. "Laugh" is sung as "la-ha-ha-ha-aff." The word "wandering" comes out as "Wa-aha-aha-aha-ahander-ing." This may be all right once in a while. But in Britten's abuse, it ends up an annoying mannerism.

Yes, *Curlow River* is very slick and very chic. The orchestration is amazing. With only five players, Britten achieves a remarkable variety of texture. A skilled musical nature painter, he depicts the crossing of the ferryboat by the use of glissandos from harp, bass, and flutter-tongued flute scales. It's a lesson in orchestration, and it also is effective. But there is no real *song* in *Curlow River*. It is a collection of brilliant, dispassionate effects from a superb technician who at bottom may be emotionally sterile. Everything is external, nothing strikes deep, and I have the feeling that the whole work is an aesthetic fraud.

It has not been a good season for

opera recordings. Besides the Britten, London has also released an indifferent performance of Verdi's *Don Carlo*, and *that* is a masterpiece, even if a flawed one. Verdi worked on it for many years, ending up with a four-act revision of the original five-act. The Metropolitan Opera's current staging uses the original (more or less), but London has recorded the four-act edition (A 1432, mono; OSA 4432, stereo; both 4 discs). On paper the cast is all-star and perfect: Carlo Bergonzi in the title role, Renata Tebaldi as Elizabeth, Nicolai Ghiaurov as Philip, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as Rodrigo, Grace Bumbry as Eboli, and Martti Talvela as the Inquisitor. Georg Solti leads the chorus and orchestra of the Covent Garden Opera.

Some Things Unsurpassed

There are things in *Don Carlo* that Verdi never surpassed: the lyricism of the court scene; the menacing quality of the auto-da-fé; the tremendous intensity of Philip's "Dormiro sol," followed by the pulverizing scene with the Grand Inquisitor. There also are

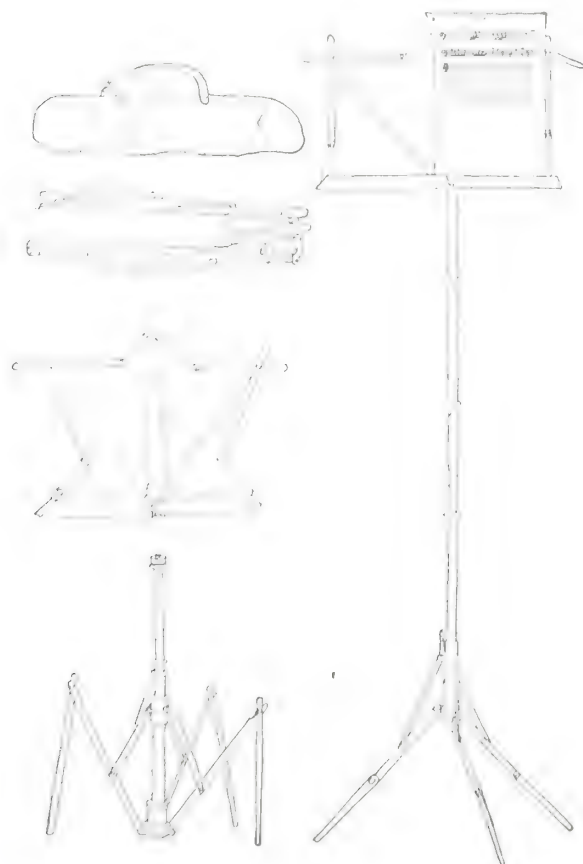
Jazz Notes

To provide an expanded coverage of the World of Jazz, Eric Larabee will contribute several full-length articles in future issues, in place of his monthly Jazz Notes which have been appearing in these columns. The first article is planned for late fall.

weaker elements, but a good case can be made for *Don Carlo* as one of the best operas, almost on the plane of *Otello* and *Falstaff* (and much superior to *Aida*, which is a terrible bore up to the Nile Scene). With a cast that shapes up as well as the one in the recording should have done, *Don Carlo* would be an overwhelming experience. It does not turn out that way.

To begin with, the women are not very good. Tebaldi, past her great days, has never learned to substitute finesse for sheer voice. She not only sounds uncomfortable as Elizabeth, she even sounds desperate at times. Perhaps she is not too familiar with the role. Bumbry, who has been making a big international reputation ever since Bayreuth in 1961 (the papers were full of her "black Venus"), is, one feels, being pushed too fast. Her voice is big, but is also insecurely produced, with a sharp and not very pleasant edge, and with a noticeable wobble. She sounds like a veteran over sixty instead of the handsome and vital young woman she is.

Then there is Fischer-Dieskau, who is never anything less than intelligent, but who lacks the Italianate quality; and Ghiaurov, who has a tremendous voice that is reproduced in so loud a manner that one backs away in alarm. The singing, thus, is spotty, and what is worse, it does not fuse. Bergonzi is the jewel of this album, and he sings with extreme style and beauty of tone. Talvela, too, sounds like a fine singer. He is not well known, but if he is as good as this album suggests, he is a bass who will be singing all over within the next few years. It is too bad that the new recording of this great opera did not turn out better, though, to be fair, it has moments of excitement. And it is better than the only competition, on Deutsche Grammophon, so we must do with what we have. []



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vs. **DIRECTORS**

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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

Circulation and Promotion Director:

REX A. HEARN

Subscription Manager:

ELIZABETH L. JACOBSEN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$8.50 per year. \$10.00 three years. Foreign postage, except Canada and Pan America, \$1.50 per year additional.

ALL SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE (on change of address, please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address). Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
 SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
 FULFILLMENT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
 381 WEST CENTER STREET
 MARION, OHIO 43302

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

PRODUCTION MANAGER: ALVIN PLOFSKY
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YUcon 6-3344
 Offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

REPRINTS AND REPRINT RIGHTS

Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John F. P. O'Neil, A. S. L., Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by the New York World Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

Founded in 1850

Vol. 233
 No. 1396

Harper's[®]

magazine

Septemb
 1966

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Letters

Supersonic Dogfight

John E. Gibson's "The Case Against the Supersonic Transport" [July] was a valuable exposition of some of the shortcomings of our proposed SST program. However, he skirts a most important and basic difficulty. . . . For a given trip distance, the amount of time saved by increasing speeds to Mach 2 or Mach 3 just doesn't seem to be worth the tremendous necessary increase in cost and complication. As a case in point, it now takes me nine hours to travel from my home in Menlo Park to the FEIA office in Washington. The SST will reduce this time by two hours—scarcely an impressive improvement. An effort comparable to that involved in SST development, but directed to the problems of airport congestion, passenger and baggage handling, and airport-to-city-center transportation should pay much greater dividends in saving time and minimizing personal frustration and inconvenience.

Mr. Gibson mentions the obvious dangers inherent in assigning both development and evaluation of the program to the same agency (FAA). The point is well taken. However, on the basis of close personal observation of the Agency's handling of the program to date, I must admit that these dangers have not so far materialized to any alarming degree. This can be attributed solely to the competence and dedication of the FAA personnel assigned to the SST project. Let's give the Devil his due.

JACK A. WAHLE, Dir.
Air Safety and Engineering
Flight Engineers'
International Assn.
Washington, D. C.

In John E. Gibson's "The Case Against the Supersonic Transport" . . . all except one of the dozen or so problems he mentions have been solved or have proved on examination not to have been problems at all. The single remaining one, sonic boom, is not so much solved as modified, since we will reduce the intensity of the boom by flying at high altitudes and by careful design of the SST underbody.

So much of Dr. Gibson's article was inaccurate that space in this letter will not permit a point-by-point examination. However, some of the more obvious errors are pointed out here:

Suggesting that the SST program is moving too rapidly, Dr. Gibson questions the extent of backup military experience in sustained supersonic flight. He cites B-58 pilots as the only ones accustomed to such flights. He does not mention that Air Force and Lockheed pilots have been gaining such experience daily for several years with the Lockheed YF-12A and SR-71 titanium aircraft at speeds and altitudes *greater* than the SST's.

In the area of SST economics his observations are equally out of date. The SST will make money. We believe our own design will provide more than 20 per cent return on investment. And if the airlines were not entirely pleased with the prospect of supersonic flight a few years ago, there is little concern today.

Obviously, the total costs of the program will be high. But this does not mean that it will be "at enormous expense to the taxpayer." On the contrary, all SST plans call for the government to recoup its expenditures for development. Nor is it accurate to say that the industry "refused to accept the principle of participation and has not accepted it to this day." The fact is that the two airframe competitors as well as the two engine competitors have invested millions of their own money in preliminary studies and facilities beginning in 1956. By the end of 1966 Lockheed will have invested \$30 million directly in the SST program. This is in addition to \$20 million invested in the Lockheed research and test center and facilities and equipment applied to the supersonic-transport program. Since the Phase II part of the program, which began in June 1964, we have been participating financially to the extent of 25 per cent of the development contracts.

Dr. Gibson states "to date, BOAC has *not* ordered the Concorde nor has it even paid a deposit for a delivery position." BOAC reportedly has ordered eight Concorde. It has also de-

posited \$600,000 with the FAA for six U.S. supersonic-transport delivery positions. Twenty-four of the major world airlines have made delivery position deposits for 96 U.S. Concorde and fifty-two Concorde to date.

R. A. BAILEY, Vice President
and SST General Manager
Lockheed-California Company
Lockheed Aircraft Company
Burbank, California

DR. GIBSON REPLIES:

Mr. Bailey is without a doubt infinitely more knowledgeable than I am in the latest SST developments and it is also possible that because of rapid changes in the program, some of my facts are out of date. However, the fast-breaking developments indicate to me the crash nature of the program. For example: (1) In the few months the price tag has doubled to an estimated \$4 billion for the development program, and almost \$10 million cost per plane. (2) Boeing in the last few months announced a major design effort to correct faults found in wind-tunnel testing of the spring model. (3) Both contestants and the FAA acknowledge that Mach 3 aircraft presents problems and the best way to "solve" them is to reduce the speed to Mach 2.7. We have seen three disastrous flights of the B-70, the "flying test bed" of the SST, which resulted in the loss of two of the nation's finest test pilots and one of the two existing planes.

Mr. Bailey is entirely correct that we "question the extent of backup military experience in sustained supersonic flight." The military and the aircraft companies have very little experience with flights of two to three hours' duration. Short bursts do not demonstrate the gradual and relentless build-up of heat. Even if we add all these short bursts together, however, the entire Free World's experience at Mach 2.7 is less than three weeks' service for one SST.

I admit a certain amount of confusion on the economics of the SST after carefully reading the testimony of experts. The study by the Department of Commerce assumes an SST production run of more planes than the total number of intercontinent-

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jets owned by all of the air the world. This optimistic is hard to believe since the billed as being two and one-half as productive as present. Frankly, I doubt this prod figure. Mr. M. L. Pennell of is quoted in *Aviation Week* 20, 1966, as predicting the S achieve eight to nine hours utilization, which in some about one-half that of pres jets. A plane which flies three as fast but for only half as long proves the productivity by 50 per cent and only then if it has a large capacity as present jet.

I am disturbed by the unsubjective tests being conducted the sonic-boom problem. Tests this summer at Lancaster, California. Lancaster is a tiny, unincorporated village, doubtless and totally dependent on Edwards Air Force Base for its livelihood. Citizens, mostly housewives, have guaranteed a minimum of \$6 a month report their attitude on test results. This approach violates almost every accepted procedure in psychological testing. Furthermore, Mr. Bailey reported present at a press conference in July by Lockheed officials at which it was revealed that cruise altitudes of the SST must be inefficiently reduced to reduce the effect of sonic boom, thus further reducing its productivity.

Mr. Bailey has not told the full story on cost sharing. In citing the investment of Lockheed, Boeing and the engine developers, he fails to mention that FAA has agreed to reimburse the losers as well as the winners of the present competition. . . .

So far as BOAC and the Concorde . . . not only has BOAC "ordered" the Concorde but "orders" by other airlines are not "options to buy." These options are fully refundable should BOAC or Air France decline to place orders. BOAC's attitude could be more negative on the Concorde. Giles Guthrie, BOAC Chairman and his French counterpart have attended only one briefing session of the American French committee administering Concorde development. Of course government pressure may be applied in the future.

The SST program is in trouble. I am not aware that any of the

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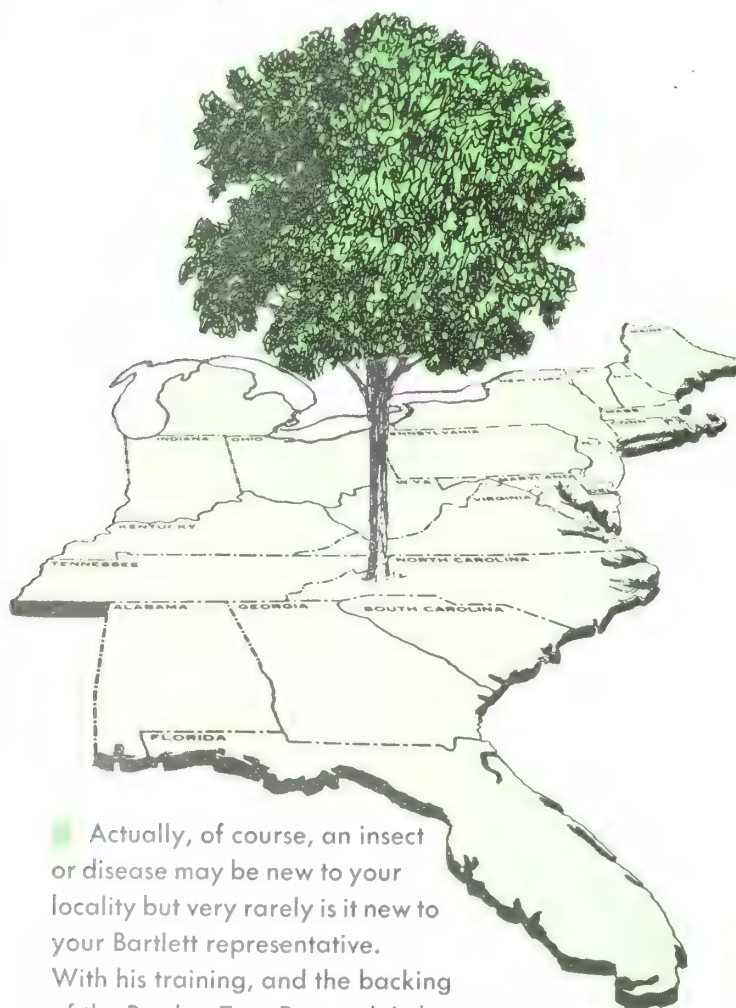
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LETTERS

culties I mentioned in my article have been alleviated as yet.

Utopian

I enjoyed and agreed with aspects of John Fischer's "A Practical Utopia" [Easy Chair]. But . . . the greatest difficulty to me to be that the people who come off the farms are not those who are likely to live in Mr. Fischer's new towns. The first are, naturally, in good part black and most part very ill-prepared. It is even clear that they would prove sophisticated charms of the new to the horrors of Harlem. Almost certainly they would be unequal to compete for jobs in the new cities even to do the kind of farm work might survive around these cities.

Mr. Fischer's best bet, as it would be a trend that would accompany the out-migration of people from cities into suburbs with the migration of the families' emigration . . . But that would still not lead skilled Negroes from migrating cities nor the cities themselves going downhill. Mr. Fischer's proposal, in fact, might accelerate conversion of cities into new slums, with a predominantly black population, and with inadequate schools and other facilities at the cultural level of these urban people. This polarization of cities and white suburbs or new towns is something to frighten one.

HENRY C. WOOD
Prof. of Economics
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

To quote Lewis Mumford (in *The Story of Utopias*, 1962): "The 'utopia' stands in common usage for the ultimate in human folly or for the hope of vain dreams of perfection to enrich the possibilities of the common life." How appropriate a phrase to consider in examining Mr. Fischer's "A Possibly Practical Utopia."

DONALD
Asst. City Manager
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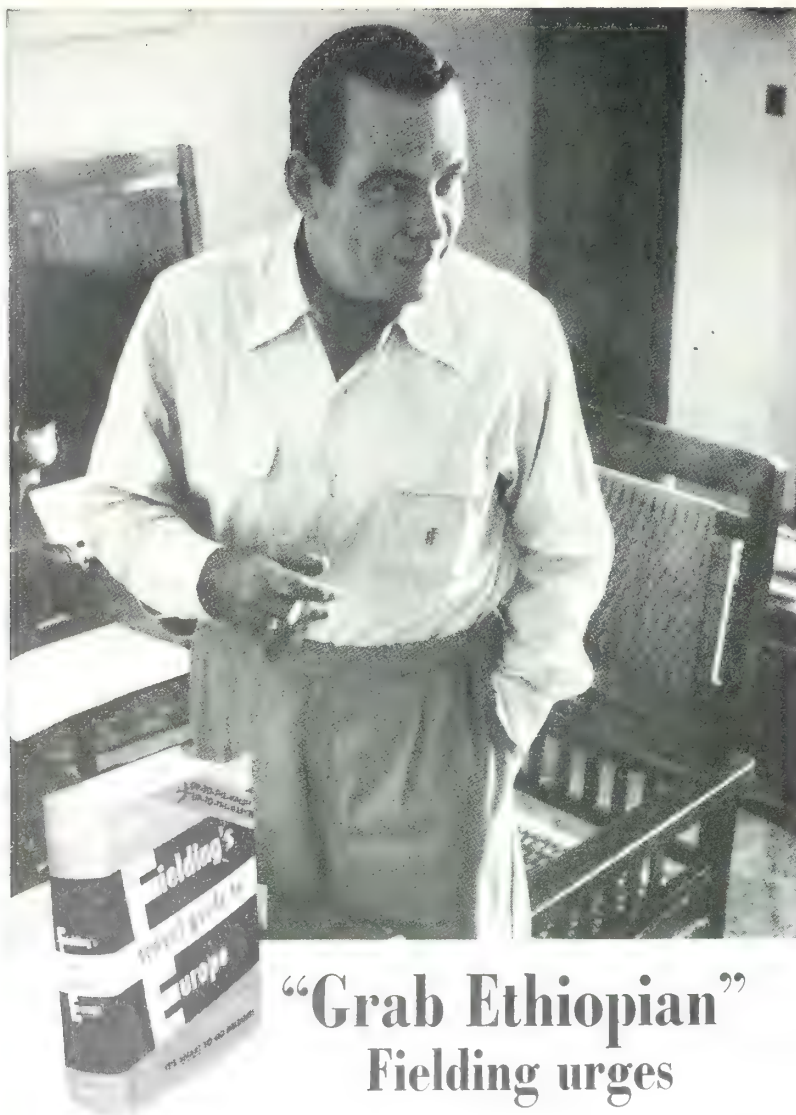
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tical... I am less sure of some specifics he suggests. The major metropolitan areas of our country have to absorb an even greater percentage of the total population than they are doing today. Central cores, already blighted, will need massive infusions to remove the ex-blights of overcongestion and inadequate facilities, let alone to cope with further population increases. Therefore, central cities rather than towns should receive the bulk of investment made by government at levels.

I am very leery of greenbelts of sizes. Functional open space is what is wanted; open spaces... from pocket parks... to national reservations... constitute perhaps the important single ingredient of planning... Any greenbelt is a sign of a planner, which is supposed on the landscape. Its geometry rather than usefulness.

Industry and commerce will find a new town far from the stream nearly as attractive as one near a major metropolitan center. The same is true of the individual migrant... Reston, Virginia, may be a much less exciting community for its residents and a much less interesting location for research and industry were it far removed from Washington, D.C.

Let the major metropolitan areas become more major. They will in the event... The educational, cultural, recreational facilities in megacities will far surpass those in any isolated community of from 50,000 to 100,000 souls. With good planning, and funds to implement the plans, a metropolis can be a wonderful place in which to spend one's lifetime...

ROBERT E. SIMON
President
Reston, Virginia

Retort from

The writer has been a member of the Bob Jones University Board of Trustees at Greenville, South Carolina, for eighteen years and is a member of this Board's Executive Committee. I am writing to strongly refute the defamatory and highly libelous article which appears in the June issue of your magazine.

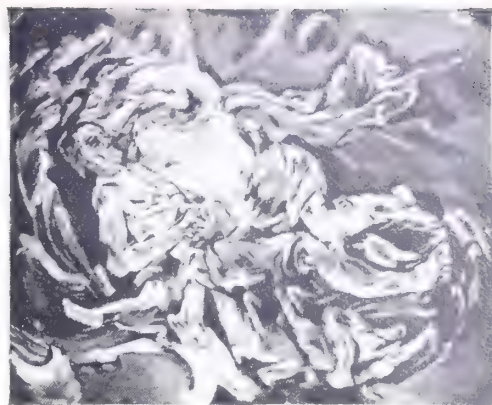
The author of this item, Dr. Jones University: The Buckle on

GOOD ART" or "BAD ART"... What would be *your* judgment?



STORM by Pierre Auguste Cot

HERE ARE TWO PAINTINGS, both of the same subject, and both discussed in the first portfolio of the Metropolitan Museum's Seminars in Art program. The one at left was held in the highest critical esteem in the 1880's. Today it would be dismissed by most critics as mawkishly sentimental. The other painting was damned as degenerate in the early part of this century. Now it is considered to be one of the finest examples of expressionist art. If you were unexpectedly asked to judge these paintings, would you be able to express a well-reasoned opinion? Or would you, like so many people, be tongue-tied, fearful of exposing ignorance by making any comment at all? A surprising number of otherwise cultivated persons have a blind spot as far as painting is concerned. Visiting a museum, they stand before a famous work of art and see nothing beyond what the painting is "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.



THE TEMPEST by Oskar Kokoschka

Anyone who suffers from this form of bafflement probably never has had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York devised an unusual program of assisted self-education in the understanding and appreciation of art. The invitation below is made to acquaint you with the thorough nature of the program and with its unique method of learning by comparison among great paintings.

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to be trained at this school of excellence.

This blatant falsehood characterizes
the whole article, and brands the
writer and you as publisher as tools
of unworthy representatives of the
journalistic community of our day.

This smear attack on Bob Jones
University appears to be part of a
definite conspiracy shared in by
New York Times, *The Nation*,
called *Christian Century*, and other
far-left periodicals. A strong similarity
is noted in all of the attacks which
have appeared. Apparently, none of
these, including *Harper's*, can be
the thought of a university standing
today for old-fashioned patriotism
and old-time Bible-believing religion.
The idea of a school holding strict
convictions and requiring rigid discipline
of its students is repugnant to
this cadre of liberals.

But here let it be said that every
"kick" is proving to be a "boost." In
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its finest year in thirty-nine. This
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enrolled at Bob Jones University, a
no more choice group of students
could be found on any campus in the land.
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excelling with many of the professors
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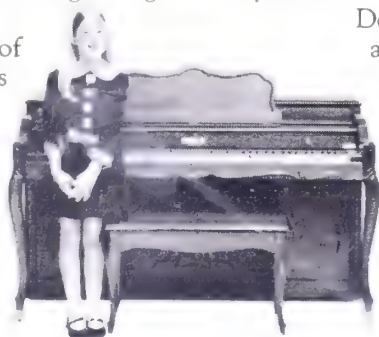
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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR *by John Fischer*

Why Our Scientists Are About to Be Dragged, Moaning, into Politics

"A twenty-year honeymoon for science is drawing to a close."

—Philip H. Abelson, in *Science*, Jan. 28, 1966

It closed almost exactly five months later, on June 27. That was the day President Johnson asked the wounding and inevitable questions: "Is it really necessary, dear, to spend *quite* so much? And what are we getting for all that money?"

At this writing the scientific community still seems to be in that stunned state of shock which precedes the outburst of tears and threats to go home to mother. But when the sobbing starts, we can expect it to be prolonged and heartbreaking. For, while the typical bride has to learn the economic facts of life within a few weeks, most of our contemporary scientists have been shielded from this reality for all their working lives.

Ever since the early days of World War II it has been broadly true that whatever scientists want, they get. Like an indulgent bridegroom, American society has rushed to satisfy their every whim, and damn the cost. Did they yearn for the world's biggest solar telescope? We promptly built it for them, at Kitt's Peak in Arizona. When they hinted that a two-mile-long electron accelerator might be nice, Congress answered, "Why of course darling," and thumbed \$114 million out of the public wallet. (It is true that a few uncouth taxpayers asked what an electron accelerator was supposed to produce, but such ungallant ignorance was shushed immediately.) Meanwhile, every forward-looking industry has been expanding its research program; and

the universities, however niggardly they might be with the humanities, have been stealing prestige scientists from each other with shameless offers of plush laboratories and \$100,000 professorships.

The result has been a spectacular and prolonged rise in the nation's outlay for research and development. In 1940 the total came to a mere one-third of a billion dollars, of which about one-fifth was supplied by the federal government. By last year it had climbed to \$21 billion—roughly a sixty-fold increase—and about two-thirds of it was government money. The federal contribution has been rising steadily by something like 20 per cent a year.

However passionate our love affair with science, we obviously couldn't go on like this. At some point the spending had to level off. That point was reached this June, when two things happened. In its budget for the 1967 fiscal year, the Administration announced a slight cutback in its research-and-development funds—the first in many years. (It still plans to spend nearly \$16 billion.) Even more significant was the President's meeting on June 27 with a group of top bureaucrats concerned with research, especially in medicine. He demanded that they reexamine all their programs to determine "what are the payoffs in terms of healthy lives for our citizens." And he added that he would like to know just how much research was being carried on "for the sake of research alone."

See Daniel Wolfe's "The Support of Science in the United States," *Scientific American*, July 1965, for a more detailed account of such expenditures.

To any scientist, those questions sound peculiarly ominous.

As in every marriage, the paid issue is not the money itself, but emotions that are likely to flare whenever the family budget has to be trimmed a bit. The ensuing discussion is likely to uncover all kinds of hidden sensitivities and unrecognized misunderstandings.

Such a misunderstanding has always been latent between the scientist and the citizen who supports him, but so long as the money gushed and he was restrained, it could be ignored.

Most ordinary people—and the politicians who speak for them—naturally think of science in terms of "payoff." They have been willing to support it lavishly because, for the last quarter of a century, it has paid off handsomely in scores of things, from atomic bombs to penicillin and plastics. It has, in fact, become the fountainhead of American technology, and therefore of American wealth and power.

Consequently, to the layman science clearly has seemed a good investment even when it costs more than 3 per cent of the gross national product every year.

But the scientist looks at his calling in a very different way. To him the whole idea of "payoffs" is distasteful. He prefers to think of science as purely intellectual pursuit, a disinterested search for truth. If his exploration of, say, the nucleus of the atom happens to result in a revolutionary weapon—well, that is a mere by-product and not an altogether welcome one. For in his social hierarchy, the "pure" researcher stands a good notch



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THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

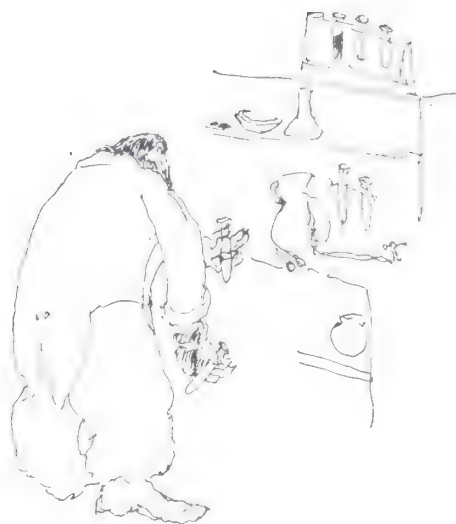
er than colleagues engaged in "ed" research; since the latter seeking new gadgets rather than laws of nature, their standing in scientific community is hardly that of mechanics.

research "for the sake of research alone" is indeed what the sciences prize most. In his ideal world, they would provide all competent scientists with all the money, equipment and staff that they want; let use these resources in any way we choose; and never ask what the result would be, or when. (More to the competence of anyone who is asked to be a scientist would be decided by his peers alone.)

One, but probably not the majority of scientists take a more extreme position. The late Leo Szilard, for example, argued that science was the best flowering of civilization, and it was not only the duty but the privilege of society to support science and their work. He regarded scientists (if I understood his conversation correctly) as an elite class, decidedly superior to the rest of mankind. Therefore their privileged position should be accepted gratefully, just as that of the priesthood in ancient times or the aristocracy in medieval times. And, since the common man is incapable of understanding what they were up to, he had no right to ask what they were doing with his money.

Most scientists, I believe, would put the case in less lordly terms. They probably would be content with Dr. Owen Weaver's argument that "the best ideas arise when you give free-freedom to think, freedom from external pressures—to individuals of great intellectual capacity, of imagination, of dedication, and let them be motivated primarily by their curiosity to find out how nature operates." They would contend, with Dr. Weaver, that too much of our present scientific investment now goes for development and not enough for basic research.

But the layman finds even this relatively moderate claim hard to accept. Even if money were no problem, the ideal world of the scientists doesn't seem quite feasible. For what scientist is willing to admit that he is not a person of "great intellectual capacity, of imagination, of dedication?" And if society finances everyone who claims



"I'm afraid we're going to have to cancel your research grant, Doctor Jekyll."

these qualities, wouldn't the field soon be overcrowded? In like fashion, if the government guaranteed freedom from economic pressure to every poet, wouldn't all of us turn to verse?

It seems likely, then, that the country is going to have to make some decisions that we have been evading throughout the twenty-year honeymoon. For example:

1. How can the taxpayer's natural eagerness to get something for his money be reconciled with the scientist's desire both for virtually unlimited money and for freedom in using it, regardless of payoffs?

2. Since the government can't increase its spending on science indefinitely, how do we decide what we can afford? Is 3 per cent of the gross national product about right? Or too little? Or could part of that sum be better spent on education, the war against poverty, or cleaning up our polluted rivers and air?

3. When we decide on a total science budget, how should it be divided? At present about 12 per cent goes for basic research and the rest for development and applied research—such as the devising of new military hardware and industrial processes. Is Dr. Weaver (along with most of the "pure" scientists) correct in believing that a bigger share should go to basic

research? Or is the President right in pressing for more science aimed at practical and early results?

Essentially these are political rather than scientific questions. I have no competence in science, but I do have some experience in the way American political processes work; and I mention these questions, not to suggest answers, but to indicate how the political machinery is likely to grind out some answers eventually. Whether they are reasonably satisfactory answers will depend largely on how much political sophistication the scientific community develops. At present it has very little.

A few scientists—but lamentably few—do have a firm grasp on the workings of our political system. One of them is Dr. Alvin M. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, who began discussing such questions publicly about three years ago.* He pointed out that "The idea of conflicting and biased claims being adjudicated at one fell swoop by an all-knowing supreme tribunal"—

*In a British publication, *Minerva*, in its issues for Winter 1963, and Autumn 1964; and in the American monthly *Physics Today*, March and June 1964. These articles stirred up a lively debate among scientists, but have not yet received the attention they deserve among the public at large.

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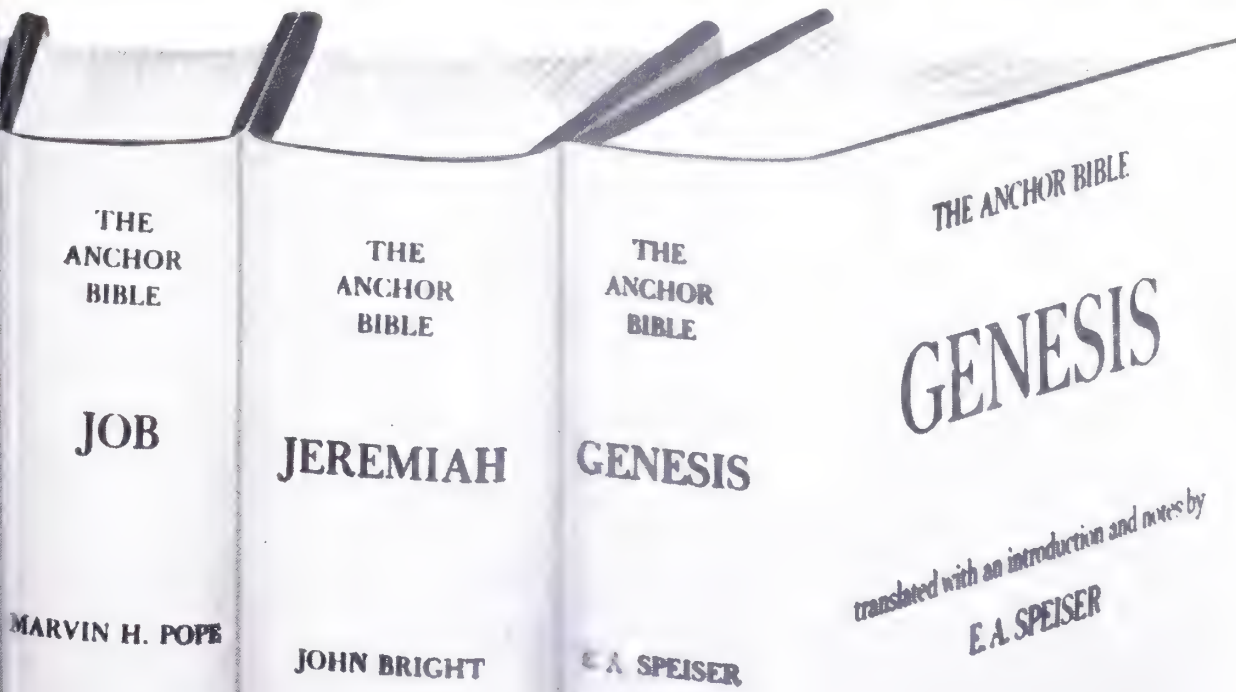
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THE EDITOR'S EASY C

whether the White House, the Bureau, or some committee of tific wise men—"is a myth." De on public policy and the spend public money have "always r from countervailing pressur erted by various groups repre professional specialties, or loca ests, or concern for the public est."

There are thousands of groups, ranging from the far and the labor unions to the Ne ganizations, the League of Voters, the American Medical ation, and the Spearfish, Sou D kota, Chamber of Commerce. is any one of them strong eno get what it wants. So they ple public support, using argumen are sometimes rational, som demagogic. They make alliance ally involving the classic techn logrolling: "You support my and I'll support yours." They their cases before government cies and Congressional comm And they make friends among cians, by working in campaign tributing money, and (probab most effective method) simp taking the trouble to explain fears and aspirations in terms tician can understand.*

The overwhelming majority entists have never wanted any this. Typically they regard the cal process as something sinis not dirty; often they treat polit —and sometimes the ordinary ve well—with scarcely veiled conte

*This does not mean oversim tion. A number of sharp-minded gressmen have demonstrated re that they can discuss scientific pr with a high degree of sophistica and with a wider view of the issue most scientists. Notable among are Henry Reuss and Emilio Q. dario, both of whom have been to prod the scientific community sharper definition of its goals and ities.

The Joint Congressional Com on Atomic Energy, moreover, ha vided an admirable example of th legislators can give intelligent a sponsible guidance to science prop It might not be a bad idea to revis Committee, adding to it men like and Daddario, and giving it jurisd over all government-financed res and development.



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THE EDITOR'S EASY

Only once in my memory group of scientists carried out a political operation successfully. The campaign, just after World War II, by a hastily organized group of nuclear scientists to put the development of atomic energy in civilian rather than military hands. They had little money and less political experience—but they did their case with candor, lucidity, and an obvious "concern for the public interest." As a consequence they were able (somewhat to their own surprise) to persuade both the laymen and the members of public opinion and a majority of Congress.

By contrast, the only group of scientific professionals which has recently been engaged in politics for a long period has been a hilariously inept one. The American Medical Association has poured out cascades of propaganda in opposing vaccination, and every piece of public-health legislation in the last half-century. Richard Harris pointed out in a series of articles in *The New Yorker* that it not only lost every major battle, but in most cases its ineptitude actually helped the other side.

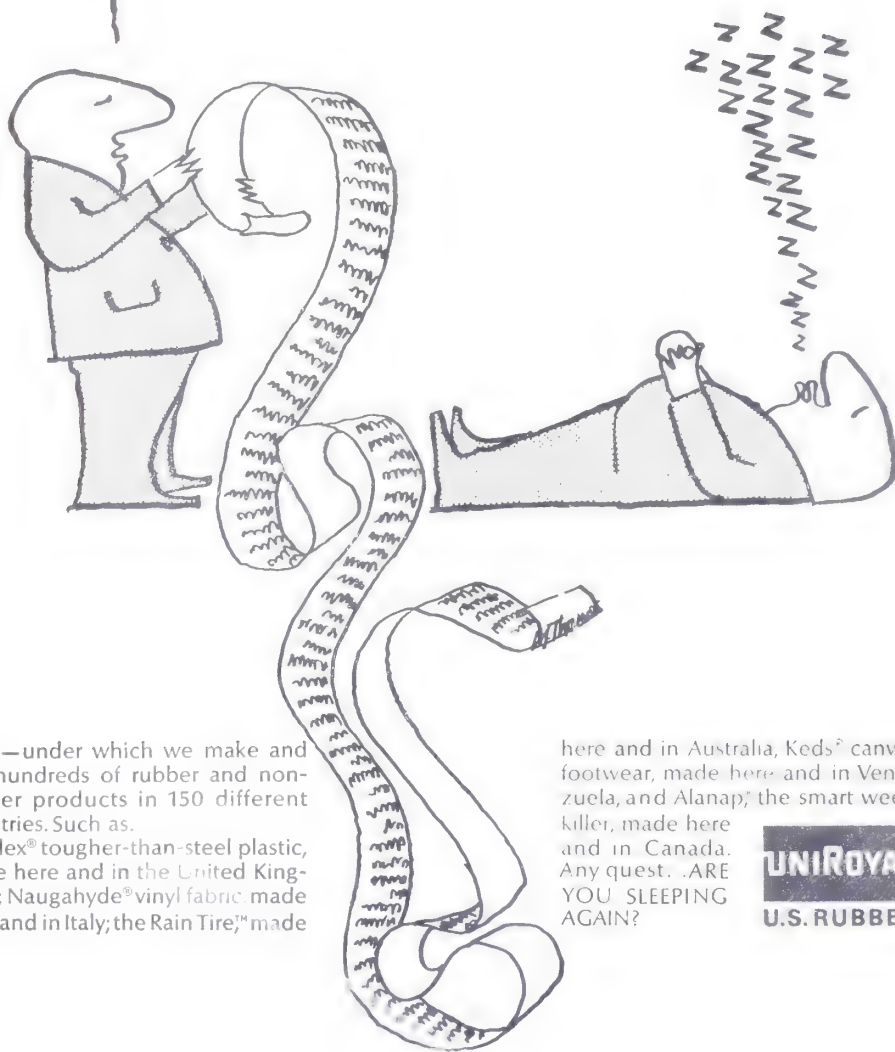
Neither of these instances is representative. For the typical scientist prefers to keep his nose to the grindstone, and ignore the whole business of political decision-making. Until it touches him. Then, as Greenberg put it, he is likely to equate the refusal of a grant with the persecution of Galileo.

Rarely does he make any effort to explain to the lay public what he is doing, and why it is useful to society. I have spent a good part of my life trying to persuade scientists to do that, with results close to zero. I invariably find they think they are too busy even to talk to a reporter, but I can think of only three scientists—Loren Eiseley, Fred J. Bronowski—who have the trouble to write well about their own work for a lay audience.

Even rarer is the scientist who is willing to present a candid argument before a Congressional committee. Because he assumes that mere laymen are incapable of grasping scientific reasoning, he is likely to back on a pseudo-argument, classic ones are:

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BY DROP

THE EDITOR'S EASY C

we'll conquer cancer"—or heart disease, or stroke, or mental illness, or whatever. The overuse of this to justify research with only marginal relevance to the conquest of aging probably led the President to lament skepticism about the medical research budget.

2. "This project might lead to a military breakthrough." Much of the space program was rationalized on this ground, and for a long while the Air Force talked grandly, if vaguely, about its "aerospace mission." Even when it was not engaged in spying from photoreconnaissance, however, it has not yet been able to think of anything specific to do in space. The dream of rocket battleships coming among the planets remains a pipe dream. Buck Rogers.

3. "If we don't plunge ahead now, regardless of cost, the Russians will get it first"—presumably with disastrous results to our national prestige. This is the argument that persuaded President Kennedy to begin pouring uncounted billions into the race to the moon. It is also used—with varying success—to coax money from Congress for other projects of rather dubious utility, such as the Mohole and the effort to control thermonuclear reactions.

If Congress now listens to these pseudo-arguments with a growing wariness, the hard sell for the Mohole indicates why. The scheme originated with some geologists who thought it would be interesting to poke a hole through the earth's crust to see what the underlying mantle might look like. They proposed to anchor a platform on the Pacific off Hawaii, reach down through 14,000 feet of water, the ocean floor, and then drill for one or three years through some 10,000 feet of rock. Their original estimate of the cost was \$15 million. To anyone even slightly acquainted with oil-well drilling, the figure sounded suspiciously low—and, indeed, the director of the National Science Foundation later admitted it had been only "a guess." When the estimate climbed to \$127 million last spring, Congress called a halt. Greenberg, writing in *Science* (July 1966), deplores the "very sorry episode" both because it wasn't "conducted with prudence" and because its backers had promoted the Mohole "as a panacea for virtually everything but poison ivy." Such ingenuous tactics, he felt, might

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

nine Congressional faith in future c-research projects, however dis-

eed it might. On the assumption that the scientific community is not it to sprout even rudimentary tical skills very soon, one can pre- with reasonable confidence a few gs likely to happen during the rt-range future:

The government probably will e down, slowly but steadily, its nding for research and develop- it. The Vietnam war, the poverty gram, and expanding aid to educa- all will press heavily on the fed- l budget; and their demands may l sound more urgent than those of ence.

. Of the total money available, the re allocated to "pure" research is ly to shrink. Senator Warren G. gnuson, long a generous supporter science appropriations, probably ke for most of his colleagues when complained that "we don't seem to eive much help from the scientific munity on the question of pri- ties." So long as this remains true o long as each group of scientists ts for its own pet project, regard- s of its place in the overall national earch effort—then the priorities l have to be fixed by the politicians. d, as we have noted, they are natu- ly biased toward projects that omise quick and tangible benefits.

3. Within the field of "pure" re- urch, the projects most vulnerable budget cuts will be those costing y large sums of money—such as hole and the 200-bev accelerator—h little foreseeable benefit, either the ordinary citizen or to other anches of science. The accelerator, instance, would be the most costly gle scientific installation ever built. onstruction would take \$280 mil- n, and its operation would cost out \$50 million a year. Moreover, veral thousand highly trained sci- tists and technicians would be eeded to run it, thus draining scarce ent away from teaching and from ner research projects.

What could we expect to get in re- rn? So far as I can discover, nobody ally knows. The most its sponsors im is it might produce important w information about the makeup d behavior of the smallest particles matter. Like anything that fur-

thers our understanding of the funda- mental laws of nature, this informa- tion might someday lead to practical benefits, of a wholly unpredictable kind. For the immediate future, how- ever, the findings of high-energy physics don't seem to be particularly relevant, even to other branches of basic research.

Why, then, should we be in such a hurry to build this vastly expensive piece of specialized equipment—espe- cially at a time when the economy is overheated, the budget strained, and scientific talent in short supply? Why shouldn't it be downgraded on the pri- ority list—to be considered again in a few years, or decades? I am unable to find convincing answers to these questions in recent scientific litera- ture.

4. In contrast, "Little Science"—those branches of inquiry, such as biochemistry and cryogenics, which don't require a lot of costly equip- ment—need not expect much trouble in getting money. The politicians are more willing to take basic research on faith when the price tag isn't too high; and they are well aware that the best science isn't always the most expensive. After all, Einstein did his work with a pencil and pad of paper.

5. From now on research-and-de- velopment money is likely to be spread around the country more evenly.

So far the big helpings have gone to the Northeast and the West, for two reasons. First, scientists are a gregarious crowd; they like to flock together. Consequently, so long as sci- entists had the main say about where the money should go, most of it natu- rally flowed to places like Cambridge and Southern California which al- ready had big scientific establish- ments. Moreover, the scientists serv- ing on the government agencies which parcel out the cash—the President's Science Advisory Committee, the Na- tional Science Foundation, the Atomic Energy Commission, and a few oth- ers—have usually been chosen from a few institutions in these same areas. Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that the money valve has been con- trolled for the last twenty years by a little group dominated by men from Harvard, MIT, Princeton, Berkeley, California Tech, and Los Alamos.

Now all this is changing. Johnson's recent science appointments have gone largely to Midwesterners, who

presumably will see to it that their part of the country gets a better break. Then, too, as Congress takes a more aggressive part in scientific de- cisions, it is likely to wonder why big research installations shouldn't be lo- cated to suit national needs, rather than the convenience of researchers. If the 200-bev accelerator is ever built, for example, why shouldn't it be put in some such place as Appalachia, which desperately needs an economic boost?

There is a danger, of course, that the rising influence of the politicians on scientific priorities might have some unfortunate results. Conceivably, basic research might be put on too thin a diet. Or choices between vari- ous projects and the selection of their sites might be too heavily influenced by patronage, with the powerful com- mittee chairmen getting the biggest slices of the melon for their own dis- tricts.

The best safeguard against these hazards, obviously, is for the scien- tific community to get into politics it- self. That would mean that scientists would have to take enough time off from their laboratories to learn how the political process works. They would have to give some additional time to actual participation in the process—organizing themselves, first of all, to decide upon some common objectives, and then to sell these ob- jectives in the political marketplace.

It also means that the scientific community would have to develop a lot more effective spokesmen—men like Warren Weaver, Caryl Haskins, Carl Kaysen, and Jerome Wiesner, who can speak persuasively to lay- men, can have a drink with a Con- gressman without self-consciousness, and who are transparently concerned, not with some selfish interest, but with the public good. Finally, it would mean that scientists would have to take the trouble to explain their work and their goals to the ordinary voter —learning, in short, to speak and write for a lay audience, even if a few scientific papers have to be postponed.

All this will go harshly against the grain of scientific habit. But eventu- ally, I suspect, it is going to happen—just as, in every lasting marriage, the bride learns soon after the honeymoon to make a budget and explain it to her breadwinner. []

Variable Sweep Wings: A report from General Dynamic

A major step forward in aircraft design:

This week, several pilots redesigned their airplanes in flight. Shortly after takeoff, each pilot moved a trombone-shaped slide in his cockpit and folded back the wings of his plane.

The ability to do this made the F-111's they were flying the first aircraft that can (1) operate from short landing fields, and (2) fly economically for long subsonic cruise ranges or ferry itself across an ocean, and (3) strike supersonically at treetop height or dash at two-and-a-half times the speed of sound at an altitude of 12 miles.

The key is its variable sweep wing. Today the first 17 developmental F-111's, built by General Dynamics, are daily demonstrating the feasibility of a movable wing—a development that finally makes a truly multipurpose airplane practical.

The matter of flight envelope:

Every aircraft has a specific "envelope"—a set of limitations, or boundaries, of speed and altitude, within which it can operate effectively. The final design of a plane depends upon which of several

possible purposes is most important.

A long wing extended straight out is best for short takeoff and landing, range and endurance, or high load-carrying characteristics. For the high speed, a large amount of wing surface is needed.

But as speed increases, less lift is needed from the wings. In fact, at high speeds, large wings increase resistance from the air. Such an airplane can be pushed to supersonic speed by brute power, but not efficiently.

This resistance is commonly called drag, and one way to reduce it has been to sweep the wing back. For instance, the modern passenger jet, whose wings are partially swept back, can fly efficiently for long distances just below the speed of sound. But the swept wing provides less lift, and such aircraft need long runways, sometimes up to 10 miles long, and special braking devices.

Very high speeds—faster than sound—can best be reached with a very small wing, sometimes in a triangle or diamond shape. But the still lower lift can require even longer runways, and additional braking devices such as droop parachutes. The very small wing offers considerably less fuel efficiency for long range, subsonic flight.

Three aircraft in one:

A wing whose position can be changed by a pilot in flight gives a single airplane the special talents of all three types. With the wing fully extended, the aircraft has high lift for short takeoff and landing or high-load capacity. With wings partially swept, efficient long range subsonic flight becomes practical. Pulling the wings all the way back, their smallest exposed area provides for a person's dash, without having sacrificed either high lift or cruise economy.

Previous—and impractical—attempts to achieve variable wing geometry all the way back to 1911. The chief problem: an undesirable relationship between center of gravity and center of lift as the wings moved would cause the airplane to nose up and down sharply, become longitudinally unstable.

How it operates:

Not until 1960 did the National Aeronautics and Space Administration receive the answer to this instability: simultaneously sweeping both wings around separate pivot points which were moved out on the wing root rather



Top: The F-111 with its wings extended straight out for high lift at takeoff.
Bottom: Wings being swept back to allow F-111 to reach supersonic speeds.

aving a single pivot in the center fuselage. The concept has been and developed by General Dynamics through more than 22,000 hours of tunnel testing, and more than 100,000 man-hours of design and development.

F-111's variable wing can be in flight from its fully extended position (technically with 16° of sweep at the leading edge) to a full sweep of 72.5°, with the wings tucked against (and much of them actually) the fuselage for a narrow delta configuration. The position of the wings can be held at any position between two extremes, with the pilot deciding what wing setting is best for maximum performance in a given set of circumstances. He can normally move the wings from one extreme to the other in about twenty seconds.

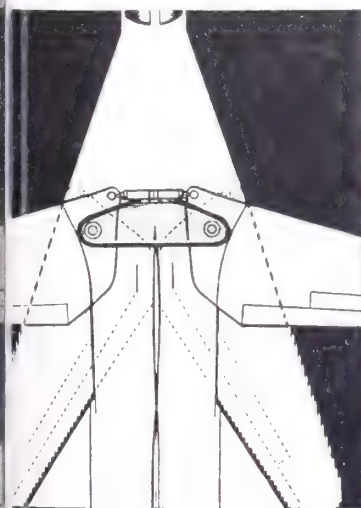
The precision of design is so exact that the wing is so balanced that negligible trim is needed to compensate for sweep of the wing.

Part of the system:

Part of the F-111's variable sweep system is a 14-foot steel yoke across the fuselage (see drawing below).

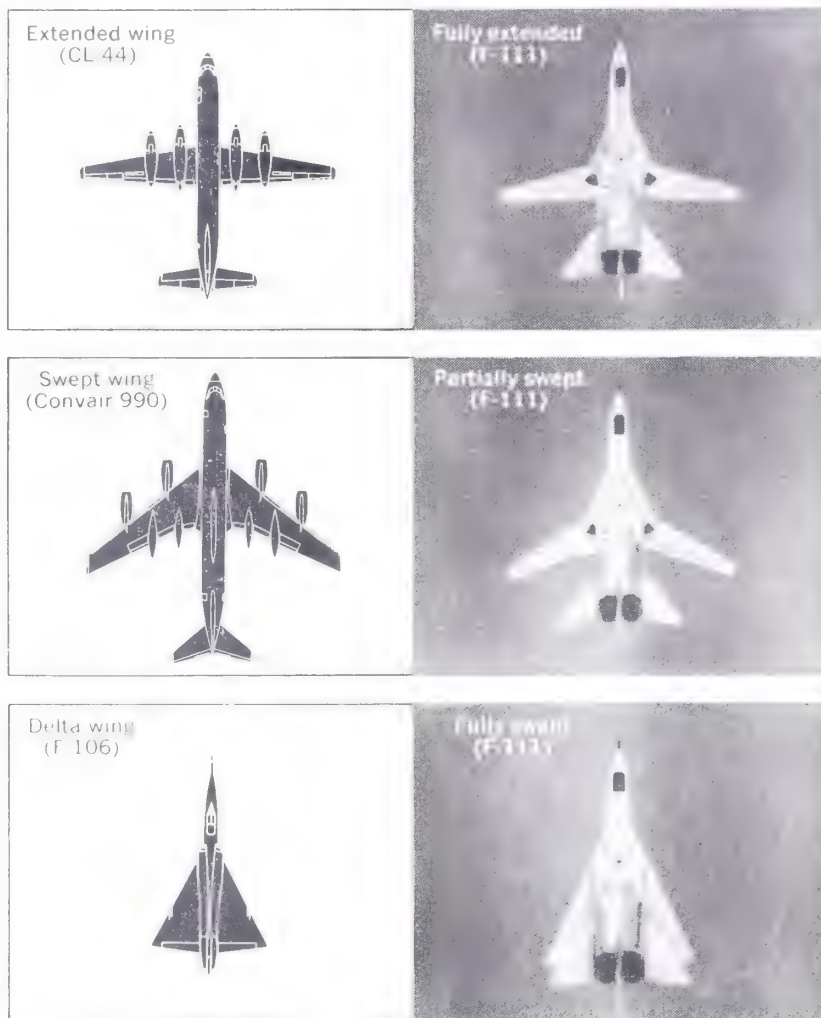
Movable portions of each wing are fastened to the yoke by 8½-inch diameter high-strength steel pivot pins. Forward of the yoke hydraulically powered actuators, responding to the pilot's selection, move the wings from one position to another.

In addition to high lift at takeoff and landing, full span slats and flaps are incorporated into the wing. The wing is ingeniously tapered so that much more area when fully extended is high-lifted—that is, with a relatively



How the wing works. A 14-foot steel yoke, with 8½-inch diameter pins, on which the wings pivot, is the heart of the variable sweep winged F-111. The yoke and support the whole plane in flight. A few feet just forward of the yoke actually move the wings during sweep.

How wing configuration determines flight envelope



Left, top to bottom: Drawings of planes flying today. Extended wing of transport provides relatively short takeoff and landing with heavy loads. Swept wing of passenger liner provides less lift, but allows the plane to fly efficiently just below the speed of sound. Small delta wing of military fighter reduces air resistance (drag) and allows the plane to fly at supersonic speeds.

Right, top to bottom: Photos of the F-111 show how the variable sweep wing gives it the advantages of the extended wing, swept wing and delta wing—all in one plane.

thick curve for greater lift—and thin at the area remaining exposed when wings are swept back for high-speed flight.

The future for the sweep wing:

Since the Wright Brothers' first breakthrough in the art of manned flight, there have been relatively few major advances in the basic art of airplane building. One was the introduction of light aluminum structures, another the introduction of the turbine—better known as the jet—engine for propulsion.

The variable sweep wing represents a similar major step forward. For any category of aircraft—military, commercial or private—where the combination of very high-speed flight, long economic

cruise and high lift for easy takeoff and landing is desired, the variable sweep wing sets the new standard. Even space ships may ultimately incorporate some form of variable geometric wing to make them more maneuverable within different atmospheres.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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AFTER HOURS *by Russell Lynes*



The Group, or Us Old Men and the Sea

About three hours and forty minutes southwest of New York by "whisper jet" and air-conditioned station wagon lies the village of Boca Grande on Gasparilla Island in the Gulf of Mexico. To reach it from the mainland of Florida one crosses a privately owned toll bridge which charges 75 cents for a car and one passenger (the driver) and 10 cents additional for each other passenger. As I was waiting with several friends in June to get on this bridge, the man who was driving us (he is the local deputy sheriff) told us that one of his friends was once crossing the bridge and, as there is no local undertaker, he was transporting a corpse in a casket in the back of his station wagon. The toll taker insisted that the driver pay an extra dime.

"Okay," the driver said, "I'll wait right here till you collect it from him."

Boca Grande is the home of 246 live registered voters and a rather large handful of affluent "off islanders" who spend a few weeks or a few months a year there. It is notable, primarily, as one of the great sites of tarpon fishing, and tarpon fishing is notable as one of the great piscatorial delights. Our group was seven men

from seven professions—an artist who is also an arcticologist, an architect who is also an industrial designer, an educator who is called "Colonel" because he was one in the Air Force, a surgeon, a lawyer who has held high government office, an industrialist who is also the president of a museum, and me. We shared a single intention—to wrestle with the local tarpon. Most of these men were old hands at the sport; I, however, had bought a paperback in New York called *The Salt-Water Fisherman's Bible* by Erwin A. Bauer, hoping that it might mitigate my ignorance. After five days of fishing, four tarpon (the largest I took was 100 pounds and the smallest 60 pounds), exposure to two guides, Francis Knight and Charlie Wheeler, whose life work is to understand the life work of the fish, I am now prepared to speak as an expert on the six men who accompanied me.

In the interests of friendship, however, it is more fitting that I should speak about the fish.

The fish, for example, have almost successfully eluded the Colonel for eleven years. The Colonel, who is an exceedingly kindly man with a laugh that erupts like a geyser and belies a serious concern with the dissemina-

tion of culture and the consumption of rich food, has a wooden leg which he manages with humor and aplomb. Indeed he spends a good deal of his time visiting men in hospitals who have been similarly deprived, proving to them that learning to manage one limb and one artificial one is not a superable an obstacle as it might seem. The Colonel, however, has been unable to strike up anything but a nodding acquaintance with tarpon; he has caught just one fish in eleven years of fishing, a record he maintains to maintain this season, although he had four good strikes in one afternoon.

No one blames the fisherman who loses a tarpon . . . at least not any in our group. When a tarpon strikes, one does not, as any fisherman instinctively does, try to fix the hook by yanking up on the rod; one just holds on and lets the fish run while, at the same moment, the guide revs up the boat's engine for a brief spurt. The fish, depending on its size, will run 75 to 100 yards or more, pulling against the drag on the reel set at most "full"—set, in other words, that it takes a good deal of effort to pull out the line by hand. At the end of its first run, the fish is likely to jump, a flash of silver four or five feet long, four or five feet above the surface of the water. It is on that jump that the Colonel (or anyone else) is likely to lose the tarpon. The fish, as they say, "throws the hook" and what was a rod bent in a bow is held with all the strength of one's arms and back, suddenly is empty again with a limp line trailing from it.

Inevitably someone says, to me, "You feel worse, 'Boy, you lost a one that time!'"

But I am getting ahead of myself.

At Boca Grande the tarpon feed what is called "the pass," a tidal in current several miles wide, and they feed only when the temperature of the water is almost precisely suits them. The sea

Mr. Lynes's entanglement with the tarpon occurred between bouts of reading proofs of his forthcoming book, "Confessions of a Dilettante," he published in October by Harper Row. He is also author of "The Takers" and "The Domesticated Americans."

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AFTER HOURS

son starts in late May and runs through July and sometimes into August. In a mild winter, Charlie Wheeler told me, the fishing can be as good in January as in July, and every January sees a few tarpon taken in the pass. During the course of the season the fish migrate counterclockwise around the Gulf of Mexico, and several months after the best fishing is over at Boca Grande, the tarpon will be taken off the coast of Mexico.

The tarpon is not an edible fish, and from the fisherman's point of view this is a great protection to the sport. Commercial fishing boats don't take tarpon, and very nearly all sports fishermen release those they catch when they have "boated" them. "Boating" means bringing the fish to the side of the boat or to its stern where the guide can get his gloved hand on the steel leader. This gives the fisherman a chance to get a good look at his catch, take a scale from its back, if he wants, and estimate its weight (the guide is the undisputed authority on this, a safeguard among even the best friends). The guide yanks the leader sharply, either releasing the hook or breaking the leader, and the tired fish swims away. A few are taken as trophies, but the number is relatively small (it costs upward of \$150 to mount a fair-sized tarpon). Fish are frequently boated that have been taken before, hooks still in their lips to prove it, though it appears that usually a fish can get rid of a hook once it has been released. The guide said "body acids" do away with it. Maybe.

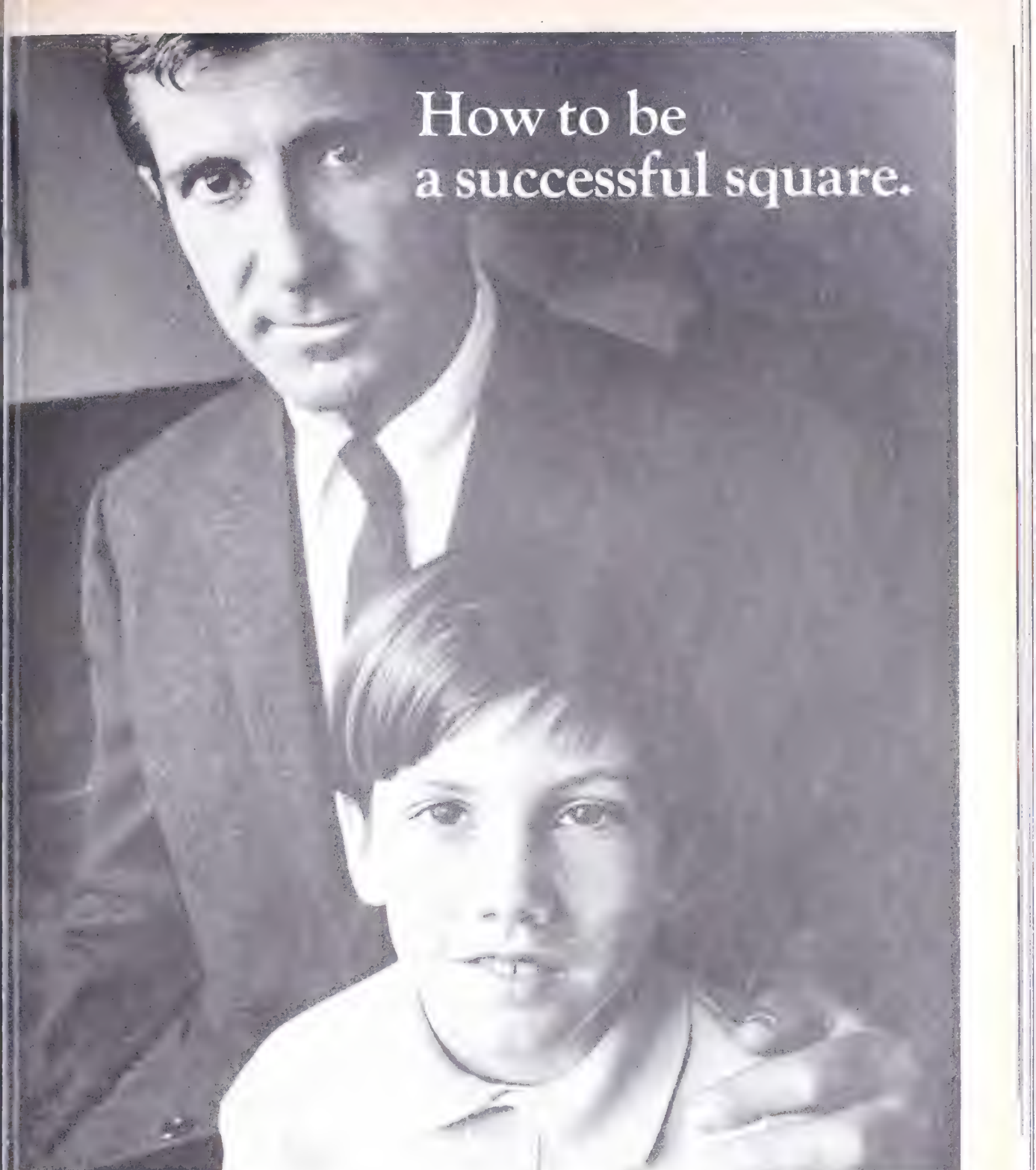
Of the Group the most experienced tarpon fisherman was the only one who in five days in Boca Grande never managed to get a rod in his hand. He was confined to the shore by a heavy cold and the surgeon advised him to stay put. He has fished at Boca Grande since he was a boy, and it was he who was the host to the Group. He engaged himself with crossword puzzles from English newspapers, with a scheme for a vast showcase for the industry in which he is primarily involved—a sort of rural industrial Disneyland—and with phone calls about a threatened strike at his museum. One afternoon when we had come in from fishing he was reading Karl Shapiro's *Essay on Rime*, a dissertation on verse in verse published

about twenty years ago, and he came to me to read a passage aloud. He improved of my reading and took the book back and read at length at it, relishing its pungency, precision and nuance.

The surgeon, who jokingly had been complaining about how doctors are always being asked for free advice, leaned over and slapped our host on the back when he started, at once silent while reading, to cough. The host stuck his hand in his pants pocket, took out a dollar and gave it to the doctor.

The doctor, an eminent throat surgeon whose somewhat prematurely gray hair stood out like a feather duster in the breeze from the water, was the most enthusiastic fisherman of all, knowledgeable about the fish and their lore, and generous about giving up his place in one of the swivel chairs in the boat to one who had less luck than he had. Without his help and encouragement I certainly would not have got my first or my biggest one. If it was I released them in, it was he who took them in. Unluckily, in the end I was luckier in number of fish taken than he. I didn't deserve to be. He took his biggest, a 110-pounder.

Tarpon when they surface to show their backs (and occasionally their bellies) are said to "not to jump, and on the first afternoon we were in the pass there were often as many as thirty or forty rolling within eyeshot. In general, however, one does not fish the surface but the depths. The line carries a sinker at the top of the leader and is rigged so that, when the fish strikes, the piece of lead breaks away. ("There must be tons of lead on the bottom of the pass," one of our guides, Charlie Wheeler, said.) The line has two markers on it, a piece of green silk thread at seven fathoms and a piece of red at ten. The length of line that is out on any "drift" depends on the depth of the water. "A marker at the tip [of the rod], gentlemen," the guide says, or, "Green marker on the reel and then take up about four turns." The guides know the depth of the water from the boat stands in relation to landmarks on shore. The boat, its engine idling, drifts with the tide over an area where the guide knows the fish to be or hopes they are. A "drift



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appreciates the way we operate. How
we meet his needs.

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cause businessmen can't afford to
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How about you? After all, life in-
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And for the Responsible Man from
Ætna. See him soon. You'll be
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AFTER HOURS

takes from ten minutes to twenty-five or thirty, depending on the tide and how wide an area the fish are presumed to be feeding in. When there were more than two of us fishing in the same boat, at the end of each drift we rotated the two seats in the stern, equipped with swivels for the butts of the rods. When, however, one of us took a fish, he was likely to be more than willing to pass up his next turn in order to rest.

The lawyer spent the intervals reading a novel. He was the quietest of the Group and spoke, usually, only when he had something that was worth saying or a question worth asking. The artist spent the intervals sketching the fishermen or the boats or the pelicans that skim a foot above the water for what seems to be hundreds of yards before diving for fish and disappearing entirely beneath the surface. For a bird so ridiculous in shape the pelican is extraordinarily graceful in motion. "They'd sure never win a prize in a design competition," the artist said. By contrast, frigate birds with their long tails and steady wings and the gulls, which will catch a piece of used bait in midair if one throws it toward them, are miracles of what looks like functionalism. The bait we used, incidentally, was squirrel fish about seven inches long, brown with opalescent streaks

about its head, and crabs. The guides supply the bait which, Francis said, cost him 25 cents apiece; the guides in general do not trap their own bait. I took three of my fish on crabs but the biggest one was lured by a squirrel fish.

There are about twenty-five boats for charter at the Boca Grande dock, which is in a narrow inlet. Next to the dock is a showcase filled with mounted specimens of the fish that are caught in the pass, a dozen kinds more or less, and beyond the showcase is a restaurant called "The Pink Elephant," referred to by everyone as "The Pink." Fishing is the root of the community's economy. It brings the custom to Fugate's Drugstore which sells fishing tackle and men's and women's fashions and has a soda fountain and a shelf of sneakers and straw hats. Fishing also provides the transients who stay at the Gasparilla Inn, and those who eat at a restaurant called The Temptation Bar and Grill. A guide charges \$70 a day for his services, a boat, bait, and tackle, and for those who come in their own boats he charges \$40 a day for his services without tackle or bait. Most of the guides supplement their income with other work on the water, with commercial fishing boats or tugs, but Charlie Wheeler told me that a guide

can make a good living doing guiding "if he plays it right and the breaks."

When we went out at five in the morning, as we did several times, there were a few stars still visible above the clouds that piled up and whipped butter on the horizon. There were already four or five boats in the pass ahead of us. After an hour we were just one of twenty-five or thirty, a small fleet drifting together sometimes as close as 30 or 40 feet, a few cruisers more than 40 feet long, a few small boats powered by outboards with a couple of men in them using light tackle (we were using ten-pound test line), boats called *Ka-Mittens* and *Casurina* and *Bonnie Bayou Maid*. One watched for action in other boats.

"They've got one on over there," someone would say and point at a fish or woman struggling against a bait bent almost double. Then one would watch for the tarpon to leap as the guide moved his boat away from the fleet to open water so that his fisherman's line would not be fouled by other lines or, as once happened to me, the fish would not jump and strike another boat and free himself of the hook. The fish are canny. They usually sound to the bottom of the pass frequently manage to cut the line at the rocks. Occasionally they will free one another inadvertently: the artist in our boat lost a fish because another fish rolled over his line, easing tension on it for just a second, long enough to let the hooked fish take it. "Somebody put a double whammy on you that time," Charlie said to the artist.

I did not see the most spectacular incident of our outing; it happened on another boat to the architect, who was a cool hand with a tarpon. He had a fish on his line and the guide had taken the boat into deep water to get away from the other boats. A shark went after the hooked tarpon and struck it, so that briefly the architect had both fish to contend with. Then the shark leaped clear of the surface tearing the tarpon in pieces and bits of it flew in the air.

Sharks are a continuous threat to the captured tarpon, but more peaceable great fish occupy the same waters—porpoises, the most rhythmical fish, it appears, roll with the tarpon, an occasional ray, flat and shaped like



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AFTER HOURS

jet fighter, leaps against the grouper (a fish which makes chowder) sometimes takes on bait, as does its massive almost man-sized, the jewfish. Not the season for bluefish, so like those waters, but the and I trolled for fifteen or minutes with light tackle over where the guide saw a flock feeding, and we took, between a ladyfish (a very small—a pair two—and a very lively verhe tarpon) and two mackerel. I called this kind of fishing "time," and in comparison the long wait for the slashing of a tarpon it did, indeed, seem play.

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group of chumps took fourteen and probably lost more than that many. But those who prey on us, Francis, a big man with a Florida accent who has been for almost as long as he can boer (he runs a boatyard with other as well), and Charlie R, whose daughter was about to graduate from nursing school in made us the fishermen most could not otherwise have been. the tarpon are not striking, s takes their indifference as a personal affront; when they do both he and Charlie maneuver boats with such sureness and y that the man on the rod is y given every chance to bring fish but is made to look (if he like the non-chump he most ly isn't.

the Group. . . . There is a quality suspended reality about a group on an outing that if not unstable is just as well left to a st—a Hemingway, not a Mcr. One of the men, the architect, to me, "You ought to write a about this group."

reed, but on second thought I d it would be just as well if I about the fish. []

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT *by Clayton Fritchey*



The Repulse of the Swing Set

Washington society—including the Johnson Court—has been saved from Sin, Frivolity, and the Frug. But another Morace is creeping up on the Hill...

First it was London that was "swinging," and now it is Washington, or so we are told. The Swing Set is supposed to have taken over the nation's capital to such an extent that "the vibrations are rattling teacups from the White House to Chevy Chase." Moreover, it is reported that "with the Swing Set, the once socially leonine British and French embassies are out, the Algerians, Spaniards, Kuwaitis, and Moroccans are in. Intimate musical salons are out, belly dancers are in. With the Swing Set, even Washington's long-hallowed banana soufflé is out; what's in is an exotic Arabic comestible called Burek, a sort of Moslem cheese Danish." And then there is all this watusi, frug, and jerk.

In view of this kind of publicity, one could hardly blame Americans for becoming alarmed over this new Sodom and Gomorrah on the banks of the Potomac. Before our good citizens forbid their children to visit the capital, however, it might be helpful for them to know that Washington itself is not yet concerned over its own decadence.

One reason for this is that most Washingtonians didn't know—still don't know—that the town had been taken over by the Swing Set.

Since this is a serious matter, this department has given it serious at-

tention. The readers of *Harper's* are entitled to the facts. First of all, it is true that in Washington (unlike other cities, of course) some people—especially the young—do something called the watusi, fish, frug, etc. In the eyes of Congressmen, who have been sending back outraged letters to their hinterland constituents on the wild doings in the capital, there is something peculiarly abandoned about dancing vertically (watusi) rather than horizontally (fox trot), although why dancing apart is supposed to be more sexy and sinful than cheek-to-cheek is not clearly explained by the Congressional critics.

It is true that the Algerians, Moroccans, Spaniards, and Kuwaitis entertain frequently, as do most of the 112 other embassies. The men get themselves up exotically in black suits, white shirts, and black ties. Their "way-out" wives think nothing of wearing daring evening dresses revealing part of their backs. One all-out swinger, a former Miss America, showed up at an embassy party wearing dark glasses. Naturally, there were gasps.

It is also true that the British and French embassies are "out" these days—out, that is, to those who have not been invited in. As of this writing, however, there is no known instance of a swinger turning down an invitation from these old-line "square" establishments.

As to "intimate musical salons" being out, I have consulted Mrs. Alice Longworth, the most distinguished living authority on Washington, and she says it is true that they

are out, and have been since 1953. To the "long-hallowed banana soufflé" also being out, I have consulted Mrs. Samuel (Scottie) Lanahan, daughter of F. Scott Fitzgerald and an authority on the dining delights of the group, of which she is a charter member. "Banana soufflé?" said Lanahan. "Never heard of it. You must be thinking of some other capital. Try Central America."

The reputed queen of the swing set is a handsome, lively, blonde lady named Barbara Howar, who is considered the best piano-top dancer in town. But even she admits Washington has its limitations. Looking on, she sighs, "You could put all the swing sets in a telephone booth." And adding, Mrs. Lanahan adds, "they're really tiresome." They certainly have come so to President Johnson, the President, who cuts a fancy rug himself, has suddenly clamped down on the merriment at the White House and this has tempered the gaiety of the whole court. Just what beat on the President's kill-joy mood is not clear. One day there was a prominent photo of Henry Fowler, the secretary of the Treasury, flailing out at one of the new epileptic dances. Then a little later there was a press photo of Johnson's chief of staff, the Reverend Bill Moyers, dancing a non-Baptist version of the same. This was followed by a 3:00 White House party (the President tired earlier) which renewed the publicity. All in all, the President was not amused, especially when Representative H. R. Gross of Iowa threatened Moyers's resignation, and the

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tists also began protesting. In any case, Messrs. Fowler and Moyers have gone back to waltzing, and the President has gone back to stag parties. And that's how Washington is swinging these days.

Provincial, Yes Dull, No

A fellow columnist, Sydney Harris, has raised other questions about the capital that are more disturbing. Which city, he asked, has more psychiatrists per capita than any other in the country? And which consumes more liquor per capita than any other? He was staring right at Washington. "Our nation's capital," he said, "leads the field in both of these significant categories—and leads it in practically nothing else." The rest of the indictment charged, *inter alia*, that Washington is a "one-industry town," and, like all such towns, "it is essentially provincial." This, we are informed, is not true of the capitals of England, France, Italy, and most other European countries.

It is undeniable that Washington is a company town, dominated by government as Detroit is by cars, and Hollywood by the movies. And so, alas, it is provincial in its unique way. Many of us who live in Washington are constantly aware of this. Day in and night out there is too much concentration on Subject A (government) to the exclusion of all else. The same people see each other too often. There is too much unleavened rank. The gossip becomes not a vicious, but a monotonous circle. The whole in-breeding process ultimately produces a comfortable, self-satisfied, if not superior, isolation. There is much to be said for a nation's capital being part of its greatest, most cosmopolitan city. The men who run Washington are handicapped by being cut off from daily association with their peers in the world of business and finance, publishing and communication, the arts and sciences. It is this kind of association which, in other capitals, helps government officials keep their own world in perspective.

It is unfortunate that the Washingtonian most isolated of all is the chief occupant of the White House. He can, of course, send for anybody, but it's not the same thing. All Presi-

dents, with the possible exception of Truman, fancy that they hate Yes-men, but, of course, they really don't. What's the use of becoming President if you have to keep on deferring to those who disagree with you? There is a well-cultivated and highly publicized impression that President Johnson has a sturdy No-man in his press secretary, Bill Moyers, but it is just another White House myth. There is no such thing as a real No-man in Lyndon Johnson's life; there never has been, and nobody who knows him well thinks there ever will be. There is no one, absolutely no one, who could conceivably say to him, "Lyndon, what in God's name do you think you are doing in Vietnam?"

The provincialism of Washington is beyond relief. It is the capital of a federal republic, and therefore it can never hope to be part of another city and state; it must go on being isolated, not always splendidly. But it is not altogether true that "except for its stately buildings [more about that later], Washington has none of the adornments of a great city—no theater to speak of, a third-rate symphony orchestra, dull and conventional museums, and practically no literary or intellectual ferment." This is a hard, ungenerous impeachment. Washington will never be a rival to New York as a center of the entertainment, artistic, cerebral world, but it has serious claims to being second only to New York, and these claims will be reinforced as time goes on. It is not necessary to labor the point. What city, other than New York, harbors a constellation like the National Gallery, the Corcoran, the Phillips, and now, soon, the Hirshhorn, to say nothing of the inimitable Smithsonian? Only Lincoln Center will surpass the magnificent new John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. And certainly no American city, except Manhattan, is host to more authors of one kind or another. Washington reeks with writers, and, if that is proof of "intellectual ferment," the place is jumping. Since the capital has no industry other than government, it is singularly a white-collar town, composed almost entirely of residents who spend much of their time either writing or reading books. All in all, it is an agreeable city to visit or live in, and it shouldn't be blamed for not being New York. It can't help it.

Stewart's Plots Against the Capitol

The rest of the country troubled by the state of aesthetically swinging in Washington, but natives of the capital are aroused only one local issue (other than the Rule) and that is the Capitol itself. The proposal to enlarge (or deface) this sacred structure has inspired primitive, emotional reactions, with the proponents and opponents literally snarling at each other. Before it is all over, there is no doubt the nation will probably join in a bitter fight, for the Capitol is used as a national shrine, and all Americans have a right to participate in the for-all argument.

Actually, the new controversy is the culmination of one that has been brewing for some years. In a peculiar way, it centers on a quiet, unassuming, but stubborn and unimpaired old gentleman who is known about marble. He is seventy-seven years old, George Stewart, who has the august title of Architect of the Capitol, although he is not an architect. He is a former building commissioner and former Republican Congressman who, in 1954, was appointed by President Eisenhower to the job that ordinarily would be called Executive Superintendent. No one caught him first that this seemingly unassuming man had secret grandiose ideas about converting Capitol Hill into a Roman temple city. But he has been at it with Speakers of the House, first the all-powerful Sam Rayburn and now with his successor, Speaker Carl Albert McCormack, which means he has moved buildings, if not mountains.

First, about ten years ago, he presented a proposal, originally rejected, to extend the east front of the building by 33 feet with a marble façade. Rayburn got the idea authorized without public hearings, but the floor debates as a rider to the Legislative Appropriations Act of 1961. The American Institute of Architects and others protested, but there was no time to arouse public resistance. The justification was the contention that the old sandstone wall was crumbling and that the dome sat poorly on the wall, and that more space was needed.



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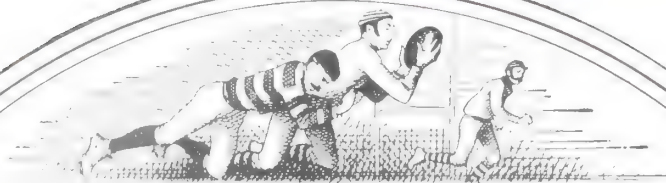
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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

Also Rayburn soothingly said, "are not going to do anything with west end."

So Stewart got his way. It was the beginning. Next came sprawling lump of marble, the Senate Office Building, and then staggering marble blockhouse, Sam Rayburn House Office Building, probably the most costly (\$135 million) and inefficient building of its kind in the world. With these umphs behind him, Stewart, in usual noiseless way, somehow persuaded Speaker McCormack, Sen. Everett Dirksen, the Minority Leader and Vice President Humphrey to approve his *pièce de résistance*, a super extravaganza \$34-million extension of the west side of the Capitol (looking toward the Lincoln Memorial). Stewart says no further Congressional authorization is required. All he needs is the money.

The idea is to push out the west side of the building (as far as 88 feet). The original façade, with different sections conceived by William Thornton in the 1790s and Charles Bulfinch in the 1820s, will sink in acres of new marble. The graceful central portico will be enlarged and redesigned, as will be the grand terrace with its grand staircase.

Once more we are told that the sandstone walls are crumbling, and that more space is required. There is a remedy for the first complaint, and as for the second, the critics are asking—space for what? Mr. Stewart wants two movie auditoriums, two new cafeterias, several conference rooms, and 109 offices for Congressmen who already have plenty of office in five large office buildings, and what if they need more space, can always order up still another office building.

This time the trumpet of opposition was not uncertain. A growing number of Senators and Representatives have already launched a counterattack, charging that the plan is wasteful—"dubiously conceived," a "senseless degradation of a great national monument." They suggest that the walls be repaired and restored, as was done with the White House while Truman was President. The most devastating comment came from the Chairman of the Commission of Fine Arts, William Walton, who is also known for his brilliant paintings of the Washington scene. His seven-man commission



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elores Maximena graduated from "Goldilocks" and "Little Red Riding Hood" at a very early age. Ever since she learned to read at a Detroit grade school—all through high school and the University of Michigan, books have been a big part of her life. Now her livelihood is books. In fact, she is currently working for an advanced degree in Library Science at Michigan.

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tivity of a certain steel alloy? Miss Maximena is expected to and *invariably* does come up with right answers. Her long experience, perception and skill enable her to put her finger on difficult answers quickly and accurately.

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

composed of architects, artists, and art critics, has authority over the design of every federal building in Washington, except, alas, the Capitol and its satellite office buildings. Mr. Walton said he hoped there would be "a national uprising of citizens saying, 'You cannot vandalize our Capitol.'" In a letter to the Vice President and the Speaker, Walton called the Stewart project "a national tragedy." He also informed them that a civil engineering firm had studied the problem of restoring the west walls and found it was "feasible even though difficult." His eloquent letter went on to say:

The Capitol as a whole is one of the great buildings of the world, comparable in size and shape to St. Peter's in Rome and St. Paul's in London. While it finally cannot rank with either of them in architectural purity, it has a style and a quality that is unique.

It has been developed piece by piece as this Republic grew from a small nation to become the greatest world power. And that history is reflected in the architecture of the West Façade. In the process of growth the Capitol has taken on a patriotic symbolism that scarcely needs to be pointed out. Unquestionably it is the single most important building in our Republic, expressive of our noble ideals and great achievements. To preserve it,

other lesser needs such as those for additional office space, restaurant facilities, and tourist accommodations must be set aside for a larger goal.

Francis Lethbridge, a distinguished Washington architect who is chairman of the National Capital Landmarks Committee, says the "tragedy of the plan is that it will have irrevocably altered the Capitol and yet will not have solved space problems for good." He saw "no aesthetic, historical, or even practical reasons" for such a massive change. When Stewart was asked for comment on the torrent of criticism, he brusquely said, "I have no comment on anything—any part of it. I'm only a working stiff around here." The trouble is, he's always "working" on the Capitol. He can't seem to take it or leave it alone.

Senator Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania appears to have expressed the reaction of many of his colleagues in a statement which said:

I desire to solicit the interest of Senators in a bill which I am thinking about introducing to designate the U. S. Capitol building as a National Historical Landmark. As I understand it, this would have the effect of making it a federal offense for anyone to deface, mutilate or in any other way desecrate it. It would apply to all persons, including architects, non-architects, and nominal architects.

I come from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania where we have many national landmarks. We do not like to see our landmarks "improved"—we are quite happy with them the way they are. If someone proposed to "beautify" Independence Hall in Philadelphia with the addition of a modernistic hot-dog stand—or even a colonial reproduction of a hot-dog stand—we would strenuously object.

I do not believe we should do less for the U. S. Capitol building. It, too, is a national shrine. It is as much entitled to protection against vandalism—whether from high places or low—as Independence Hall or Old Swedes' Church.

When George Washington laid the cornerstone of the Capitol, he said, with unusual feeling, "It may be relied upon, it is the progress of that building which is to inspire or depress the public confidence." He wasn't far wrong. It has done much to hold the Union together, especially in the early years of the fragile Republic. As Howard K. Smith has pointed out, "Its influence may be measured by the fact that for a century and a third, all state capitols were modeled after the one in Washington." When work on it was interrupted at the outbreak of the Civil War, Lincoln in his wise way ordered the work resumed, for "if the people see the Capitol going on, it is a sign that we intend the Union shall go on." Under the Stewart plan, the part of the building to be destroyed is the last of the old sandstone walls of the small square structure which housed Congress in November 1800. It embraced the Senate, the House, and the Supreme Court. On Sunday it was used as a church. At a cost of 42 cents per cubic foot, it was the best building investment the nation ever made. Still, that doesn't impress George Stewart. If he had the same job in France, Howard Smith remarks, "he would probably replace Chartres Cathedral with a supermarket. That gentle, polite old man—the Capitol architect who is not an architect—is dangerous. Let us resist him, and hold onto a heritage while we still have one."

Yes, let us resist him. Stewart listens only to Congress, and Congress listens only to the people. So if the people want to protect this heritage, they had better let Congress know how they feel. That might do it. []



"I like your column and the readers like your column. But let's face it, Tucker, your in Washington and you have never been leaked to."

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Harper's

MEN FACING DEATH

The Destruction of An American Platoon

BY S.L.A. MARSHALL

On a scorched and half-ruined hill in the central highlands of Vietnam, twenty-two soldiers and Look Magazine's Sam Castan were suddenly attacked by scores of Vietcong.

In this stark and moving report, Harper's war correspondent gives a minute-by-minute account of what happened to them.



S.L.A. Marshall, retired Brigadier General and outstanding military historian, was in the Vietnam combat zone for two months—it was his third trip. “There is no way to tell about battle,” he writes, “except to deal with the men at the time.” He went to Hereford Landing Zone shortly before these events took place. “Later I returned to it,” he writes. “Nothing untoward happened. That is the way luck runs in war: everything broke wrong for Castan in his short time. At least he got up there, which can be said of too few correspondents in Vietnam.” This is the first of a series of reports by Marshall from Vietnam. He is the author of The River and the Gauntlet, Pork Chop Hill, and many other books.

The battle known by the code name of Crazy Horse was fought in May over a battleground about twenty miles square, running east from the Vinh Thanh Valley. This area, which had not been fought over before during the Vietnam war, stretches over one of the loftiest ranges in the Central Highlands, and had long been uncontested Vietcong country.

The battle began when a large part of the First Cavalry Division moved out of its fortified base at Ankhe on a sweep to the northeast. After seven days of fighting through the jungle-covered mountains, it had broken up the main Vietcong units in the Vinh Thanh Valley; and by the night of May 20 the enemy seemed to be running for cover everywhere.

Landing Zone Hereford looked at that time like one of the safest places in the whole battle area. It was a patch of sloping ground, on the edge of a long ridge, where the American helicopters had made one of their first landings at the opening of the offensive. Armed traffic had been moving in and out of it ever since, without any real hindrance, so it now seemed an unlikely target for a Vietcong attack.

That was about how Colonel John J. Hennessey thought of it when he decided on a special mission for Charley Company, First Battalion, Twelfth Cavalry, for the following morning. It was a courteous gesture, the main object being to return Charley Company to its parent battalion.

But for so doing, Hennessey planned to ask a small favor in return. The company, under Captain Don F. Warren, a taciturn Georgian who had been with this same unit since winning his gold bars in 1961, was in perimeter on Hill 766, several ridges beyond Hereford. The airline distance was about 3,000 meters. Hennessey directed Warren to sweep back over the high ground to Hereford after sunup.

Unworried about that passage, Hennessey was

most concerned that Charley Company should reconnoiter the lower slopes beyond the landing zone which thus far no one had prowled. That task done, it could rejoin its battalion in the valley about 4,000 meters away.

Hennessey had no reason to be suspicious; he was merely being cautious. The ground around Hereford had not been worked over carefully for several days. Captain Cummings and his Alpha Company were in perimeter on the landing zone. They were not left wholly undisturbed. But the occasional sniper rounds and grenades that innocuously bit into their ground were attributed to enemy stragglers. Alpha Company was needed back at the Ankhe base camp to man the defensive barrier and would be lifted from Hereford Landing Zone by helicopter as soon as Charley Company appeared.

Word of what was afoot reached Major Charles Siler, the division's Public Information Officer, at Ankhe shortly after Hennessey gave his order. He was then entertaining a visitor and weighing a problem all his own. Belatedly drawn by the news that Operation Crazy Horse was racking up a score, War Correspondent Sam Castan, a thirty-one-year-old Senior Editor of *Look* Magazine, had just arrived in camp, pursuing a theme worthy of the late Hemingway.

He said to Siler, “I wish to know the thoughts of men facing death.” Siler voiced an honest doubt that the quest was logical, men's fears and reflections not being all of one kind, and the soldier hardly knowing how he thinks of death until he feels he is dying. It is just not the kind of subject that makes for easy talk among combat men.

At that time, General Jack Norton had put the Ankhe position on a semi-alert, and the whole camp was astir. Siler and his staff were in the bunkers around the press camp, realigning some of the sandbags.

“You don't have to worry about this ground

night," said Castan. "I'm the luckiest reporter alive. Where I go, nothing happens."

Siler remembered the words, thinking them highly ironic in view of what Castan sought.

"There's a big hill not far from here where a lot of men have died in the last few days," he said.

"Then I want to get up there first thing in the morning," said Castan, "and by the way, I intend to follow the subject all the way through—see the coffins in which you place the bodies."

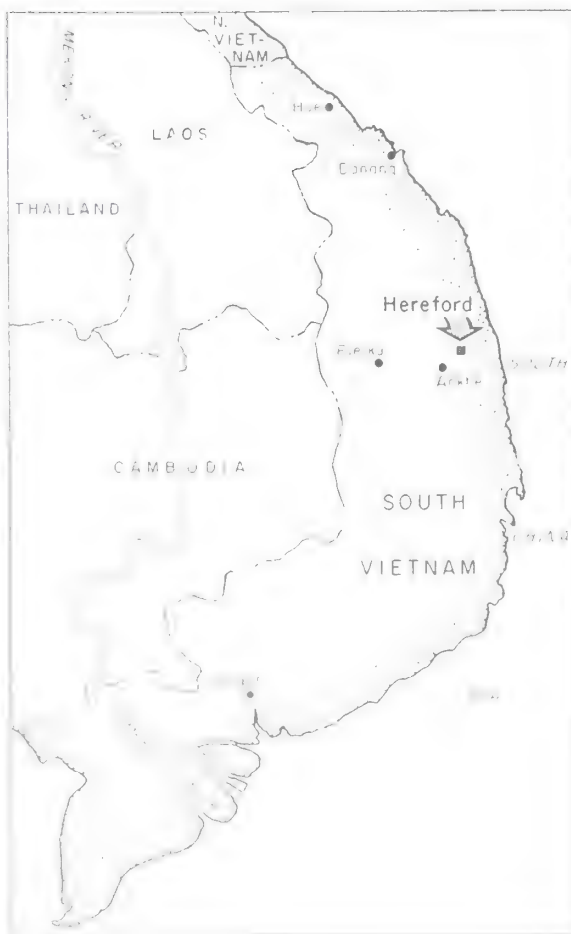
"We put them in rubber bags," said Siler firmly, hoping to close the conversation. But Castan continued to fret about getting up to Hereford soon after dawn. Siler broke off work to arrange his certain departure.

These were the circumstances which resulted in Castan's being delivered to Hereford by the same helicopter that carried ammunition, coffee, and hot breakfast to Cummings and Alpha Company. His first hours were unrewarding, that unit being too busy stacking supply and equipment for an early getaway to talk about death. Besides, the morning was disarmingly fair and quiet.

Warren and Charley Company meanwhile were eating along the ridge crest on the way back from Hill 766, having broken camp at 10:00 A.M. A fairly wide trail runs along the top of the scarp for the entire distance, which made the passage relatively rapid. It would have been faster had not Warren directed that the column would reconnoiter the whole way. The point fired at every bend or covert where the enemy might wait in ambush. But it stirred up nothing and the column heard not an answering shot.

Alpha Company was lifted from Hereford when Charley Company arrived at high noon. Castan stayed on. On the landing zone Warren talked briefly to Lieutenant Colonel Rutland P. Beard, Jr., the Battalion Commander, and his Operations Officer, Major William Roll. It was arranged that Warren and the main body of the company would continue their stroll downslope, through the trees and across the river. The mortar platoon would remain on Hereford to cover the company's further advance with the fire from the one 81-mm tube. The platoon, twenty-two strong, was led by Sergeant Robert L. Kirby, a twenty-nine-year-old Negro from Los Angeles. Slight of frame, solemn-faced, Kirby is rated one of the stoutest-hearted fighters in his brigade.

Few in numbers, his men seemed sufficiently armed. Each carried three hundred or more rounds for his M-16 rifle and from two to four hand grenades. The one heavy weapon was the 81-mm mortar for which Kirby had only eighteen rounds; that, with the tube, was as much weight as the



men could carry. Moreover, it had been agreed that as soon as the descending company had passed beyond range the platoon would be lifted out by helicopter.

Castan had decided to stay on Hereford instead of moving with the company column. "It will happen here, if anywhere," he said to Kirby.

"About that," said Kirby, "you're dead wrong."

And he honestly felt that way, though as he looked about, what he saw of his position hardly warranted such assurance. It was all wrong from any reasoned tactical view.

Beautiful, but Not Good

Landing Zone Hereford was by then a burned-off, trampled, and rubble-strewn clearing about double the size of a professional basketball court, running lengthwise down the edge of the ridge. Its scorched earth and grasses were less obtrusive than the foxholes, distributed more or less evenly around the oval-shaped perimeter. Originally they had been enemy spiderholes and were subsequently enlarged by American occupancy.



The trouble was that Kirby did not have enough men to station all the way around this holding. So the position became a "U" with the open, unmanned end upslope. This end fronting toward the high ground was not covered by the weapons present, since the platoon was sighting its rifles downslope; the company had gone that way and the platoon was seeking mainly to cover them.

In neither direction was the prospect good, if a fight was to be forthcoming, though there was beauty everywhere to soothe the eye. Upslope and at the very edge of the defended ground was a sea of elephant grass standing six to eight feet high. Downhill there was a sheer and rocky precipice extending thirty feet and giving way to an extension of the field of tall grasses, which also invested the flanks. Greenness was all about except where men looked to their weapons.

The company took off down the steep hill, clutching their rifles. No preparatory artillery fire or air strikes had been

Warren's movement, the earlier presence of Alpha Company, and the all-around feeling that the Crazy Horse operation was slowing to a halt.

Kirby worried less about his platoon than about the movements and enterprise of Castan. The men had gone to ground. The correspondent was moving from position to position standing erect, taking photographs, and asking questions. Wanting to protect Castan, Kirby did not know how to object, though he realized that his movements would disclose the limitations of the force to any enemy who might be watching.

Castan was enjoying himself hugely. He asked



Kirby, "How do you feel about things?" Kirby answered, "If you think you're going to get a story out of this platoon, you're wrong. Nothing will happen here." Castan continued with his rounds of the perimeter, snapping pictures, and asking the men, "How do you feel?" Kirby lost interest and Castan kept moving. The position of the mortar was near the bottom of the sloped landing zone just inside the "U" where its crew had dug a fairly large pit.

At approximately 1:00 P.M. the platoon began supporting the descending company with the fire of the 81-mm mortar—range 800 meters. It takes a while to hack through jungle growth. Captain Warren got Kirby on the radio and told him to "bring it in closer," which Kirby tried to do. One hour later Warren called Kirby again. This time the message was an uplift. Said Warren, "Choppers are coming in to take you out within thirty minutes." That was what Warren and Kirby thought. But the choppers had put down at Landing Zone Savoy, Hennessey's Command Post in the valley, just to make certain that the orders still stood. Of their delay, wholly unfathomable, came the

High Command, rocking us all.

Kirby got off his seventeenth round in support of the advancing company, the last one he was able to fire. Then the thing happened. There was Private First Class Wade Taste were still collecting the company water cans and other material for the night to the valley, moving carelessly in the

the other men, including Kirby, stayed put in

The other men, including Kirby, stayed put in the long trek via the jungle trail had half-bushed them. Over much of the distance they had had to move crouching, because of the viny overhang. There was no shade where they sprawled, the sun they were returning to home base. Nothing much of Castan's questions interested them.

On the slope, and not more than fifty yards away, came the fire of a heavy machine gun. Its bullet stream with never a pause. Such was Kirby's first warning that he was engaged. He yelled out, "Fire!"

It was superfluous. Though he did not know it, a split-second before Kirby reacted, his own men had started the fight. On the left of the inverted U (it would have been the right flank had these men been facing uphill whence the fire was coming Specialists Fourth Class Paul J. Harrison and Charles Stuckey had seen three enemy skirmishers moving in through the elephant grass not five meters beyond their foxholes. Their M-16 fire signaled detection of the movement, to which the machine gun instantly responded.

Then, from out the elephant grass, on three sides of the perimeter, rifle fire crackled, and Kirby sensed that his position was enveloped. There was no time to reflect on that. He yelled to his radio man, Spec 4 John F. Spranza, "Call the company. Get them back. We're being hit." The message was relayed to Captain Warren, and as he remembered it, the words were: "Come on, we're being hit."

Though the main body, moving through jungle, was too far downslope to get the sounds of the fight, Warren had his moment of agonized shock. He knew Kirby as a thoroughly brave soldier, too steady, too seasoned, to be stampeded by a little random fire. When he called for help, the thing had to be fully desperate.

Wasting not an instant, Warren called back on radio to Lieutenant Robert McClellan of First Platoon bringing up the rear of the far-stretched column. "Get your ass back up that hill!" All hands reversed and went scrambling upward, men clutching at rocks, tearing their palms on the thorned vines, sliding, falling, and panting in a desperate effort to race up the steep. There was no attempt to observe security and, had they been moving into ambush, the disaster could have been greater.

Far above them, on the slope of Hereford, men who could still move crouched low to escape the heat of fire beating from all sides. Most of Kirby's men had died in the first ten minutes, though he did not yet know that. The return fire grew steadily fainter.

The Pit and the Slope

Sergeant Isaac Johnson, a twenty-seven-year-old Negro, had been sitting with a plat board at the mortar pit when the fight began. He heard someone yell, "They're coming out of the woods!" In his agitation, he tried to turn the mortar round to fire it uphill, not even noticing that it had been drilled through. The incoming fire was too great, his strength too little. So he slithered on his belly to the left flank and dropped into

a foxhole. Upslope he could see forty to fifty men coming at a run out of the trees and into the elephant grass, where they were lost to sight. They were partly camouflaged and their shirts were of all colors. Looking downhill he saw as many more enemy, moving through the grass, some crawling, others hunched over, all firing as they moved in. It came to him as a sudden idea that he should fire, too. He thought he dropped at least four enemy skirmishers with his M-16.

From the next foxhole, Pfc's Henry Benton and Joe L. Tamayo were alternately firing upslope and downhill, yelling as they pulled trigger. Johnson saw his last of them when he ran out of ammunition and crawled back to the mortar pit in search of a magazine. Inside the pit were four men, heads down. The machine gun and at least two automatic rifles were bearing directly on the hole and smashing into its rim.

Sergeant Paul Buckloo, twenty-two years in the Army, was having his first go in combat. That opening fusillade cracked him wide open. He bolted straight across the perimeter, vanished into the elephant grass, and was never seen again.

Sergeant Johnson couldn't find his spare magazine but picked up an M-16 with fifteen rounds in it from the dead hand of Sergeant Edward Shepherd, who had no business being there that afternoon. Though he ranked Kirby and might have taken command, he was overdue to be lifted out by chopper for an appearance before a promotion board. So he passed up the honor and died inconspicuously from a bullet through his brain. Another long-time Regular Army soldier under fire for the first time, he had stayed motionless, petrified by the horror exploding all about him.

His fifteen bullets gone, Johnson crawled toward the mortar pit screaming, "Come on out! You'll all be killed." There was no response; it was minutes too late for that. The hole held four corpses, heads bashed in by bullet fire.

In the nearby hole with Kirby was another bloody welter. A rocket—the Russian-made P-40, a round so slow of motion that the eye easily follows the trajectory—came arcing in, dead center on the mark. Kirby saw it in flight and yelled, "Watch out!" So did his foxhole mates, Specs 4 Austin L. Drummond and David S. Crocker, who cried warning in the same split second. Before any man could move, the rocket exploded just to left of the hole. Crocker died instantly from a shard that crushed his skull in. Drummond took heavy fragments in the left arm and left leg;

gouts of blood spouted from him that Kirby, who had taken four pieces of steel in his head but was conscious, knew that he could not last long.

In physical torment, Drummond tried to rise. Kirby pulled at him. Drummond screamed, "Let me go. I'm hurting, hurting." Kirby pulled him down. Within a minute he died, under Kirby's body. Blood from Kirby's pate was streaming into his eyes, but the little sergeant could still see and think. He yelled to his radio telephone operator, Spranza, "Call company. Say I'm being hit by mortars and rockets. We gotta have gunships and artillery."

Spranza did his part. Captain Warren, struggling upward, remembered this piece of the message coming in: "We're hit by rockets and mortars." Later he could not recall that Spranza had also asked for gunfire and the air artillery. But anyhow, he relayed that message to the Command Post at Landing Zone Savoy, and Spranza got the word back from him: "It's on the way."

Those were the final words. Right then communication between company and platoon ended, probably because an intervening hill blocked the radio waves. At that moment, the front men in Warren's column were halfway back to Hereford. The break-off doubled Warren's anxiety, but he was already doing everything possible. He had asked that the artillery be placed on the slopes alongside the perimeter, not on Hereford itself, for Kirby had passed on nothing about casualties, and Warren was still thinking of twenty-two live men holding the contested ground. The double-time climb had begun to slow from sheer exhaustion. Men stumbled, dropped in their tracks, were pulled to their feet by their mates, and reeled upward again. Warren realized now that if he continued the pressure, the company would reach the scene of the fight dead-beat. About that he no longer gave a damn.

From the Helicopter's Orbit

Though the sounds of the struggle had not carried to Savoy in the distant valley bottom, that control point was athrob: partly owing to Warren's call for help, still more because of the monitoring of conversations between eyewitnesses who were viewing the fight from helicopters directly overhead. What they saw and said in no way less-

Colonel Beard, the Battalion Commander; Major Roll, his Operations Officer; and Captain Robert Offer, artillery liaison, were at the Brigade Command Post when the news came in. They took off in a Huey to view the fight from above.

Before they could reach the scene, through sheer happenstance, Major Otto Cantrell, Battal-

ion Executive of the First Battalion, Twelfth Cavalry, was already hovering above it. He had been flying from An Khê in an H-13 and had arrived opposite the peak when he heard Warren's voice in his earphone saying that a platoon was being overrun on Hereford. So he flew to station directly above it and began orbiting. Low enough to see people milling around and firing on the ground below him, he was yet too high to determine whether they were friend or enemy. Lieutenant William D. Fessenden, an artillery observer in another H-13 (one of the little bubble jobs), had flown the same way and was circling near Cantrell. He asked Cantrell, "Sir, can I bring in fire?"

Cantrell replied, "No, I can't tell where our people are." Cantrell then flew lower, and at about that time, Beard and his party arrived. They could see forty or more men pressing close to the perimeter.

"They must be VC," called Beard.

"Either that," replied Cantrell, "or GIs with uniforms soaking wet."

His words merely aggravated doubt. Cantrell's trouble was that he simply could not make himself believe one whole American platoon had been wiped out. He dropped to 100 feet for one swift pass. The phenomena of those few seconds doubled his perplexity. On the ridge crest above Hereford he saw a company of men in dark suits, marching to the fire fight. Shellfire was breaking into the landing zone. Cantrell had no way of knowing that these were enemy mortar rounds, not American rounds incoming from the bases at Savoy and Cobra.

The dark-suited men upslope he identified as enemy; he knew that camouflage rig, which from a distance made them "look like so many turtles." But where were the Americans, if not on Hereford? Just then he heard a friendly voice on his FM radio: "Please, please hurry. You must hurry." It was Spranza getting off his last message, but Cantrell had no way of knowing that, either.

Beard, viewing from the same height, was for the moment equally in the dark.

In the Elephant Grass

From the start of the fight, with good reason, Kirby had forgotten Castan the correspondent. He remembered only when Castan slid into his position to ask, "When are we going to get the hell out of here?"

Kirby didn't answer. Then Castan said, "I've got to have a weapon," and Kirby silently handed him his own .357 Magnum pistol. Quiet now, he

spoke only once to say, "Sergeant Shepherd is dead." All curiosity about the thoughts of men facing death was gone from Castan. He had been eagerly questioning Shepherd when the first shots were fired. That soldier's sudden death was his first shock contact with the realities which mocked his quest.

While his opening question to Kirby rankled, it also rang a bell. Almost anywhere seemed better than the exposed ground to which the survivors clutched, now under a dust pall kicked up by the grazing fire.

The fight had been going somewhere between twenty and twenty-five minutes, and the fire was fast becoming wholly one-sided. Next to Kirby's position the enemy skirmishers crawling through the elephant grass were not more than fifteen feet away; the fire buildup showed they were bunching, probably for a rush. Kirby saw them fleetingly and vaguely, as through a haze, the flash of an arm, the bobbing of a head.

Kirby got off three hand grenades in that direction as rapidly as he could throw. The explosions seemed to damp the close-up fire but for not more than sixty seconds. In his moment of decision, Kirby did not doubt that the ring had been closed and that other skirmishers waited on the lower slope amid the elephant grass, between him and the company, poised for the kill.

Still, he yelled out, "Let's make it!" With that he rolled out of the hole and down the slope. Castan had jumped just ahead of him and was running upright and in the clear. Pfc Taste and Spec 4 A. V. Spikes, from the foxhole above Kirby, went past Kirby, one rolling, the other sprinting. Then Spranza dashed by him.

As he rolled, Kirby thought he glimpsed Isaac Johnson off to his left firing two M-16s. He was wrong about that. Johnson had heard someone, not quite echoing Kirby, shout, "Move down the hill!" His own weapon was empty. He paused briefly to pick up another, only to find it in like condition. Kirby had seen him in that fleeting second when he clutched the two useless pieces before throwing them aside.

Johnson's face was already a bloody mask from three superficial grenade wounds. Such was his tension, he neither heard the blast nor knew he had been hurt. Now in panic because he was unarmed, he made a running dive at the rocky embankment giving off from Hereford's lower side. Then he rolled on and on downslope till his body could take no more beating. In that spinning descent he covered about 150 meters of rock-strewn trail.

When he stopped, a twisting, V-shaped cleft in the ridge back gave off to the left. Along this slit

General Marshall's next article in this series, to be published later this fall, will be "The Place Called Monkey." It will report on the Vietnamese mountain tribesmen working and fighting along with American troops.

trickled a stream not wider than the palm of Johnson's hand. He crawled into the bed twenty yards or so, where jungle growth stopped him. There he gathered the bushes and vines down around him and lay with his face flat in the water. Not too far above him the ordeal of the other few survivors continued and grew worse. Of this, Johnson felt and remembered nothing; thought paralyzed by the grip of exhaustion, he had closed his mind to the sounds.

Getting out separately, some running, others rolling, they had stayed that way during the first few yards of flight through the short grass just off the landing zone. Coming to the rocky steep, they began to converge toward center, whence the trail ran downhill. It is always so with men against fire; fear and herd instinct brings them together, the one worst thing that can happen, since it shapes up a broad target.

Spranza was the first to get it as they approached the steep, Kirby still rolling, others crawling. Castan standing.

"I'm hit!" Spranza yelled, and screamed like a panther. Three bullets, one in each leg, one in the head. But marvelously, he still lived, and now he was erect and walking.

Castan yelled back, "Hell, everybody's hit!" That was news to the others. Castan had taken a bullet in one arm and several grenade frags in his back, saying nothing. In his last moments the correspondent had the courage of a lion.

Spikes yelled, "I'm hit!" It was a bullet through the right arm.

They had moved about twenty feet down the rock bank when Spranza yelled again, "Hold it up! They're in front of us." Expecting that, Kirby froze right where he was. Castan kept moving in long strides straight to the trail which led downhill through the elephant grass. He had made up his mind and Kirby did not bother to shout warning.

Standing clear on the trail was an enemy soldier, rifle aimed. Kirby heard a scream as Castan went down. Though Castan was not fifteen yards from him, Kirby could not see the fall, as the body was enveloped by the sea of grass. But he heard the thump of the body. The bullet had drilled Castan through his left temple.

Castan's personal effects were looted soon after he fell. The camera and purse were later recovered from the bodies of enemy dead in a fight that soon followed. Many next-of-kin get not even that grain of comfort. It is an agonizing matter for command—having to explain why the dead soldier's most prized possessions and pictures cannot be returned.

Kirby could now hear enemy soldiers moving uphill toward him—their chattering, the clang of metal from weapons being worked. He was down on his haunches; so were Spranza, Spikes, and Taste. None was firing; their only thought was to hide in the grass which rose two feet higher than a standing man. Taste was slowly dying, two bullets in his neck, multiple mortar shards in his back. Though conscious, he made no complaint, only asking for water, of which there was none.

The skirmishers were moving up now and beating the grass on both sides of them. Kirby saw seven of them coming right toward him not ten feet away and knew he was discovered. He still held an M-79 grenade launcher. So did Spikes. They fired right together, and their blast killed five of the enemy; the other two crawled away leaving blood trails.

Another skirmisher closed in from the left, spraying the ground between with an automatic pistol. Kirby had his M-79 crooked in his arm; he had just taken another bullet through the right wrist and was feeling the wound. The skirmisher came on and looked through the grass straight at them. Spikes fired his M-79. The range was so short that the grenade didn't arm and explode, though by sheer velocity it blew the man's head off. Had it armed, it would likely have killed both Spikes and Kirby.

A second VC closed in from the left, only to turn his back as he almost stumbled over them. Kirby killed him at range five feet. Together, two more groups closed in on them from right and left. Kirby took two hand grenades from Spranza, who by now was wholly down, and throwing in both directions with his wounded arm he drove them off. He had no impression of how many he had killed, or whether he had even scored a hit. He simply knew that they had faded back, easing the immediate pressure momentarily.

Playing Dead, or Dead

While this deadly hide-and-seek game went on downslope, Hereford Landing Zone was being pounded by 105-mm and 155-mm howitzer fires from the valley bases at Savoy and Cobra. Colonel

Beard had called for it from his perch aloft, and still earlier Warren had asked for it. Whether it might have been brought in sooner, and done any good, is an open question. There was no right moment for its use until the Americans had cleared away, a moment which could only be guessed at. Now that it had come, and the perimeter ground was being cratered, one of the effects was to drive more of the enemy to the grass field lower down where Kirby and his mates crouched.

The game was still on. From downslope, a machine gun opened fire and scythed the grass beside them. Kirby went flat in the nick of time and the bullets zinged directly over his head. Spikes didn't quite make it. One burst caught him in the head. The sound was enough. Kirby, only two feet away from him, didn't have to look to know that he was dead.

Kirby crawled downslope about ten feet, looking now for a weapon, thinking that the enemy might have dropped one. No luck. He was wholly out of ammunition and had no arm left but a flare pistol. So he lay flat on his back, wondering what to do. Another skirmisher came up, parted the grass, and looked directly down on him. Kirby rolled over on his side and in the same motion fired his flare pistol upward. The round smashed into the glaring face not three feet above him, getting it right between the eyes. The body was spun completely over by the blast. Kirby did not wait to see more than that. He crawled back the way he had come to get to Spranza. The impulse was that if he had to die, he would rather not be alone.

Both men were silent now. There was nothing to say. Time had about run out. They thought they were the only survivors, though in this they were slightly wrong. Johnson was still face down in his private cleft. Spec 4 Charles Stuckey, whose swift reaction had started the fight, had moved obliquely to the others in getting away from the perimeter. Hidden in the grass alongside the knob, he had had rare fortune, until in the final minutes he came under a grenade shower—the last of the survivors to get hit.

Directly toward Kirby and Spranza, another enemy group moved down the slope. Kirby didn't wait for them. Having nothing to fire, he crawled upward through the elephant grass, leaving Spranza and passing the skirmishers undetected.

They fairly stumbled across Spranza. He played dead. His head being gory from a bullet that had entered his left ear and emerged through his nose, it is less remarkable that the deception worked than that he stayed conscious and was still capable of thought. They rolled him over, searched his pockets, took his wallet, knife, and cigarettes, and

continued on. Having gone inert, Spranza stayed that way.

Kirby had had no sense of the barraging of Hereford though the fire had been going all of ten minutes. Now as he crawled upward he at last heard the explosions, and knew what they were. That determined him; he would crawl to the fire and try to hug it. Two thoughts were in his mind. Charley will get as far away from this as possible." If he had to die, that way was still the referable risk.

Halfway back to the perimeter, his ear told him that the shelling had suddenly ceased. Not knowing what that meant, he still crawled on. It was tortured, most labored movement, as his last reserve of will and strength was draining away. He got within six feet of the first foxhole before he looked up. What he saw almost numbed his senses and he felt that he would faint away. Sitting in the foxhole pointing an M-16 directly at his head was Pfc Morgan of the First Platoon. He crawled upward a few more feet, and still alone, looked around. Every hole on Hereford was occupied by an American. Captain Warren and company had returned to the hill.

Sergeants Owen L. Lewis and James W. Edwards came over to help him to his feet. No words passed between them. They were not merely choked up; they were sobbing convulsively. And seeing them, Kirby knew tears for the first time that day. Later, Warren said, "If my men cried, it was because they were so damned mad." Kirby knew better than that; they were mourning the death of the platoon.

Kirby told them where to look for Spranza, not knowing that the company had found him on the way up, or that he already had been evacuated from Hereford by chopper. Stuckey appeared at about that moment and he and Kirby were flown to An Khê aboard the same Huey. It was some time later that Johnson came in. When the hill went quiet, he started crawling upward. Coming to the tall grass, he saw his friend, Sergeant Wallace W. Hood, standing in the clear on the forward edge of Hereford and that sight brought him to his feet. Days later, he was still in a state of shock. Kirby, taken to hospital, of his own choice returned to company duty within ten days, still convalescent. Unlike Johnson, he was fully coherent, with his emotions under tight control, till he spoke of seeing the company in tears.

Warren and the company had made that frantic upward climb to Hereford in exactly thirty-five minutes. The descent over the same trail had taken one hour longer. If a record march, it was to little avail. They saw dead Americans in all but six fox-

holes and thought at first that Spranza was the only survivor. All weapons had been taken; every body had been stripped of personal effects.

Warren deployed two of his platoons for a 600-yard sweep to the eastward along both flanks of the ridge. It proved almost barren of result. Though the blood trails were numerous and heavily marked, only five bodies were found, and they all too obviously had been felled by artillery. The fanatical enemy must have hauled away a larger count of dead than was lost to the company.

So in the end, they departed as they had come, more suddenly than mysteriously. How the trap had been sprung was easy enough to figure out in retrospect. This enemy force of about two hundred was much too fresh to have followed along in Warren's wake as he came over the trail from Hill 766. The time interval was not long enough to have permitted ascent from the lower levels toward which Warren kept moving. If there was assembly and movement, no sound was detected; last, its main weapons were sighted dead on target. Thus the force must have been there all the time, some yards off the trail and along the ridge sides, as Warren's column walked through.

Had Warren stayed in full strength on Hereford, there might have been no fight. He carried out his orders. Of that came the most melancholy episode of Operation Crazy Horse.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS

On the following two pages are photographs taken by Sam Castan shortly before the attack described in this article. They are selected from several rolls of film found on the body of a Vietcong soldier when the fighting was over, and are published here through the courtesy of Look Magazine.





The last helicopter leaves with Alpha Company. Most of the men here were dead within two hours.



Platoon GI's minutes before the Vietcong attack.

Platoon Members, Unidentified.



"The high proportion of Negroes in the company zone is one of the first things that impressed me," Marshall says.

This photograph suggests the ill-preparedness of the platoon just before the battle.





Sergeant Edward Shepherd, cleaning his gun, was one of the first members of the platoon killed.



Sergeant Kirby talks on the radio.



The squad on the left flank at Hereford was the first to engage the Vietcong.

Seven members of the platoon shortly before the attack.



THE STYLE OF THE CATHOLIC LEFT

BY JOHN CORRY

*All over America, Catholic radicals
are fighting religious and secular battles.
How did their "movement" take shape?
Who are its leaders?
What will it mean to the Church?*

In New York today, priests who do not talk about it much are climbing tenement stairs and celebrating Mass on kitchen tables in fetid apartments in every violation of canon law. These few priests are neither so hipped on the notion of disobedience nor so indifferent to liturgy that they do this unaware of consequences or of meaning. It is a religious response they are making, sometimes furtively, sometimes flamboyantly, and they are in league with their consciences, if not their bishops.

For something has happened to the Roman Catholic Church in America in, say, the last five years. This is a time that roughly begins one morning in Chicago when nuns from Cardinal Stritch College hoisted picket signs and said the Illinois Club for Catholic Women was segregated, continues on a two-lane highway from Selma to Montgomery, and will end God alone knows where.

These marching priests and nuns are the new Church militant, battling secular injustice, and the priests saying Mass in apartments are the Church radicals, preoccupied with freedom of expression. In the eyes of conservatives there is not much difference between them, and perhaps the conservatives are right; neither could exist easily without a new, middle-class Catholic liberalism, and neither concerns itself exclusively with the Word or the world, but with both.

For a long time there has been a Catholic underground, of sorts, talking about birth control, sympathizing with Dorothy Day and her Catholic

Workers, and wondering if, really, the world would be worse off without the Index of Forbidden Books. However, it has never been easy to be a Catholic and a dissenter, especially politically. For one thing, America never quite trusted its Catholics. "The Faith is Europe and Europe is the Faith," Hilaire Belloc wrote, and Protestant America agreed. The Know-Nothings questioned Catholic loyalties in the last century, and Al Smith was the Pope's candidate in 1928.

Therefore it behooved Catholics to stay Right, and perhaps this is a reason why it is still inexpedient for a politician to say bad things about the late Senator Joseph McCarthy in Catholic Boston. He put his own Americanism above reproach and he questioned the loyalty of other people, usually, or maybe it just seemed so to a Boston dock wallop, the blood relations of the ones who put those notices in the want ads: "No Irish Need Apply."

So because it was best to be orthodox, and because immigrants and the poor are conservative and the Roman Catholic Church was a church of poor immigrants, neither clergy nor laity were celebrated for devotion to radical social causes. When the first civil-rights workers trickled into Mississippi in the late 1950s there were only a few Roman Catholics among them. All over America, of course, there were tired priests and nuns who had spent themselves in urban ghettos and pinyon woods missions, but they were addressing themselves to the Word and to the winning of small

comforts for their parishioners. The City of God, far as anyone knew, was politically orthodox. Things have happened since then. Pope John XIII, that simple, benevolent parish priest, who just happened to have had nearly thirty years of diplomatic experience outside Italy, led the Church north in the modern world. American political liberals rallied round John F. Kennedy, who just happened to be a Catholic. The voice of protest was heard in the land, and more often than not it was loud, adolescent voice. And with these things the Catholic Left, neither wholly secular nor wholly religious, took shape and became something to be reckoned with.

It is shifting and complicated and it is not always what it seems. The Catholic Workers Movement was founded in the early 1930s by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day. Maurin was a French immigrant who preached a Catholic Communism, and for years at pacifist rallies the hecklers have shouted "Moscow Mary" at Miss Day. The Catholic Workers themselves are mostly gentle young pacifists, who are sometimes ascetics, sometimes mystics, and sometimes anarchists. They feed and talk to the Bowery's unwanted men and women and they work hard for small gains.

Not long ago Miss Day returned from Rome, where she had lobbied at the Vatican for an endorsement of pacifism. She was asked to comment on the draft-card burnings and she said there was nothing new in them, that "our boys and priests have been tearing up draft cards for years." Miss Day has always been considered a Catholic radical, and in secular matters she is. But she has said that if the hierarchy ever told her to stop her activities she would. This is not the style of the Catholic Left today. Obedience is not considered a virtue there; disobedience often is.

"Community" Is Big

There is, however, no map of this Left. There is no directorate, no coordinator, no network held together by much more than a phone call, a shared attitude, and maybe a few passwords. "If I'm in a strange place and I want to find out what's going on," a Jesuit says, "I can tell in an hour's conversation if it's safe to ask where the action is. You can tell the radicals, sort of feel who they are."

For one thing, these radicals are filled with a joyous, bursting ecumenism. They speak of themselves as Christians, not Catholics, and the bridge hundreds of years of Church history. To be sure, there are gloomy mystics among them, but for the most part they are touched with a spirit

of adventure and they are happy. Their house organ is the magazine *Commonweal*, one of a number of liberal Catholic publications, and they have adopted the French Jesuit theologian Teilhard de Chardin and made him one of their own. They have also read Paul Tillich, Erich Fromm, and Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and a book they talk about now is *The Secular City* by Harvey Cox.

They follow a convention of calling sympathetic priests by their first names. (Even Chardin is often Teilhard.) Their walls are graced with Rouault Christs and stark Crucifixes. The idea of "community" is big among them and by it they mean a community of love where they share the grace of God. When they speak about this Christian community (and about Church structure, too) they often sound exactly like the secular New Left when it speaks of "participatory democracy." That is, they want to share in determining both the style and quality of their life, their Church, and they envision small parishes, storefront churches, and intimate liturgies that reflect the life and needs of people. "The point about liturgy," a radical priest says, "is that it should give a sign, a symbol of the life people lead. It should be more than just stage directions."

Not long ago it was accepted that Catholic radicals would also be interested in theology. Now there is a growing feeling that a layman ought to be studying political science, economics, or foreign policy. *Commonweal* calls itself a weekly review of public affairs, literature, and the arts. Some of the crowd at the *National Review*, William Buckley's journal of conservative opinion, banded together as the Committee for a Conservative Catholic Magazine. "We must try to break the monopoly on the written word now enjoyed by the Catholic Left," they wrote. *Ramparts* has virtually lost its identity as a Catholic magazine and concerns itself more with blockbusters on Vietnam. (The involvement of Michigan State University with the CIA in Asian hanky-pank is an example, or the confessions of a former master sergeant with the Special Forces in Vietnam.) *Ramparts* was begun in 1962 as a periodical published five times a year. It had a staff of three or four, all Catholics. In 1964, when it had a circulation of 2,500, it became a monthly. Its editors think they will be selling about 130,000

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"And to think that I almost joined a contemplative order!"

copies a month in about a year. Furthermore, *Ramparts* now has a staff of more than twenty, about a third of them Catholic, which is just about the same proportion of its readers who are Catholic. "We began as a Catholic magazine with a capital C and now we're catholic with a lower-case c," says Edward M. Keating, the publisher.

Not long ago it was also accepted that those who were on the Left in theology would also be Left in politics, and that Catholics who stayed Catholics would bring the Church with them when they became embroiled in secular causes. This is no longer so, and it is one of the most striking things about the new Catholic Left, for it is becoming a postulate of Catholic radicals now that they fade into the secular. For instance, attorneys are not much interested in the Catholic Lawyers Guild, but they might join the American Civil Liberties Union. The students are skeptical about the Catholic Interracial Council, but they approve of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Congress of Racial Equality.

"I'll tell you what the Interracial Council does," a student from San Francisco says. "They get eight or ten people in a parish and then they invite guest speakers, maybe someone like Louis Lomax, or someone from the Urban League. Or else a priest will talk about brotherhood. But nothing really ever happens." A girl in Chicago agrees. The Catholic action groups, she says,

"practice a Band-Aid approach. They educated the Church and they showed where the problems were, but they didn't do much more than that. Look at who is most visionary in our society now—the student Left. That's where we should be—with them."

But being with them has been difficult for some young Catholics who have tried to keep their identities as Catholics. Harvey Cox says that Christians must see the Church in the secular. But by and large the new Left is unchurched, it follows what is loosely called the new morality, and it has small use for traditional Christianity. The Negro Baptist ministers who have led the civil-rights movement in the South have not had much success in introducing the young SNCC and CORE workers to Christ, and the choice for some young Catholics has been either to compromise or to leave the movement.

Maneuvers to Quiet Radical Priests

Nothing agitates the Catholic Left so much as the silencing of priests who have advocated controversial issues, and it is here that radical Catholics join with liberal Catholics in a great shared concern. Probably the best-known case to agitate them involved Father Daniel Berrigan, a Jesuit, who is also a poet, a pacifist, and a sponsor of the

atholic Peace Fellowship of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Last fall he joined with Rabbi Abraham J. Heschel, a leading theologian of Conservative Judaism, and Richard John Neuhaus, a Lutheran pastor from Brooklyn, and organized Emergency Concerned About Vietnam. Shortly thereafter, Father Berrigan's superiors sent him on a tour of Latin America for *Jesuit Missions* magazine, of which he has been an associate editor since 1964. The tour, Father Berrigan said, "was arranged mainly to remove me from the movement protest against the war in Vietnam."

There have been similar cases in the last year, and perhaps the most interesting thing about them has been the causes in which the priests were involved. For instance, Father Antony Mullaney, a Benedictine, was disciplined and placed under restrictions for inviting pacifists to speak on the campus of St. Anselm's College in Manchester, New Hampshire, which coincidentally is the home of the *Manchester Union-Leader*, published by the notoriously rightist William Loeb. Another priest, Father Bonaventure O'Brien, a Franciscan teacher at Siena College in Albany, was told to curtail his work in slums after he had offended local politicians.

The Edmundite Fathers, at the request of the Most Reverend Thomas Toolen, transferred Father Maurice Ouellet from his Negro parish in Selma after he had allowed his rectory to be used as a headquarters for the civil-rights marchers. Priests and nuns who took part in the march recall with a delicious sense of irony Archbishop Toolen's admonition to them: You should be at home doing the work of Christ.

In California, Fathers Keith Kenny and Arnold Leagher were ordered to end their involvements in a strike by grape pickers. At St. Peter's College in Jersey City, Father Daniel J. Kilfoyle was told to stop his pacifist and peace activities, and in Milwaukee, Father James Groppi was told to end his involvement in a school boycott.

Several priests have encountered difficulty in the Los Angeles archdiocese, whose archbishop, James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, is one of the most autocratic and conservative members of the hierarchy. Each priest was disciplined after becoming embroiled in civil rights, and one of them, Father William DuBay, cabled Pope Paul VI to ask that Cardinal McIntyre be removed from the archdiocese for "gross malfeasance" and "abuses of authority." Cardinal McIntyre, Father DuBay said, had directed a "vicious program of intimidation and repression" against priests who were active in the racial struggle.

That was in June 1964. Father DuBay subse-

quently was transferred to a parish in Compton, a suburb of Los Angeles, and then to a hospital in Santa Monica, where he became chaplain. Last February he said he would try to organize the nation's 58,000 priests into a union. The next day he was transferred to a church in Santa Monica, told to recant; he refused, and was suspended by Cardinal McIntyre. He is now a religious counselor at Synanon House in Santa Monica, which cares for narcotics addicts, and he has written a book called *The Human Church*. It does not carry the imprimatur. He says in the book, "The Church is not 100 per cent human. But it should be. Whatever in it that is not human is not of God."

The Response Equivocal

Ecclesiastic discipline, of course, is as old as the Church itself, and it is not completely unknown for a priest to champion pacifism or civil rights. But the response by the laity and other priests was entirely new. For the most part it was tentative and qualified, neither in support of the things the silenced clergymen had advocated, nor directly critical of their superiors.

There was, for instance, an enormously important paid advertisement in the Sunday *New York Times* on December 12, 1965. It was signed by more than one thousand Catholics, including a number of priests and nuns, and it called for the return of Daniel Berrigan from Latin America to New York. Then there were the students, from Fordham in New York City and Le Moyne College in Syracuse, where Father Berrigan once taught theology, who picketed the chancery of the New York Archdiocese. They carried signs that said, "Honesty in the Church" and "St. Paul was a rebel."

Almost certainly these students are in the minority. There is no evidence that unrest is sweeping the campuses of the 339 Catholic colleges and universities, but only that something, tremulous and uncertain, is happening. It is not something like the much-publicized difficulties at St. John's University in New York. This is part of it, but the dispute there was about clericalism and academic freedom and there was no great evidence that the students are deeply involved. It is, however, the students at Marquette University in Milwaukee who have petitioned the administration to withdraw the requirement that all Catholic undergraduates make a retreat each year. The requirement, the petition said, "is theologically untenable and self-defeating in that a meaningful commitment to Christ must be freely chosen."

An organizer for Young Christian Students, which has chapters in both colleges and high schools, puts it this way:

"One of the funny and characteristic things about it is that there's not always something going on overtly and it's nigh onto impossible to tell just where things are going next. New associations are being formed with a lot of other groups and young Catholics are working hard to understand what they feel socially and what they feel about their Church. Their current jargon deals with the theology of action, or the theology of social change."

Young Christian Students, which has its headquarters in Chicago, is made up of students interested in the problems of social change. As an organization it takes no position on issues, but it serves as something of a clearinghouse for information on student activities. After the Berrigan incident, for instance, it noted that its members had met to discuss clerical freedom at Boston State College and Emmanuel College in Boston, Alverno College and Marquette University in Milwaukee, the College of St. Teresa and Saint Mary's College in Winona, Minnesota, and at some secular institutions. Its members were also involved in a "week of concern," which was held at the College of New Rochelle by the school's community government, in a vigil in Chicago, and in fasts at Notre Dame and secular Iowa State.

The most dramatic protest, however, was offered by two young people, Kathie Sullivan, twenty-three years old, and James Wilson, twenty-one. Together they went to the chapel of St. Joseph's Cathedral in Manchester, New Hampshire, last December, and began a fast as "an expression of indignation." Miss Sullivan said that "unjust silences and limitations" had been placed on priests and that "we must encourage and nourish those who are deeply troubled and ordained to creative change." In particular, she said, she was moved by the restrictions that had been placed on Father Daniel Berrigan and Father Antony Mulaney. At the time, Miss Sullivan, a tiny girl with very bright eyes, was on the national staff of Young Christian Students. She is now in Roxbury, Boston's Negro ghetto, trying to organize a hospitality house for the poor. Mr. Wilson was, and is, associated with the Catholic Workers in New York City.

The day after the fast began about ten Notre Dame students and a priest gathered for a spaghetti dinner in a graduate student's apartment. They decided to show sympathy for Miss Sullivan and Mr. Wilson and to call attention to the question of clerical freedom by beginning a fast and prayer vigil the next day. From the start, their

protest was largely symbolic. Only two students refused all food; most ate bread or limited themselves to one meal a day. It was impossible to measure the impact they made on the campus, which is large and conservative, but the fasters all said that they had been approached by other students who were sympathetic to them. Furthermore, they said, they sensed understanding for what they were doing among the priests and religious, particularly the nuns.

A Generation Leap

The resistance and the understanding will ebb and flow. Father Daniel Berrigan is now back in New York. He says he will renew his peace activities and that he still considers Vietnam a "terrifying question." Furthermore, his superiors said that they will not interfere with him in any way. Father Vincent B. Yanitelli, president of St. Peter's College, says he has had "second thoughts" and that Father Kilfoyle will be allowed to resume his participation in peace campaigns. Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles has not been heard from but no one is surprised about this; his is a different style altogether.

For there is a generational gap in the priesthood, just as there is among laymen. Most obviously, there is more emphasis on scripture in seminaries than there was ten years ago; there is less emphasis on canon law. "The law is my servant, not my master," a young Jesuit says. "I find," says another, "that I cannot talk to my superiors about what is most meaningful to me. We just do not think in the same terms." In March 125 students from St. John's Seminary in Boston the study house for candidates to the diocesan priesthood, held a silent vigil outside the seminary while Cardinal Cushing was conferring inside. They were protesting what they said was a lack of freedom in seminary life, and in a statement they said, "The hierarchy cannot afford much longer to live in an aura of Byzantine splendor, relying on authority derived in understanding from practices of medieval times, while more and more people (and clergy) leave the Church." As the college students say, this is getting down to the nitty-gritty.

There is a nun in Brooklyn. She is a charmer, and she falls in regularly for picket lines and rent strikes. She says that "the Holy Spirit is working through all of us," and she adds, very quickly, "and through the hierarchy, too, of course." Sometimes she wonders, though, about the hierarchy. She says she felt uncomfortable when Cardinal Spell-

in donated his \$500,000 coin collection to the or. "Where," she asks, "did a follower of the or Christ get a \$500,000 coin collection?" This not a new thought. American Catholics (and otestants, too) sentimentalize waterfront iests, hoodlum priests, Boys' Town priests, and g Irish priests with red faces and hearts like arshmallows. Cardinals in ermine, unless they e known as either sensible, jolly men or ascetics, e sometimes suspect. Cardinal Spellman is own as neither one nor the other and so he is en to criticism. But even in New York, which is the strongest tradition of a Catholic under- ound, probably because it has had a conserva- ve hierarchy for so long, what the nun feels is fferent. It is also pervasive on the Left. Here is young priest describing his leap to Catholic radi- lism:

"I was assigned to a hospital in Harlem. It was ist before Christmas and one night they brought a Negro woman with five bullet holes across the pper part of her body. I was in my room at the me and I left in a hurry without stopping even o put on my shoes. I remember it because her lood dripped over my feet and stiffened my socks. nyway, I returned to my room, feeling pretty ousy, and for no particular reason decided to open y mail. So the first thing I opened was a Christ- as ad from the Institutional Commodity Service (the diocesan buying agency) and there was some- hing asking me to buy perfume for my loved nes now. I looked down at my socks and wondered ust what the hell kind of business I was in any- way."

Subsequently, the priest sought to build a com-

munity in a small church on the Lower East Side of New York. He celebrated most of the Mass in English and he encouraged his congregation to shape the liturgy. Some members wrote folk songs that were sung during the service and others painted and decorated the church. The priest has since been told that his community, which in- cluded not only young people from the neighbor- hood, but also priests, nuns, and a few distinctly upper-middle-class people from the suburbs, was bewildering the Puerto Ricans for whom the church was intended and driving them away. He has been told to stop his activities, and he has, but he is protesting and making his displeasure known.

That is the style of Catholic radicalism—protest, even disobedience. When Father Daniel Berrigan was recalled from South America a Catholic radi- cal had to be talked out of picketing him. He said that Father Berrigan, once sent away, should have refused to return. A priest from Brooklyn is scornful of those clergymen who never disagree with their superiors and says that "they are on the ecclesiastic make," trying to get ahead within the Church. He says that "unless Cardinal Spell- man smells the urine in the halls of a tenement, unless he sees the garbage piled up, how can he un- derstand the problems that a young couple face when they try to live there and lead a Christian life?"

He must force the Cardinal and all the hierarchy to do this, he says, and to do this he must disagree and even fight with them. He is earnest about this and he says that if he fails the Church will fail too. The other Catholic radicals agree.

1958

BY ROBERT LOWELL

Remember standing with me in the dark,
 escaping? In the wild house? Everything—
 I mad, you mad for me? And brought my ring
 that twelve carat lunk of gold there . . . Joan of Arc,
 undeviating still to the true mark?
 Robust, ah taciturn! Remember playing
 Marian Anderson, Mozart's *Shepherd King*,
il re pastore? Oh hammerheaded shark,
 Oh rainbow salmon of the world—your hand,
 a rose. Remember? And we stood, still stand?

From *Near the Ocean*, © 1966 by Robert Lowell,
 to be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

HOW A PLAYWRIGHT TRIUMPHS

BY CLIFFORD ODETS

"We live in a strange, dry country..."

Odets wrote in 1961. "A strong heart is needed, iron nerves, to continue to be a serious writer here."

The following monologue by one of the best American playwrights of the century—was originally a dialogue. It is drawn from an interview in Hollywood with Clifford Odets by Arthur Wagner of the Department of Theatre at Tulane University. The interview took place over a two-day period in September 1961, two years before Mr. Odets' death.

I had always wanted as a kid to be both an actor and a writer. For a while I thought I would be a novelist, but when I became a professional actor, my mind naturally began to take the form of the play as a means of saying something. I wasn't sure I had anything to say, because some of the other things I wrote were quite dismal. But being an actor, I began to think in terms of three acts, divisions of acts, and scenes within the acts, and whatever technique I have has been unconsciously absorbed—almost through my skin—with all the kinds of acting I have done.

Before *Awake and Sing!* I wrote a whole very bad novel and a few short stories, all of which I later tore up. The question is really not one of knowing how to write so much as knowing how to connect with yourself so that the writing is, so to speak, born affiliated with yourself. Anybody can teach the craft of playwriting, just as I can teach myself how to make a blueprint and construct a house, on paper. But what cannot be taught, and what I was fortunate in discovering, was simply being myself, with my own problems and my own relationships to life.

Without the Group Theatre I doubt that I would have become a playwright. I might have become some other kind of writer, but the Group Theatre and the so-called "method" forced you to face yourself and really function out of the kind of person you are, not as you thought the person had to function, or as another kind of person, but simply using your own materials. The whole "method" acting technique is based on that. Well, after attempting to write for eight or ten years, I finally started a short story that made me really understand what writing was about in the sense of personal affiliation to the material.

I was holed up in a cheap hotel, in a kind of fit of depression, and I wrote about a young kid violinist who didn't have his violin because the hotel owner had appropriated it for unpaid bills. He looked back and remembered his mother and his hard-working sister, and although I was not that kid and didn't have that kind of mother or sister, I did fill the skin and the outline with my own personal feeling, and for the first time I realized what creative writing was.

A playwright who writes about things that he is not connected with, or to, is not a creative writer. He may be a very skilled writer, and it may be on a very high level of craft, but he's not going to be what I call an artist, a poet. We nowadays use the term creative arts, or a creative person, very loosely. A movie writer thinks of himself as a creative person who writes films or TV shows. Well, in the sense that I'm using the word, he's just a craftsman, like a carpenter. He

as so many hammers, so many nails, so much dimension to fill, and he can do it with enormous skill. But the creative writer always starts with state of being. He doesn't start with something outside of himself. He starts with something inside himself, with a sense of unease, depression, relation, and only gradually finds some kind of form for what I'm calling that "state of being." He doesn't just pick a form and a subject and a theme and say this will be a hell of a show.

The form, then, is always dictated by the material; there can be nothing ready-made about it. It will use certain dramatic laws because, after all, you have to relate this material to an audience, and a form is the quickest way to get your content to an audience. That's all form is. Form is viability.

"Most Talented"—but No Option

I was twenty-six years old when I started *Awake and Sing!*, my first play. I wrote the first two acts, and six months later, in the spring of 1933, I went home to my folks' house in Philadelphia and finished the last act there. That summer the Group Theatre went to a place called Green Mansions Camp [in the Adirondacks], where we sang for our supper by being the social staff. After he read *Awake and Sing!* Harold Clurman announced one night at a meeting of the entire company that the Group Theatre idea—that we would develop from our ranks not only our own actors, but our own directors and perhaps our own playwrights—was really working out in practice. "Lo and behold!" he said, "sitting right here in this room is the most talented new young playwright in the United States." And everybody, including me, turned around to see who was in the room, and then with a horrible rush of a blush I realized he was talking about me.

But the Group Theatre didn't want to do the play. Although Harold Clurman, who was kind of the ideological head, liked it, he didn't have the strength to push it through to production against the wishes of the other two directors, Lee Strasberg and Cheryl Crawford. Lee Strasberg particularly didn't like the play. He kept saying, "It's a mere genre study." Strasberg and I were always on the outs. Although he has many other qualities, I could take just so much of his, let me call it now, authoritarian or dictatorial manner, his absolutism. And I, who was one of the humbler members of the acting company—even though I had been there practically from the start—would flare out at him and we would be shouting at each other

like a pair of maniacs across the bowed heads of the entire company of thirty or so other persons.

I kept pleading with Clurman to do my play, and he kept saying that it read so well he didn't know if it would act. I said it would act like a house on fire. And he said, "I don't know, I don't know," and I said, "Well, just take my word for it." I said it very fiercely. So he decided to try the middle act one night on the Green Mansions Camp audience—and it did just what I said. It played like a house on fire. I had felt sure it would, for I knew the theater very well by then. I'd been walking around on stages since I was a kid, putting on plays in high school, with amateurs, being a leading man and director of a company on the radio called "The Drawing Room Players." And when I saw that act up there on the stage I realized I had real writing talent, and right then I was not to be stopped or contained.

Well, now I thought surely the Group Theatre would do my play, but to my bitter disappointment they had not the slightest interest in it. Here was the Group Theatre with all its ideals, here was my own company with which I felt such a sense of brotherhood, and here was my play, which they could have just taken and done; I didn't want any money for it. Furthermore, it seemed to me better than the plays we were doing. The play we were rehearsing at this time [by Sidney Kingsley], called *Crisis*, seemed to all of us threadbare in texture. It turned out to be very successful—due chiefly to Lee Strasberg's extraordinary and beautiful production, and became very famous as *Men in White*. Well, I couldn't see why, if they could do *Men in White*, they couldn't do *Awake and Sing!*

However, just as *Men in White* was opening that fall on 46th Street at the Broadhurst Theater, a fellow I had acted with at the Theatre Guild, a nice man named Louis Simon, told me that he was now working with Frank Merlin in the Little Theatre right across the street. He said Merlin, who was looking for new American plays, had heard about *Awake and Sing!* and he suggested I give him a script for his boss. When I told him I didn't have any copies, he said, "Well, get some typed up and give me one and, who knows, next week you might have \$500 advance royalties." I was very impressed with that possibility, so I had six scripts typed up for twelve bucks, which was

Professor Arthur Wagner directs the new Master of Fine Arts program in acting at Tulane University. He studied theater with Hallie Flanagan and acting with Paul Mann, and took a Ph.D. at Stanford, with a dissertation on "Technique in the Revolutionary Plays of Clifford Odets."

one-third of my weekly salary of \$35. And about five or six days later, I had a check for \$500. I'd never seen so much money in my life. And since I had gone again before the Group Theatre and said, "Look, somebody wants to take an option on this play. You going to do it or not?" and they had practically thrown me out, it was with double satisfaction that I got my first option money.

Merlin was rhapsodic about *Awake and Sing!* He said, "This is the kind of play that America should be producing. It's the beginning of something new in the American theater." Then I thought, well, I'm going to get an immediate production here. But Merlin, poor man, made a fantastic blunder which changed his whole life. Now, Merlin had \$50,000 to spend. A wealthy man had given his new wife \$50,000 to play around with in the theater. She had walked in on Lee Strasberg and just said she wanted to hand this whole \$50,000 over to the Group Theatre in exchange for a humble position as assistant stage manager, or whatever it was she wanted to learn. Well, Lee was such a kind of rabbinical student that he just turned and looked at her, kind of shrugged, and was silent. The woman felt very embarrassed and finally left and took the \$50,000 to Frank Merlin at the Little Theatre.

Mr. Merlin, however, now made the sad mistake. He had another play, called *False Dreams Farewell*, which he said was an inadequate play, but a hell of a show. It had something to do with the sinking of the *Titanic* or the *Lusitania*—very expensive and elaborate. He put the play on first because he felt it was going to make money, and he didn't think my play would, and he lost about \$40,000. If Mr. Merlin had done *Awake and Sing!* first—it was a small cast with one set and its operating cost would have run about \$3,000 a week—it would have run for two or maybe three years. But he lost most of his money on this first venture.

This was now August or September of 1934, and the Group Theatre was determined, in the purity of its heart, that it would have to go away and do a new play when it might very well have continued the run of the very successful, and by this time Pulitzer Prize, *Men in White*. But purity prevailed and we went up to Ellenville, New York, to a big, rambling, broken-down hotel—don't forget, with its office and managerial staff the Group Theatre consisted of maybe thirty-six men and women and their children—and we had to find quite a large place to live in. We arrived practically when autumn was setting in at this old Saratoga-type wooden hotel, with all the bedding piled up, and we lived in an itchy and uncomfortable way there for about five or six weeks while we put into

rehearsal a play by Melvin Levy, called *Gold Eagle Guy*. I had, perhaps unfairly, only scorn and contempt for the play because I thought *Awake and Sing!* was far superior as a piece of writing. Indeed, we all felt that *Gold Eagle Guy* was a still-born script, and Luther Adler summed it up for us one morning at rehearsal when he said, kind of *sotto voce*, "Boys, I think we're working on a stiff." That morning we were almost improvising certain scenes, which we would later scale down to the playwright's words. Levy would get alarmed because the actors were not quite saying his words, and not using his punctuation. To this day there are playwrights who don't know their punctuation isn't very important in the recreation of the character they've written, or that, as we used to say in the Group Theatre, their script is only a series of stenographic notes.

The Words Gushed Out

In any case, I had been given my own room at this old hotel, which gave me a certain lift. It's surprising how very important a small satisfaction can be in the life of one who is moving away from what I can only call illness to some kind of health or strength. (You must remember the background to all of this was that before I was twenty-five I had tried to commit suicide three times; once I stopped it myself and twice my life was saved by perfect strangers.) Before this I had always been quartered with one or two and sometimes three other actors, but when they gave me my own room, with clean, white-washed walls, I began to feel they had some sense that I had some kind of distinction, and I was very happy.

I had by now started *Paradise Lost*, about a man, Leo, who was trying to be a good man in the world and meets raw, evil, and confused conditions where his goodness means nothing. Almost all of that play came out of my experiences as a boy in the Bronx. I saw people evicted, I saw block parties, I knew a girl who stayed at the piano all day, a boy who drowned, boys who went bad and got in trouble with the police. As a matter of fact, two of the boys I graduated with ended up in the electric chair and another boy became a labor racketeer. Not too much of that play was invented; it was felt, remembered, celebrated.

One night I had the idea for the scene in the play which I call the Fire Bug Scene. It just impelled itself to be written, and since I had no paper I wrote the whole scene as fast as I could on the white wall. The words just gushed out; my hand couldn't stop writing. Then later, I copied it down

the typewriter, but to this day the scene may be on the wall of that old hotel.

The next day, well, I had that advance money from Merlin, and I had always wondered what liquor tasted like. Prohibition was over, and I had never had bathtub gin and very phony whiskey. I went into a liquor store and bought two cases of mixed liquor—two bottles of everything—Scotch, gin and rye, applejack, sherry, red port, and something called white port which I have not seen again to this day. And I and my particular pals in the Group Theatre, Elia Kazan, Art Smith, Bud Bohnen, and one or two others, went downtown on all that stuff. I got to know what real liquor, real Scotch, tasted like. There was booze in those two cases that I have not tasted since. We went down to the village one night, got drunk, and got arrested. We had a helluva time.

During this time, however, I was extremely disappointed about my acting career. Many of us were fretful in those days, because we had higher hopes for ourselves than playing bits and walk-ons. I had been assigned to play two bits in *Gold Eagle Guy*, but I didn't have a part in *Success Story*, which we had done before and were now living out of town to keep us going while we were rehearsing *Gold Eagle Guy*.

John Howard Lawson's *Success Story*—a good play—had, by the way, a very decisive influence on me, by showing me the poetry that was inherent in the chaff of the street. I began to see that there was something quite elevated and poetic in the way the common people spoke. I understudied Arthur Adler, who played the lead, and while I never got to play it, I came to understand that playing quality in Lawson's play by studying the art and writing down how I thought I would approach it as an actor. Getting a part also meant that you would learn what the hell the technique was about. There wasn't time for too many technique classes, so there was more than an ego problem involved in our wanting good parts, for it was the only way we could really get the benefit of Strasberg's training.

The Strasberg-Clurman Team

Strasberg worked with a wide range, then, of techniques and things. There were times when you would do improvisation for a part—the sensation, for instance, for riding a train or boat. It would play only a small part in the play, but concentration was given to it. Or you would do exercises or improvisation for simply being cold, for recreating winter on the stage. As a matter of fact, the

Group Theatre built up a set of actors and actresses who were extraordinarily reliable in small parts as well as in leads. Say this woman is a nurse, and this actress would go away and she would be a nurse to the life. She thought about how a nurse waddled, and what kind of shoes she would wear, why she walks the way she does, and what her professional mannerisms are.

Anyway, one day I told Harold Clurman, who by then had become my particular friend among the three Group directors—he was a kind of older brother to me—I told him that since I had never got a part, I was leaving and was going to do something about playwriting. He pleaded with me to stay, promising he would see that I got a good acting part in the coming season, and indeed I think I was leading him on a bit because I wouldn't have known where to go. Where else could you go? All I really wanted was to have the Group Theatre do my plays. These early plays were made for the collective acting company technique. They're written for eight characters, with six or seven of the characters of equal importance. Well, this is purely from the Group Theatre ideal of a stage ensemble, and this so fetched me and so took me over that this was how I wrote. I don't think, still, that even today anyone could put together such a company with its very brilliant ensemble performance but Lee Strasberg. That was Lee Strasberg's baby and he was 100 per cent responsible for it. Later, with this perfected tool, this ensemble, anybody could direct them who had a common lingo, a common frame of reference. It was easy for Harold Clurman to direct *Awake and Sing!* or *Golden Boy* with this company that Lee Strasberg had put together—any actor could have directed it, by that time. And Lee Strasberg has never gotten enough credit for that.

Strasberg and Clurman were a unique team. The procedure was that the directors picked the plays—remember, though, that we didn't have our choice of dozens of plays. Strasberg and Clurman saw rather eye-to-eye about what was in a play. They wanted progressive materials, they wanted yeasaying rather than naysaying materials. After the play was chosen Clurman would call the company together and would talk with extraordinary brilliance for anywhere from two to five hours, analyzing the meaning, talking from every point of view, covering the ground backwards and forwards. And if the actor's imagination was touched, somewhere, which was his intention, then the actor would catch something and begin to work in a certain way, with a certain image or vision of how the part should go, with here and there Clurman giving him a nudge. Strasberg would never say a

word. He was the man who, in action, directing, would bring out the things which Clurman had abstracted. Strasberg understood the concrete elements which you give an actor. But the sense of the play, its characters, its meaning, what it stood for, Clurman is most brilliant at this thing.

How the Actors Took Over

Well, now we move up to Boston in the late fall of 1934 to open *Gold Eagle Guy*, and that's when I wrote *Waiting for Lefty*. I now had behind me the practically completed *Awake and Sing!* and about half of *Paradise Lost*, but somehow *Waiting for Lefty* just kind of slipped itself in there. Its form and its feeling are different from the other two plays, and I actually wrote it in three nights in the hotel room in Boston after returning home from the theater about midnight. It just seemed to gush out, and it took its form necessarily from what we then called the agit-prop form, which, of course, stands for agitational propaganda.

I really saw the play as a kind of collective venture—something we would do for a Sunday night benefit in New York for the *New Theatre Magazine*, a Left magazine that was always in need of money. My demands were so modest that I tried to get two other actors in the Group Theatre who I thought had writing talent to assist me. One of them, Art Smith, came up with me one night to my hotel room and we talked around and around this thing, but he seemed rather listless about working with me, so I went ahead by myself.

As a matter of fact, the form of *Waiting for Lefty* is very rooted in American life, because what I semi-consciously had in mind was actually the form of the minstrel show. I had put on two or three minstrel shows in camp and had seen three or four other ones. It's a very American, indigenous form—you know, an interlocutor, end men, people doing their specialties, everyone sitting on the stage, and some of the actors sitting in the audience. There were a number of plays then, usually cheap and shoddy plays, that had actors in the audience. I had played in one called, I think, *The Spider*, in Camden, New Jersey, when I was in stock. I guess all these things conglomerated in my mind, but what's important for *Waiting for Lefty* is how it matched my conversion from a fellow who stood on the side and watched and then finally, with a rush, agreed—in this drastic social crisis in the early 'thirties—that the only way out seemed to be a kind of socialism, or the Communist party, or something. And the play represents that kind of ardor and that kind of conviction.

About ten days after the tryout in Boston we opened *Gold Eagle Guy* at the Morosco Theater in New York, and the play got very bad notices. In all New York theaters you automatically lose the theater when the play receipts fall below a certain figure, so we moved over to the Belasco. It happened that three or four or even five of my plays were done at that theater, which people thought was very glamorous, but I always thought it rather crummy old joint, shabby, with uncomfortable seats. Anyway, to keep the play going the actors and the playwright took cuts in salary, but in a few weeks it closed and we were forced out into the cold winter. We had no new play to put into rehearsal and there was a sadness around the place.

In the meantime I'd gotten some of the actors together and had started to rehearse *Waiting for Lefty*. I gave Sandy Meisner, an actor friend of mine, some of the scenes to direct, and I directed the bulk of the play. Strasberg, who was quite resentful of it, told Harold Clurman, "Let 'em fall and break their necks." One of the main things about Strasberg was that he always hated to get out on a limb. He must save his face at all times. Almost Oriental. I suspect that the thing about Strasberg was that whenever the Group Theatre name was used or represented, it was as though his honor was at stake. He didn't like me, he didn't like what I had written, and he felt it would in some way be a reflection on him, on the entire Group Theatre. This man who could be so generous, sometimes could be so niggardly and begrudging. It was with great trepidation that I had proposed putting on this play at all, and when I asked him a few questions about handling a group, an ensemble, he'd answer me very curtly and I thought to myself, "Oh, the hell with him, I'll just go ahead and do this myself."

And then, the night of the benefit, I had an enormous fight down at the old Civic Repertory Theatre on 14th Street to get my play put on last. They used to put on eight or nine vaudeville acts there for the Sunday night benefits and they wanted some dance group to close the show, but finally, because I threatened to pull it, they agreed to put *Waiting for Lefty* on last.

It was very lucky they did because there would have been no show after that. The audience stopped the show after each scene; they got up, they began to cheer and weep. There have been many great opening nights in the American theater but not where the opening and the performing of the play were a cultural fact. You saw a cultural unit functioning. From stage to theater and back and forth the identity was so complete, there

as such an at-oneness with audience and actors, that the actors didn't know whether they were acting and the audience didn't know whether they were sitting and watching it, or had changed position. I was sitting in the audience with my friend, Ilia Kazan, sitting next to me (I wouldn't have dared take on one of the good parts myself) and after the Luther Adler scene, the young doctor scene, the audience got up and shouted, "Bravo! Bravo!" I was thinking, "Shh, let the play continue," but I found myself up on my feet shouting, "Bravo, Luther! Bravo, Luther!" In fact, I was part of the audience. I forgot I wrote the play, I forgot I was in the play, and many of the actors forgot. The proscenium arch disappeared. That's the key phrase. Before and since, in the American theater people have tried to do that by theater-in-the-round, theater this way, that way, but here, psychologically and emotionally, the proscenium arch dissolved away. When that happens, not by technical innovation, but emotionally and humanly, then you will have great theater—theater at its most primitive and grandest.

Of course, the nature of the times had a good deal to do with this kind of reaction. I don't think a rousing play today could have this kind of effect because there are no positive, ascending values to which a play can attach itself. My own new plays will never arouse that kind of enthusiasm, but they will have searched out and will express what has been happening here in the last fifteen years. And this isn't going to be anything to dance and shout about, because what happened here in fifteen years is really frightening. One of the new plays, *An Old-fashioned Man*, will almost cover the American scene from the time of FDR's death to today. I think the play is of considerable import, but really the kind of import that makes you sit there and think, rather than the kind that makes you get up and burn with zeal.

However, we now had to face the closing of *Gold Eagle Guy*. There was an emergency meeting and we were told we would have to disband. It was at this time that the actors took over and upset the applecart. We took the theater out of the hands of the three directors, especially Strasberg's, who was still extraordinarily resistant to the idea of doing *Awake and Sing!* What happened was that the Theatre Guild wanted to do *Awake and Sing!* for their last production of the season.

So I rather timidly asked at this meeting whether the Group Theatre was or was not going to do my play because I had another offer.

Strasberg got up and pointed his finger at me and said, "I have told you a dozen times. I do not like your play. Your play will not be done by the Group Theatre." And it was Stella Adler who got up and said, "Well, is it better to disband, and those people who can get jobs will and the rest are going to be cold and hungry, as they have been many times before? And what's the matter with this play? Why shouldn't we do it?" And one or two other actors chipped in and Strasberg began to fight with them. Clurman says that he just sat letting things develop, and they did. Strasberg said, "But the play doesn't have a third act." I said, "It has a third act. It's not as good as it can be, but I can rewrite that." And, lo and behold, in a wave of what I call the Group Theatre spirit, it was voted, without the directors' interfering, that the next play we would do would be *Awake and Sing!* And Lee Strasberg kind of withdrew as the active director, so to speak, and Harold Clurman directed it.

When I rewrote the third act of *Awake and Sing!* I built up the boy to a kind of affirmative voice in the end, more affirmative than he had been in the original. There were technical reasons for this change, but the change had occurred in me, too—a growing sense of power and direction. If I



"Expanded from a script for a television play! Oh, my God!"

was going up, everything had to go up with me. But as you see, it runs throughout the play. The boy is always resentful of who and what he is, of his position in the world. And he always wants to get married and he can't, because of, let me call it that economic factor in his mother, who is always very authoritarian, always making decisions for him. And the grandfather, as weak as he is, was always against the values by which his daughter and the household lives. He always sided with the boy. So tried and true, that play.

Awake and Sing! opened at the Belasco Theater in February 1935. The notices were legendary. In the meantime we had been playing benefit performances of *Waiting for Lefty* all around and it was getting more famous by the minute. Even the commercial managers, the Shubert office, had called me and asked to see a copy of it. In the general enthusiasm Strasberg jumped on the bandwagon and now suggested that we bring *Waiting for Lefty* uptown, and I said, yes, I would write another play to go with it, which later became *Till the Day I Die*. I had read in *The New Masses* what I thought was a letter that had been smuggled out of Europe, from a man to his brother in the [anti-Nazi] underground, and in a wave of enthusiasm I wrote, in three or four nights, a play based on that letter. That's how arrogant youth is, for it never occurred to me to clear it in any way with *The New Masses*, and it turned out that the letter was not a real letter at all, but a short story in letter form, and later I was approached and had to pay that man royalties. In any case, *Till the Day I Die* was paired with *Waiting for Lefty*, and the whole town wanted to see it. And the whole town wanted to see *Awake and Sing!* You know—"America has found a really important playwright"; "The Group Theatre has found its most congenial playwright within its own ranks. . . ."

For me, strangely enough, the success and fame was a source of acute discomfort. I didn't have the psychological strength to face this kind of onslaught. It had on me a strangely isolating effect, even more isolated and cut off from the very things I was trying to get to. Later on when I became really a successful playwright the Group Theatre acting members, my friends, started to treat me quite differently. However, that's ahead. All I wanted then in 1935 were some of the things that were mentioned in *Waiting for Lefty*—a room of my own, a girl of my own, a phonograph and some records. And I got 'em. Nothing more I wanted.

Then I ran into a nerve-racking period where I thought I was going to go to pieces, just out of emotional exhaustion. I understood in this period of my life how van Gogh felt. I understood the

kind of insanity and frenzy of his painting. I almost couldn't stop writing. The hand kept going. It began to frighten me. With all this set in the matrix of an American success—nothing is more noisy and clamorous than that. There are enormous tensions and strains within it, because you don't want to change, you want to hold on. You want time to digest, but you're just kind of swept off your feet, with wire services and interviews and people telephoning you; the parties you're invited to, the people who just take you up. You want to savor these things, flavor them, but you'd like it on your own terms. You'd like the time to establish forms with which to deal with it, or else it will drive you cuckoo.

Some of it, though, was gentle and sweet, like my mother. This was in a way all she ever lived for, to see her son fulfilled. She hadn't been sick; she just lived another couple of months and died. My whole life changed in this period. Within three months I was not the same young man I used to be, but was trying to hold on to him.

In any case, I now began to finish up *Paradise Lost*. The play, with Harold Clurman directing it, was treated with dignity and importance, and the actors approached it in a very dedicated way. It opened on December 9, 1935. It's too jammed, too crowded, it spills out of its frame, but it is in many ways a beautiful play, velvety; the colors were very gloomy and rich. And no one who acted in it or saw it in that production will ever forget it. It got very bad notices from the working press, but from unexpected people like Clifton Fadiman it got quite extraordinary notices. But the play was by all means a practical failure, judging by the notices and the reception.

What Damaged the Plays

I was, by then, being offered all sorts of movie jobs. One man offered me \$500 a week. He was then the head of Paramount; poor man, Budd Schulberg's father. I thought going to Hollywood was the most immoral thing I could do, and yet who wouldn't want to go to Hollywood? When I finally went it was with a sense of disgrace, almost. A man came from MGM and just to get rid of him I said I wanted \$4,000 a week. He called the Coast and arranged to pay me \$4,000 weekly. I didn't accept the offer, but the company was making their usual sacrifices trying to keep *Paradise Lost* going, and I thought finally I'd go to Hollywood and send back half my salary to the Group Theatre to keep the play going. So in the end I signed with Paramount for \$2,500 a week



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and sent back half to the Group Theatre. That was really not enough to keep the show going, and it closed after another couple of weeks. I went out there and wrote a movie, *The General Died at Dawn*, which was full of good ideas, but in the end it was a set of clichés on which we made some good birthday decorations.

But I'm not really interested in talking about Hollywood. I am interested in investigating not so much why—I understand why—but how I tried to take some kind of real life I knew and tried to press it into an ideological mold. How, actually technically, I used to try many ways to make the materials of my plays say something that they really were not saying by tacking on a certain ideological posture. I think this did damage to the plays and the material, but I couldn't have done otherwise in that period. It's the one thing that really disturbs me about the early plays—that I would very easily, very fluently and naturally, give an expression of a certain kind of life, and then try to tell the audience what it meant.

I think very simply that the material was always richer than the ideational direction that I tried to superimpose upon it. It was just enough to give birth to the material and let it say what it had to say. And yet, still in all, the life which was expressed, was impelled by some ideological direction in which I was going. It's almost like not trusting the material to make a statement, but you have to add a comment that was not really indigenous to the material. Jack Lawson, for instance, was a distinguished playwright, but he ruined himself artistically by tailoring his materials to fit an ideological conception. The last play he wrote, *Marching Song*, was conceived along these lines, and it's dead as a nail. I think it's a crime to see what happened to this juicy, gifted playwright when he got an ideology. Fortunately, however, the Left movement didn't absorb too many good talents. When I started to write *Awake and Sing!* I didn't have a mission in life; I wasn't going to change society. When I came to rewriting it I was going to change the world—or help change it. I should have learned a lesson from Ibsen; that it's simply enough to present the question. "You in the audience think about it; maybe you have some answers."

Soon after I arrived in Hollywood I began working on a new play, *The Silent Partner*, which is a very sympathetic portrayal of a man from an old American family who is ousted from his plant when the new management takes over. H. [redacted] have kind of drifted off; one killed himself in Hollywood while drunk, by jumping into a pool which didn't have any water in it. I've never rewritten

the last act, but five of the nine scenes in it are the best writing I've ever done. The Group Theatre was going to do the play but I didn't have it ready. I was kind of discontented with myself and with the way things were going. I had come out to Hollywood to do a movie and now I was getting mixed up with the woman who was going to be my first wife. Finally I rented a little house where I started to work on the play seriously but all the while I was beginning to resent being pushed into plays for the Group Theatre. A play, when I put it into rehearsal, would never be ready, but the Group Theatre needed it, for there was always the prospect of the actors going without work.

When the play was finally put into rehearsal I was not quite satisfied with it yet. I had to sacrifice some of what I call the poetic quality of the play, because the texture was very dense as originally written, and in attempting to make things more concrete the play suffered, but still it kept most of its virtue. By then, with the help of FDR's Administration, the strikers had won and had organized all over the country into the CIO, and the play was a little dated in the sense that these big strikes were now a year or two behind us. The play was also critical of the working class. Because the point was, you know, stop the foolishness. For God's sake, get serious or die. You're going to die for lack of seriousness.

After *The Silent Partner* was in rehearsal for three or four days Clurman said to me, "Look, we'll produce any play you write. But you know this will be a very heavy and expensive production. We budgeted it for \$40,000." So I said, "Why are you telling me all this?" and he said, "Well, the play will fail. We'll be out all that money and the actors will be out of work. But if you want us to do the play we will."

So I said, "Well, when you put it that way you don't give me much choice. Pull the play, then; don't do it." And I was very hurt, but not intelligent or mature enough to say, "Stop the shit and do the play. It's necessary for me. And after all the sacrifices I've made, just do the play and lose \$40,000. It's worth it to me." And I never even tried to publish the play.

The production of that play was necessary for me, because nobody in the U.S. was writing that way. To this day nobody can write that way, including me. Everything was extremely heightened. You didn't know whether it was real, or mystic. Were these real human beings? Where was this happening? It was the beginning of a new striking out for me. You see, later, when I wrote a play that was successful, like *Golden Boy*, the Group Theatre had a treasury at last. It was quite all

right for them to lose money, most of the time out of my pocket, on experimental things—to give Bobbie Lewis or Gadget Kazan a chance to direct something, to do trash by Irwin Shaw. But while it was necessary and good to help Gadget or Bobbie Lewis to become a director, or to do a special matinee performance of an Irwin Shaw play, I was the first necessity. I never put my mitts up. I just walked away.

“Really Quite a Good Play”

And then the Group Theatre again was breaking up. Again there were no scripts. First of all, there was some impossible ideal. There was a time when we turned down plays like Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* as not good enough for us. We realized later that we made a grave blunder there, but nobody was resourceful enough to go out and look for plays; the larder was always bare. This is why my plays always went on before they were finished.

Anyway, it looked like the Group Theatre was through. Strasberg and Cheryl Crawford had left; everybody kind of voluntarily disbanded for six months, and Harold Clurman came out here to Hollywood. It was very difficult for him to take the Group Theatre breakup. So I said, “I’ll tell you what, Harold. I have an idea. You get the company together on October first and I’ll have a new play.” I told him in about two sentences what the play was about. I just said there was an Italian boy whose father wanted him to be a violinist and he has true gifts for that, but he wants to be a prizefighter. I had married Luise Rainer by then, and my bride of maybe six or eight months said, “What is that about? It’s nothing. It sounds crazy.” Harold said, “Let him alone, Luise. He knows what he’s doing.” She couldn’t understand it and was rather bewildered. But he understood that something could come out of that; he knew how I worked.

I went back to the apartment in New York with my one page of notes for the new play, and Clurman set two or three actors to watch me to see that I didn’t run off. All that summer I worked on *Golden Boy*, and it was ready I think before October first. I really wrote that play to be a hit, to keep the Group Theatre together. And it was a hit, my first really big hit. It pleased me, which was foolish on my part. It pleased me because now I was being accepted as a Broadway playwright. Before that I was kind of a nutty artist who had some kind of wild gift, and now, only now, was I a man with a ten-million-dollar arm

who could really direct the ball just where I wanted it to go.

I must say, I think now that the circumstances under which I had written the play are what make me not like it. I feel the same way about *The Country Girl*. It doesn’t mean anything to me; it’s just a theater piece. I felt that way about *Golden Boy* for years afterwards, because it seemed to me to be really immoral to write a play for money. But I did see it once out here. Charlie Chaplin had never seen it, so the two wives, Charlie, and I jumped into a car and went to see it at the Pasadena Playhouse, and on seeing the play quite objectively, I thought, “Gee, this is really quite a good play.” There’s something written into it—a quality of American folk legend—that I really had nothing to do with. It was a much better play than I thought it was. So after that I made my peace with that play.

We revived it for ANTA in 1952. John Garfield always wanted to play the part and Lee Cobb played the father. By then, there were such accepted clichés for playing the parts that Garfield and Lee Cobb fell right into the stereotypes. Every once in a while Cobb would slouch onto the stage, very successful, at ease. Nobody can be so at home on a stage as Cobb, you know. And I’d say, “What are you playing? Are you playing a successful actor, or this rather humble, but perceptive old Italian father?” It was hard to try to break the stereotypes in four weeks.

One play I did like is *Rocket to the Moon*. It was based on an idea which I had for a long time, although I didn’t know the real theme of it until I wrote it. I knew the play was going to take place in a dentist’s office and that there was going to be a little dental secretary there who was going to take him away from his wife. But I didn’t know that the play would be, so to speak, about love in America, about the search for love, and all the things it turned out to be about.

Plenty of my ideas kind of germinated sometimes for two or three years. On the other hand, sometimes I get an idea and sit down and write from just one page of notes. I find that those things often come out best when I don’t know what’s going to happen, and in fact, most of the time I don’t know what I know or what I think until I say it. Ask me what I think about the world, about the kind of morality in this country, oh, I can give you some intellectual talk about it, but it’s not till I write a play that I know what I really think, that I know where I am in the whole mess and can really make a statement that I didn’t know was in me to make. That’s one of the reasons that keeps me writing plays.

HOW PLAYWRIGHTS LOSE

BY WALTER KERR

A distinguished theater critic examines the inflated role directors have assumed in recent seasons and shows how it has distorted productions and threatened the work of playwrights.

One of the more curious, and I think dangerous, developments in recent theater is the threat to abandon the dramatic text.

The movement is heavy with ironies. Fifteen years ago the British theater, together with the more sharply critical members of the American intellectual Establishment, would have none of a director like Elia Kazan for the plain reason that he was known to tamper with texts. When Kazan staged a play by Tennessee Williams, say, he would ask Williams for revisions before and during rehearsals: not only emphases might be changed, the very ending of the play might be changed. Occasionally Williams himself would become sufficiently distressed with the alterations to publish the play, finally, in its original form or in an alternate form, rather as though he wished to say that he'd been willing to go along with the transformations wrought in the course of a collaborative production process but that now he wanted it *his* way. William Inge did much the same after Joshua Logan had got through putting his directorial imprint on *Picnic*, and the impression was spread that the American theater was a director's theater in which the playwright's text was regarded as little more than a shooting script and that, in fact, it was often shot down. Cries of outrage at this sort of rape were frequent.

Yet the voices that were then raised loudly in dismay are the voices now urging upon us the primacy of the director and the literary unimportance of the text. British critics, and even actors, were

once outraged by the American director's high-handedness. Today they are the willing slaves of a Peter Brook or a Joan Littlewood.

Miss Littlewood led the way and wrought the change, introducing us to the new practice of shaping plays somewhat independently of the playwrights themselves. She was obviously happiest when she had a scrappy or fragmented text to deal with. If an unreliable Irishman named Brendan Behan behaved as uncontrollably on paper as he did in the nearest pub, the director was there to impose a principle of control, to sew up the patches into a crazy-quilt "play." *The Hostage*, for instance, was a deliriously pleasant evening. But such coherence as it had came from its style in staging: what might easily have been a wreck was rescued by song, dance, mime, and a tension created by purely theatrical manipulation. The text could be altered at will—nightly and, if necessary, by someone other than author Brendan Behan.

A Taste of Honey was another feather in Miss Littlewood's cap and a further, rather firmer, extension of the principle. If Mr. Behan was talented and capricious, Shelagh Delaney was talented and young—very young. At nineteen she had probably not turned over to her director anything like a well-developed play. Miss Littlewood was now transparently transported by the possibilities open to her. Taking up fragments of text, she blended them handsomely and provided them with stability by using a jazz combo to create both transitional

movement and dramatic accent, values which the "written-out" text did not supply. The occasion was engrossing; but it was essentially a staged occasion, displaying literary promise but staking its life upon the cunning of a theatrical magician's hand.

Miss Littlewood may, just possibly, have been happiest of all when she had no playwright of any sort to borrow from. For *Oh, What a Lovely War* she simply pasted up some ancient popular songs and threw before them, in ironic juxtaposition, improvised dialogue spelling out the horrors of the war the songs were originally meant to romanticize. This was an exercise *in vacuo*, a dream in the director's head brought to life on a stage which no playwright had ever visited. New ground rules had been laid down: a director could walk onto a rehearsal stage with no manuscript and fantasiticate an entertainment from scratch.

Peter Brook Is Tempted

For a director, such a prospect is most tempting, and Peter Brook—who is a superb director—is clearly a man who loves being tempted. His production of *King Lear*, with Paul Scofield, was not much Shakespeare's *King Lear*; it wasn't even Paul Scofield's *King Lear* as it might once have been Edwin Booth's, say. It was Peter Brook's *King Lear*, with an assist from Polish critic Jan Kott: a tendentious variant on the playwright's work pursuing one of its multiple strands at the expense of the work's completeness. Stage direction ruled, and sharply limited, our vision.

In the case of *King Lear* Mr. Brook had more than he wanted to work with. In the case of *Marat/Sade* he had considerably less, and was instantly in his element. Mr. Brook has explained that he was happy to receive, from author Peter Weiss, a text that was in effect incomplete. He had been provided with what he might regard as a loose-leaf sheaf of notes, and this looseness was welcomed as a virtue since it left so much to be filled in by the imagination of those performing the play. Mr. Weiss himself did not know, as he has explained in many an interview, which side of the onstage debate between Marat and the Marquis de Sade he really favored; his preferences have varied, more or less with his changing political awareness, during the time that has passed since he "wrote" the play.

Well and good. The director's obligation to deal with a dimensional text or even to communicate a point of view was satisfactorily diminished, his personal liberty increased. Now he could give all

of his attention to *manner* of staging, to the extraordinary effects actors could achieve while impersonating inmates of the asylum of Charente performing de Sade's play-within-a-play. The sight and sound of spectacle, of actors drooling spittle, masturbating, rattling chains in bucket and lolling about with severed or unsevered heads could make an effect in the theater that was independent of, and indifferent to, the normally commanding manuscript.

Further, Mr. Brook is enamored of a directorial principle which could be given extraordinarily free rein in such undefined territory. Mr. Brook believes in *not* suiting the action to the word. To reinforce the word with a gesture which parallels or directly amplifies it is to belabor it, to insist upon the obvious, to dull an audience's response by making issues transparent enough to invite sleep. Better, in Mr. Brook's view, to play the gesture *against* the word, to have the actor say one thing and behave as though he were saying quite another. The word will thus be made more vivid the audience's responses alerted, through contrast and even conflict.

The only thing wrong with this last principle, is that it isn't true and doesn't work. De Sade let us say, is kneeling at the footlights preparing to make a speech of some importance. While he is doing it, he must be whipped by Charlotte Corday. Since the man speaking is the Marquis de Sade, the whipping is relevant enough. Conceivably a series of properly timed lashes could force from de Sade, and intelligibly punctuate, an aspect of his philosophy. This must not happen. Therefore Charlotte Corday whips de Sade not with a whip, which would parallel and illustrate the point being made, but with her soft, flowing hair. She twists her head this way and that, letting her locks strike the speaker's back in whiplike rhythm but of course without producing any sound or forcible impact.

The image is visually striking, altogether original. Indeed, we watch it with such fascination that we do not hear what de Sade is saying. An arresting action always takes psychological precedence over speech; that is why nonspeaking actors are ordinarily commanded to remain still, and not busy themselves "catching flies," while one mem-

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ber of the company is speaking. The audience eye goes a-roving on the instant; anyone can steal a scene, or at least destroy it, by lighting a cigarette or twiddling his thumbs. And in this case what we see is gentle. The image, taking quick precedence, does more than distract from de Sade. It denies de Sade, gives the lie to him. De Sade's meaning has not been reinforced; it has been reversed.

Yet the reversals brought about by one aspect of a theory are unimportant alongside the indifference accorded the written "play." The focus at all times is upon the mindless eyes, the spastic mouths, the cracked-egg skulls of the insane as they go by rote through the words and motions de Sade has arranged for them. We say to ourselves, "How marvelous the actors are! How can they possibly sustain these rigid attitudes for so long? Doesn't it *hurt*?" The manner of performing is all we attend to or remember; we sit through the evening, and then leave the theater, feeling that the matter of the play need scarcely be investigated.

Indeed, the matter has not been investigated, neither by author nor director. For instance, in the debate between Marat and de Sade over whether man should actively contend with the forces of nature or passively submit to them, there is a peculiarity: inside the play-within-a-play all of Marat's speeches have been written by de Sade. What does this mean? It surely should mean something, give birth to some irony, open up an intellectual interplay in which we realize, perhaps, that author de Sade has driven Marat more than half-mad by giving him the worst of the argument or that he has, subtly and out of a yearning for something beyond himself, given him the best of it. Precisely *what* the device might mean is not the issue. The issue is simply that the device is there—and is not used. No one on stage seems aware of this interior dislocation in the text; the debate, so far as it is permitted any play at all, is played straight. In the audience we remain unaware of the promising oddity of the situation; or if we think of it, we forget it. It is quite as though no significance could be attached to the fact that in a debate one man had provided all that the other was to say.

Mr. Brook and Miss Littlewood are both geniuses of a sort; that they have done their own work well is obvious. I wonder, though, if they are themselves aware of the capitulation that has taken place. The British theater, at its most adventurous, has not simply surrendered to the Kazan-image it deplored a short while ago. It has gone much further, out-Kazaning Kazan by light-years. It is conceivable that Kazan sometimes

bullied his authors. But he always consulted them and he always saw to it that *they* did the writing. A text came into being, however collaboratively or under whatever pressure, and it was a text that stood firm and whole as a text. I do not think that *Marat/Sade* is going to look quite the same when Mr. Brook goes away, that it is ever going to lead a satisfactory independent life of its own.

Egomania in Their Eyes

In this country much the same thing has happened where it was least expected. Formerly the manipulation of the text as though it were no more than an adjunct to performance was regarded with considerable horror as a "commercial" practice. It was a thing that terrible producers, with cigars in their mouths, and overweening directors, with egomania in their eyes, did to plays when plays were trying out on the road. What an author wrote was held to be the essence of the matter; and when a manuscript was subordinated to the improvisation of actors and directors, shocked protests against the "star system" or against "pandering to the audience" could be heard. The intellectual Establishment much preferred the purity of The Living Theater.

Yet it was precisely at The Living Theater that the primacy of the text went down the drain. This off-Broadway organization, driven from its local playhouse and at present surviving somehow in Europe, is fast becoming a culture myth, more acclaimed now that it is safely absent than it was attended when its doors were open. *The Tulane Drama Review* has devoted a special supplement to citing its accomplishments and mourning its loss; and almost anyone who is dissatisfied with the present state of theatrical affairs—there are excellent grounds for dissatisfaction, provided the posture does not become a sort of fixed Puritanical spite—will cite The Living Theater, lovingly, as an example of what might have been.

There is a good bit of cant, and not too much common sense, in all of this. The Living Theater, formally opened in 1951, was weak in three transparent ways. It was creatively underequipped. Its moving spirits were Judith Malina and Julian Beck, both of whom acted and directed. But Mr. Beck was neither a good actor nor a good director, and Miss Malina was not a good actress though she was a fine director. That left its mainsprings with one out of four talents to live by. Their acting company was dedicated, but ingrown enough to be useful only in isolation. Few of its members ever seemed flexible enough to work elsewhere;



"So we open a bar in the theater—so what do they book?
They book *'Peter Pan.'*"

though most off-Broadway enterprises yield performers capable of asserting themselves in other company, this one did not do so. And, specifically aiming itself at an avant-garde audience of necessarily limited but hopefully loyal members, The Living Theater was unable to support itself on its own deliberately reduced terms. It did not find the audience it sought.

"The Theater of Chance"

These unpleasant but theatrically important matters aside, The Living Theater made the contribution for which it is most remembered by finding in the rhythm of performance what was not present as text. The organization did of course produce some wholly written-out texts which it treated with deep respect, notably Brecht's *In the Jungle as a Child*. But Jack Gelber's *The Connection*, probably its best-attended and most widely publicized venture, depended not upon the words spoken,

which were largely stree talk set down literally but upon areas of verbal silence: my own most vivid memory of the play is of a junkie stooped trancelike over a phonograph for minutes on end. A pulse could be detected during such sequences but it was a performance pulse, not a written one.

Miss Malina experimented a great deal with what she called The Theater of Chance. In The Theater of Chance, the next word to be spoken, if any, is determined by a throw of the dice; the structural orchestration is not the playwright's, it is a thing of whim. The laws of mathematics, plus a talent for improvisation, take care of the matter. We are still hearing pious sighs—in some cases more than pious, the play is regarded as prophetic—over Kenneth H. Brown's *The Brig*, which was being per-

formed when The Living Theater closed in 1963. *The Brig* is a didactic play, meant to arouse us to anger over the inhumane conditions in Marine Corps prisons. The program lists for us the intolerable rules governing the conduct of inmates—for instance, prisoners may not cross lines painted on the floor until commanded to do so:

"Sir, Prisoner Number Five requests permission to cross the white line, sir."

"I can't hear you."

"Sir, Prisoner Number Five requests permission to cross the white line, sir."

"I can't hear you."

"Sir, Prisoner Number Five requests permission to cross the white line, sir."

There is variation in the verbal bullying meted out by warden and guards to the automated prisoners, though it is a variation strictly confined to the limited verbal resources of stupidly brutal men and to the routine, repetitive tasks of the day: latrine permission, cell inspection, floor scrubbing. There is, needless to say, no narrative progression

or sequential development, save for a brief protest, moralistically flavored, toward the end of the evening. The episodes of the text could be played in almost any order. More importantly, they can be indicated as satisfactorily by a stage direction as by endlessly, emptily echoed dialogue. The essential effect of the evening depends upon the cumulative monotony of devices which need only be described by the author, not realized as structured speech.

In these circumstances it is up to the director to discover a rhythm in the performing that will make the experience meaningful and tolerable. No, "meaningful" and "tolerable" are both wrong. The play's meaning is contained in the list of rules on the program; we can *learn* as much from reading the list as from seeing the play. And the experience is not meant to be tolerable; it is meant to be intolerable in order to inflame us. What the performance rhythm must do is persuade us that, beneath the extended boredom of our engagement with the work, a core of aesthetic pressure exists.

A rationale can be offered for the kind of activity we are talking about. Various rationales, in fact. We live at a time when the words of the "formula" play are all too easily anticipated; because they have been used in the same sequence so often, they are now without intellectual force. Words must be used in an unprecedented way, if we are to hear them again, either radically out of sequence as in *The Theater of Chance* or as independent counters, made abstract by reiteration, as in *The Brig*.

We live at a time when the formal surface is esteemed above what used to be called "content" (although *The Brig*, with its hammered-home preaching, does have content of an extremely old-fashioned sort). The relationship of shapes at the surface, the naked interplay of light and line, is held to be what "art" is about, more or less exclusively. Thus *Marat/Sade* need have no intelligible substructure; indeed, it is careful to dissolve the boundary between actor and madman on the stage, between audience onstage and in the auditorium, so that if we begin to seek or scent a substructure we shall be thrown back, denied access to precise meaning.

We live at a time—this is very nearly the reverse of the last point—when low definition, minimum explicitness, engages us more completely than an earlier literalness did. Marshall McLuhan has told us that when the information given us by a medium is severely limited, we enter the medium more wholeheartedly, plugging the gaps out of our own imaginations.

The catalogue of premises for what directors

and some writers are up to could be extended indefinitely, and the fact that some of these tend to cancel one another out—we are to be more detached, we are to be more involved—is not terribly important. Certainly the theater needs to shake itself awake, by whatever means; certainly we need to reexamine not only the nature of words but the nature of our natures if we are to end the sleepwalking that has been our reflexive activity for so long.

I would like to think, however, that the fundamental work—whatever it may be and wherever it may lead us—was going to be done by the writer. The writer, to be sure, is not the whole of theater. Improvisational theater is possible and sometimes ultimately profitable, as the Italian *commedia dell'arte* taught us centuries ago. No one can say with certainty whether a play is truly a play until he has seen it played; the text, isolated from actors and from their physical presence before audiences, is an uncertain guide. O'Neill can read like school-boy babbling and play like the prosecution's summation. Spectacle has been on the list of drama's respectable appurtenances since Aristotle, and I would be one of the last to want to take it off. Manipulation of the tools of sheer "theater" is a valid way of revealing drama.

When a theatricalist like Tyrone Guthrie shows me, in his staging of *Twelfth Night*, a deep sadness I hadn't known was in the play, I am startled and unexpectedly satisfied. But in this case Mr. Guthrie is employing markedly theatrical methods to underscore, and perhaps elaborate a bit, a quality *in* the text; by toying with the stage he has made me see that I was ignorant of something actual. When the same Mr. Guthrie makes use of his unceasing invention to play Petruchio as a shy fellow, a bumbler terrified of Kate and quite incapable of dominating her except in a spurious and accidental way, I am not so happy. The staging is not teasing a hidden truth out of the text; it is ignoring the text in favor of a "show."

Running Away from Writing

Curiously, it is the avant-garde that is becoming more and more "show" business. Perhaps this is necessary for a time, until writers can grasp the revolution certain directors are urging upon them and learn to supply, with some fullness, a true matrix for what is now only a mock-up. But one must always beware a too-great fascination with the tricky triumphs of stage direction, above all when the writer himself turns his mind to its opportunism. The writer who turns his mind to stage

direction is probably running away from being a writer. Bertolt Brecht was at one time a writer. But Brecht, over the years, became more and more obsessed with stage effect as such. His theories of "epic theater" and of "alienation" are essentially theories of how to mount a play, how to make it behave in relation to an audience—often against what on paper seems to be the text. In *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* a terrified woman, carrying an infant, is forced to cross a spindly, dangerously weakened suspension bridge. If the sequence is taken at its face value, which is its text value, it will simply seem a clumsy, slightly parodistic, echo of a silent-movie chase, as it did in performance at Lincoln Center during the past season. I am told, however, that when it was played at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis a season or so back, the suspension bridge was suspended on the shoulders of two Chinese-style supernumeraries, instantly divorcing it from its literal across-the-gorge source. I am also told that the effect was charming. But the charm is a gleam in director Brecht's eye; as a writer he has provided only a diagram, instructions for assembling the theatrical toy on the night before Christmas, which is the last night of rehearsal.

Creative writing is a harrowing business, a terrifying commitment to an absolute. This is it, the writer must say to himself, and I must stand or fall upon what I have put down. The degree of self-exposure is crucifying. And doubt is a constant companion. What if I am not as good as I thought? is a question that always nags, and can cripple. Where, for whatever combination of reasons, there is a beginning failure of faith, a flagging of self-assertion, the writer quite naturally

looks for a possible way out. I am inclined to think that some such uncertainty—we may well be sympathetic to the creative man in crisis—overtook Bertolt Brecht midway in his career and that both theory and stage direction became his escape from an intolerable situation.

True or not true in this particular case, any absorption on the part of the *writer* with the mechanics of performance, any reliance upon these mechanics to supply a substantial portion of his effect, is a sign of creative faltering and a considerable loss to the theater itself. For the theater should not have to feed on itself, to conjure up its dinner out of thin air and devour it before it has vanished again. The fare and air both become thin indeed whenever this sleight of hand is resorted to, as a glance at any nineteenth-century melodrama—with its scenic effects supplanting all of the writing no one ever got around to—will testify.

Have we so despaired of the writer that we must do his work for him? Perhaps. Or perhaps directors are simply trying to indicate to him the new kind of work he should do. Whatever may be happening as nontextual elements take over—and it may just be the current passion for a Happening that is happening—we had best not go about our practices blindly, supposing that we are enriching the theater's literature by eliminating it. Whether we deliberately violate the text or, in an uprush of independent invention, dismiss it, we will do well to keep a memory of its ultimate value in our heads.

When a production that is mainly dependent upon a performance rhythm vanishes, we are left with nothing. When a production built firmly on a text closes, we are left with a playwright.

APRES L'OPERA

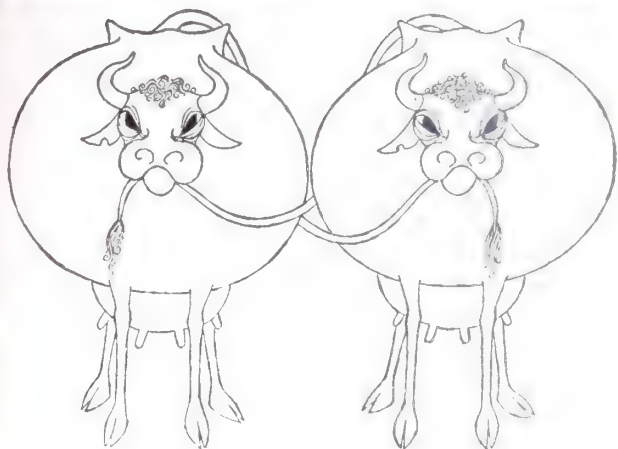
BY DAVID R. SLAVITT

I have watched you watch him, seen the dance
of your eyes to the hummingbird feet of the airborne Russian,
felt your pulse as the Italian tenor sang
trills on the vein in front of his forehead, and yours.

The dancer goes off with some boy, and the stout tenor
goes back to his countess, somewhere on Central Park South,
while we have coffee and walk five blocks to the car.

I will not tell you they are faithless gallants
while your ear still sings, your eye still dances, riding,
but know I am the *danseur*, lifting you up,
the tenor to your soprano. Hear my "Andiamo!"
a little above the speed limit, driving home.

ALL COWS ARE



MEAN

BY J. O. HARVEY

Why no amount of laboratory experiment can ever reveal the truth about the psychology of the cow—a mean, and dangerous lady, obsessed with sex, protocol, and social climbing.

I have before me a textbook on Animal Behavior. After reading the first few pages I decided that the author was no respecter of animals. As I labored on through the devious experiments, becoming more and more bewildered by the lack of rapport between the professor and his victims, I realized something I had long suspected—that our men of science have become so urbanized as to have lost all contact with intelligent animals.

Anthropologists allow myriad generations for Man to have perfected stone tools adequate to cope with large mammals, but Henry Ford devastated our continent of domestic animals in fifty years. He not only supplanted our animal kingdom with cars and tractors, leaving the general public in a vacuum of animal experience, but his Model T Ford seems to have inspired three generations of Deterministic Behaviorists.

After thirty years of raising and selling dairy cows, I have to report that the theories of the various behaviorists fail utterly with cows.

Cows band together in herds. Believers in Mechanistic Behavior explain the cow as “a creature of herd instinct.” On the other hand the Blood-and-guts Behaviorists, who discredit instinct as motivation, maintain that “social” ani-

mals herd together simply for purposes of breeding, vigilance, and defense. Now, I doubt if cows indulge in instincts, and I *know* cows do not depend on their herd for breeding, vigilance, or protection.

Take breeding. When the heat is on, any heifer over ten months old will leave her herd, fly over electric fences, run several miles, and mate with the least desirable bull in the county. If her affections are unrequited, she will hide out in the bushes for twenty-four hours. I prevent underage and undesirable mating by tying these sex obsessives with log chains in narrow stalls, and barricading the barn doors.

Cows need no help with their love affairs, and in combat they are rather more dangerous than their masculine counterpart, since the bull charges blindly with his head down, and the cow focuses on her victim with one eye, head up, body on a slight diagonal, ready to shoulder you down if you dodge one way, and catch you with her head if you dodge the other way. I had a Hereford who once tried to bite a chunk off a veterinary. Cows are mean.

If they have any instinct, it is to be mean. The behavior pattern of an expectant mother cow is

revealing. Unless she is locked in the barn delivery room, she leaves the herd and hides her silly offspring in the bushes. After a couple of hours she rejoins the herd and tries to act as if nothing had happened. The other cows take a "so what of it" sniff of the new mother and proceed to ignore her. A cow can only stand a few hours of being ignored and, besides, her distended udder is making her uncomfortable, so she returns to her calf, gets it up, feeds it, polishes it, and begins its training. For the next day or two, the mother cow will try to keep her herd in sight but will not join it until she has her calf well-disciplined and obedient. She will move the calf half-a-dozen times a day by keeping it hungry and making it come to her by voice command. Finally she struts back into the herd accompanied by the obedient calf.

A calf does not nurse instinctively. If the mother does not teach it, the herdsman has to, but the mother will not bother to nurse her calf if the dairyman relieves the pressure in her udder before the calf has "caught on." Cows with long hairs on their udders will hold up their milk, wean the nursing calf, and dry right up rather than suffer the discomfort of having the long hair pulled.

Their Social Ambitions

What a cow seeks from the herd is status. And, let's face it, ladies, cows are not the only women who regard a promising offspring as definitely status. When beef became more profitable than milk, I decided to have certain dairy cows bred to Hereford semen. Consequently, in addition to my herd of purebred Guernseys I have several crossbred Herefords. Three weeks ago a Hereford heifer had a spunky little white-faced daughter which was the envy of the entire herd. Grandmother Guernsey had to be restrained from interfering with the calf's feeding, and was so jealous of the little darling she pushed out a barn door, stole the baby, and had it hid out all morning. The proud mother, no longer a nonentity, now stands off Grandma with the cow's traditional stare of supercilious hostility.

In the forward of this textbook on Animal Behavior, the author says he has studiously avoided "anthropomorphic sentimentalism." (If he had

not I would not be able to spell it.) But I have no such scruples. I would count myself an inaccurate observer, or an unconvincing liar, if I did not remark that my cows enjoying an afternoon's rumination on a sunny hillside duplicate in attitude, gesture, murmured admonition, and condescending sniffs what one would see at an alumnae reunion or a PTA picnic.

Actually, cows do not join a herd; they are forced into a social pattern by some bitchy old dowager and by their own social ambitions. The homely brutes nourish prima-donna temperaments and domineering social pretensions. The cow, vigorously chomping her cud, is not dreaming of green pastures; she is plotting to do somebody in, or polishing her one-upmanship technique. This makes her much more of a society dame than a social animal.

Sheep are true herd animals and individual identities are completely submerged in the herd. Sheep follow a leader in blind trust. The cow, on the contrary, preserves her individuality by continually striving to better her herd standing. Cows seem to trail their leader submissively but every adult cow in the herd is just waiting watchfully for a chance to rebel, while the leader is ready to maintain her position by dirty tricks and physical violence. It is a kind of game with them; the prize is authority, represented by the Number One herd position.

My maternity ward is a box stall and represents special privilege. My Number One cow, Bossy, preempts it as her due when it is not in use for calving. Ordinarily, when I want my cows, I call Bossy. If they happen to be lying down, Bossy will rise with ponderous dignity and glare at each member of her herd, one after another, until they are all standing. Bossy will then march to the barn, pausing once or twice to glare back and make sure her platoon is properly marshaled.

When Number Three cow, July, was due for the maternity ward, I knew I would have trouble with Bossy, so when the cows came to the pond near the barn for water, I called July to come in. With the smug air of responding to a well-deserved honor, she came at once without waiting to drink. Bossy, knee-deep in the pond, exploded out of there and scrambled to intercept July. I barely had the gate closed behind July when Bossy arrived, bellowing with rage, and tried to break down the gate. Bossy was a violent and embittered misogynist until the new calf was weaned and July returned to her old stall.

Proud of her first calf and her promotion to the box stall, July was inspired to rise above her Number Three position. On her return to pasture,

Joan O. Harvey has been farming on eighty acres in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, since her graduation from the University of Pennsylvania in the Depression—except for time out overseas with the WACs during the war. She was born on that date, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister.

she refused to fall in line, but tramped alongside looking for a chance to pass Bossy's tossing horns. Bossy's track for two days was as erratic as a sailboat tacking into the wind as she hurried to intercept July's advances. Number Two cow, Princessa, would then try to lead the remainder of the herd down the path before Bossy returned to it. In the end, Princessa, who is almost too charitable to be a cow, finally resigned Number Two position to July, and July was triumphantly following Bossy through the barnyard gate when Bossy turned on her with two days' accumulation of animosity. I had to build a new gate.

Entertained by a Tractor

Such devotion to prestige and protocol may possibly be duplicated in diplomatic circles in the world's capitals. If the behavior pattern of a well-provided and luxuriously cushioned dairy cow is not the product of an active but idle mind struggling to entertain itself, the Blood-and-guts Behaviorists are wasting their time researching on animals. They should be out frisking high society for what they call "Endocrine Interrelations."

It is a pertinent fact that no human can be as excruciatingly idle and bored as an animal. Humans have words as counters for thoughts. We can pronounce a word with our lips and recall it with our minds; consequently we occupy our inactive moments mulling over family or business worries. An animal thinks with its nerves, senses, and muscles. A cow cannot pronounce the word "apples" in its mind, yet my cows have been so emphatically berated for breaching the fence under our apple trees that I can trigger their memories by saying, "Apples, girls," and send them off to-

ward the orchard. I find this ploy useful for getting my animals out of the barnyard when I am trying to haul manure.

With all its physical needs provided, a domesticated animal is many times more idle than a wild animal, and cows are always bored to death anyway because they have to stay awake an extra six hours a day to chew their cud. Since cows have to occupy these periods of fretful insomnia as best they can, any activity or change in their environs is of intense interest to them. Instead of being frightened by a tractor, for instance, cows are entertained by it. They will run along with the tractor, daring it to chase them, and, if allowed to investigate to their hearts' desire, will nudge and prod the machine out of kilter, and lick off the paint.

Cows are not only born busybodies and mischief-makers, they are quick to learn. Their suspicious and competitive disposition impels them to alert and analytical attention. No nuance of tone or gesture is lost on them, and their desire for praise, prestige, privilege, and leadership makes them apt pupils. Also, they have all the time there is to think about anything which affects them. They have nothing else to do.

A zoologist can accept the fact that cows control their calves and each other with audible commands since such utterances are classified by the authorities as "instinctive cries," permissible to lower animals. Abstract concepts such as good and evil, discipline and authority, inferiority and superiority are the unique prerogatives of *Homo Sapiens*. So when Bossy deserts her half-eaten breakfast in order to lead her associates through the barnyard gate, she could not possibly be declaring with mind and muscle, "Social position means more to me than food and drink." Or could she?

All animals communicate in a universal language easily understood by other genera and by such humans as are not completely hypnotized by mere words. Recently my neighbor's four-year-old daughter ran to me in great excitement, screaming that our saddle horse had "looked at" her over the fence. The mother mistook the child's excitement for fright, but I was about the same age as the child when I toddled out to our barn and began talking to the animals there as naturally as other little girls talk to their dolls. A young child knows so few words that it depends for information on facial expressions, voice tones, gestures, and motions. The horse had looked down deep into that child, recognized her as a fellow being, and said, "Hello, there."

An understanding of this basic, universal language is of key importance when it comes to milking, for neither bells, bruises, nor moral suasion





will induce a cow to let down her milk. She will part with just as much, or as little, as she pleases. I have a simple program for keeping milk production at phenomenal levels. The program begins the moment I decide a heifer calf is worth raising. Aside from her social aspirations a cow is a rational being. Unloved and unlovely, she is too cynical to hope for happiness, but she does like to be comfortable. An empty stomach and an overstrained udder make her physically uncomfortable, so I explain to my cows that a full milk pail earns a full feed bucket. Cows are particular to the point of being absolutely meticulous about anything which affects them; they know to within an ounce when their feed ration is slighted. For the benefit of Behaviorists, however, I will explain that in hand-raising my heifer calves, I am careful to show them that gaining my approval earns soft words and extra grain, but that misbehavior evokes, "Ouch, dammit!" and a whack. By the time a calf is a month old, it understands the words "good" and "bad" and what they portend. By milking age, my cow has the hearing vocabulary of a three-year-old child, but I can snatch away the feed bucket if it does not obey.

A Talking Digestive Tract

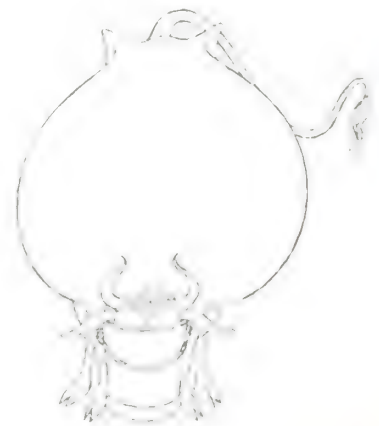
On a winter afternoon a warm barn fragrant with hay is a pleasant place, but it is not quiet. Cows are never quiet. They get up, they lie down, they bring up their cuds with the affected plop of an after-dinner speaker clearing his throat. They rattle their neck chains, bounce their salt blocks around in the manger, test every board in their stalls for weakness, and lean against the partitions, swaying rhythmically, delighted if the strained boards shriek and complain. Cows are always working on something.

They work on each other. If any other cow succeeds in making enough noise, Bossy commences with an irritated swish and thump of her tail, twists around in her stall and glares over at the offender. The offender, safely tied three stalls away, replies with a disdainful sniff. July, in the intervening stall, rattles her horns against her hayrack, nervously protesting, "Don't look at me. I'm not doing it." Princessa will sigh, "Oh, lay off you two."

These cows are practically shouting at each other. They also shout at me. Princessa grits her teeth to signify she is dying of hunger, and Bossy will put in her claim for attention by asking with a strangled gasp for a bucket of water. I give each of them a negative stare, as Princessa is too fat already, and Bossy only wants the water to urinate in her stall and make a mess for me to clean up.

For ordinary conversation a cow uses the entire length of her digestive tract. These murmurs, squeaks, and burbles are only audible to me as I sit milking with my ear close to the cow's abdominal wall, but when Bossy starts an argument the other cows pause to listen in unnatural quiet so I know their hearing is more sensitive than mine. When I am milking the cow talks not only to me but also discusses me with the rest of the herd. Bossy has to be milked first, and she can put every cow in the barn on the alert with, "Watch it, girls, she's feeling grouchy this morning." When Bossy is feeling smug and ready to be milked, she chomps, gurgles, and pops her cud at the north end as expressively as a gum-chewing adolescent, but if her sensitive ego feels frustrated, abused, or even slighted, her intestines twitch, rumble, squeak, and presently explode at the south end (the cow's vocabulary is not always fit for human ears). I abandon her immediately, taking her grain ration with me and exclaiming, "Bad, bad girl."

Bossy will yearn after her vanished meal, and



he behavior of my milk cows will be excellent—for about two weeks. Then Bossy will try that trick again. Cows are always on the make.

About 1910 our agricultural colleges began promoting a dairy-management program which called for keeping cows fastened in narrow stalls, year in and year out. Secured thus for the convenience of the management, and lavishly stoked with a procession of scientific nutriments, cows were supposed to lapse into a cooperative and contented stupor. For fifty years, dairymen have been going broke at the progressively disastrous rate of an annual 30 per cent, and the only ones in business now either turn their herds into pastures or exercise lots, weather permitting, or leave their cows free in a "lounging area," and bring them separately into a "milking parlor" for operations. These diminished herds continue to oversupply demand because somebody also started the idea of feeding cows after they were milked, one pound of grain for three pounds of milk. The idea spread, and the cows must have caught on fast, for the intelligent cow gives now three times as much milk as her pampered ancestor, thirty years ago. Since my cows are breeding stock I do not feed a high-protein milk ration, yet my cows part with four pounds of milk for every pound of feed.

A few days of storm shows exactly how cows react to confinement. While the blizzard howls, the cows shudder delicately when I open the barn door. They are not exactly grateful for their warm barn, but express their appreciation by complaining of drafts. The second day they are more murmurous. They shift in their stalls to watch each other, and I get the impression they are as conversational as a group of society matrons planning a charity ball to further their own ambitions. The third day finds the cows shouting at each other—and me. The veiled innuendos and subtle cattiness of yesterday's chatter have germinated into thwarted ambitions and insulted egos. If I cannot let those girls loose to work each other over, I know there will be hell to pay.

On the fourth morning, I am not surprised if I find that Bossy has slued around in her stall and deposited manure (a cow's substitute for thumbing its nose) on July's backside. In retaliation, July has tried to climb over the partition and is half-hanged with a foreleg hooked over her neck chain. Excited by July's struggles, May has forced out the front of her stall and is caught on the shattered boards with her head in the feed alley. Both the yearling calves will be wrong way to, in their stalls, and Princessa will be bellowing with concern, Bossy with rage, July with frustration. Down in the steer barn the Herefords will be

gloating, "Teehee, now you'll catch it." Cows have a genius for expressing their personalities.

When the moment for release comes, cows have to be sent out of the barn separately or they will linger in the passageway and try to swipe or ram each other in the doorway. Females are not necessarily ladies. Before I could buy fatherhood in a test tube, I had my own bulls; they either ignored their ladies' social activities, or attended them with mild disapproval, making no effort to suppress the riots. But the bulls, at least, were gentlemen.

I could appreciate their problems. My reverend father commonly had to negotiate with a wife, two organists, a choir leader, and a social director—all women, so when I found one of my bulls off in the woods all alone, down on his knees and either swearing or praying as he savaged a rotten tree stump, I just tiptoed away, leaving him to his private devotions.

The Brains They Need

People are wonderful; we are more fortunate than all other animals in being equipped with opposable thumbs, mouths capable of exquisite articulation, and limbs arranged so we can scratch wherever we itch. We are built for accomplishment. Yet, without our advantages, the other animals crossed the slippery glaciers, survived the hazards of the age of mammals, and got here. They survived, so they must have all the brains they need—which is more than can be said for a lot of humans in our Great Society.

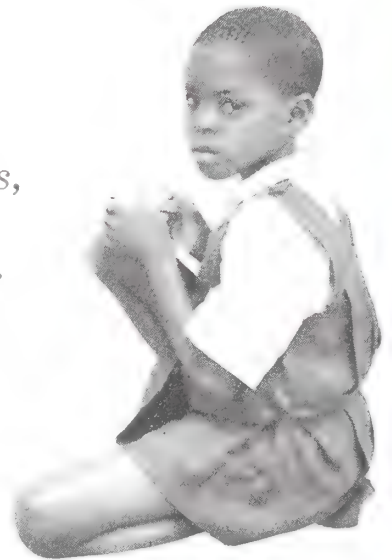
Personally, I cannot understand how anyone working with animals can fail to realize that humans are not as smart as they think they are, and animals are not as dumb as we think they are. The zoologist who virtuously refuses to interpret animal behavior as the result of rational processes, and discards embarrassing evidence as "anthropomorphic sentimentalism," is winning his game with loaded dice. When we know we have animal bodies, and that the animals have gray-matter brains, failure to establish anthropomorphic interpretation rather suggests that the researcher has not oiled his cogwheels recently.

From such a situation, I turn for contrast to the wisdom of a certain riding-stable instructor who roars at his advanced pupils, "You can't run a horse like it was a machine. That's flesh you got under you, not tin. It's got heart and feelings, so you've gotta have heart and feelings, too. And, by damn, you just better remember *the brute's only human!*"

A SCOTTISH MOTHER FOR AN AFRICAN TRIBE

BY NAOMI MITCHISON

A descendant of the tribe of the Macbeths, she was adopted three years ago by the young chief and the Bakgatla people. Now her duties range from looking after his leopard-skin coat to raising money to help build the dams for thousands of friendly—and newly independent—Africans.



One's life is changed without one's knowing it. This happened to me some eight years ago at a tea party I give every year in my house in Scotland to overseas students. There was a young African who moved with the controlled quietness of a deer watching one through thick branches. He seemed rather alone so I went and spoke to him, walked with him down through my ripening oat field to the sea. I did not know then that he was summing me up, deciding that he and his tribe needed me as Mother. This was Linchwe Kgafela, now Paramount Chief of the Bakgatla tribe of Bechuanaland. Young Linchwe, then twenty years old, was failing to get through those remarkably irrelevant exams which alone admit to higher European learning, but gobbling up economic theory, politics, philosophy, history, and watching, watching what was good in Europe and what evil.

I did not know then where Bechuanaland was. I found it on the map, a vast land locked between South Africa on the south and Rhodesia on the north.* From London, one flies south and south across the Equator, above the emptiness of Africa. This year, in April, for my fourth journey, I could no longer go by way of Johannesburg and the railway line that Cecil Rhodes and his Company cut across Bechuanaland in the 'nineties. That

Bechuanaland was set up as a British Protectorate in 1885, and it is scheduled to achieve Independence on September 30 this year.

forbidding little letter from the South African government came round to me, as it comes round in time to all who don't think it matters whether their friends' skin is black or white. Should I be able to go by Salisbury in white-ruled Rhodesia? If not, the best bet might be through Zambia, still farther to the north, with a two-day trip by Land Rover across dry scrub and take your own water.

As it turned out, I came by an ordinary small airplane from Zambia, dodging Rhodesia. When it landed outside our town called Mochudi I knew I was home and safe. There were arms around my neck, the words of greeting, a black hand picking up my suitcase, a car, the soft smoky smell of the Bakgatla, my own tribe. Mother (Mmarona) is back—I am taken for granted.

Only three years ago, I first went down there on Linchwe's invitation; but it seems a lifetime. He was still the Prince but going to be installed as Paramount Chief—the second Linchwe; his grandfather was the first. I thought it would be quite exciting, I might stay for a few days and then come back to my real life and interests. I didn't know that Linchwe and the tribe were going to prove me and then claim me for themselves forever. Because I didn't know about the tests and didn't realize that I was being watched, I had no difficulty, as in the fairy tales where the person marked for it always makes the right choice. Some of the tests were simply of Apartheid-mindedness

would I drink from the same cup, wash in the same bowl as the rest? That sort of thing didn't worry me. But it would drive an Afrikaaner or a white Rhodesian up the pole!

Though the claim on me was not explicitly made, they were all deciding: the uncles, the head men, the older women. The time came for Linchwe's installation, but who, I wondered, would look after the regalia, the leopard-skin cloak, the cap with leopard-skin trimming, the symbolic weapons? Suddenly I realized it was to be me. Much later, asking one of the senior uncles about this, he said to me, "The Mother takes the sharp end of the knife for the child." And his face looking at me wrinkled into smiles.

Sometimes the sharp end is thinking and planning for them, walking through the bush looking for dam sites, stumbling up stony paths and jaggling myself on huge thorns. Sometimes it is teaching in the secondary school or taking a special class. One of my big successes was a talk on the background of *Macbeth*, which they were having to do for an exam. Speaking in English, I told them—and it made them listen—that I really knew about it, because the Macbeths were ancestors of my own, which happens to be true; ancestors are important in Africa. Sometimes the sharp end is explaining to individual members of the tribe, who have got entangled in insurance agreements and such things, what they must do next. Sometimes it is asking for money for our plans. Sometimes it is answering official letters; but sometimes the sharp end has been the British Administration.

How We Kept Our School

Now in 1966 we are wondering how the Administration will change, for in September Bechuanaland gets Independence, as was agreed last year—with the British government only too glad to give it. The grants of land that Cecil Rhodes insisted on for white farmers have not made the British Protectorate a profitable land for Britain. The eight tribes of Bechuanaland, the Batswana, were given "reserves" in which they could do up to a point what they liked, retaining such of their laws and customs as were not repugnant to missionary-based thought and providing a useful pool of labor for white farming and industry since those native reserves were on the whole arid land which could support their population only in particularly good years. Because of prolonged drought, the 1960 years have not been good, and financial aid from Britain has doubled in the last eight years.

But the British Administration has resulted

sometimes in Civil Service cloud palaces—one of which would have involved closing all tribal secondary schools. When I hear the word "streamlining" officially used, I always bristle with suspicion. For my tribe, closing their school would have been a bitter blow; they had built it themselves, making the bricks and lime plaster, casting the concrete pillars, putting a voluntary tax on themselves, which for some of them meant going off for a year's work in the Republic of South Africa. The earliest schools were built almost forty-five years ago; a fourth primary is just finished. Of course the education was far from perfect. They had a habit of thinking that once the school was built the job was finished. But I could see that we had a potentially good staff, all African, partly refugee, at the secondary school; all that was needed was encouragement.

But an African in an only-just-emergent country has a strong sense of the pecking order: how could they go against what this wise white British Administrator had demonstrated to them was the best for everyone? They couldn't, but I could. We sat in the tribal office, the sun blazing hot outside and on the tin roof, the senior members of the tribe in dark suits, rather battered perhaps but correct by missionary standards, most even wearing socks and shoes, the Chief as chairman in the London clothes he still has, and which he wears with the same grace and panache as he equally has when wearing his usual shorts and sandals and gay cotton shirt. And I won't hide it from you that Linchwe is one of the handsomest young men in two continents—that is, if you go for poise and lightness of movement, with the smooth lines of jaw and neck, the curl-back of black eyelashes over agate eyes, the bloom on the brown skin like a ripe grape. From the chair, then, the Chief suggested compromise, but was cracked down on. However, I have had lots of experience in Scottish local government and so I went into action. I was watched to see if I was fighting properly, then the tribe came in behind me, one of them saying, "We are Queen Victoria's children and this is not democracy."

Naomi Mitchison, of the Haldane family of Edinburgh, made her reputation as a historical novelist with "The Corn King and the Spring Queen" in 1931. Her interest in politics and social problems has led her to support birth-control clinics in London, the sharecroppers in Arkansas, her husband's candidacy for Parliament (he was later made Baron Mitchison), and Scottish nationalism. Her new book, "Return to the Fairy Hill," to be published this fall by John Day, tells the story of her involvement with the Bakgatla tribe.



Chief Linchwe II

We won. We kept our school. A few months later the much encouraged staff got particularly good examination results. We built a community center, the schools competing with one another in carrying bricks. Here there are classes, concerts, dances, debates, and a reading room, much used by teenagers. We built a library and have planted shrubs all round it—but the goats

have got them! Those wretched goats that swarm over Mochudi eating anything they can get hold of, but yet are just now the only source of milk.

Brushed Clean Every Day

And what sort of town is this Mochudi, the capital of my tribe, where some 20,000 people live? Well, like the capitals of the other tribes of Bechuanaland (or Botswana* as it will be called, de-anglicizing the name), it is a bit haphazard. A number of wards, originally family groups under a headman, have coalesced to make two or three square miles of town in the valleys between low, heavily wooded rock ridges, once the home of lions and leopards. The houses are round or square, thatched with reeds or grass or tin-roofed. The round ones stand on platforms so that there is always somewhere to sit out of the sun—or in it during the few weeks of winter cold. Richer people have added gay little verandas; even the round houses, rondavels, usually have a couple of windows set in them and a door that opens and shuts.

These houses stand in family clusters inside the low walls of a courtyard, a *lapa* as we say. The openings in the walls, and sometimes the whole inner wall of a *lapa*, are painted with patterns, made usually with the fingers by the women of the house. One notices that they change from year to year; another pattern becomes fashionable. The floor is made of a mixture of earth and cow dung which makes a pleasant surface to walk on bare-foot. Inside the *lapa* wall it is all brushed clean every day with short whisks.

Much of the family life goes on there. The women pound *mabele*, the millet which is the staple food, in tall wooden mortars using a well-balanced

five-foot wooden pestle. But it isn't as easy as it looks and when I take my turn there is often quite a bit of friendly laughter. The grain has been damped overnight and makes a sourish porridge. The millet makes beer too, cloudy and pleasantly sour, wholesome and without too high an alcohol content. But the sad thing is that this year there is hardly any *mabele* for the women to pound. This is the sixth year of a worsening drought and probably not one farmer in a hundred will get any kind of crop. The world food program will bring in surplus American maize meal but it isn't the same thing.

But to go back to Mochudi. Outside the *lapas* it is often untidy but never dirty and squalid as a south European town can be. Everyone likes planting trees. Stick in a big branch at the beginning of the rainy season: with luck it will grow. So Mochudi is full of beautiful shade trees, African fig, acacia, and the great heavy *morulas* that in February drop quantities of fruit all round them, greenish yellow, with a tough skin to be rolled under one's hand on a stone and then a delicious spurt of tangy juice. Half the houses used to have an orange tree but very few have survived the drought. The owners have cut them right down to the ground in the hope that they could do with less water, but I am afraid very few will be left by the time we get good rains again.

There are bore-holes, either belonging to the tribe or to groups of individual tribespeople, at which the women wait with their pails to draw water, long patient lines of them in their faded cotton dresses. But this year most of the bore-holes are dry. This is all the harder on people who are naturally clean and like to wash themselves and their clothes.

There are no regular roads in Mochudi, but everybody knows where everybody else lives. Of course there is no street lighting, though people go around visiting on the nights of full moon and the children who have been so exhausted by the

Patterns in wall decorations inside the courtyard change from year to year.



**Tswana* is the stem of the word. The *Batswana* are the people; *Botswana* is the new name for the country; *Setswana* is the language.



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CONTINENTAL  The Proud Bird with the C



Whole families go out to the land during the planting and growing season.

heat that they sleep through the hot hours, come out and play, singing and skipping, playing feasts and marriages, the little girls in string kilts that show their pretty little behinds, the boys in even less. It is only when they grow up that they begin to walk apart.

I live up at the Chief's in his little guesthouse the size of an ordinary big room; mostly I sleep out on the veranda, where I can see the great arch of stars and wake early to the sound of voices and laughter. I used to wake to birdsong but since the drought almost all the birds have gone. Sometimes I find I am sharing the house with someone; occasionally it is a refugee from South Africa, someone used to the nonsense of Apartheid, who is shy at first, before realizing that this is Bechuanaland and, in Mochudi at least, nonracialism is a real thing. In the center of the town we have the office and the square of *kgotla*, the Chief's court, where meetings are held and policy discussed and where cases are heard and judged by Tswana law and custom under the shelter of dark branches. At one side of the *kgotla* square is the great kraal where Linchwe's father Chief Molefi was buried and the place of his burying wiped out forever under the perpetual churning of the hoofs of cattle. On the other side are the notices about the mobile banks which come once a week. So the two worlds meet.

When one leaves the town either by the moderately main roads or by one of a whole series of dust tracks, one comes to the cultivated land. It is the right of every tribesman or tribeswoman to grow crops on land in the tribal reserve. He or she just goes to the Chief and asks for a particular piece of land to cultivate. The request is practically always granted and there is no rent. But land is still the tribe's; only crops and cattle belong to private people. Whole families go out to the land during the planting and growing season.

Most plowing is still done by oxen, a team of six to each plow, but since the drought there are few oxen left, and this year any of the land which is cultivated has in fact been plowed by the few people who have tractors. There is much practical official encouragement for good farming and the Batswana learn quickly and eagerly. In the old days the hoeing was all done by the women of the family but now more and more is done by machine. But everything is useless without rain.

Cattle and Leopard Country

Beyond the lands again, twenty or thirty miles out from Mochudi, you begin to come to the cattle posts. This is the land where there is grazing and somewhere for the cattle to drink, either at natural pans and swamps or at bore-holes which have been sunk and paid for by groups of farmers. The number of cattle which each can have is limited and most of the herding is done by small boys. It is out at the cattle posts that they learn the old songs and riddles and play games and wrestle and run races. Now more and more of them are going to school and learning other things which may perhaps be more useful in the world as it is. But sometimes I wonder. At the cattle posts they drank plenty of milk, fresh or sour, and ate game which their fathers shot. They were a healthy lot with not much in the way of eye trouble or malnutrition. But this year will be different; there will be no fresh milk, only dried milk from more prosperous countries.

The cattle-post country is open bush, most fascinating when you get to know it, with its immense variety of shrubs and plants and insects, the thick dust on the ground pitted and marked, telling a continual story of buck or ostrich or bustard, snake or tortoise. Today most of the wild birds have moved far into the northwest to kinder land where there is water, but I have seen the herds of impala leaping all round me like tawny explosions. There are other beasts too, the cattle-killing lions that must be shot and the dangerous leopards that leap on a man out of a tree. My tribe have given me a leopard skin, so well cured that it is as light as silk. All leopard skins belong to the tribe. Sleeping under it I dream of my tribe.

Here and there in the bush the track leads you to a small village with a few hundred people living in it. Most of them have been built near natural pans or along the riverbanks. But if there is no longer any water in river or pans? From one village the women walk seven miles across the border of the reserve to get water from a bore-hole be-

longing to a white farmer, our nearest neighbor. How lucky we are that he is one of the comparatively rare white settlers who really think and act nonracially; he not only gives the water—at some inconvenience to himself—but gives it kindly as a good neighbor.

All these villages have some kind of *kgotla* where local quarrels are settled, unless they are so difficult or important that they must go to the Chief at Mochudi. They may have a store. We wish they had clinics, but that is far ahead. And by now most of them have some kind of school that will take the children through four grades and at any rate will make them literate in their own language. Any village willing to build a schoolhouse and house for the teacher will get windows and doors from the tribal treasury. Some of these children will go on to senior primary at Mochudi, but we have nowhere—yet—for the children to board. Usually there are relatives, but not always. My feeling is that over half of the children get some education and even a few words of English. But the older people in general only speak Setswana and this goes for the initiation group to which I have been assigned, the Makuka. These old ladies should teach me their songs, but I am dreadfully unmusical, though I would probably manage the dancing. But it is a very difficult language for a European, highly poetic, full of usages which are there because they sound nice, not because they answer to grammatical rules. I try but never get far.

But if we go beyond the tribal reserve? Well, if you go east you come to the edge of the Marico River, only too often dry, but when the pools are there, alive with flashing blue or tawny kingfishers and chattering monkeys. Then a high bank and

Friends in the courtyard at the Chief's house.



One of the teachers on her way to school.

on it a ten-foot barbed-wire fence, supposedly against cattle, a veterinary precaution. But also against people. For this is a boundary line with the Republic of South Africa, cutting my tribe in two as surely as the Berlin Wall cuts the people of another country. For half my tribe is over at the far side, though they hold Linchwe as their Chief and hope he will protect them as he said he would in the speech he made at his installation.

These are the kinds of situations which arise when countries thousands of miles away carve up the lands of other people in the interests of their own policies. It seems all right at the time. The new maps are drawn with the neat lines along rivers or parallels of latitude and longitude. Everyone looks the other way. And then comes the Congo.

What Chief Linchwe Wants

Nobody in Bechuanaland wants a war. They did not really worry until the policies on the two sides of the frontier became so markedly different and grew more so every month. No wonder the refugees cross the fence and walk exhausted into Mochudi, poverty, and freedom.

Of course we tease one another across tribes, grumble at one another, compete with one another at football. One of the Bechuanaland students I met in England was a Mokwena from the rival tribe. If we were cross with one another I called him a crocodile, for that is his tribal totem, and he called me a monkey. For *Kgabo*, monkey, is my tribal animal and word of recognition. It is also used to the Chief. Some people use it to me, his mother. But beyond that, it means a flame of fire and one of our riddling tribal songs tells of the little monkey who can also destroy a whole town in minutes.

To the north are the Bamangwato, the famous and largest tribe; Seretse Khama, the present Prime Minister who will be President of all

Botswana after Independence, is not the Chief, but the Bamangwato think of him as that. (He was trained at the London School of Economics and is married to an English girl.) But their area is very large and takes in more than one small tribe which has been conquered or assimilated, not always very willingly.

If you go far enough to the west you come to the Kalahari and the bushmen, who until lately were often serfs, looked down on by the Batswana, the people of Bechuanaland. But today there is a stirring of conscience. My own Chief shows no sign of wanting to be an ambassador or delegate to the UN, but has told me how much he wants to be Minister in charge of the bushmen, not trying to change them or make them live in towns, but helping them to live the life they are so clever at, with just a little more security and ease, and with a chance of education if, and only if, they want to have it.

Before we get to the western boundary there are two or three big villages and there are also the two earth dams which we built last year, eking out the funds we had from OXFAM (the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief) with our own labor, unpaid but fed. I helped to buy and take out the bags of meal and salt. The wives cooked porridge and doubtless scraped the pots. Even the little rain we have had has half-filled the dams. But there are only two. We look forward to a time when the whole face of Bechuanaland will be studded with the blue eyes of dams where every drop of the precious rainwater is saved.

Even so, these dams are almost bound to be dry

half the year, at best four months out of twelve. They will not do for irrigation. To get that we need to drain the Okavango swamps in the northwest and carry the water down to the dry areas by canal or pipe. This must be a national project, not a tribal one. In engineering, it will be simple, but where is the money to come from?

Water. We have had six drought years, getting progressively worse. Whirlwinds suck off the topsoil. There is not a blade of green nor a leaf on the trees below the top stretch of an ox's neck. But how few oxen and cows are left! Last year a man might have been rich with a hundred or a hundred and fifty head of cattle. Now he has not one. Their bodies dropped, skin and bone, in the bush. If they were found in time they were skinned, and the meat, such as it was, eaten. If not, the vultures are the only living creatures that thrive today.

Water. It is a praise word. One who makes a good speech gets his applause as "*Pula pula—water, water!*" Water is life. In all Mochudi there were only two or three bore-holes with water in them when I left at the beginning of last November. But then the Bakgatla were expecting the rains. A heavy rain very late in the season came too late for cotton or beans or maize, though everyone plowed quickly and planted a small crop of *mabele*. Now we are working to mend one of the dams by organizing a Work for Food program. Chief tries to appeal to people's pride, that they must do something for themselves; but it will have to be said over and over again. When I return the next time, my friends will be thinner; I shall feel the bones of their faces against my cheek.

Looking at oxen in the kraal—but how few are left! Last year a man might be rich with a hundred. Now he has not one. (Photographs by the author.)



ANIMALS IN THE HOUSE



A STORY

BY NANCY HALE

On the morning of the day her husband would get back from the Bar Association meeting, Persis Hughes woke early and went down to get breakfast, in the old stone house the Hugheses had rented for the summer from friends named Stowe. They had only been in it a week. Just managing the two queer stoves, the antiquated soapstone sink, was still a challenging novelty to Persis. The kitchen wasn't entirely strange to her, only unfamiliar to be in charge of; she had helped Eleanor Stowe on a number of weekend visits, and in theory knew how things were operated. Like most of the Stowes' friends, Persis had always admired the air of authenticity of their inherited house, and had been glad to rent it. Robert, her husband, who would have preferred something newer, hadn't objected.

She opened the back door that led out to a yard and leaned on the doorframe, breathing in delicious July air, tinged with salt and wild roses and sweet fern. It was, at this hour, still cool. When she shifted her position, a rabbit she hadn't noticed disappeared into the brush where the mowed grass stopped, twitching his cottontail. Birds flew out from under the eaves of the house where it made an angle with the kitchen wing; they had a nest in there. Persis had no idea what kind of birds they were. Her son, Bobby, said he would look them up in his bird book, but of course hadn't. Robert was not interested in birds.

She closed the door and turned around facing the kitchen, anticipating the pleasure of carrying a cup of coffee into the yard and drinking it in solitude, the way she had yesterday morning and the day before. She'd seemed to catch a whiff of some old, simpler happiness; something half-remembered from long ago.

The walls of the kitchen were stone, and white-washed. The ceiling was bare boards and rafters. The sink had brass faucets, and next to it were old-fashioned set tubs covered with planks. There was a round black iron stove—a Shaker stove, Eleanor said—to give heat on nippy mornings, and a venerable electric range, its enamel indelibly marked with stains, for cooking. The burners took ages to heat up, irritating Robert. Nothing was convenient. But that had seemed the point, when Persis was deciding for the house. Somehow it seemed more genuine than having everything new and streamlined; more honest than her customary way of life in a city apartment.

She put on the kettle with water for drip coffee, to boil, and inserted two slices of bread into the toaster. She took orange juice in a glass jar from the noisy old refrigerator. She set a round tin tray with a plate, cup, saucer, and glass, and was just picking up the jar from the kitchen table to pour orange juice into the glass when she noticed a point sticking up out of one of the two lids of the black iron stove. Triangularly shaped, the point stuck up through the hole where you put the lid-lifter in.

Persis set the jar down, went across the big kitchen to the stove, and peered at the triangular point. It was dark gray, and trembled. With the lifter, she took off the other lid. After a second's frantic commotion, a bird burst up out of the stove and began flying around the room in great whirling sweeps.

The stove lid crashed from Persis's hand. She stood like a woman trapped in a bad dream, hands to her hair, eyes following the bird, helpless to move. Without shifting anything but her eyes she looked at the living-room door. The chance that

he would take if she opened it, of letting the bird out into the rest of the house, seemed too terrible. A bird loose in the house! Persis's eyes returned to that fearful zooming.

Crash! The bird hit the window over the set tubs and dropped into the sink. In another moment it was up and out again, and again circling the room; but in the meantime Persis had rushed into the living room and closed the door after her.

"Bobby!" she called. "Come quick! There's a bird in the kitchen!" She started toward the stairs to run and shake her nine-year-old son awake.

He was at the top of the stairs before she could reach them—in rumpled pajamas, face pleased and intent as he tore down the stairs in bare feet and ran across to the kitchen door. Persis followed, her panic gone. Bobby threw her a conspiratorial glance as he silently opened the door. Understanding it, she slipped in instantly after him.

When they were in the kitchen, she leaned against the living-room door, trembling, her hands behind her back as she watched Bobby stand watching the bird. As soon as it dashed itself against a window again and dropped down to the sill, he was there beside it, with both hands surrounding the bird's body—gently, with some kind of physical wisdom. He threw his mother a nod; she sprang to open the outside door. Bobby went to the door, stepped out, and let the bird fly out of his hands. He stood and watched it fly away to the top of a tree, where it sat on a branch twitching its feathers.

Persis began to laugh. She was thankful Robert had not been there to witness her shame. Bobby gave a little, pleased laugh, too, as though surprised and delighted at the way the day had begun. He came in and sat down at the kitchen table.

"My, you handled that well!" she said. "How did you ever know how?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I d'no," he said.

"I was scared," she said.

He looked at her with gray, liquid eyes—calm, interested. "Were you?" he said, conversationally. He took a plum out of the bowl of plums on the table, and began eating it, watching his mother as she moved about the kitchen to get breakfast.

"I could never have touched it, the way you did," she went on, taking the milk out of the refrigerator

which, at the slamming of its door, burst out again into noisy throbbing. She took Wheaties, the Breakfast of Champions, from the pine cupboard that was more than a hundred years old. "I couldn't have borne to put my hands on it, I don't know why, exactly," she was saying, when out of the open hole in the iron stove—she had never replaced the lid—flew a second bird.

Now again she had to lean weakly against the living-room door; but now Bobby was with her and once more went into action—waiting till the bird, in its wild circlings, stunned itself against a window, then smoothly covering it with his small brown hands. Persis held the outside door open again, and Bobby released the second bird.

When it, too, had flown off, she shut the door. She came and dropped down at the table. Bobby leaned over the Shaker stove. Putting his face down close, he peered into the hole.

"Musta come down the stovepipe," he declared joyfully and came and sat down at the table beside her. "They musta had a nest up there, and something shook them down. Boy, was I surprised! Another bird! Boy!"

"What kind were they? Do you know?" she asked.

"Starlings, I *think*," he said cordially, as though being asked were an agreeable surprise. "I'll look them up in my book."

"Please do. You were *going* to look up the birds under the eaves," she reminded him. "I'd like to know the name of what scared me so!—What would I have *done*, if you hadn't known what to do," she continued, dramatically. "There I stood, frozen to the ground! As if I were somebody in a castle, locked in a spell. Maybe forever!" Feeling much better, she got up and went back to getting breakfast.

"Boy!" Bobby said fervently, and shook his head at her plight. "—Hey, Mom," he said. "I was going to take that boat out of the cellar and put it in the water, remember? How about it?"

"That was before your father went to New York," she said. She turned around and looked at him, troubled. "Maybe he can help you when he gets back," she said.

Bobby wriggled in his chair. "I know. But we could *try*."

"Okay," she granted.

She would grant him anything, but she was sure they were not going to be able to get that huge, dry, old blue dory out of the Stowes' cellar by themselves. She began casting about in her mind for somebody in this unfamiliar neighborhood she could ask to help. Thinking about the boat, making the coffee, fishing the hardened toast out of the

Nancy Hale's first novel was *"The Good Die Young"* (1932); others that have been read are *"The Prodigal Women"* and *"Black . . . mer."* Her stories have appeared in *"Harper's," "The New Yorker,"* and elsewhere. She is married to Fredson T. Bowers, head of the English Department of the University of Virginia.

toaster and making fresh, setting her tray on the kitchen table and commencing to eat breakfast there, she could tell—the way in a dream, sometimes, she could tell she was asleep—that the memory of her panic over the birds had dissolved and drifted away.

Late that afternoon, while she was raking up weeds she had pulled out of the zinnia bed beside the front door, she saw a big woodchuck. He was on the other side of the front yard, hurrying along with fussy, bumbling steps in front of the tangle of raspberry canes. She straightened up to watch him, and at that moment spied Robert walking up the hill in the jaunty hard straw hat he affected, with its red-and-blue fraternity ribbon, carrying the evening paper from the box by the road.

It seemed a fortunate juxtaposition of events. She followed the woodchuck with her eyes as he dove into the raspberries, and turned, laughing, to greet her husband, who kissed her enthusiastically.

"I've seen more *animals!*" she began. "Rabbits, and you should have seen the enormous woodchuck that just ducked into the bushes. Wildlife all over!"

"That's fine," Robert said in his rather nasal, witty voice. He was tall and well-built. The smooth, shiny, tanned skin on his face bore not the slightest line or wrinkle; his hair was thinning gold-color. His mouth was wry. Persis had often noticed how many lawyers did have wry mouths. As they strolled nearer the house he put his arm around his wife.

"Oh, and the birds," Persis suddenly could not stop herself from saying. "There were birds in the house, this morning. They came down through the kitchen stove, and flew all around. I was terrified. I had to get Bobby. I just couldn't *stand* it."

Robert paused on the path. "Why, on earth?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Sort of a panic."

He was silent as they climbed the granite steps to the house—nursing his contempt for her cowardice, she supposed. Something made her say, flirtatiously, "Aren't you going to sympathize with me? I was really *terrified*."

He gave her a small, embarrassed smile. "Well, since you ask me, no," he said, quite seriously. They paused together on the top step, and turned around to look at the sea. This was always done on the top step. When they'd visited the Stowes here, the Stowes had always done it, and the Hugheses had inherited the custom. "I can't sympathize with something silly," he said. "I would if there was something to sympathize *with*."

She felt angry at being preached to. Times she

had sympathized with Robert flashed, synoptically through her head. She'd sympathized with him she thought, because he needed sympathy, not because she didn't think he was—sometimes—silly. But if she said that, she would have to say that she sometimes thought him silly; and he wouldn't like that a bit. Persis held her tongue.

"What did you do about the stovepipe?" Robert asked.

But an urgent topic had suggested itself to Persis. She launched into it. "Bobby's dying to get that boat into the water," she said. "It would be good for him to have a boat, don't you think so? I wondered. Would you help him get it out of the cellar, maybe after supper?"

"Well, but not tonight," Robert said. He took his arm away. "I'm *tired*. It's been a rough two days you know."

Persis remembered she had not yet asked him about the meeting. But it seemed more important to get the problem of the boat settled.

"Just it would mean so much to him. To get it out tonight," she said.

"No doubt," Robert said. He tossed the folded newspaper down on the table in the living room they had walked into. "He'll have to get used to the fact his father is a working man."

"Oh, Robert! Please!" she cried. Why did she have to cry out like that? She knew how Robert hated emotion. "He's so dependent on you for love! You know boys *need* their fathers. . . . Can't you be a little more interested in what he does?" She stopped, trembling. Then she went on. "He needs a boat this summer, Robert. And you're the only person who can help him get it out of the cellar. I tried, this morning, but we didn't get anywhere."

"I have seldom heard," Robert began in a courtroom manner, "a more extravagant statement. I am far from the only person who can help him. There is, to start with, the man down the hill, married to the egg woman—what's her name. There are, in addition, those three great louts who sell lobsters on the wharf. There are the various men who come to the house in the course of the day—garbage, laundry."

"But they're not logical people to help! You're the logical person!"

"*Logical!*" Robert said, hooting. "I'm tired! Why do you pick on me?"

"How *could* I ask them to help? They've got work of their own. They're not odd-job men."

"Pay them," he said.

"They'd think it pretty peculiar, getting paid to help a little boy with a boat when he's got a perfectly able-bodied father."

"My dear Persis. It's immaterial to me what they think."

"—To say nothing of how Bobby will feel. His own father, it willing to help him!"

"If you keep babying that boy, Persis, you'll make him into a monster. Expecting everybody to stop what they're doing to wait for him."

She laughed, bitterly and ironically. "Nobody could say you dropped anything to wait for him," she said.

"It's not kindness, what you're doing. Spoiling him."

She couldn't speak for anger. She could see Bobby's pleased, interested face before her eyes.

How could she express to Robert

how unspoiled she knew he was? She couldn't even begin. She could only compare that face with the ever, confident one before her. There was no use speaking anyway. By this time, there wasn't the chance in a million Robert would help Bobby with the boat. He'd argued himself into a position where it was impossible.

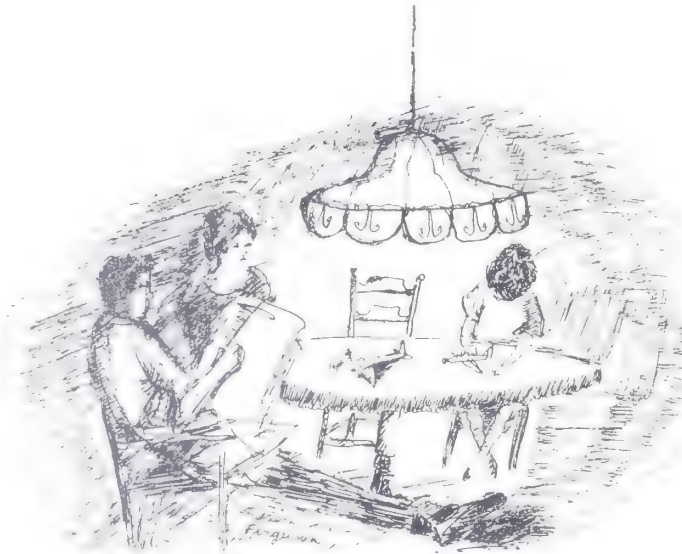
They had been standing up, facing each other. Now Robert picked up the evening paper and plopped into the chair by the window. Putting on his glasses, opening the paper, he buried his face in the news.

"Why can't we have a normal family life, all doing things together, instead of everybody off doing things separately?" Persis exclaimed. She realized it was the most irritating thing she could say. It would have irritated her.

Robert made no reply. He merely lowered the paper, and over his glasses gave her a long, withering glance.

After supper they sat together peacefully in the living room, while mammoth moths and June bugs rattled against the screen door. Robert was reading the reports of the meeting he'd been to, Persis mended socks to mend. Over at the dining table, under the strong overhead light, Bobby was mending aalsa-wood airplane model he had triumphantly completed the week before. Then tragedy had struck; in the darkness of his bedroom he'd tripped on it. Persis kept glancing up from her work to watch his hands as they moved skillfully among the bits of wood—applying glue, pressing delicate tips of wooden rods together.

After a while Bobby slipped out of his chair. "Hey, Mom," he said. "I'm going over to Junior Perkins'. Okay?"



She looked at her watch. "It's eight-thirty," she said. "You be back by ten."

"Okay."

Robert raised his head from the pile of reports. "Is that all you're going to say?" he said.

"Me?" Bobby paused in his dash across the room and looked at his father, with his receptive expression, his mouth slightly curved in the beginnings of a smile.

"Aren't you going to say, 'Thanks, Mother, I'll be back at ten?'"

"I *did* say—"

"No you didn't. You said Okay, or Hey Mom, or some similar locution. You didn't even ask your mother if you could go. You told her you were going."

"Gee, Mom, I'm sorry," Bobby said. "Oh—thank you and I'll be back about ten."

"At ten," his father said.

"At ten," Bobby said. Edging over to the front door he opened it and slipped out. Sneakered footsteps could be heard running down the stone steps.

Persis was looking at Robert, hoping he would look up so that she could smile forgivingly at him, when they first heard the noise. Persis dropped her work, sat up straight, and said, "What's that?"

Robert stiffened. "I don't hear anything," he said, though she could tell he had.

She went back to her sewing. In another moment the noise came again; a sort of clattering thump.

"It sounds upstairs," she said. She glanced at Robert, wondering if saying that would make him take a stand against going to investigate.

"More like outdoors, to me," he said.

She had to smile. But there was nothing funny about the noise. "I wonder what it can be," she said.

"Most likely birds," Robert said. "More birds."

"Honestly!" she said. "Birds!"

"Outside," he added in a patient, explaining voice. "Birds outside. In the trees."

"Birds don't bang around outside in the middle of the night in the trees," she said.

"Look, Persis," he said. He put down the report he had been reading, in his lap. "What's the matter with you? Do you *want* it to be something bad?"

"What do you mean?" she began; but the noise interrupted her.

This time Persis snatched the flashlight from the table, ran upstairs, and tiptoed into the bedroom that opened onto the upstairs porch. As she got near the screen door, she heard the noise again, outside. Carefully she locked the screen door. Then she switched the flash on, and moved its beam around the dark porch.

At first there seemed to be nothing; but then she saw it—a raccoon, standing half in, half out of the bars of the railing that enclosed the porch. Its head was turned and it wore an intelligent expression on its face, with the spectacled markings, as though about to reply to a question.

Persis tiptoed away to the top of the stairs.

"Robert! Come quick! *Quick!* I want to show you something," she hissed. Waiting impatiently, she realized she shouldn't have told him to be quick if she didn't want him to be slow.

When he got upstairs, she led him to the porch door. For a moment, searching the darkness with the flash, she feared the raccoon had gone away, and began to imagine with what impatience and incredulity Robert would receive her story. He'd never believe there had been a raccoon, up here.

Then she spotted it. It was on the roof that came down to one end of the porch, and it was backing up. When the beam of light struck its face, it stopped short, head turning to look at them, with that responsive, intelligent expression.

She heard Robert chuck.

After they went downstairs again she said, "Wasn't that fantastic? We seem to be completely surrounded by animals."

"Hardly surrounded," he said.

"I only meant it's interesting," she said. "It's probably the same raccoon as the one that's been at the garbage can. Don't you think it's a little peculiar—a raccoon on the roof? On the upstairs porch? Everywhere?"

"Not everywhere," he said. "Actually, I think he was trying to figure how to get down off the

porch. Looked as if he might have been scared; go back whatever way he came up—up some tree, I suppose—and was looking for another way down."

"But why should he go *up* on the porch?"

"Search me."

They heard it, then—the raccoon, high on the roof of the steep-gabled house.

"You see? He's going over the top," Robert said, sounding gratified. "He's crossing over to where it isn't so high off the ground—the shed back of the kitchen, likely."

She nodded, and a minute or two later she heard a rattling in the garbage can by the back door. Persis went to scare the raccoon off, as she had learned to do since the night when the raccoon overturned the can, spilling garbage all over the yard. "Boo!" she shouted out the back door, clapping her hands together.

Something, at any rate, shuffled off in the darkness.

"Are we saved from imminent peril?" Robert asked when she returned to the lighted room.

"For the nonce," she replied, smiling at him.

He smiled back, but just then the telephone rang. Robert and Persis exchanged looks. The Boy's Association won over the trip to the garbage can, and Persis answered the telephone.

It was Eleanor Stowe, calling to see how they were making out in the house. Persis praised the view, the weather they were having, the peacefulness, and then she cried, "Oh! I haven't told you about the raccoon!"

"Him again," Eleanor said.

"I *gathered* he's a regular visitor. Tonight he was up on the porch off your room. What do you suppose he was after?"

"I have no idea," Eleanor said. "Schemeswise he's miles ahead of me. For heaven's sake, don't let them in."

"Them?"

"I'm not sure it's always the same raccoon," Eleanor said. "There may be a big family, for all I know. Generations of them. This has been going on for years. . . . You know the Jenkins? Down the road in Harborport? I think they came to dinner last summer when you were staying with us."

"Oh, yes. The architect."

"They have a cottage on their place, that they used to rent summers. But now they can't any more because the raccoons moved in. They can't get them out. They hired an exterminator, and tried everything anybody suggested, but the raccoons are still there. In the attic. Everywhere. They took over the house."

"How awful!"

"Isn't it? Creepy. Well, just don't let them in, that's all. The way they got entrenched at the Jenkins' is, the last people who rented it left the cellar door standing open when they left. Just be sure to keep the doors closed."

"I will," Persis said.

As she hung up, a sense of horror at the idea of a house wholly possessed by raccoons filled her; then she turned, dramatically, and told Robert about the Jenkins' cottage. She thought the story would take him aback a trifle. Things sometimes were awful, were frightening; she was not such a fool! After she had finished, she paused to let the lesson sink in.

Robert only said, "Very interesting. They have a problem there," and cleared his throat. "It's ten o'clock," he said, checking his wristwatch. "Bobby takes the most outrageous advantage of your softness, dear. You let him get away with murder."

Persis threw him a sharp glance. Then she picked up her mending. "He'll be back in a moment," she said serenely. "He never lets me down."

"Indeed," Robert said.

"Yes," she said. In her mind she began to count—one, two, three, four . . . forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven . . . betting with herself the way she used to when she was a child, that the thing she wanted to happen, would happen, by the time she got to a hundred. Then to two hundred. Then to three.

"Ten-twenty!" Robert exclaimed at last. "So Bobby never lets you down! He ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Oh, Robert," she said. "Why do you have to get so mad at him?"

"I'm not mad! I just want to make something out of him. *Somebody's* got to train him."

"You don't appreciate the wonderful, tentative quality of childhood," she said, irritating even herself.

Robert compressed his lips. Persis felt a longing for this issue of the child to be once and for all settled between them. It seemed always in the way.

Then Bobby walked in. He opened the door, rather, and slipped in—casting an apprehensive look at his father as he shut the door after him silently, and stood waiting, with a self-conscious smile, at the front of the living room. "Hiya, folkses," he said, after a moment's silence.

Robert rolled up his eyes. "You never learned to say that in this house," he said.

"It's meant for a joke," Persis said. "Junior Perkins' mother says it."

"Oh. Ha-ha," Robert said. He shut his wry lawyer's mouth. Then he pushed his glasses down to

the end of his nose and turned to inspect his son. "Why are you twenty minutes late?" he said. "You told Mother you'd be in at ten."

Bobby rubbed one sneaker against the other and shrugged his shoulders. "I d'no," he said.

"Oh, Robert," Persis said. "It's not all that important."

Robert turned his gaze on his wife. "Oh, it isn't?" he said. "All right. Have it your way. I resign," he added.

Persis laughed to show Bobby his father didn't mean it. "Get on now," she said to him. "It's late. Bed for boys! I'll be up."

Robert put the report down again. "You mean that, after this, you're going up to say good-night to him?"

It seemed a reasonable concession. "No," she said. "I *won't* be up. You were late, darling, and you must learn not to be. Say good-night, now."

"Oh," Bobby said. "Well . . . good-night." Skirting his father's chair he came around and kissed his mother. Then he kissed his father humbly, his mother thought, without any resentment. He let them do whatever they chose to him, and then humbly kissed them.

She watched Bobby go slowly upstairs. His small, young neck was held up straight, and he rubbed his hand thoughtfully along the unpainted plaster as he passed. Up he climbed, until the stairs took him outside the range of her vision.

"Well!" Robert gave Persis a reconciliatory smile. She knew he wanted her, too, to feel delighted that Bobby had gone to bed. Soon he would be asleep, and they could be alone.

She finished the pair of socks she had been making neat darns in, folded them into a ball, and rose. She stuffed her darning egg and needle case back into her work box. It was a gesture that felt oddly familiar to her, as though she had watched a hundred women immemorially make it. "I'm tired," she said. "I'm going to bed."

"Sorry you're tired," Robert said. He sighed. In the lamplight he lifted his smooth face to receive her kiss. "Good-night. Don't let the raccoons bite."

"I'll try not to," she said.

She went off up the stairs without looking back.

When she looked into Bobby's room, his even breathing in the darkness told her he was asleep already. She went to her room and started undressing; her heart ached. Time slipped by so fast. Soon she would have no child at all. She went into the bathroom and began to brush her teeth. The mechanical routine of brushing soothed her, so that she forgot her sorrow.

The bathroom window, which overlooked the

backyard where the trash can stood, was shut; but something was clawing gently at the glass from outside. A stiff tendril of grapevine, Persis told herself. She told herself that she had heard this scratching sound before.

Only surely she had not heard it before? Quite as well as the grapevine, it could be the raccoon scratching at the window. He was so intelligent, he could do anything. The other night when he upset the can, he'd had to turn the handle of the can down, unlocking it, to do so. Persis allowed herself a sharp glance at the dark windowpane, just in case the intelligent face of the raccoon really were there, peering at her out of the night, with its questioning gaze. What was in that mysterious animal mind? What did he want of her?

She kept on brushing her teeth diligently to quiet her fears, but the scratching noise kept on. Perhaps the raccoon had his mate with him. Two raccoons, scratching at her window! Perhaps more! Perhaps all those raccoon generations Eleanor had conjectured were ranged around this house—prowling around it, over the roof, up on the porch, at the window, at all the doors, making their unfathomable animal plans.

Persis laid her toothbrush down on the glass shelf. She was shaking. She wanted to call Robert, but there was no use in that. He would only say that there *were*n't animals ranged all around the house. He would say they were *not* plotting to get in. He would say she was being foolish.

But feeling foolish only made her more afraid. Her mind, pinned in, sought everywhere, in fancy, for help. All through the downstairs of this house it hurried, wringing its hands, looking for—the mop? the poker? —It climbed the stairs, frantic to find something; somebody.

And there lay Bobby, in bed and sweetly breathing in his sleep.

He'd sit up, surprised and pleased to be awakened, and so interested in what she had to tell him. "My, I was scared!" she'd say. "You were?" he'd say. And then, naturally, she wasn't scared any more.

Of course, she couldn't really go and wake him up, she told herself. But, her now-peaceful train of thought continued as she put cold cream on her face, she would tell him in the morning.

In the morning, down in the kitchen in the radiant morning sunshine, she would tell him all about the raccoons. She'd begin with the raccoon on the upstairs porch tonight—in the tension after Bobby got in, she hadn't had a chance to. She could imagine how his eyes would shine. "On the porch, Mom?" he'd ask. "He turned around and looked at you?"

"Yes," she'd say, nodding, knowing how interesting she was being. "He turned around with this questioning look. Maybe he was saying, in raccoon language, 'What do you want?'" Bobby would love that.

Her mind paused, then, as she was getting into bed, and she thought, No. He wouldn't love that any longer. He had passed the age of enjoying anthropomorphic animals. Lately he liked getting facts about things as they really were.

So she wouldn't tell him about the scratching at the window, after all. Persis turned out the light. But she would tell him about the raccoon's crossing high up over the roof. And about there being other raccoons, generations of raccoons... ranged outside all the openings of this house... in the night. . . .

"Persis!" Robert was shouting at her from downstairs. She had been practically asleep.

She jumped up and ran to the top of the stairs. Robert was standing at the bottom, his face dark crimson in the light from the living room.

"What in hell do you think you're doing, leaving the back door unlocked?" he demanded when he saw her.

She started downstairs in her nightgown, blinking. "Well... you were still up," she said, confused. "I didn't know I needed to lock up *yet*."

"God damn it!" he said. "You talked to Eleanor. You know how important it is to keep the god-damned raccoons from moving in. . . ."

She stopped and stared at him. She was close enough, now, to see his eyes, and see in them, hidden behind the anger, fear—pent up, inadmissible.

She would never be able to understand how Robert's mind worked. She did know anything she said now would be wrong, whether in recognition, pity, or sympathy. She came the last three steps down the stairs and put her arms around him.





RUSSELL OF GEORGIA

THE OLD GUARD AT ITS SHREWDEST

BY DOUGLAS KIKER

he political genius of this diehard Southern conservative rescued Harry Truman from his most dangerous crisis and may one day perform a like service for Lyndon Johnson—and the nation.

If the day ever comes when Lyndon Johnson decides there is no alternative but to withdraw United States forces from Vietnam and leave that troubled land to its own destiny, his most valuable supporter in the Congress will be Senator Richard Russell of Georgia.

On the other hand, if Johnson orders a further escalation of the war, the most outspoken defender of that decision will be the same Richard Russell, who in fact is also a major backer of the Administration's present limited-war policy.

As more than one Democratic President has learned—and as Lyndon Johnson long has known—this ultraconservative Southerner is a highly knowledgeable, sophisticated politician who can be uniquely useful to Presidents when he chooses.

Of his conservatism there can be no doubt. To civil-rights advocates he is the ultimate legislative enemy, while states' rightists cherish him as their champion. With few exceptions he has opposed the Great Society just as he opposed the New Frontier. During the Cuban missile crisis he urged Kennedy to invade Cuba. He is a "big-dumb" man who has voted against the nuclear-test-ban treaty and foreign aid. Political cartoonists commonly picture him in a Confederate general's uniform or with a committee chairman's savel in his raised hand—a symbol of domestic conservatism, legislative obstruction, committee rule, and the evils of the seniority system.

He has indeed been all those things. But he is in addition a highly complex personality, feared and respected at both the Pentagon and the CIA as a father figure. And back home he is a high prince of state politics, beyond criticism or meaningful challenge.

Brusque and remote of manner and ascetic in his tastes, he is known also for his kindly, gentle nature and for a monumental sense of honor. At sixty-eight, he has a worrisome cough and a near-photographic memory; he frets at times that his thirty-three years of service in Washington have permitted Georgia voters to forget him.

His Washington home is a small, impersonally furnished apartment. A bachelor who says his one major regret is that he never took a wife, he makes work his whole life and always has done so. He has no social life, no intimate friends, pays meticulous attention to detail, and doesn't like to delegate authority. He is a loner ("He who travels, travels fastest alone," his father once advised him) who keeps his office under his hat and his staff generally in the dark.

His hard work has borne rich reward, however. People come to him. His name would be included today—as twenty years ago—on any list of Washington's dozen most powerful men. President Johnson calls him regularly for advice. He is a frequent guest at intimate White House dinners. And he has attained the ultimate mark of prestige in a town where politics is approached as a sport by its fans. For he is one of those special personalities about whom there exists a "theory."

It concerns his past Presidential ambition, the extent of his power in the Senate, and his special relationship with Lyndon Johnson.

According to this theory Russell—in 1952—considered himself a national figure who stood an excellent chance of winning the Democratic Presidential nomination. When the party coldly rejected him as no more than a regional segregationist, the shock produced two reactions. First, he gave

up hope of national office to assume determined leadership of the Senate's Southern bloc. Second, he chose Johnson as a protégé to whom he could transfer his ambition. Now he sits in the Senate, seeing his power slowly fade and watching his protégé turn into a far different President from the one he had in mind.

This is a convenient theory. It may even be partly valid. But it fails to reckon with Russell's complex personality and underestimates the influence he still exercises in national affairs.

When Johnson was Democratic Majority Leader he used to divide his colleagues into the haves and the have-nots of power. There were the "whales," and there were the "minnows," and Russell was "the principal whale." Today Russell is no longer Moby Dick, but he is still a very big fish, using his power, among other things, to lead the fight against the Administration's latest civil-rights bill. He is also quietly guiding a tricky, wartime defense budget through an election-year Congress. And he is becoming increasingly outspoken about Vietnam.

As to the civil-rights bill, Russell's hope this year is to keep it bottled up in the Judiciary Committee. Failing that, he wants it to come to the floor for debate, complete—with its national fair-housing provision which he sees as a valuable shield. Since fair housing would have immediate impact outside the South, Russell anticipates that Northern and Eastern Senators who normally support civil-rights legislation will not be anxious for this one to come out of committee in an election year. If it does they will be in no hurry to end debate, for a vote for fair housing would anger many white constituents while a vote against it would alienate Negroes.

"If they're in good faith, I'll help them hold that in the bill, I certainly will," Russell says, with a gleam in his eye.

Russell senses another advantage in the fact that public pressure for new civil-rights legislation is not as strong as it was in 1964. Although he is not saying so, he seems pretty confident of blocking the passage of the Administration's bill this session. "There is increased feeling over the country that we've got a great many civil-rights laws already, some of them very drastic, and it's well enough to see how these work out," he said in an interview this summer.

Russell's role in fighting civil-rights legislation is an old, familiar one and is attracting less public attention than his views on Vietnam.

"It's the nearest thing to a total national frustration this country has ever encountered," he says. "You can't help anybody who won't help

themselves. Without some kind of stability there we're wasting our time." The United States, he proclaims bluntly, should start winning the war or get out.

These views seem paradoxical. If the war is worth winning, how can we consider withdrawal? Conversely, if we can afford to get out, is not greater escalation foolish? Russell's position is further confused by the fact that he has consistently defended the Administration's present policy. Once "our forces and our flag were committed," there was "no honorable alternative," in his opinion. He says Johnson inherited "a pretty well fixed policy" in Vietnam and has been "exceedingly cautious" in exercising it. "If he had been handed a clear slate, I'd say he'd made some errors. But he didn't get one."

And yet—"I wouldn't fight this kind of one-handed war," he adds. "The only thing to do is punish North Vietnam until they're willing to negotiate. I wouldn't hit the towns, but I'd hit every industry capable of producing any weapons or materials of war."

More than anything else, however, he wants out. Earlier this year he suggested a "survey" to determine if a majority of the South Vietnamese wish the United States to leave. If so, he said, the American presence should be withdrawn immediately. In a more recent private interview in his Senate office, he suggested two other alternatives:

In the event of civil war in South Vietnam, the United States should adopt the "enclave theory" of retired General James Gavin, quit the interior offensive, and pull all American troops back to selected, well-protected coastal sites. If civil war is averted, the United States should request the International Control Commission member nations—Canada, India, and Poland—to conduct and supervise popular elections immediately.

Russell never wanted the United States to become involved in Vietnam. In 1954 he protested an Eisenhower Administration proposal to send U. S. aircraft to aid the French at Dienbienphu. During the past two years he has urged repeatedly that we reevaluate our role, warning that the involvement will prove increasingly costly "in both blood and treasure." And he has belittled the strategic value of South Vietnam. "I don't buy this so-called domino theory," he says. "We don't have to have

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outh Vietnam to hold back the hordes of communism."

Such talk has led to speculation that Russell might eventually break with the Administration, all for unilateral withdrawal, and thus join forces with Senators Fulbright and Morse. This forecast is wide of the mark. Russell has achieved a unique position from which he can back up the Administration's present policy, support a stepped-up war, or rise to the President's defense if he should sound the call of frustrated retirement from Vietnam.

With a Permanent Lease

The foundation of Russell's power is awesome and unlikely to be matched by any future Senator. For new Senate rules adopted in 1963 prevent new members from attaining such a position of wide influence by specifying that no Senator may serve on more than two major standing committees. An added "grandfather clause," however, allowed those who already were serving on more than two to retain their seats. Russell serves on three—Armed Services, Appropriations, and Space. He is also a member of the Democratic Policy Committee, which reviews all new legislative proposals, and the Democratic Steering Committee, where a Southern bloc under his leadership has a strong voice in committee assignments. As chairman of both the Senate Armed Services Committee and the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, he is the Capitol Hill boss man of the U.S. military establishment. Similarly, he is chairman of a special Armed Services-Appropriations Subcommittee which supervises the policy and budget of the CIA. He is the number-two Democrat on the main Appropriations Committee, where he is unofficial "president" and Arizona's aged Senator Carl Hayden is "chairman of the board." He leads the Southerners, a cartel of honey-voiced, iron-fisted committee and subcommittee chairmen who are still one of the principal power blocs of national politics.

He is Southern—country Southern—and he loves the old-time ways. His ancestors have lived in the Deep South since Colonial times; in the Civil War Sherman's troops burned his grandfather's cotton mill. His home is in Winder, one of those little red-clay Georgia farm towns which seem to hold a permanent lease on the slow passage of time.

The Russells are a political family. The Senator's father served in the state legislature, ran unsuccessfully both for Governor and U. S. Senator, and eventually became chief justice of the

state supreme court. Richard Brevard's own political rise was phenomenal. Elected to the Georgia legislature at twenty-two, he was its Speaker within six years. Three years later he was elected Governor—at thirty-three, the youngest chief executive in the state's history. Three years afterward, he entered the Senate, succeeding Robert La Follette as its youngest member. Within two years he was floor-managing major New Deal legislation; within ten he was leader of the Southern bloc, the region's outstanding political figure, and its favorite Presidential candidate.

He is a segregationist, though he knows he is fighting a losing battle at a time of historic social unrest and change. If it were up to him, the Negro's relative position in American society today would be just what it was thirty years ago, and the United States would remain forever a completely segregated nation of blacks and whites.

Within this framework, he would, of course, support and work hard for equal Negro advancement—for better education and housing and health care, for improved economic opportunity and generally elevated living conditions. He does not hate the black man, nor does he wish him harm; just the opposite. But he does believe he has a special place in America, and that is with other black men. Furthermore, he fails to understand why the Negro does not desire the same thing.

His conservatism was correctly measured by Georgia Republicans who ran big ads during the 1964 Presidential campaign proclaiming, "Russell and Goldwater Vote Alike!" He quotes Washington, who admonished the young Republic in his Farewell Address to "resist with care the spirit of innovation." While he concedes that the modern age poses unprecedented challenge to the conservative philosophy, he insists that the Constitution remains the master mechanic's kit containing all the tools needed to tune up the federal government to run with the times. His is the classic, conservative fear that the historical trend in the U. S. is toward an overwhelmingly powerful central government.

Adamant Old Pro

This was not always his view. When he came to Washington as a New Dealer, he was a Southern agrarian populist from the hard-times, rut-road cotton country who backed Franklin Roosevelt all the way. The man who charged in 1965 that federal aid to education constituted an intolerable invasion of states' rights was the same who said in 1935, "I trust and believe that the day is not far

distant when the federal government will recognize its responsibility . . . and will provide funds to assist in the maintenance of the public schools of this country."

The Southern Beauregard who always seems to shout "Charge!" in international affairs and "Whoa!" in domestic matters, the disillusioned New Dealer, the Old South segregationist, the Congressional lion secure in his bone-littered den, the heartbroken Presidential aspirant determined forever to show 'em, the baron of the legislative branch resisting the pull of the modern tide of the Presidency—he is all of these. But there is also a part of him which New Mexico's Clinton Anderson had in mind when he called Russell "the Senator's Senator." This is the Russell who, according to Washington's Henry Jackson, "has a genius for cutting through confusion to get to the facts and the truth"; who, says North Dakota's Milton Young, "always has come up with the good judgment when we have faced difficult problems"; who is characterized by Connecticut's Abraham Ribicoff as "an outstanding public servant and a great human being."

This is the adamant old segregationist who rushed home to Georgia the moment the 1964 civil-rights bill was signed into law to proclaim publicly, "It is now on the books and it becomes our duty as good citizens to learn to live with it." This is the Senator who was one of Lyndon Johnson's first choices for appointment to the Warren Commission—the wise, thoroughly fair, sympathetic old pro who lends valuable tactical advice to his legislative opponents; the master of the Senate's complicated rules; the one man who can always sense the Senate's mood; the virtuoso of legislative timing; the honest broker of inevitable compromise, whose expertise extends over a dozen different fields.

This Russell is the Senate's (and in some ways, the federal government's) chief boatswain, who has his own opinion about the captain, the crew, and the set course, but has a professional pride in smart seamanship, and is always the first man called when rough weather threatens.

A historic Russell exploit was his conduct of the MacArthur hearings during the Korean War. When President Truman relieved the General of his command in the spring of 1951, the United States was fighting its first frustrating war of containment in Asia. Weary of apparently endless costly stalemate, many Americans were of a mind to agree with the General when he publicly criticized his Commander in Chief's policy of limited war and insisted, "There is no substitute for victory." His dismissal caused a national uproar out

of which Republicans were sure they could fashion a valuable issue for the coming Presidential election.

Urged on by other Democratic leaders, who saw a tactical advantage in beating Congressional Republicans to the draw, Russell wired MacArthur immediately, inviting him to testify before the Senate Armed Services Committee. The General accepted.

Russell next fought off a Republican proposal that the General testify before a special joint committee and a subsequent attempt to have the Armed Services hearings televised. He announced that the hearings would be secret for security reasons, unless MacArthur personally requested otherwise, but promised "quick and full public reports" daily. It was a gamble, but a shrewd one based on his familiarity with the military mind, and it paid off. The General agreed to secret hearings, thus denying himself the golden opportunity of stating his case before what surely would have been a vast national TV audience.

The Senator accorded the General all the honors due a hero of the Republic, treated him with elaborate patience and courtesy, but kept firm personal control of the proceedings. He promised MacArthur a full, fair hearing, and he proceeded to give him one. The hearings began as the nation's biggest news story. By the time they ended, nearly two months later, the testimony filled volumes, cartoonists were picturing the two men with long white beards, and public interest had so dwindled that nobody seemed to notice that the committee never issued a final report and never made an official judgment on the merits of the dismissal.

Older Brother To the White House

If Vietnam eventually causes the President to pick up the phone, it will not be the first time he has called on Russell for help. Their relationship began in the 1930s, when Johnson was a young Congressman representing a Texas district intensely interested in rural electrification. "Every year the House cut REA funds and every year he came to me to get the money restored in the Senate," Russell remembers. "He knew what he was talking about, and I thought to myself, 'That boy's a good Congressman.' We became and have remained good friends."

Johnson fought hard for Russell as Presidential nominee of the 1952 convention. Russell, in turn, taught Johnson his legislative techniques and, in 1953, backed him for election as Majority Leader,

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although he was still not halfway into his freshman term. Today the Senator, who believes "the President should be the seeker, always," never calls the President, but the President frequently calls the Senator. Russell's role has been described as that of "an older brother who calls them like he sees them."

Though their relationship has become a political legend, it has not been placid. Both are tough, intensely competitive men who don't like to get beaten, especially by the other. A mutual friend calls it a "hate-love relationship between two old horny-handed professionals."

One moment of stress occurred in 1964 when Russell, despite Southern indignation at passage of the civil-rights bill, carefully allowed that he would vote for Johnson "because I am a Democrat." But he arranged to be off inspecting West European defense installations while Johnson campaigned in the South. Yet, one week after the election, he was invited to a deer hunt at the LBJ Ranch. Georgia's young, ambitious Governor Carl Sanders, who had gone down the line for Johnson in the South, got an invitation, too. It came second-hand, from Russell, who quietly leaked the story to reporters to show Georgians that he still had the pipeline to the White House.

Pure gold gushed from that pipeline last fall, when Russell, for once, seemed to be in political trouble. He had been hospitalized with bronchitis and emphysema, and rumors about his health persisted. In early September authoritative word came that Governor Sanders would oppose him in the Democratic primary. Shortly thereafter, Russell announced that he suddenly was "highly encouraged" that the \$2.2 billion C5A jet transport contract would be awarded to the Georgia-Lockheed

Company. A wild afternoon of trading in aircraft stocks on the New York market followed. The next day the Pentagon confirmed the report.

The award, ending one of the fiercest struggles in U. S. aircraft manufacturing history, assured the Georgia company of continued high employment into the foreseeable future. Russell, of course, won statewide praise. The night before the announcement he had, in fact, been a guest at an intimate White House dinner. Shortly afterward Sanders withdrew from the race, saying he had become convinced that Russell's health was "excellent." He had also, it is believed, seen polls indicating that Russell would skin him alive in a primary.

As a result, Russell faces no meaningful opposition for renomination this fall, although there is always the chance that some last-minute, offbeat challenge could force him to wage an expensive campaign. But he will be reelected this year and six years hence if he chooses to run again. For he is a Georgia political institution. The businessmen like him; so do the Republicans and the downstate woolhats. To most people, voting for him is a habit. Negro voters, of course, don't like him, but there are too few of them as yet to counteract his solid overall support, based on appreciation of the local gains that flow from his Senate power. For he has always seen to it that the state gets its brimful share of federal spending, especially defense funds. With fifteen major installations, Georgia is one of the top ten states in defense-contract awards.

Today, Russell is second in seniority only to Carl Hayden. Half of his fellow members have been there only eight years and thus are shave-tails compared to a man who welcomed Robert Taft to Washington. When he came to town in 1933, Senators still wore morning coats. Today it is not unusual to spot an occasional sports jacket being worn on the floor. But Richard Russell has never been seen in a sports coat on the floor of the Senate, and never will be.

As the Senate is changing, so is his home state. In Georgia at present, one-fifth of the voters are Negro, half the population is urban, and more of the same is in prospect. More and more Negroes are lining up at the registration offices. From places like Villa Rica, Sugar Hill, Ludowici—and Winder—young folk are still on the move to Atlanta and other cities.

Russell will never move. Along with the old people who keep on living at the old home place despite repeated invitations from the children to move into town, he wouldn't feel comfortable there.

GUARDING HIS TURF

The Senate turned aside today an attempt to enlarge the committee supervising the Central Intelligence Agency. . . . The outcome was a signal victory for Senator Richard B. Russell of Georgia . . . chairman of both the Armed Services Committee and the present CIA "watchdog" subcommittee. [It] was a setback for Senator J. W. Fulbright of Arkansas . . . chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. . . . The real substance of the matter was the power complex of the Senate. "I'm not trying to muscle in on the Senator's committee," Mr. Russell snapped. "I'm trying to keep him from muscling in on my committee."

—From a report in the *New York Times*, July 15, 1966

Biology: The New Salvation of Man

by Howard E. Evans

Aggression, by Konrad Lorenz. Translated by Marjorie Kerr Wilson. Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.75.

Territorial Imperative, by Robert Ardrey. Atheneum, \$6.95.

Aggression underlies man's activities on every level: his childhood, his teen-age bravado, his adult striving for influence and financial rewards, his behavior on the highways, most of all the international relations in which he becomes periodically involved. With the invention of gunpowder, overt aggression became unacceptable; but we bore it, not without success. With the harnessing of nuclear energy and the invention of delivery systems of incredible speed, war has become unthinkable; yet we think about it, write about it, and even brag in it gingerly—while our Senators ponder how far counteraggression can be carried without triggering the incineration of our planet. Science, it appears, has led us down these various paths by teaching us too much about the physical world, too little about ourselves. But must this inevitably be so?

There are two books devoted to the question of why we do what we do, and it is that many of the enigmas of human behavior can be understood in the light of modern biology. As Konrad Lorenz puts it in the introduction to *On Aggression*: "Behavioral science really knows so much about the natural history of aggression that it has become possible to make statements about the causes of much of its functioning in man." And as Robert Ardrey remarks in the first chapter of *The Territorial Imperative*: "Man . . . is . . . a territorial animal. At its core is, one possessing 'an innate impulse to defend one's property' [sic]. We act as we do for reasons of our

evolutionary past, not our cultural present, and our behavior is as much a mark of our species as is the shape of a human thigh bone."

This is a far cry from Pope's cozy pentameter, "The proper study of mankind is man"; or from Disraeli's answer to the question, "Is man an ape or angel?": "My lord, I am on the side of the angels." It is even a far cry from much of psychology and the social sciences, which incredibly have grown up apart from biology, the study of living things. Ardrey quotes the anthropologist Ashley Montagu as stating that "aggressiveness is taught, as are all forms of violence which human beings exhibit." This is the antithesis of all that Lorenz and Ardrey have to say. Although the fact that man's physique evolved from that of lower animals has been accepted for a century, more or less, even part of the scientific community still seems to deny that his psyche had a similar origin. Lorenz' chapter "On the Virtue of Humility" should be required reading for everyone.

It should be noted that both authors are discussing aggression *within* a species, a subject scarcely understood at all until the past few decades. (Contests *between* species, the "nature, red in tooth and claw" we hear so much more about, are treated by Lorenz in five pages. As he points out, the attack of a predator upon its prey is "not a fight in the real sense of the word. . . . A dog about to catch a hunted rabbit has the same kind of excited, happy expression as he has when he greets his master or awaits some longed-for treat.") Understanding of aggression among members of one species has come with the recent surge of interest in the objective, quantitative study of animal

in their natural environments, a field in which Lorenz himself is the acknowledged leader. "We find," says Lorenz, "that aggression, far from being the diabolical, destructive principle that classical psychoanalysis makes it out to be, is really an essential part of the life-preserving organization of instincts." Furthermore, "mutation and selection, the great 'constructors' which make genealogical trees grow upward, have chosen, of all unlikely things, the rough and spiny shoot of intra-specific aggression to bear the blossoms of personal friendship and love." "We do not know of a single animal which is capable of personal friendship and which lacks aggression." The dilemma of man is that these adaptive behavior patterns have been "thrown out of balance by the rapid change wrought . . . by cultural development." "The danger to modern man arises not so much from his power of mastering natural phenomena as from his powerlessness to control sensibly what is happening today in his own society. I maintain that this powerlessness is entirely the consequence of the lack of human insight into the causation of human behavior."

I hope that readers will be stimulated to follow Lorenz' argument in full. Those who have read his earlier book *King Solomon's Ring* will need no urging. *On Aggression* is just a bit heavier going, particularly the middle chapters, and one misses the delightful marginal sketches of *King*

Dr. Evans, a curator at Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, is the author of many scientific papers and a popular book called "Wasp Farm" (Natural History Press, 1963).

Solomon's Ring (only five illustrations in nearly 300 pages of descriptive material leave one's powers of visualization slightly exhausted!). It is nevertheless a wise, eloquent, and in my opinion an extremely important book.

Robert Ardrey, the author of the second book under consideration, is a playwright and science popularizer, author of the widely read *African Genesis*. He writes in a free-swinging style, often deliberately provocative, sometimes downright provoking (I found remarks such as "nature sighs" and "evolution shrugs" especially annoying). Nevertheless Ardrey knows his subject well, and he presents a wealth of fascinating information accurately and entertainingly. While he focuses on territoriality, and thus on a smaller segment of the total picture than Lorenz, he selects his examples from a wide range of animals, including mammals and especially primates. Lorenz, in contrast, tends to emphasize fish and birds, as studied by himself and members of his school; his description of the surprising similarities between the social and marital life of geese and of men is absorbing, but one longs to hear what the extensive recent research on the behavior of lemurs, monkeys, and apes may suggest regarding man's behavior. This Ardrey attempts to indicate.

Since we know that aggressive encounters increase as population density increases, it would seem that the future of man, who in a few tickings of the geologic clock has traded in his stone axes for hydrogen bombs, is exceedingly doubtful. Nevertheless both Lorenz and Ardrey are optimists. As Ardrey put it in *African Genesis*: "Had we been born of a fallen angel, then the contemporary predicament would lie as far beyond solution as it would beyond explanation. . . . But we were born of risen apes, not fallen angels. . . . The miracle of man is not how far he has sunk but how magnificently he has risen." Lorenz puts it this way:

If I thought of man as the final image of God, I should not know what to think of God. But when I consider that our ancestors, at a time fairly recent in relation to the earth's history, were perfectly ordinary apes, closely related to chimpanzees, I see a glimmer of hope. It does not require

considerable optimism to assume that from us human beings something better and higher may evolve. Far from seeing in man the irrevocable and unsurpassable image of God, I assert—more modestly and, I believe, in greater awe of the Creation and its infinite possibilities—that the long-sought missing link between animals and the really humane being is ourselves!

Such optimism can only be based on the assumption that man will, indeed, cast aside centuries of anthropocentric rubbish and come to know himself as the unique and improbable animal he is. How is this to be achieved? Ardrey believes that "this wealth of information concerning animal ways, placed before us by the new biology, must be regarded as a windfall in time of human need." And Lorenz: "Expert teaching of biology is the one and only foundation on which really sound opinions about mankind and its relation to the universe can be built." I could not agree more.

What specific programs for the future do these teachings suggest? If man is basically aggressive, then the continued mouthing of platitudes about brotherly love is clearly no solution. Both authors point out that in most animals aggression falls short of actual combat as a result of ritualized inhibitory signals—odors, colors, or movements which determine by their development or persistence which rival is stronger, without injury to the weaker. All forms of "fair fighting" in man, from chivalry to the Geneva Convention, bear much resemblance to ritualized combat in animals. Obviously, we should expand all forms of international competition in sports. Just as, in animals, aggression is "redirected" toward objects other than the aggressor, so we may consider rivalry in space exploration, in fact in scientific research generally, as an outlet for our aggressive drives. Of perhaps more value than these specific suggestions is the contention of both authors that morality itself is an outgrowth of our animal heritage and thus a fitting subject for the methods of science and technology. Perhaps a general appreciation of this will result from several generations of the expert biology teaching for which these authors plead, but I am not certain that we can afford to wait that long.

A Do-it-yourself Guide to Mis-planned Estates

by Julian S. Bush

Early this spring, a book entitled *How to Avoid Probate*, by Norman Dacey (Crown, \$4.95), made a relatively unheralded appearance. By July it had sold an astounding 275,000 copies and its publishers now face a delightful problem of trying to keep up with orders.

Interest in the subject is understandable, for the probate systems of many states are archaic. They subject estates to unnecessary expense, delays, and lack of privacy, as well as instability by making it fairly easy for a disgruntled relative to contest a will. Mr. Dacey proposes overcoming these hazards with a legal device known as a "revocable living trust," a method by which one's property is placed in trust ownership; the individual keeps the use and benefit of the property during his lifetime and whatever is left at his death passes directly to his designated beneficiaries without going through the probate court. He also retains the power to cancel or vary the arrangement in case of changing circumstances.

Despite the author's pretensions of using a cancelable trust to avoid the well-known faults of the probate system is not his unique discovery. Before Mr. Dacey's book appeared, the American Bar Association began a national circulation of a film and study outline prepared by Professor James Casner of Harvard Law School on "The Revocable Trust." Professor Casner carefully analyzes both the general advantages and the specific disadvantages of using the device in particular situations. Mr. Dacey advocates its indiscriminate employment as the "magic key to probate."

Mr. Bush, an attorney, is adjunct professor of law at Columbia Law School and research counsel to the New York State Legislative Commission on Estates.

io a legal wonder drug that
ve you permanent immunity
recket."

contains only 51 pages of
persed among 290 pages of
o-it-yourself, legal docu-
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at fund, or acquires furni-
er personal property. Since
rm of each kind is included
handy order blanks fill the
pages. Each new form will
ollar.

Day is not a lawyer; his text
rt contain numerous legal
al insufficiencies, and may
d or enforceable in many
D tribes against lawyers and
the book but possibly they
e able to a recent injunction
tly him from drawing wills

and other legal documents for the
people to whom he sells shares in mu-
tual funds.

In any case, the real menace of his
book is that it touts a single solution
for each and every reader, regardless
of the vast differences in their indi-
vidual situations, families, and prob-
lems. The unwary purchaser and user
of the system will not, of course, suf-
fer the consequences. Instead, his
family and relatives will have to un-
ravel the resulting mess after his
death. The costs thus unwittingly in-
curred may far outstrip the savings
one might hope to gain through prob-
ate avoidance.

In this area above all, where mis-
takes cannot be retracted once their
perpetrator has died, let the reader
bear in mind the well-known adage
that he who acts as his own lawyer
has a fool for a client.

curate in points of nomenclature.

In most respects, however, this is
a most satisfying book. As a journal
it recalls, more than any other, the
Kilvert diaries. Beatrix Potter was a
conscious artist in all she wrote, a
strongly idiosyncratic young woman,
and at the same time a representative
child of her age, born into a rich
manufacturing family of narrow be-
liefs and (I deduce) a character un-
sympathetic to herself.

She inherited much of that narrow-
ness. Snobbish, strongly anti-Semitic,
rigidly anti-Liberal in politics, credu-
lous to a degree about any tittle-tattle
hostile to Mr. Gladstone or the Jews,
yearningly solicitous for the Royal
Family, she does not cut a very attrac-
tive figure at first. She is gleeful about
her father's bargains in worn-out
horseflesh. What would the writer of
Black Beauty not have said of a teen-
age girl who notes, "Papa sent Rey-
nolds to the Zoological Gardens to en-
quire the price of cat's meat: £2 for
a very fat horse, 30/ for a middling
one, thin ones not taken as the lions
are particular. However [Prince] is
sold to a cab owner along the road for
£15"?

Little by little one becomes fond of
her. On reflection, is not the success
of her work due to the absence of Vic-
torian mawkishness? Her parents
may have destined her for the role of
a dutiful spinster in uncertain health.
To escape, she had to be tough, to
cultivate a wry sense of private
humor. The Potters moved in no spe-
cial world. They were rich enough to
meet politicians or magnates as
equals, but they were not "county
folk," and, as Nonconformists in reli-
gion, they were likely to be looked
down on by frequenters of the Parish
Church as fundamentally non-U.

Until she escaped, despite opposi-
tion, into marriage, Beatrix was
driven back into her secret annota-
tions. One day she is amused by the
boy who shot a white owl and ex-
claimed, "I've shot a cherubim"; an-
other (she was in her teens at the
time) she greets the death of a grand-
mother with the mournful note,
"There will be no one soon." Every
day she responds to the delights of liv-
ing: "the sound of the rocking horse
as it swung . . . the smell of the Indian
corn, and the feeling on plunging
one's hands into the bin." Millais was
among her friends, and, in long ac-

brating Century of Peter Rabbit

Pryce-Jones

als of Beatrix Potter, 1881-
scribed by Leslie Linder.
Warne, \$12.95.

st self-respecting English
f my time I learned to read
Peter Rabbit, *The Tailor of*
Worms, and the rest. Well into
e I still find great therapeu-
in Beatrix Potter when Wil-
oughs and Norman Mailer
id a disguise on my imagina-
I never felt much interest in
Potter herself until a friend
old me of her pilgrimage to
District when Mrs. Heelis
(six Potter became) was an
They had talked, it seems, of
things until suddenly the
rang to her feet, ran to the
and began shaking her fist
ie kitchen garden. "It's those
bits again," she cried.

y years ago, Margaret Lane
the subject of an excellent
y. But it is only with the pub-
f these journals—on the cen-
f her birth—that she springs

entirely to life. They cover her years
from fifteen to thirty-one. Written in
an elaborate cipher code, their secret
remained inviolable until 1958, when,
having despaired of breaking the
code, Leslie Linder unexpectedly
stumbled on an essential clue. Since
Beatrix Potter wrote at high speed
and spelled erratically the work of
transcription was immense. A good
deal of annotation was also needed, to
elucidate a journal designed for one
reader only. And it is at this point
that a note of criticism must be
struck. The editing is surprisingly
lax. For instance, there are repeated
references to "Lady Mastlake," when
the context makes it quite clear that
the person meant is Lady Eastlake,
widow of Sir Charles, first director of
the National Gallery, and an essential
leader in the history of mid-Victor-
ian taste. Not all the notes are ac-

*Mr. Pryce-Jones is a critic and poet as
well as former editor of "The Times
Literary Supplement" of London.*

THE NEW BOOKS

counts of contemporary exhibitions, she shows an awareness of good and bad painting far ahead of her time, and strictly divorced from fashion.

She writes extensively about landscape, notes odd characters as they catch her eye during the family travels in the West Country and the North of England. She devotes herself to one animal after another, without ever losing her critical sense about them. "Rabbits are creatures of warm volatile temperament but shallow and absurdly transparent. It is this naturalness, one touch of nature, that I find so delightful in Mr. Benjamin Bunny, though I frankly admit his vulgarity," she says. And again, with mild scorn, "Benjamin's mind has at last comprehended gooseberries." At another time she is rearing a family of snails or buying a tailless cock robin for eighteen pence in order to set it free. But every day she remains tart, observant, silent little Miss Potter, talking aloud to herself in her journal and, not unlike the tailless robin, watching for the right moment to escape from imprisonment.

The journal ends abruptly as success came to her books, her paintings, and her scientific researches. At about the same time, the world she wrote of ended too. Her records of it are no less vivid than her record of herself.

Two Fast Curves and a Change of Pace

by Jim Brosnan

Willie Mays, by Willie Mays, with Charles Einstein. Dutton, \$4.95.

Backstage at the Mets, by Lindsey Nelson, with Al Hirshberg. Viking, \$3.95.

Percentage Baseball, by Earnshaw Cook. M.I.T. Press, \$9.95.

A critic reading books about baseball is like a big-league batter facing Sandy Koufax. If he gets one hit in three tries he's having a good season.

The publishers' pitches for 1966 included: a solemn autobiography of



only to see his closely reasoned paragraphs ripped apart and exploded into vulgarly large type sizes reappearing over the book publisher's colophon. Even the mandatory elision dots don't always save him from distortion. But this is the price he pays for writing memorably, for soaring above the earthbound copywriter. Consider: **OF NEW AXIS** (\$3.95) by Charles Newman, the publisher said, "A look beyond the familiar jibes at suburbia into its pattern of human aspiration."

The critic said, "... one of the best American first novels I've read since **THE CATCHER IN THE RYE** and certainly one of the two or three fiction discoveries of the year ... His episodic technique, like that of his distinguished predecessors Joyce (in **THE DUBLINERS**) and Sherwood Anderson (in **WINESBURG, OHIO**), gives us the best of both novel and short story ... **NEW AXIS** taxes the vocabulary of praise." —WEBSTER SCHOTT, *Life*.



OF HALIFAX: The Life of Lord Halifax (\$8.50), by the Earl of Birkenhead, the publisher said, "The biography of a statesman who never sought office." The critic said, "**HALIFAX** is first rate. Seldom has a more enigmatic and difficult person had a biography more clear-headed and explicit, as well as fair."

—JOHN GUNTHER

... an important and interesting book: a splendid example of clear dispassionate English biography concerning a significant figure

The Swivel Chair

in 20th century England"
— PROFESSOR FRANK FREI

OF **STEPPING WEST** (\$4.95), by Malcolm B. the publisher said, "A novel tells of a fumbling, unsuccessful English novelist who is offered a creative writing fellowship at the dict Arnold University, son, the east of the Rockies."

The critic said, "Mr. B. sets a lively pace ... The novel has a casually funny surface with sudden lyricism, and a high casualty list amongst professional frauds, horrible children permanently damaged by dysfunctional intellectual parents, and among the jargon-mongers." — *The Sp*

"... Mr. Bradbury has a baleful eye for human weakness; he describes like a devil; and the result is clever, queer, witty, uncomfortable ... a prose of considerable brilliance and oddity ... always a sharp cutting edge concealed somewhere under the

— *The Manchester Guard*

The newest in the Da Library is **THE NEGRO ICAN** (\$9.50), edited by Parsons and Kenneth B. The publisher said, "In it, the leaders of the Civil Rights movement and scholars in the fields of history, sociology, social psychology, political science, and economics, reflect on the newest stage of the Civil Rights Struggle."

Writing ahead of publication William Bradford Huie said before the mass impact of the extraordinary papers, the self-delusion fall and leave great dilemma open on every side to the attack of courageous minds."

Vive the critic!

W. B. R.



A circular from British publisher einemann enlivens the morning mail. s first page, without caption, is a full ngth photographic study of one of e most engaging young cadets ever



pose for the camera. In the strongly handsome, ll vulnerable face, in the proud swagger of the ance there is a promise of a man to make history. he picture having done its hypnotic work, the back-) page claims with no British reserve at all "The ost important biography of our time." CHURCH- L by Churchill. We approve this stout assessment id shall lift it for our own use when we present **WINSTON S. CHURCHILL** tardily on this side of e Atlantic, two weeks after its London debut be- use of the book club adoption here.

Sir Winston Churchill's own letters form the core of this definitive biography, written by his son, Randolph Churchill. Sir Winston comes on the scene with his own words in a letter to his mother, written when he was seven. The last letter in Volume I was written from Canada when at twenty-six he had just finished a lecture tour in the new world.

"... So the Queen is dead. The news reached us at Winnipeg and this city far away among the snows — fourteen hundred miles from any British town of importance began to hang its head and hoist half-masted flags. A great and solemn event: but I am curious to know about the King. Will he become desperately serious? Will he continue to be friendly to you? Will the Keppel be appointed 1st Lady of the Bedchamber? ... I am most interested and feel rather vulgar about the matter. I should like to know an Emperor and a King. Edward the VIIth — adzooks what a long way that seems to take one back! I am glad he has got his innings at last, and am most interested to watch how he plays it ..."

The letters are all wonderfully revealing of a brilliant society living at the top of its bent and of an appealing, stubborn, eager youth, short of money and patience, already too tough minded to fit inside its social mold, too ingenious and too lucky to stay cooped inside a strongly guarded Boer prison, too forthright to temper his wartime reportage to the prevailing political winds. Certainly it was someone who read every word of this book who called it "The most important biography of our time."



Another piece of mail, this one outward bound, presents something that in our time only visitors to the New York Historical Society have seen. This is the collection of the original paintings created by John James Audubon for **THE BIRDS OF AMERICA**. When Audubon created them over a hundred and forty years ago, no process existed for the precise reproduction of works of art. Instead, craftsmen in London engraved a copy of each painting on

a plate, at times adding backgrounds and changing compositions. The plates were printed in black and white, colored by hand, and bound together into the Double Elephant Folio edition. The surviving prints, not exact copies to begin with, have often suffered from age and misuse. Subsequent reproductions of Audubon's birds have been copies of such copies and many of the essential qualities of the man's original art have been lost.



Now the complete collection of **THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR PAINTINGS** by **JOHN JAMES AUDUBON** for *The Birds of America* has been compiled by the editors of

American Heritage. It has been superbly bound in two volumes that represent the art of bookmaking at its finest. The 431 plates show more than 1050 birds — representing nearly 500 species — in full color in their natural setting, along with hundreds of American flowers, shrubs and trees. Text notes facing each of the plates provide scientifically accurate identification of the birds and their floral background and recite relevant passages from Audubon's writings.

How Audubon achieved his masterwork, **THE BIRDS OF AMERICA**, is an improbable, touching, and beautiful tale. Marshall B. Davidson, editor of *Horizon* magazine and former editor of publications at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, tells the story in his 7500-word introduction.

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a baseball player, a funny autobiography of a baseball sportscaster, and a dissertation on the nature of baseball strategy. The first two are typical sports memoirs; they were ghost-written to gild the subjects by authors trained in the art of biographical makeup. In the modern fashion the ghosts are identified, and said to be intimate friends of the stars, a status devoutly wished by baseball-fan readers. *Percentage Baseball*, on the other hand, was written by a fan, although the average big-league manager might wish that its author, too, were a ghost. He should drop dead. If his theories are correct, baseball managers have played the game all wrong for years.

The average manager directs a baseball game according to the BOOK, an unwritten compendium of personal experiences, abstracted folklore, and generalized statistics. He calls it "playing the percentages," and his reading of them determines batting orders, sacrifice bunts, stolen bases, pinch hitters, the hit-and-run, and any change of pitchers according

to age-old custom. Earnshaw Cook calls the BOOK a collection of dusty myths and whimsical managerial inspiration.

Baseball is the only professional sport susceptible to attack by elementary probability theory. Cook (whose qualifications as a baseball expert are merely dimmed by his assertion that he hit .300 in college—who didn't?) is a noted mathematician. He analyzed 750,000 plays in a four-year study of big-league strategy. Any reader who takes an accelerated course in differential calculus can easily grasp Cook's equations; fellow math-men say his reasoning is logical. His conclusions may outrage convention but they are correctly calculated to the fourth decimal point.

Among other radical but verifiable assertions are Cook's statements that sacrifice bunts are ordinarily useless, batting lineups are sloppily ordered, the platooning of personnel is grossly miscalculated, and pitchers should never bat. (The pitcher's union would consider that a grievance for it would take the fun out of their work.)

The Pooh-Bahs of baseball pooh Cook's book, claiming that it doesn't take the human factor into account. The role of the team manager is mainly to obtain, train, and handle qualified people. Strategic maneuvers are the least important elements in professional baseball. Cook admits that strategy is simple, even obvious most of the time. He chides managers because their knowledge of the "percentages" they rule by is more intuitive than realistic. Cook's book will be invaluable to them and to the fans themselves. But baseball's hoary traditions will probably keep it from having much of an effect.

No such disagreements are likely to arise about *Willie Mays*. Mays' achievements are exhaustively detailed by Charles Einstein, a West Coast writer of considerable talents who once said, "Mays isn't fiction. But he probably should be." *Willie Mays* isn't fiction, but it isn't fiction and solid reportage, either. Writing in that curious style best defined as autobiographical double-talk, Einstein has Mays say, "At places this book will sound like me when I talk and at places it won't."

Too often the book reads the way Einstein thinks Mays should sound if only he said things that Einstein wants to say. Mays' ebullience and little-boy-having-fun quality are missing.

Almost nothing is missing, however, from Lindsey Nelson's book. Nelson has seen every Mets game and tells all—including, naturally, a good many jokes. Humor in baseball is mostly anecdotal, the type that starts with "A funny thing happened on my way to the mound. . . ." The absence of genuine satire suggests that the game is not really so serious a venture after all. Nevertheless, the New York Mets were the first big-league team to market buffoonery in baseball and make it pay. The Mets on the diamond quickly rewrote records for incompetence, compiling the worst club record in baseball history. Unaccountably, the team drew millions of fans.

Mr. Brosnan pitched professionally in baseball for seventeen years. The author of "The Long Season" and "The Lament Race," he is currently writing a weekly column for the Chicago "Daily News" and working on a novel.



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NEW BOOKS

at the Mets is, ostensibly of Lindsey Nelson, chief of the Mets' games, and another I-witness account of a neurosis that might be as a fevered appreciation. Nelson's is the third written about fun and a Stadium and it may be a Metsomaniac wants

Books Brief

Rick Cook

Fiction

Letter, by Gavin Lam-

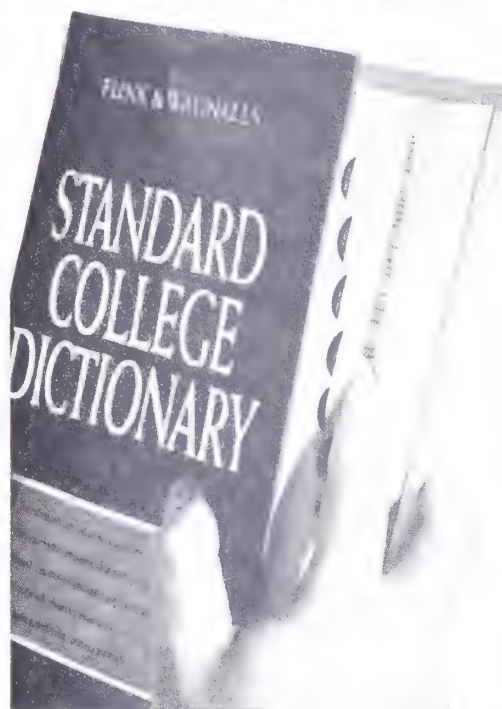
novel about some aberrant very rich. As the very are English peerage, to a certain dignity—even to the odd goings-on, inly in the hero's sister's ite imposingly aberrant. gh level of artifice to the dy D., the hero's mother, he aplomb, and often the of some of Wilde's wittiest

has received the first Coward Memorial Award

Coward-McCann, \$5.50

School, by John Updike. "New Yorker short story" stes, John Updike would ed it. No one else writes so often—that brief, ele- oration around a charac- ion, or a relationship for magazine where all these appeared is noted. Once Updike proves there is no him for the poetical-com- al-pastoral-metropolitan, may be a mistake to read of the stories at a sit- recurring theme of dis- marriage, adultery, and le tension of hope" makes ence like listening to the

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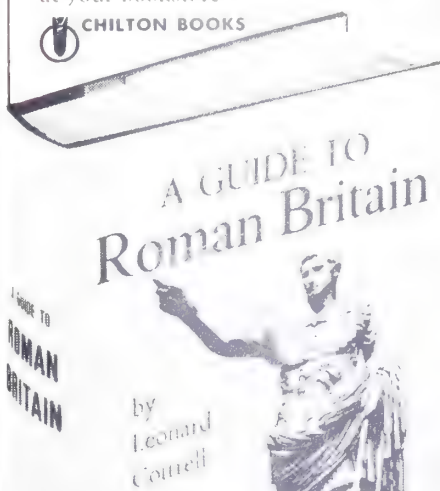
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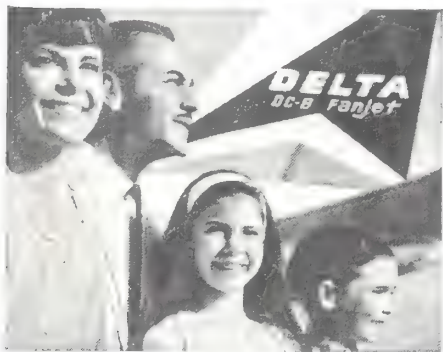
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

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Knopf, \$4.95

The Martlet's Tale, by Nicholas Delbanco.

A beautiful book by a new author. Set in Greece (which it evokes like a freshly opened bottle of retsina), it is about an old matriarch and her favorite grandson, to whom she may have given the secret of her hidden fortune, to be dug up after her death. When the rest of the family starts to assemble like vultures round the dying lady, the young man runs away and has a wild time in Athens—but returns home later, just in time to face the funeral and the squalid and macabre treasure hunt that will follow.

It's in the telling that the book is remarkable. The language is poetic—but of the crisp, clear variety, not the ornate. It often seems to ask to be read aloud, as good lyric verse does. The only quibble is that the free interplay of time, place, and character sometimes gets over-complex (particularly in the Athens sequence); but the cool beauty of the language is never in doubt.

Lippincott, \$4.95

Four Plays, by Patrick White.

Good dialogue has always been a feature of Patrick White's novels, and his admirers will be interested to see how in these plays it stands up on its own, so to speak. It stands up very well. There is too much chorus-work, now and then, which over-stresses the dramatic points, but most of the time it is very lively stuff. All four have been successfully produced in their native Australia, and it would be nice to see at least one of them done here. In the splendid title role of *A Cheery Soul*, the right character actress might easily win one of those awards they are always handing out.

Viking, \$5.75

Nonfiction

A Girl Like I, by Anita Loos.

For openers, Miss Loos tells us that her grandfather was a real gold digger, her grandmother's name was Cleopatra Fairbrother, and she herself was given her first diamond at age seven. Then comes the story of

her life, up to the publication of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. She invented the bobbed haircut and was a scenarist, practically involved in Hollywood, along with the G. I. Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and D. W. Griffith. (Do you know that the creator of *Intolerance*?)

Though the book is full of remarks and situations, they could not get over the easy turn-of-the-century theater in San Francisco, the drawing-room comedies of Wing Pinero were played "estly, except that the didn't wear any clothes." I think the Center should try that.

Vi

Incident at Exeter, by Fuller.

An engrossing book about the reports of UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects) over America, written by the columnist who produced the famous picture about them in *Look* magazine this year. Unless dozens of able citizens from Vermont are nuts, or mass hysteria is overwhelming circumstance that there are some there—and let's just hope they are. Right now they seem to have more interest in power lines, than some were spotted around New England the time of the Great Blackout.

This could be an important and should, at least, lead to for more open research on the subject.

Putnam

Emily Brontë, by Muriel Spark and Derek Stanford.

The book is divided into two parts: Miss Spark takes the life of Emily Brontë, and Derek Stanford takes the works, but unfortunately, takes the case of these bright and dedicated people who spend a lot of time correcting other people have said about Brontë, which is a useful service. Spark, for instance, shows that Brontë was not always that popular. A legend, the dark consumptive, stalking about the bleak moors, a lot of big dogs, but was, in fact, fairly happy homebody until the years of her life. She is also

BOOKS IN BRIEF

bate" nature of love in passionate works. Mr. Stang's every last drop of goodness of her lightest verse. But these writers remove a lot of from around this fascinating—they don't shed much new.

Coward-McCann, \$5.75

A Stealers, by Milton Es-

account of some of the most art thefts of this century and motivations behind them. carried off Watteau's "L'In-er" simply because he objected it had been restored. Other include the Goya "Duke of Well-," the eight Cézannes that disappeared from one room, and the thefts, large and small, from the including (in 1911) the "Mona Lisa." The author makes it clear, if, at the time, there was little difference between the turnover of the Louvre Gallery and the department store of the same name except that the department store had a sounder financial struc-

Macmillan, \$5.95

Knockover, by Dashiell Hammett. Introduction by Lillian

Hammett. Long detective stories and an original novel, all available for the first time in book form; with the definitive edition of Hammett by Lillian Hammett it's the best buy in this line. Well, the *The Novels of Dashiell Hammett*. Custom does not stalemate the laconic, wise-cracking straight-from-the-shoulder detective. Knocked forever now with the introduction of Humphrey Bogart. The personality of these tough guys and dolls gives one the odd feeling sometimes, that this is the dark side of Damon Runyon, that other stylist of the underworld. The plots may seem old-fashioned but the writing still makes all the difference. Recent offerings in this line read like new.

Random House, \$5.95

He has contributed poetry as regular reviews to "Harper's," and writes also for television and radio.

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PERFORMING ARTS: *The Midwest*

Grandeur in Ypsilanti, Gaiety in Minneapolis

by Robert Kotlowitz



A collage of five black and white portrait photographs of actors, arranged in a circular pattern. The actors are labeled: Davis (top), Anders (right), Geer (bottom right), Williams (bottom left), and Dee (top left).

In Ypsilanti, Michigan, the young actors are... for each other... in second-hand cars at...

character, and theme? But of confidence the company's director, Alexis Solomos, has plenty. He has stood up to the massive demands of the trilogy without giving quarter in any direc-

Everything is big, if not monumental: stage, sets, sound amplification, and the performances he has pulled from a wholly imported cast that includes Judith Anderson, Ruby Dee, Donald Davis, and Jacqueline Brooks. For once, Miss Anderson, whose personality onstage has always

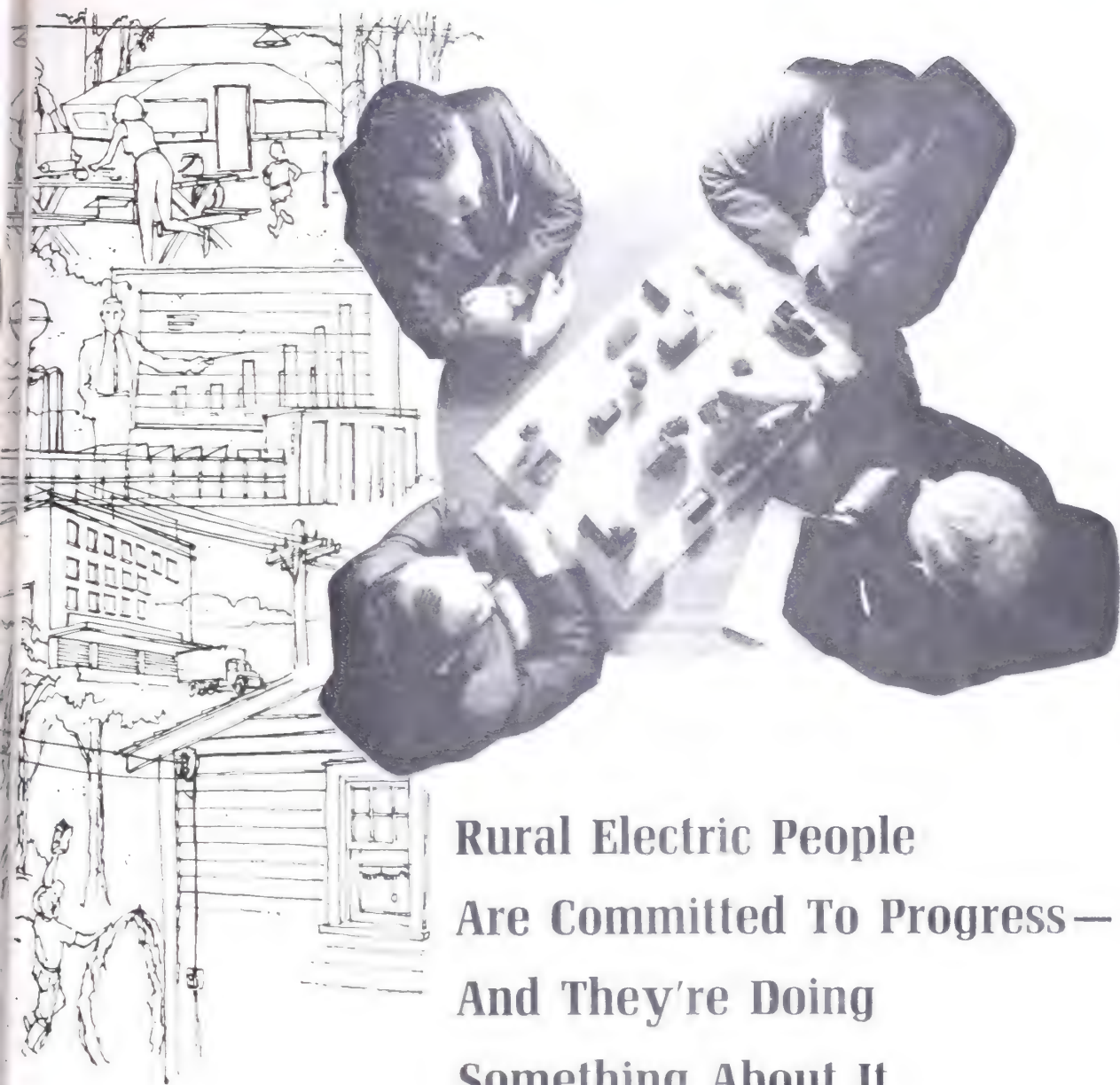
...size as Clytemnestra... with a certain grandeur: two perfect... for transmitting...

In Jacqueline Brooks, the company has one of the few actresses in America with any experience in playing Greek tragedy. Young, tall, strong, vivid, she intones her lines as a slave with authentic grief, giving a grim performance. As Orestes, John Michael King speaks in rich, lush tones,

but he seems emotionally hesitant, little afraid of passion. Donald Davis makes a stately Agamemnon, weary when he gets back from the Trojan Wars that he can barely hold his head up, while Karen Ludwig both vulnerable and aggressive Electra.

One revelation of the production is Ruby Dee, who acts on the edge of convulsion as Cassandra. When she is frustrated she simply lies down on the floor of the stage and thrashes around in agony; no half-measures here. Miss Dee is clearly ripe for any part she would set her mind to. Both Shaw's and Shakespeare's Cleopatra, for example, could use her talent, which is made up of equal parts vigor, suppleness, conviction, unusual stamina, and a winning smile.

The other revelation is the Chorus, perfectly trained by Mr. Solomos, who is the former director of the National Theater of Greece, and the choreographer Helen McGehee. They enter for the first time as I am told; they do in the theater at Epidaurus pounding their walking staves in unison on the floor of the stage. Then they form shifting patterns in front of the audience and begin to tell the story of the House of Atreus, to bemoan the dead at Troy, belittle the mind and face of Helen, to preach, moralize, worry aloud. In and out of



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the action they wander, rejected by Clytemnestra, warned by Cassandra, welcomed by Agamemnon. The action of the play moves on their feet and they set its style.

The Richmond Lattimore translation is both grave and graceful, dense with human sympathy, and fully suggestive of the play's pain and compassion. The *Oresteia* is agonizingly long; it goes on at eight in Ypsilanti and is finished well after eleven, a nearly four-hour attempt to enlarge our paltry emotions and reach our intelligence. The palace that Eldon Elder has designed stands wide and tall (stretching, I would guess, from first to third base). When the watchman of the House of Atreus appears on top of its walls, he stands literally on the top of a real wall, silhouetted against the twilight sky. That is the clue to this *Oresteia*. It is big and real, without concessions to naturalism.

The company comes nowhere near this standard in its production of Aristophanes' *The Birds*. Using the William Arrowsmith translation, which often captures precisely the right skittery tone, only to lose it by throwing in arbitrary contemporary allusions, it moves raggedly around the Pisthetairos of Bert Lahr, who is onstage almost the entire evening, raising more memories of *The Wizard of Oz* and *Du Barry Was a Lady* than creating a poor, bewildered Greek lost in cloud-cuckoo-land. But Philip Piro's Poet catches the right lisping note amidst the fussy, preening bird-chorus, and Ruby Dee provides a moment of high good humor when she flies in on a Peter Pan wire as Iris, daughter of Zeus, down for a nosy visit from Olympus. There is also something happy in itself in the sight of Bert Lahr solemnly whacking a few pompous political and artistic types over the head with an inflated bladder, but the Aristophanic jokes are generally simpleminded and often incoherent, as is the entire "satiric" approach. Maybe the Athenians roared; in Ypsilanti there were only a couple of mild laughs.

Whatever the initial achievements of this new theater, it does not seem that the town of Ypsilanti is tied closely yet to its Greek Theater. For one thing, the company is very much concerned with building a permanent home for itself to replace the present

temporary quarters at Eastern Michigan University. The cost is estimated at two and a half million dollars. Many citizens are openly worried that the money will have to come from taxes. Beyond that, no one seems to have any notion of what would go on in a permanent theater in Ypsilanti during the forty weeks a year when the Greek Theater is not operating. (At present, the Greek Theater is conceived as a summer festival, to run through mid-September each year.) It's a crucial question, not to be turned aside because it involves sweet Culture. What *will* go into a permanent theater? The Met? The Bolshoi? Ten-million-dollar epic movies? Or a bowling alley?

The Greek Theater has its first season almost behind it. (It took a last-minute anonymous donation of \$150,000 to assure it.) It has a setting on Eastern Michigan's baseball field that is certainly far more than makeshift. What the company needs is to let the problems of building a new theater wait while it attends strictly to artistic matters for at least two more seasons. What Ypsilanti needs is time to learn to feel at home with its Theater as well as Greek drama. Both are acquired tastes and difficult to justify anywhere in the nation at two and a half million dollars a throw.

Seven Ages of Man

Deeper into the Midwest, meanwhile, the presence of the Minnesota Theater Company is felt almost everywhere when you arrive in Minneapolis. A standard brochure for visitors called *A Guide to the City* logically features it, and in the lobby of your hotel, as likely as not, there will be a large cardboard sales-promotion display talking up subscriptions and individual ticket sales. On hand in the lobby, too, are pocket-sized leaflets that give all the details, while at the Tyrone Guthrie Theater itself busloads of high-school youngsters and other visitors from out-of-town arrive to attend the actual performances. The Theater is also surrounded by peripheral activities advertised everywhere—television interviews with company members, public lectures, group discussions—that build interest, educate, inform. On a brief visit, the feeling grows, in fact, that within

the terms of a bracing prism the Minnesota Theater does everything for its audience, shake it up and disturb its comfort. Nevertheless, bracing prism is rare, and at this moment one of the company's most qualities.

For its production of *As You Like It*, Edward Payson Call, the director, decided to set the play in the bellum South: an unlikely but a daring prospect, given the proximity of the Civil War to evoke emotions from Americans. Unsurprisingly, the dialogue initially works against this, there is, for one thing, a long discussion about life at Court and business in general that goes forward because of the American setting; there are other minor distractions well. But at some indeterminate moment, it becomes clear that this does help to give some of the characters (such as Adam, now an easily comprehended point of reference; what begins as ends as clarification.

It becomes then a lovely production, full of spit curls, pratfalls, romantic posturing, music, and Southern drawls gently enhance the Elizabethan. Jaques makes a tentative statement "Seven Ages of Man" speech, his companions in Arden, defeated federate soldiers vaguely onto their hopes, turn away, groans of disgust; they've had that weary philosophizing before, every detail is made to count in the on the thrust stage. Phebe makes entrance reading a book and see her lips moving with the Jaques sentimentally fondles shot by the soldiers and the a titters at his weepiness; immediately he silences them with a content look. As for Arden itself, it is in which country bumpkins wet logs and manure, get their bare feet, and even at on urinate in the underbrush.

Ellen Geer's Rosalind is a jokester who is so clever that sometimes see her mind change course of a line, as well as the she feels at the words that come out of her mouth. Poor Rosalind: she must talk in endless Shakespearean paradoxes, all wit and a marathon of nonstop pun. There are moments in the second

PERFORMING ARTS

play when Miss Geer's monologue runs out; there is too much going on, too many plans for her to carry out, too few pauses for breath. Only then does a slight consciousness set in. But the comedy is generally first-rate in the and not the least of its achievements that its members move beautifully at ease with their bodies as American actors are.

Miss Geer went through a total transformation for Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. (The play is also doing Strindberg's *Of Death*, which I did not see.) The daughter in the Antrobus family seemed to grow taller and her voice tightened, she acquired a vaguely stupid air; in short, performing psychology was inside out as she moved from being a Shakespearean character (in the matinee) to sketching a cartoon (in the evening).

It is what *The Skin of Our Teeth* is: a piece of early cartoon Pop filled with the vivid surface eternalia of life that can quickly almost without warning. What the play is the intermittent display of the very animal vitality it sets on enshrine. The fun is in Wilder's style of play: Sabina the maid mocking everything her spirit turns its attention to. After seven years as a follower, all she can say is, "I want to kiss another human again," and as Nancy Wickwire runs the line it is the funniest in the play. It was Miss Wickwire who led the performance with her malice; Sabina has always been the perfect role for any actress with a sense of irony, a little wit, and a dry voice.

I admired almost everyone in the production: Ruth Nelson as Mrs. Antrobus, with her voice as rich as a tire plum tree in bloom; Lenora as the son (he was also a clear-cut, sturdy Orlando in *As You Like It*); Lee Richardson as Mr. Antrobus, although I felt that he never got the Patriarch in focus, not whether he should be played as a dearing bumbler, in Paul Ford's role or as a manly Rotarian, in Eric March's.

I go to see *As You Like It* for the and for the gaiety and glibness of Shakespeare's language. The play has a real sense, an act of grace, a

beautiful Thing that bears more than a second look in a lifetime. I am not so sure about *The Skin of Our Teeth*. It has not stood very well the test of anybody's life in the last quarter-century; after Auschwitz and Hiroshima, the play seems like a sharp-looking tooth that turns out to be all cavity inside when it bites. Its simplicities are irritating, its chin-up optimism cloying.

Based on only these two productions, I would guess that Minneapolis's Theater is more interested in production and literary values than in contemporary relevance. It performs Chekhov, Shaw, Shakespeare, and Strindberg; it does Arthur Miller and Tennessee Williams. But an urgent aspect of contemporary theater—one that views life in uncomfortable, anti-literary terms—is entirely missing. Without going into the complicated question of new plays, when will Minneapolis get to see Genet, Pinter, Wesker, Osborne, Richardson, Kopit, Arden, Beckett, Ionesco, Weiss, Dürrenmatt, Frisch, to say nothing of Camus or Sartre? Is O'Neill's early play, *S.S. Glencairn*, which is scheduled to open next month, worth the unquestioned effort the company will put into its revival?

The theater's choice of repertoire has an influence far beyond Minneapolis and the Minneapolis audience. What Minneapolis does, a dozen other regional operations will also do. (Half the nation's regional theaters may well launch the *Glencairn* in imitation in the next season or two.) For the company has become a national touchstone. Under Tyrone Guthrie, its first director, it made the biggest regional success story in a field that badly needed that particular kind of encouragement. It sets standards and makes taste simply by being there. These responsibilities—and others—worry the company's members, especially Peter Zeisler, the intense and thoughtful Managing Director. "I have to believe in absolutes," he says. "I am not interested in the question of how good we are because we're in Minneapolis. What interests me is are we better than the Berliner Ensemble?" Zeisler and his colleagues and all the energetic citizens who made this Theater have in a literal sense a model operation on their hands. It is good that they worry about absolutes; few others do.

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MUSIC IN THE ROUND *by Discus*

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His music—known in this country mostly for one riotous showpiece—is above all representative of “French taste” and can now be listened to on records for many happy hours.

A short time ago, Vox Records issued a three-disc set containing the complete piano music of *Emmanuel Chabrier* (VBX 400, mono; SVBX 5400, stereo), and I have since then spent many happy hours with the album, listening to the music with pleasure and thinking about the remarkable composer who was responsible for it. In America we do not hear much of Chabrier. Indeed, about the only piece that turns up with any regularity is his *España*, that riotous showpiece favored by conductors of pop concerts. And, indeed, Chabrier composed very little. But almost every piece he did write has something special. More than that, though. As an influence on French music, Chabrier had much more importance than is generally recognized. Most history books, for example, say that Erik Satie was the spiritual father of *Les Six*, the new school after World War I headed by Milhaud, Honegger, and Poulenc. But, as one listens to these Chabrier piano pieces, it becomes clear that Chabrier was, much more than Satie, writing a *Les Six* kind of music as early as the 1880s. There is much more Chabrier in Poulenc than there is Satie.

Emmanuel Chabrier was born in 1841, died in 1894, and had a creative career of only twelve years. He studied law and joined the French civil service in 1862, becoming a functionary in the Ministry of the Interior. He had loved music from the beginning, and his parents, solid middle-class bourgeois types, encouraged that love and his unusual ability at the piano until he began to get ideas about mak-

ing music his life's work. Then there were tears and opposition. Chabrier dutifully responded to his parents' wishes, working for the government and picking up whatever musical instruction he could on the side. Not until 1879 did he get enough nerve to do what he really wanted. The lever was Wagner. Henri Duparc, that composer of about a dozen great songs and nothing else, talked Chabrier into making a trip to Munich to hear *Tristan und Isolde*. Chabrier was overwhelmed, and when he returned he sent in his resignation. It was accepted in 1880.

But he had been moving in musical circles long before that. Early in the 1870s he was close friends with all of the leading French composers, especially the avant-garde ones. Chabrier was a natural avant-gardist. His closest friends were Verlaine and Manet (by the time Chabrier died he had a brilliant collection of Impressionistic art, including many Manet canvases). In 1875 he joined the Société Nationale de Musique, where his colleagues were Saint-Saëns, Duparc, Chausson, Fauré, Lalo, d'Indy, and everybody who counted in the new French school. He also started composing in the middle 1870s, and one of his earliest works was an operetta named *L'Etoile*.

There used to be a recording of this, made in the early 1930s on five Pathé discs. *L'Etoile* already showed where Chabrier was heading, and it is a remarkable score. In its humor, sophis-

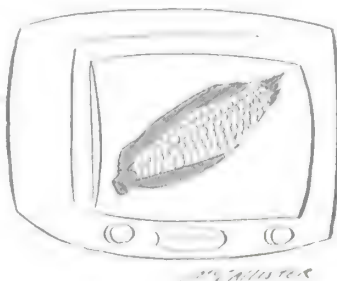
tication, creative harmonies, a melodic style, it is unparalleled French music. “Sophistication” probably the key word. The music representative of everything popularly conceived as “French taste.” The score is highly spiced, highly chromatic, has some peculiar dissonance and moves with the original kind of charm that was Chabrier's particular contribution. It is a lightweight score but a masterpiece of its kind, to be surpassed only by his own *Le Roi malgré lui* (1887). His major serious opera is *Gwendoline*, which is supposed to be heavily Wagnerian. Balanchin has used sections of *Gwendoline* (along with other Chabrier music for his ballet *Bourrée fantasque*).

What Is Melodic Power

Chabrier composed piano music through the greater part of his life. His earlier pieces are unimportant and not until the ten *Pièces pittoresques* did he arrive at his mature style. Those, the *Trois valse romantiques* (1883), the *Bourrée fantasque* (1891), and the *Cinq morceaux* (published posthumously but probably composed in the middle 1880s) are his major pianistic contributions.

Best of all probably are the *Trois valse romantiques* for two pianos: glittering, pianistically ingenious, the kind of apotheosis that Ravel's *La Valse* was to be. Its charm is hard to describe in words. Chabrier's piano style is very rich without being empty. There is plenty of decoration but all the decoration, as in Chopin and Fauré, is functional, meaning that the music never stops to deliver an empty cadenza. The melodies are simply unforgettable. One test of melodic power is its ability to remain fresh, and Chabrier triumphantly comes through the test. The melodies of the three Romantic Waltzes stick in the head and never become cloying. Another unforgettable bit is the very ending, where Chabrier wrote down a sequence of blues chords—in 1883! One can mentally hear a New Orleans trumpet: waah, waah, waah, *waah*.

Every kind of approach is present in the ten *Pièces pittoresques*. There is a long melodic effusion, *Idylle*, suggesting nothing so much as Poulenc's Adagietto from *Les Biches*. There is a gay, coruscating example of waltz writing, the *Scherzo-Valse*. There is a





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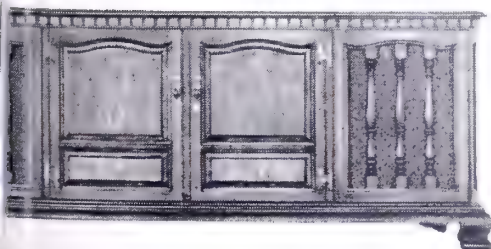
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musical equivalent of a Manet outdoors scene in *Sous-bois*. Each of the ten pieces has something different to say, and each of them is permeated with the unmistakable Chabrier style. The man was a true original, and it is only necessary to hear ten bars of any of his music to know that only he could have composed it. One of his tricks is rhythmic. The *Tourbillon* is written in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, but the inner pulse of the beat is completely irregular, and Chabrier might as well have done away with bar lines.

The *Cinq morceaux* are very much in the style of the *Pièces pittoresques*—equally sophisticated, equally inventive. Chabrier himself called the set "music of today and tomorrow, certainly not of yesterday." His most popular piano piece, one which still occasionally turns up in recital (and which was recently recorded by Artur Schnabel) is the long *Bourrée fantasque*, a whirligig, a capricious bundle of interrelated ideas, with more harmonic innovations than can be found in the complete operas of Ambroise Thomas and Charles Gounod rolled together. An oddity is the four-hand *Souvenirs de Munich*, in which Chabrier, half lovingly, half jestingly, composed a set of five quadrilles on themes from *Tristan und Isolde*.

In this Vox album the pianist is Rena Kyriakou, assisted by Walter

Klien in the works for two piano and piano duet. She is a Greek who has not appeared in the United States. Obviously a good technician, she plays in a clear-cut manner, with a strong rhythmic drive. What she lacks in color and sophistication. Chabrier often used, purposely, light music-hall tunes, quadrilles, and dance forms, just as Poulenc and Debussy would have done many years later. Kyriakou has a tendency to play with a seriousness that suggests she is playing the *Hammerklavier*. To do full justice to this music, an imaginative stylist is needed.

But at least Kyriakou represents. She also has been recorded on a most admirable sound, and the two pianos have complete separation, a most exciting effect. In all, this is the only available performance of Chabrier's piano music. There is to be a pair of Westminster records devoted to Chabrier—the *Pièces pittoresques* and a few other things. Those have long been withdrawn since they were not appreciable. If, then, there is to be a new album, there is to try to unearth them. The three discs will serve to introduce American listeners one of the figures in music, a minor one, whose music remains fresh, vibrant, utterly original.

And Also...

Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 1 in E minor; Four Mazurkas. Tamas Vasary, piano, and Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Jerzy Semkow. Deutsche Grammophon 19453 (mono), 136453 (stereo).

Neat, smooth, sensitive playing. Vasary is not a thunderer or exhibitionist, but within its slender framework his playing is remarkably satisfactory.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 5; Pohjola's Daughter. New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 6149 (mono); MS 6749 (stereo).

Strong, extroverted readings. Bernstein, as a Koussevitzky protégé, grew up with this music in his blood.

Brahms: String Quartets (3, complete); Schumann: Piano Quintet. Rudolf Serkin, piano, and Budapest String Quartet. Columbia M2L 334 (mono, 2 discs); M2S 734 (stereo, 2 discs).

The Budapest Quartet and Brahms have always been closely aligned, and

here they present their usual traditional idiomatic performances. The only thing in this album is the presence of the popular Schumann Piano Quintet, what is amazing is that this is the only available stereo version. Serkin plays with typical brio, and also with curiously mannered moments.

Schumann: Dichterliebe; Lied (Op. 24). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, voice, and Joerg Demus, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 39109 (mono), 39110 (stereo).

Fischer-Dieskau seems to be regaining much of his repertoire. As constantly growing artist, and generally recognized as the greatest of living singers, his interpretations are of importance. This new *Dichterliebe* is even better than its predecessor, crooning, effects made by pure Schumann's great cycle, and all beautiful *Liederkreis*, receive sensitive performances.

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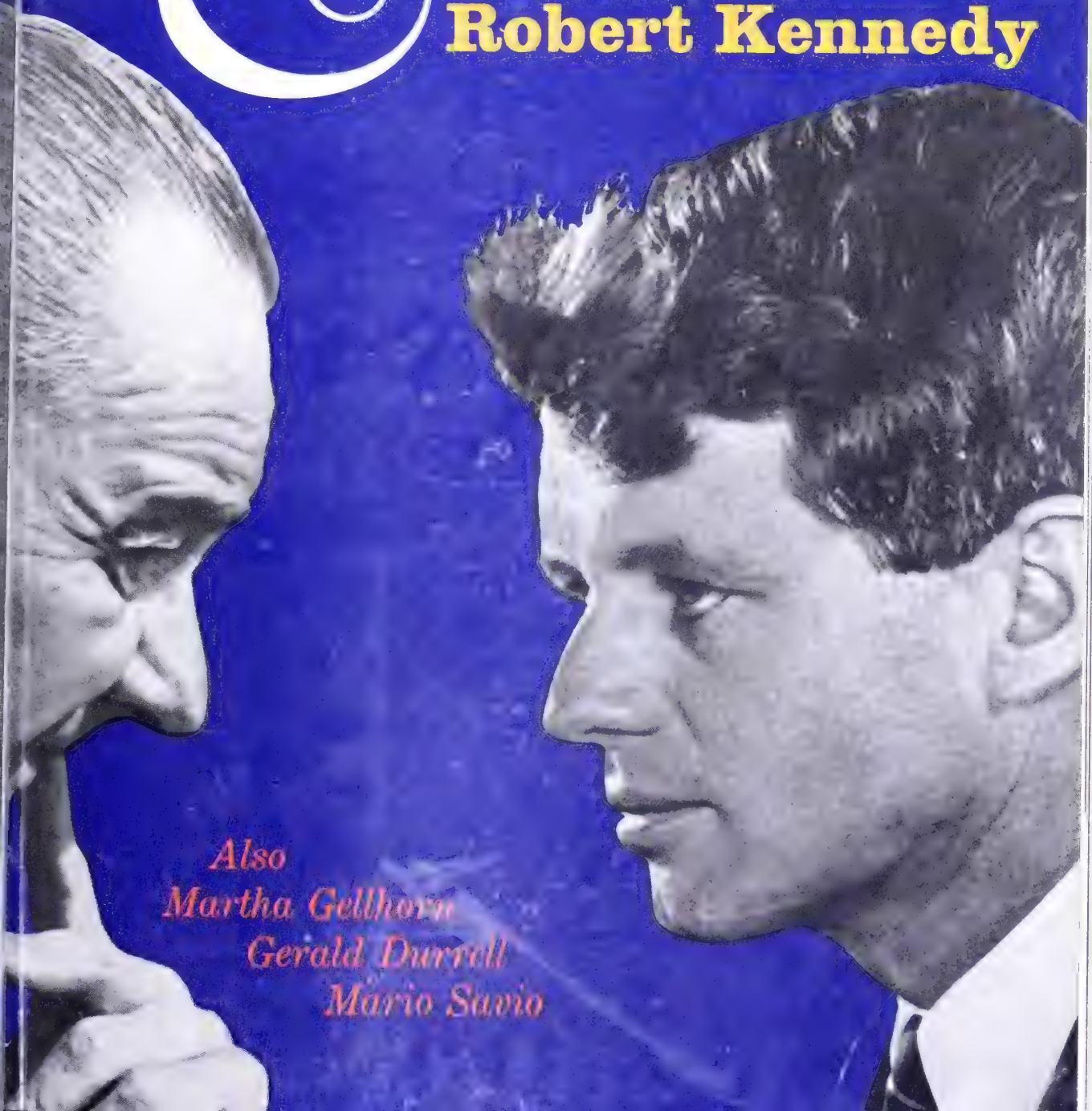
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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

Circulation and Promotion Director:

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$5 per copy, \$8.50 one year, \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

ALL SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE (on change of address, please allow six weeks' advance notice, including old address as well as new address). Write to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE
 SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
 FULFILLMENT CORPORATION OF AMERICA
 381 WEST CENTER STREET
 MARION, OHIO 43040

ADVERTISING INFORMATION

PRODUCTION MANAGER: ALVIN PLOFSKY
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone: Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone: Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344
 Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

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Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

Founded in 1850

Vol. 233
 No. 1397

Harper's®

magazine

October
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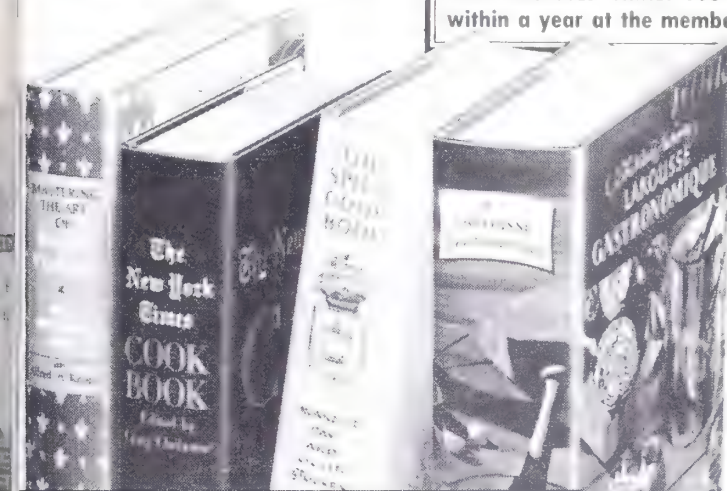
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Letters

Riddles from the Dead Sea

In his provocative article on "The Untold Story of the Dead Sea Scrolls" [August], John Marco Allegro makes some telling points about the imperative need for further research in this area and the inevitable bias of Christian scholars.

However, I wonder whether any such research can ever be purely objective. Mr. Allegro, despite his protestations that for scholars like himself "emotional questions are not involved," plainly is prejudiced against Christianity and obviously has a personal stake in vindicating his preconceived theories. And truly one marvels at the categorical character of Mr. Allegro's statements on the New Testament. . . . Already, before all the evidence is in, he has flatly consigned the New Testament to the realm of fiction and the Sermon on the Mount to the "world of dark magic."

Should Mr. Allegro's speculations be proven correct, the extinction of Christianity will follow, for it hinges on the actual existence in history of a real Jesus of Nazareth. In that case I could comfort myself with the thought that I can always call myself a rabbi and organize a "Synagogue bar-Allegro."

THE REV. DAVID R. KING
Asst. Minister, Grace Church
New York, N. Y.

"The untold story" of the Dead Sea Scrolls is the latest of a number of such sensationalist publications and pronouncements by Allegro since January 1956 on the subject of the Qumran manuscript discoveries. . . .

The substance of Allegro's claims that he stands alone amidst Christian falsifiers of Essene truth is elusive in the extreme. All his arguments are based on supposed folk etymologies and paronomasias, which are notoriously difficult to control. That the ancients loved such wordplays is unquestioned, but whether a single one of Allegro's constructions can be established is highly questionable indeed. More than one can play the

punning game; I choose two of Allegro's points at random. Following his rules of the game, the word central to Allegro's argument (Hebrew *kharash*) could be read not only to mean "carpenter," "divin," and "deaf-mute" but also "hick," "trees," "potsherd," "engraver," even "plowing." But obviously the last does not suit Allegro's argument, so he does not mention them. Allegro claims that Bar-Jesus, the name of Elymas in Acts 13:6, means "magician" so that the name Jesus must also mean "magician." But . . . the etymology given in Acts is based on the name Elymas . . . and not the surname, Bar-Jesus. . . .

What is most striking about the whole article is how little it has to do with the Dead Sea Scrolls. Only Allegro's reference to "a new, deciphered document" gives one pause. But even so, there is nothing of genuine substance to support his thesis that we are "on the verge of a tremendous breakthrough." One wonders why Allegro has not published the original text of the document on which he speaks. . . .

As an anti-Christian polemic tract Allegro's "untold story" is little more than that. There are a number of ways of concealing truth, but none of them endures for long. Due course all the fragments of Cave 4 will be available for full discussion and careful judgment by the scholarly world, at which time it will be abundantly clear who will have the story to tell.

JAMES A. SANDERS
Prof. of Old Testament
Union Theological Seminary
New York N. Y.

Professor Sanders is a member of the Committee on Dead Sea Scrolls of the American Schools of Oriental Research, and author of The Scroll of Qumran Cave 11 (1966).

I enjoyed John Allegro's article. I certainly agree that the Scrolls need to be evaluated objectively. . . . On the other hand, I have more faith in the flexibility of the Church than Allegro does. Perhaps dogma is

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LETTERS

to change, but it does change over the centuries the change often strengthened the Church given new life to Christ's teaching.

MRS. P. M.
San Antonio

John Allegro has done me the honor of gracing his article with a mention of myself in the "scrollery" of the Palestine Archaeological Museum, Jordanian Jerusalem and of referring to me as the "Jesuit" among Roman Catholics called together to form an "international team" to study the texts from Qumran Cave IV. The article is so preposterous, unscientific, and unscholarly, I consider it quite dubious. . . . He is playing on the connotations—sinister connotations—that my title evokes in order to feed "the niggling fears of the glib inquirer." . . .

Mr. Allegro cannot even count correctly. . . . There were indeed eleven members of the team . . . unfortunately none of them a Jesuit. The "Jesuit" was brought into the team as a beginner in 1957 and spent a year on a concordance, as did the American R. E. Brown and the Protestant layman W. G. Oxtoby the following years. None of us were ever permitted to "edit" a text. . . . If there was a Jesuit son to include the Jesuit, there were others should have been included making a total of eleven. . . .

JOSEPH A. FITZMYER
Prof. of New Testament
and Biblical Languages
Woodstock College
Woodstock, N.Y.

Peace P

I enjoyed the articles by MacGregor Burns and Anthony Eden ["Toward Peace in Asia: Two Proposals," August]. I particularly appreciated Anthony Eden's view. I think that they are absolutely correct.

GEN. JAMES M. CONNELLEY
Cambridge, Mass.

The Scholars Go

Kenneth Lamott's otherwise excellent appraisal of the new University of California campus ["The New University: Olympus on a Mountain," August] overlooks one interesting fact about Second College. On the basis of figures published recently

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LETTERS

UC in Berkeley, it would appear that one out of every five students enrolled in Second College failed at the end of the freshman year. Local opinion holds that the UCSD faculty is inordinately enthusiastic in its attempts to mold brilliance out of what many consider only a so-so raw product.

WILLIAM D. NIE
La Jolla,

Kenneth Lamott's comment on Jonas Salk's rating of esteem in La Jolla exposed a bit of scientific hubris in a linen which may as well be aired. Jonas Salk, man not deity, does deserve the courtesy of his fellow men. He deserved the public honor which was bestowed on him, and he did not claim one of undue credit. . . . In establishing the scope of his institute as "biology" rather than "medicine" he eschewed opportunities for glamour and material support.

For perspective, one could compare Sir Alexander Fleming, who is permanently deified. Few of his workers know that antibiosis had been noted by about fifty scientists from Louis Pasteur onward, or that the development of penicillin to the useful of antibiotics was not Fleming's work. Nevertheless, the part he did play earned some honor and gratitude; the same is true for Salk.

HERMAN S. FOSTER
Prof. of Biology
State University College
Geneseo, N.Y.

Hubert Hasn't Changed

Clayton Fritchey's perceptive comment on the presumed liberal disappointment with Vice President Humphrey [Washington Insight, July] particularly in regard to your nation's current Asian policies, reminds me of how woefully wrong and misinformed many liberals can be.

I am by definition a liberal; a liberal in Canada, a leftist Liberal in Great Britain. Resident in Spain the summer of 1936, I was firmly anti-Franco, anti-Falange, anti-fascist. My newspaper dispatches to the British labor *Daily Herald* reflected these strongly held views. . . .

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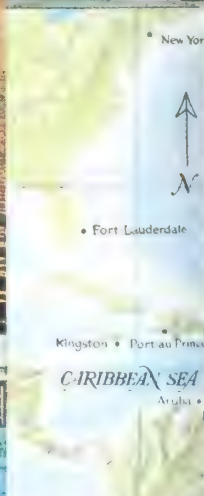
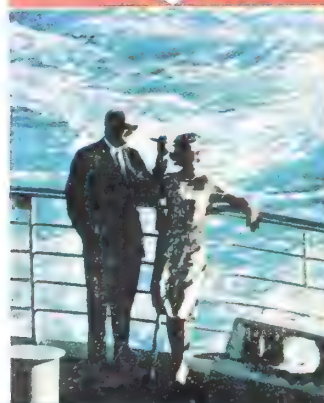
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Republican Army. . . . I was forced (c) to the realization that communism was almost exactly the menace to world freedom its opponents had long intended. I had to change my mind. It wasn't easy. I am aware the substance of my report reached Prime Minister Churchill. . . .

What is my point? Perhaps that the very highest levels of government have access to information not generally available. This might well be the case with your admirable Vice President.

PAUL MORTON
Toronto, Can.

Dream Cities?

I agree that the farm program is infeasible [John Fischer, "A Possibly Practical Utopia," Easy Chair, July]. I don't believe that Congress is out to scrap it. Reapportionment will not reduce farm representation very much (by twelve seats . . .) what the farmers lose in seats they may make up in increased influence in some districts where until now they have had no influence. Remember, Senators from predominantly urban states are not all anti-farm program.

Anyway, the President, not Congress, will decide, and he presumably will take into account not the number of farm votes but the probability of making a difference in the outcome of an election or in the Congressional strength of his party. A few states that are *uncommitted* and/or *in states where they are needed* will be worth more than many that his party already has, can't get, or doesn't need. Just as the Negro is at a disadvantage in these respects, so the farmer is at an advantage.

Mr. Fischer is for building 350 new towns, but he does not say over what period. If he means over the next twenty-five years, that is no faster than we have been building them. The number of cities of from 25,000 to 100,000 population increased from 100 in 1940 to 630 in 1960. Most of them have something approaching his ideal combination of resources—"industrial plants, a college, a medical center, some government offices, and can be a holiday resort"—and much of the migration from rural areas has been to them, not to the big cities. The answer is also for building "by forethought" rather than "naturally"

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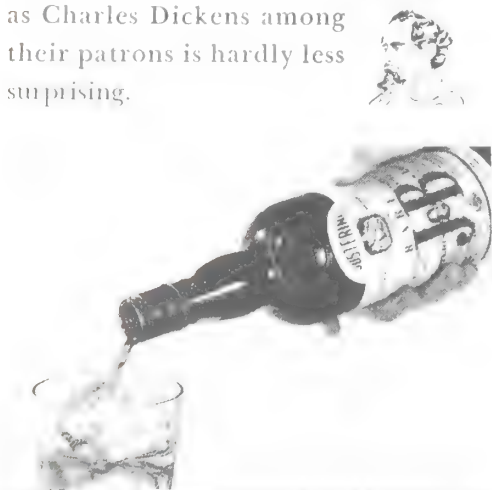
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LETTERS

(which, incidentally, is the way two "working models," Burlington and Colorado Springs, were built). Unfortunately, even the best plan have no way of knowing how new towns are needed . . . or how to make them acceptable to all sorts of people—the "uncivilized" as well as the "civilized." That a dozen or so towns have been planned with apparent success does not mean that hundreds can be.

The example of the British new towns should give Mr. Fischer pause. They were built to "decant" London, but it has kept right on growing and most of them are now mere exurbic suburbs.

Of course it costs more to provide for people in big cities than in rural areas. But it costs far less to provide for people in big cities than in new towns. In new towns, houses, streets, schools, and everything else has to be built new; in the big cities, there is a huge supply of structurally sound housing and public facilities left behind by people who have moved to the suburbs.

Mr. Fischer will say that the advantage of better job opportunities in the new towns will more than offset these added costs. . . . But the key is that most of the poor are not employable: they are the old, the handicapped, the mothers with dependent children. Surely he doesn't intend to exclude all such from his Utopia.

There is no evidence that living in a big city is bad for the character. Then why have a national policy respecting city size? Why not let the consumer decide, through the operation of a free market, how much corn and cotton are to be produced and where people are to live?

EDWARD C. BANERJEE
Prof. of Government
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

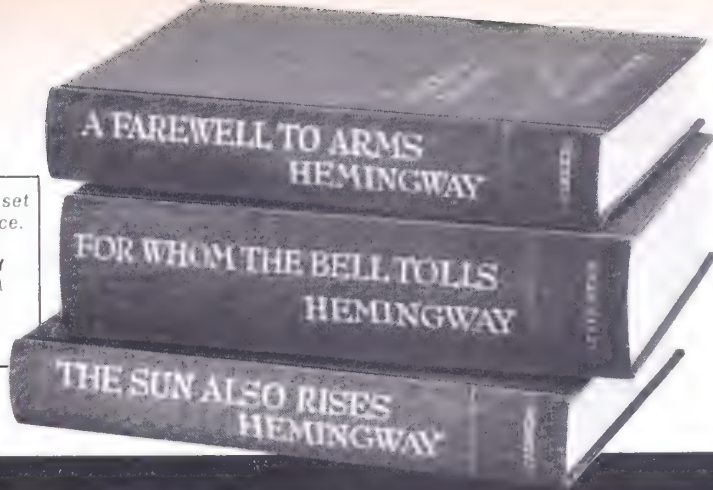
John Fischer's article calls for systematic attention not only to the problems of the farmer, but to the city dweller who is besieged by overpopulation and its attendant sociological problems. . . .

The Committee for National Development Policy recently proposed to the Housing and Urban Development Department a plan for the creation of 25 new cities, primarily

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LETTERS

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lems. . . .

Three to four billion dollars in federal, state, and local funds would be needed for basic development of a new metropolitan site of up to 100 square miles. The cities . . . may be flourishing by 1995, or we face the alternative of a complete break with normal living patterns in our existing metropolitan areas. . . . Can you imagine, for example, how New York will accommodate a predicted population of 15 million by the year 2000?

Our proposed new cities, located in previously undeveloped sections of the country, would be modular in design and made up of segments of planned size. We do not expect them to spring up overnight—rather they will grow one segment at a time in the form of module cities, grouped around a central core city . . . containing large office buildings, hotels, restaurants, computer services, financial districts, and major cultural activities such as universities, museums, and a national theater, but no industry, except a few retail stores and residential units. . . .

When a module city reaches 100,000 or 150,000 population, further growth would be shifted to a new module city perhaps ten miles away, with a greenbelt in between, and located in a clockwise position around the central core city. Industries could be located underground. We feel that the needed new urban centers are within the capabilities of private industry to develop fully, after the model have been established by the federal government.

Members of our committee are particularly concerned over the lack of Congressional interest in federal enabling-law proposals over the past three years that would have provided a program for new town-site land acquisition and installation of utilities. These sites would be fully developed by the private sector in a free economy. Unfortunately, the proposals have been killed before they reached the floor of Congress. One of our objectives is to keep the new towns concept alive in hopes that the needed federal legislation will eventually be passed.

JOSEPH TIMAN, Chairman
Committee for National
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Chicago

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The Easy Chair by Alfred Balk

INVITATION TO BRIBERY

How a recipe for America the Beautiful turned out—in many communities—to be a license for chaos and corruption.

Neatly everyone including Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson—is worried these days about the prospect of America the Ugly. But hardly anyone, it seems, is disturbed by the sorry state of the weapon most commonly used to combat the concrete and neon blight spreading over our cities, suburbs, and countryside. The instrument intended to do this is zoning—the assorted local ordinances which decree what may be built where and thereby attempt to banish the inappropriate and the downright hideous.

Professional planners have rightly argued for years that a miscellany of restrictive rules is no substitute for sound, positive regional planning; what one community does in all good conscience may have disastrous consequences for another a few miles away. And since the basic purpose of most ordinances is to protect established neighborhoods' property values, they are often in conflict with broader social goals.

Despite these flaws, zoning has abetted orderly growth in some communities where it has been intelligently and honorably applied. Too often, however, it has missed even this modest objective. Indeed, as Dennis O'Harrow, Executive Director of the American Society of Planning Officials, bluntly told his society's annual convention last year, in all too many instances zoning has failed because it has become a "marketable

commodity." He cited a respected planning official who assured him that "you can buy with money any kind of zoning you want in half the communities of the United States." Another consultant described gatherings of shopping-center developers who "go upstairs for a drink and start comparing the prices they have to pay for zoning."

Mr. O'Harrow's colleagues were shocked by his indictment. But a developer of mobile-home parks, upon hearing of the speech, reacted differently. "For God's sake, why doesn't O'Harrow shut up?" he said. "We know where we stand now—\$25,000 for zoning for a trailer park in this country. Why upset things by talking about it?"

Estimates vary as to the extent of corruption among zoning officials, and many (including O'Harrow) believe that the vast majority are honest. However, planning consultants, developers, and knowledgeable attorneys generally agree that zoning has been widely perverted into an instrument of special favor. Instead of preserving beauty and furthering orderly community development, it is fostering a billboard-lined, junkyard-infested urban jungle. In some instances even cash payoffs are baldly offered or brazenly solicited.

In Omaha, Nebraska, for example, a young Chicago investment banker, John B. Coleman, took an option on six acres of land early in 1964. He proposed to build there a million-dollar complex of quality town houses. A zoning change was required, but the city's capable Planning Director assured him that this should present no problems. The land was near a busy

street, adjacent to a planned neighborhood hospital, and shielded from existing residences by woods.

Coleman submitted a rezoning application to Omaha's appointive Planning Board. Shortly afterward, a confessed intermediary for one board member informed him that the price of approval would be \$37,000 in payoffs to local politicians. In addition, he must agree to award the construction contract, with a guaranteed \$100,000 profit, to a politically powerful real estate man.

Coleman had the choice of submitting to a shakedown or losing the already invested in options, architects' fees, and other expenses. Shocked and appalled, he told the story to the Omaha *World-Herald*, which helped him gather the recorded evidence. As a result, the real estate man and two city Council members were convicted of bribery (the Mayor, James J. Dworak, was indicted but was acquitted this February). The Mayor and two other council members were defeated overwhelmingly in municipal elections last spring. The rezoning request was ultimately granted. But Coleman was disgusted by the episode that, for the present at least, he will not build in Omaha though he still owns the land. He is determined not to get involved

John Fischer, who ordinarily writes this column, has been in Europe on a reporting trip. The guest editor for this month is contributed by Alfred Balk, who was free-lancing from Chicago when he gathered the material for it. He recently joined "Saturday Review" as feature editor.

ical Radio: A report from General Dynamics

spense movies there always o be a sequence in which the spect tunes his car radio to the and, hears: "Car 64, fugitive our way—intercept." Where- spect swings away and escapes. oday, by and large, if police nts to reach squad car B one y, willy-nilly, cars C, D, and ed to the same channel, have oo. And so can lots of unoffi-

problem is compounded a thou- by modern military tactical ents. Hundreds of squads, ved individuals may be operating over a wide area, all scram- with enemy units.

casation a commander must orders to a hundred squads at he may also need to talk to a telligence scout hidden hun- miles away. Or an individual have to call another unit with on or to call for support, with- reds of ears, friend or foe, all ally listening too.

sets just that selective are now vered or developed by General s. Small and rugged enough to ere a man can go, and simple e, the new radios are a key to actical mobility.

2 to 74,000:

ar II walkie-talkies had one or nels. The new sets have from 74,000 different channels for eleteype communication. A gen- go, a mere 12 channels called ge fixed installation. Now one e 45,000 channels will be car- man's back. The biggest one e back seat of a jeep.

ormous number of channels direct "calling numbers" for , even thousands, of other ran sending and receiving range.

Each set, in fact, has a number of dif- ferent calling numbers that can be changed in prearranged groups every day, every hour or in rapid sequence on a moment's notice to aid security.

The new combat radios are based pri- marily on an old principle—single side- band transmission. It took developments of the past decade, however, in both solid-state electronics and ultra-minia- ture packaging to make practical such sets for mobile ground use.

On an oscilloscope, an AM (ampli- tude modulation) radio wave looks like a single line. Actually that line is made up of three distinct parts: a central carrier and two sidebands.

The central carrier is generated at a specific frequency—in effect its "ad- dress." When modulated, (that is, the message added) two sidebands come into being to carry the actual information. Both bear identical "intelligence."

Less becomes more:

SSB techniques filter out the central carrier and one redundant sideband. The message is sent on the remaining sideband, which contains all the essen- tial information.

Only one-quarter of the power is now required to send a signal the same dis- tance. Alternatively, the same amount of power needed for a full AM band will send an SSB message at least four times as far.

And with greater clarity.

"Noise" or static, comes from any electrical interference—power lines, ve- hicle engines, a storm 100 miles away. The carrier section of standard AM is particularly vulnerable. By using only one sideband, two-thirds of the static potential is avoided.

Radio tuning traditionally depended upon quartz crystals, each of which vi- brates at an individual wave length. With enough of them, a large number of chan-

nels has always been theoretically possi- ble. The number of fragile and expensive crystals that could be carried in combat was limited.

Today's sets still use crystals but in conjunction with electronic or electro- mechanical oscillators and synthesizers that can create thousands of different rates of vibration—or separate channels —and can change from one to another within fractions of a second.

Big becomes small:

New packaging techniques have been equally important. For instance, big tuning capacitors were originally the size of a pair of clenched fists. Now their function has been squeezed into a diode the size of a match head. Sets in devel- opment are only one-fiftieth the size and weight of World War II sets that had only a tiny fraction of today's channels, range or clarity.

Once upon a time there was room to spare on our radio airways. Today, chan- nels jam closer and closer; interference has become a serious problem. General Dynamics' new sets are today filling military needs. Future civilian applica- tions, however, could double the num- ber of channels available for voice or data communication within the space now taken up by AM transmissions.

General Dynamics is a company of sci- entists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tac- tical support equipment; nuclear, elec- tronic, and communication systems; ma- chinery; building supplies; coal, gases. Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

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New multi-thousand channel radios provide direct and clear commu- nication among hundreds of wide- ly separated fighting units, each with many "calling numbers."

in any project involving rezoning from now on.

Not all zoning scandals reach the courts. Many dubious practices are simply accepted as local folkways. In one large Eastern city, for instance, a planner reports that it is customary to place unreasonable restrictions on all vacant land. As a result, when the owner wants to develop it in quite appropriate fashion he must apply for a zoning change. "When it is granted, as it logically must be," a planning consultant told me, "it becomes a political favor which must one day be repaid."

A cruder dodge—accepted until recently in a smaller community—was an unwritten rule that any owner desiring a zoning change must first sell his land to the local Mayor. After the variance was granted, the Mayor sold the land back to the original owner, at a slight profit justified by its enhanced earning potential.

Interlacing Interests

Far more prevalent, though, are subtle or flagrant conflicts between the public and private interests of officials who control zoning.

In Honolulu, for example, last spring the City Planning Commission, whose responsibilities include zoning, proposed that seventeen lots be rezoned to allow the construction of four high-rise apartment buildings at the base of Diamond Head, Hawaii's famous and largely unspoiled scenic

area. High-rise buildings (including parking garages) have already begun encroaching on the Waikiki Beach area. Civic and professional groups vigorously opposed the Diamond Head project, pleading that at the very least it should be postponed until a land-use plan for the area was completed and relevant legal opinions handed down. Apparently persuaded, the Commission announced that it was removing the matter from its current agenda.

But a surprise meeting was called and the Commission abruptly approved the rezoning. Amid subsequent charges and countercharges it was established that the developers, Oceanside Properties, Inc., had employed one of the Planning Commissioners, Alfred Yee, on the Diamond Head project. Mr. Yee was also involved in structural engineering for other projects of the same firm valued at \$14 million.

The public outcry that followed these disclosures was led by the *Honolulu Advertiser*. "The issue," its editor wrote, "is not whether there should be apartments in the Diamond Head area. The issue is the manner in which the Commission acted—and Yee's conflict of interests."

The apartments, at latest report, are still scheduled for construction. However, Mr. Yee is no longer a member of the Planning Commission and Honolulu has adopted a code of ethics for its public officials.

Such codes are badly needed by

many other communities, particularly the fast-growing suburban areas such as Montgomery County, Maryland, in metropolitan Washington, D. C. There, a recent appointed County Planning Board (naming the objections of his own party) is the son of a large agriculturally potent landowner. Similarly, Rockland County—a suburb of New York City—last summer, rezoned sought for a controversial \$75 million housing development in the Haverstraw. The principal turned out to be a politically prominent member of the County Planning Board. (After a burst of public hearings and several noisy hearings, the request for rezoning was withdrawn at least for the time being.)

Likewise in Fairfax County, Virginia, the County Board of Supervisors voted to rezone the Auchincloss estate, Merrywood, highrise apartments—the first in the scenic and historic Potomac Park region. Opponents of the project covered that the County Sheriff served as real-estate broker for developers and had bought a share of the property as had an attorney close ties to the statewide Byrd political organization. It took the intervention of Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall to block the project. The device he used, "scenic easement" that prohibits construction that would mar the view of the Palisades. Landowners compensated on a basis fixed by courts.

For years zoning boards have along with few unmanageable problems. Why are many now in dis-

Despite the enormous movement of city people to the land that has taken place since World War II, most suburban zoning still operate on the same principles which brought them into being a century ago: the supreme goal to protect property values and the way to do this is to keep out anything but single-family, detached houses, preferably on large parcels of land.

The pressures of the market plus the needs of an expanding population have long since obliterated the dream, except in a few enclaves of the very wealthy. Large residential subdivisions with apartment town houses are profitable; in

IN PERSPECTIVE

by Robert Graves

What, keep love in *perspective*?—that old lie
Forced on the Imagination by the Eye
Which, mechanistically controlled, will tell
How rarely table-sides run parallel;
How distance shortens us; how wheels are found
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 of exclusive suburbia—is
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 dened citizens who are wor-
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 and other public services. Gas
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 night snack bars tempt the
 angry who, in turn, become
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 plan.
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 iece of God's good earth. I
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The Neighbors' Mistakes

tly one can understand why
 r John W. Reps, chairman of
 University's Department of
 Regional Planning, in a talk
 Requiem for Zoning," argued
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 sia." He called for "a search
 legislative substitute sturdy
 to survive in the modern
 form might it take?
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 on of zoning and planning.
 al government is trying to
 mmunities in this direction,
 subsidies to support plan-
 special grants for the ac-
 of open space as part of a

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regional master plan, and by denying Bureau of Public Roads support to urban-area highway projects which are not based on a "continuing, comprehensive transportation planning process carried on cooperatively by the state and locality."

Another desirable step would be a review of local zoning decisions by a metropolitan or state agency. Such a system has been functioning successfully in Marion County, Indiana, adjacent to Indianapolis, and in the Canadian province of Ontario.

"Central review is imperative," says Richard F. Babcock, Chicago attorney and zoning consultant to the Ford Foundation, "not only to protect the community and the developer from the prejudices and whims of each other, but to provide a forum for that third party who has no voice: the neighboring community which must live with the mistakes of its neighbor."

Several broader governmental reforms also would help. Jack Noble, editor of the planners' publication *Zoning Digest*, advocates increased state aid to schools or greater reliance

on state income or sales taxes in preference to local real-estate and property taxes.

"Today," he says, "if you as a zoning official are convinced that a development will hurt your school district, other considerations pale and you are forced to keep it out."

Ultimately, too, some planners believe public bodies will have to purchase undeveloped land, plan and zone it. Then parcels would be sold by bidding to developers whose projects fit into a regional master plan. In New York City a variation of this scheme is being tried on Staten Island, where a speculators' stampede was set off by the opening of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. The present plan is to treat 1,000 vacant acres in the Annadale-Huguenot section as an urban-renewed tract and develop it in a way that will both preserve the charm of the area and accommodate a burgeoning population. But pressure to scuttle this idea has been great.

Fundamental changes such as these cannot be brought about overnight. But much can be done within the present framework. Certainly local gov-

ernments can make greater use of zoning and pay more heed to professional planners employed full-time, or as consultants. With a comprehensive blueprint, regularly with professional help, zoning is foredoomed to fail.

Further, even though political inertia, and conflict of interest in the human condition, seem to suggest that efforts can be made to remove zoning officials from the political arena, to require of them a high level of ethics. The code of ethics formulated by the American Society of Planning Officials requires—among other things—mandatory continuous disclosure of private property interests which may create "potential" for conflicts with public responsibilities, and prohibition of direct or indirect interest in property from property in connection with public duties. Zoning officials should be required, too, to conduct a public hearing on business in full public view, with agendas announced (along with knowledgeable citizens and to monitor every meeting.

None of these measures will, however, unless zoning codes are modernized. For one thing, there should be an end to attempts to freeze development around traditional (often wasteful and expensive) street grids and lot patterns. More than a dozen municipalities now give developers high-rise structures height reductions in exchange for setting aside ground-level open space. They encourage single-family homes or townhouses to be clustered in planned developments that preserve grass, woods and recreation areas (including, for instance, an eighteen-hole golf course) in adjacent open "conservation" areas. Such a solution is in the making in the Fairfax County area near Washington, D.C., earlier. Instead of the high-rise apartments, single-family dwellings are being designed by architect Frank Gehry.

Such enlightened solutions are, unfortunately, still the exception. Far more localities zoning is more than an exclusionary, self-interested racket, perpetuating shortsighted, squabbling conflicts out of individual greed and self-interest. This is no invisible hand. The consequences are in plain sight. We ride the freeways of an America no longer very beautiful.

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After Hours by Russell Lynes



IS VENICE WORTH SAVING?

The office of the city official with whom I had an appointment to discuss the future of Venice has a balcony that looks down directly over the San Marco *vaporetto* station. The local and express water-buses stop there, jammed almost all day to their railings, exploding little streams of black smoke from their beetle tops and whirring more like insects than like powerboats. Across the water of the Bacino San Marco the miracle that Palladio had built on the island of San Giorgio Maggiore, its façade of such white coolness and dignity that every other church in Venice seems a little (and the baroque ones greatly) fussy by comparison, was momentarily swallowed in the superstructure of a massive oil tanker. The ship was on its way to the wide Giudecca Canal that cuts off a segment of the city, a route to the refineries on the mainland that sends shivers down Venetian spines.

"Supposing one of those monsters should catch fire in the canal and burning oil spread over the water," they say. "The whole city would go up in flames."

The ship disappeared behind the ancient customs house and the church of the Salute, its dome done up in gigantic baroque curlers, which presides over the beginning (or is it the climax?) of the Grand Canal. The

water there is whipped into little whitecaps by the *vaporetti*, vegetable and Coca-Cola and ice-cream barges, by mahogany *motoscafi* that glisten like glass and transport the tourists from the luxurious hotels, by outboards and bobbing gondolas.

The Contessa Sammartini, a young woman trained as an architect (partly in America) and passionately devoted to Venice, stood on the balcony with me. She had arranged the appointment with the official, who had been a "town-planning alderman," and had come to interpret.

"I think he is keeping us waiting to punish us," she said, "because we changed the hour of the appointment."

If it was punishment, it was of the mildest sort. In a very few minutes the official appeared in the door of the cavernous office on whose balcony we stood. He was trim and dark and wore black-rimmed spectacles and his title was *Direttore del Festival Internazionale del Teatro di Prosa della Biennale di Venezia*. It was printed under his name on the calling card he handed me. (He was called "Dottore"; Italians like to have handles to their names. I was several times called Doctor myself, and several other times I was addressed as "Professore.")

The clerk who had ushered us in when we arrived had set three chairs

—two straight high-backed ones and a somewhat collapsed leather armchair between them—in front of the windows of the office. The Dottore motioned me to the armchair, and I found myself gazing up at him, and the Contessa, the way a child gazes up at adults. I said, and the Contessa translated, that I was interested in the plans for the future of Venice.

"The city is looked at not in a realistic way," he said, "not as a community, but as a piece of art. A city is lived in by people, but a city cannot live on restoration. The problem is social, economic, and geographic, hygienic."

He paused and looked out of the window while the Contessa rendered this brisk opening from Italian into English. It was quite evident that the Dottore is an old hand at being mentioned by foreigners about his city. He had said these things before, he spoke in whole, unhesitating sentences and paragraphs, pausing, he felt he had poured a reason

This month Harper & Row will publish a collection of Mr. Lynes's essays (some of which originally appeared in this column) under the title "Confessions of a Dilettante." Like the others, a number are concerned with the threats of "progress" to ancient or civilized living.

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AFTER HOURS

burden into the interpreter's arms, waiting for the next question.

"In fifteen years the population of the Historic Center [i.e. the area commonly thought of as Venice] declined from 180,000 to 120,000."

It has been the young who have left, he explained, the working-class (interpreted as "medium-laborers" to distinguish them from the laborers), and they have gone across the bridge that connects Venice to the mainland to live in the busy town of Mestre. One result of the emigration from the ancient city is that the average age of the population in Venice is forty-one.

"We have more old people than any city in Italy," he said. "The schools in the Historic Center are half-empty. In six years the attendance has dropped from twelve thousand to five thousand students. On the mainland the schools have to run on three sessions—do you say?—shifts a day."

The statistics kept coming in as though on ticker tape; the picture they outlined was not a heartening one. One felt as though what was needed was not only city planning but more practitioners of urban sociology, someone to hold its har-

"The young population that has left to be in Venice is on the mainland," Dottore said.

Many people of all ages come to work in the city from the mainland over the long causeway, arriving at the Piazzale Roma, where the cars also arrive by automobile and airport conveyance, in swarms, camera-strung thousands even. They jam the *vaporetti* along with the commuters, some of whom are gondoliers, Venice's romantic gondoliers who live on the mainland where they can have cars. The Dottore mentioned the Italian love affair with the automobile as one of the reasons why the young move to Mestre and the villages on the mainland. Another lifelong Venetian, Dottore laid it to purely economic reasons.

"Rent for four people in the Historic Center is 35,000 lire; in the villages it is 20,000."

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It is certainly not charm nor educational facilities nor a sense of history that attracts the young to M-

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It is a community that has, without planning, a clutter of story apartment houses, jammed together without parks and with a briar patch of television sets. One Venetian surprised by the analogy he used to describe a Klondike town, a gold-rush town, he said.

Most of the inhabitants of the city work on the other side of the city, on a road into Venice, in an industrial complex called Marghera. It is a highway that comes in from the north, a road along the Brenta canal, lined with ancient villas, on the equivalent of the (New York) Meadows, spewing black smoke, a center for heavy industry for refineries and chemical-processing plants, for the manufacture of fertilizers and, of course, the handling of millions of tons of maritime cargo.

"More than 36,000 of them who work in Marghera," the Contador said, "live in Mestre and the surrounding villages. There are five or six thousand who live in Venice and go out there, compared to thirteen thousand who come from Mestre."

The major industry of the city Center is, of course, tourism.

"The trouble is," the Contador said to me earlier, "that more people come to Venice for less time."

But that was just a hint of the changes in tourist Venice and its economy. The trend is toward mass tourism and cheap tours, though the number of visitors increases, the amount of money they spend does not increase proportionately. Not only does this mean the fight for the tourist dollar (lira) becomes more frantic; the quality of the merchandise and the services offered become more shoddy. The Rialto market in the neighborhood of the Piazza San Marco can match junk and hawking with Atlantic City or Asbury Park and give them odds. Many of the tourists to Venice today do not stay in the old city at all. Some take their camps in hotels in Mestre; others camp on the Lido di Jesolo or on the mainland, cook their own meals, come in by boat for a few hours, standing around in the Piazza San Marco photographing each other and the pigeons.

I asked the Dottore about the

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AFTER HOURS

ss which must be the backbone
ism.

s not very secure," he said. "It
es only about four months a
rom June to September with a
n May and October. The busi-
in very static condition."

law, he explained, the hotels
supposed to be open all year
"But," he said, "they get per-
remodel and they put up signs
they're reconstructing, and
o off to Rome."

ones who do not go off to Rome,
,"do strange things. They buy
l things. They sit and talk. It
hard on people in Venice in
"

ad not yet got the answer from
ttore to the first question I had
about the plans for the future
ice, and we never quite did,
I was to learn from others that
was no shortage of plans. The
ge, it seemed, was of initiative.
leading people in the com-
are bad," the Dottore said,
he government of the city is
The rich don't pay their taxes;
ive good lawyers. The govern-
glued to its chair; all they are
ted in is sitting behind great
ks looking important. And the
ople anyway do all they can to
ecisions about the future of the

rd variations on these themes
dly and on the one with which
ttore concluded our conversa-
The future of Venice like its
pends on its importance as a
, as a center of culture, and as
et for tourists."

hanked him and left.

ng sculptor, Joan FitzGerald,
from her native Chicago to
five years ago because, she
got tired of having my studio
into and robbed all the time."
ice she can go where she
in streets so narrow one can-
on an umbrella in them, in little
and big ones at any time of
night, with perfect confidence.
ncierge in my building did
murder his wife with a knife
er night, and she jumped out
window covered with blood,"
l. "It made me feel at home,
re is no violence outdoors in
'
FitzGerald is by now a work-

ing Venetian. Her sculpture is cast in
a foundry near the Piazzale Roma
where the tourists come in, and she
spends a great deal of time at the
foundry. The gondoliers, having
dropped their passengers at the sta-
tion, often give her free rides back to
the Gritti Hotel, near which she has
her studio. She thinks the gondoliers
are splendid fellows and not the
thieves many Venetians seem to think
them. Venetians, indeed, seem to feel
about their gondoliers much the way
New Yorkers feel about their taxi
drivers. They are charmed by them or
despise them. The gondoliers in their
striped shirts and straw hats trade on
being quaint and insist that they are
imposed on. All over Venice there are
posters complaining about the treat-
ment of gondoliers by owners of *mo-
toscafi*, and the poster is signed, sig-
nificantly, "Permanent Committee for
Agitation." I heard someone suggest
that they should take the muzzles off
the dogs of Venice and put them on
the gondoliers. There were gondoliers
at least as long ago as 1530 shouting
outside the windows of the house I
lived in; there was an engraving on
the living-room wall to prove it. In-
deed, there were ten thousand gondo-
liers in Venice then; now there are
about four hundred.

I asked Miss FitzGerald if there
was much local, nontourist support
for the arts in Venice.

"The ones who should take respon-
sibility for supporting the cultural
events," she said, "are the very ones
who scrounge free seats and demand
that they are in the first nine rows."

The Contessa had said to me when
I asked her if rich Venetians contrib-
uted money to local cultural institu-
tions, "Of course not. They can't take
it off their tax as in the States. Here
if they give money away, then the
government knows they are rich and
they increase their taxes."*

But that is not to say that there are
not Venetians ardently engaged in

*The exception to this rule is the
Giorgio Cini Foundation which under-
took to restore the island of San Giorgio
Maggiore and in so doing to provide
Venice with trade schools, archives of
art and music, galleries, an open-air
theater, and places for scholarly confer-
ences. This lavish gift was made in 1951
by Count Vittorio Cini in memory of his
son who was killed in an airplane acci-
dent.

planning the future of Venice and
fighting for their proposals. One can-
not be long in Venice and talk with
any permanent residents without dis-
covering that there are clear-cut fac-
tions quarreling over what should
become of the ancient city. I first
heard about the dispute, at dinner
shortly after I arrived, from a dis-
tinguished and charming man in his
seventies, who had once been a great
landowner in Austria. He has been
living with his wife in Venice since
the second world war, and he now de-
votes himself to research in the city
libraries, helping scholars with their
historical work. He knows a great
deal more about the past of Venice
than all but a few Venetians.

There are two factions, he ex-
plained; one is the local branch of
Italia Nostra, which is a sort of non-
official landmarks-preservation com-
mission concerned with all of Italy.
The other is a group with fire in its
eyes called *Venezia Viva*. The former
accuses the latter of wanting to de-
spoil the city with highways and cars,
with housing developments and chan-
nels in the lagoon which will upset the
delicate balance on which the city not
quite literally floats on its waters and
its past. *Venezia Viva* believes in
"progress," which it interprets as "re-
vitalizing the city while maintaining
its traditional leadership in cultural,
economic, and civic affairs." The head
of this organization is an engineer
named Miozzi, a man in his late sev-
enties with a goatee and a passion for
building bridges. Venetians are not
sparing either of language or of ges-
ture in speaking their minds, and he
refers to the directors of *Italia Nostra*
as "stupid."

The history of the contention is a
long and complicated one which can
be followed in detail only with a set of
maps of Venice and its lagoon. It
takes some understanding of the na-
ture of the ways in which the waters
of Venice move through and about it.
Briefly, the municipality (which in-
cludes not just the Historic Center
but also the mainland towns of Mestre
and Marghera, the fishing villages on
the Lido, and a scattering of islands
and mainland towns) held a competi-
tion in 1956 for a plan for the future
of what might be called "Greater Ven-
ice." Five prizewinners were an-
nounced. The Contessa explained to
me that by giving a great many prizes

the city fathers avoided committing themselves to anything. So far they have done nothing but initiate further studies, which is probably just as well.

Anyone who wishes to pursue this matter in detail will find it spelled out with maps and diagrams by the Contessa Sammartini herself in the October 1961 issue of the English magazine, *Architectural Design*, and fascinating it is. The principal matters at issue had basically to do with traffic—both human and nautical. The plans proposed various means of getting more tourists into Venice faster. One advocated building bridges from the Peninsula of the Cavallino to S. Erasmo and thence to the nearby island of the Certosa, a deserted military post, and converting it into a resort. Another plan suggested a direct pedestrian road from the Rialto to the Piazza San Marco, joining with a thoroughfare of the two main tourist attractions of the old city. Still another suggestion wanted to put a tunnel from the Lido to the Piazza San Marco; this horrified everybody only a little less than a still more outlandish suggestion (which was not in one of the prizewinning plans) to pave the Grand Canal so that cars could drive right past the lacy façades of the ancient palaces into the heart of the city! Still other projects under consideration were housing in the Historic Center and the building of a new town at San Giuliano near Mestre.

In 1960 the Venetian Institute of Science, Letters, and Arts called a meeting "to preserve Venice and its lagoon." The Contessa wrote: "Unfortunately the meeting was held too late; it relied on research carried out by eminent people that should have served as a basis for the town planners." The studies showed, among other things, that Venice is sinking (or more precisely that the water is rising about and through it) at the alarming rate of a foot a century. (The water has been rising around Venice for many centuries but at no such pace. If you have wondered why there are no bases on the columns of the Doge's Palace, for example, you will be interested to know that the bases are buried under the surface of the Piazzetta. The paving has been raised five times since the arcade was completed in the fifteenth century. "*Acqua alta*" which used to flood the

Piazza San Marco once in a long while is now a not uncommon occurrence in the winter and spring when the tides run high.)

In other parts of the lagoon stagnant waters and industrial gases threaten to make the new commuting centers on the mainland dangerous. But the two greatest problems of the moment are to build a deep canal that will make it possible to bring the big tankers directly from the Adriatic to Marghera without passing through the city and without upsetting the delicate tidal balance, and second to preserve the Historic Center from being ruined by reckless modernization. *Venezia Viva* contended that its plans are anything but reckless; they are realistic. *Italia Nostra* countered with an exhibition called "Venice for Modern Man" which showed the threats to the city and which was displayed in Paris, Strasbourg, and London and evoked the most impassioned support for ancient Venice. Venice belongs not just to Italy and Venetians, wrote critics and scholars and novelists and architects, but to the world. *Venezia Viva* responded in a brochure of an exhibition of its own: "To see the problem merely as one of preserving the aesthetic integrity of the city is an error of perspective and an act of resignation."

An artist named Ugo Sissa who had been a successful architect and gave it up because he preferred painting to a life with committees, clients, and contractors, works in a studio on the second floor of a small house not far from San Zaccaria. His studio looks down on a charming garden with trees and flowering shrubs in it, something of a rarity in Venice. I had been told that not many years ago there were eighty such gardens in the city but now there are fewer than half that number. There is a city ordinance that prohibits an owner from selling his *giardino* (a garden with trees in it) for purposes of building, but it does permit him to sell an *orto* (a garden of shrubs and plants and vegetables). I was also told darkly that some Venetians have poisoned the roots of their trees, which take a few years to die, so that they can sell their *giardini*. My reason for seeing Sissa was not his garden. The Contessa took me to talk with him because, she said,

"He is very well informed, he has a long perspective, and he belongs to the group."

Sissa smiled easily and spoke English with considerable fluency.

"Venice," he said, "it is the test of the future. People will live like this in two hundred years. There will be a return to the sense of community. There will be people strolling, sitting in cafés, and cars will be kept out."

This, of course, is what American city planners today are trying to sell to city officials—pedestrian malls, reduction of cars, centers for shopping and culture and relaxation.

"Venice is a place to walk," Sissa continued. "Conversation still takes place in Venice. People walk to see each other. They sit and drink coffee together. In most places people are more isolated. It is a kind of tragedy."

My conversation with Sissa was long and informative. He spoke of changes in the lagoon, how by closing off some of the access to the Adriatic by digging channels where the tides do not naturally belong, by controlling the flow from rivers into the lagoon, the balance had been upset. He spoke of the municipal government, of the "Lord Mayor," of how the government is elected not by the Venetians proper but by the "colonies" on the mainland. The principal politicians are, he said, "*Mafiosi*," and I was not quite sure whether he meant this literally. Possibly he meant southern Italians, though Venetians are like to refer in disgust to Neapolitans or, for example, as "Africans." He spoke of mass tourism as "bad money draining out good."

"Venice," he said, "made its worst mistake a hundred years ago when they built the bridge."

It was then, to be sure, that Venice ceased to be an island city, a prod

Another reaction of Venetians to the swarms of "trippers" was evident by a sign in four languages (Italian, French, German, and English) at the water bus stations. It read: "Our wishes to extend a hearty welcome to you visitors, hoping that your stay will further strengthen the ties of friendship among peoples. Our children, they will be looking at you and their success will depend on your example of good behavior and clean enjoyment which is to be exempt from any display of inebrious clothing. Thank you and of yourself."

2



*...e that college costs
going up again.*

*And I was just trying to
figure out how long we'll
have to save to send little
Nelson to college.*



How does it look?

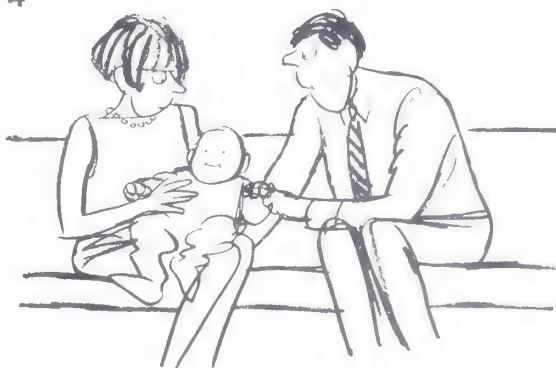
*The way I figure it, we'll
have enough money by
the time Nels is 41.*

4



...it's ridiculous.

*It'll make him a little
older than his classmates.*



*He'll be old enough to be
then father.*

*They say it's never too
late to learn.*

6



*...at if something
pens to you before
re saved enough?*

It would ruin our plans.



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Equitable. That way,
when Nels is ready for
college, we'll be sure of
having money to help
put him through.*

*And I married you for
your looks.*



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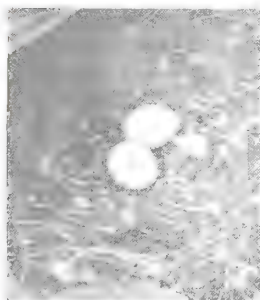
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JACK DANIEL'S DUCKS have found a quiet home in the Hollow. Every so often we see signs that they intend to stay.



The good supply of grain and water they've found in the Hollow keeps our ducks well-fed. They've also gotten used to our way of life. You see, we're still

making whiskey the way Jack Daniel did. And that calls for Charcoal Mellowing, a process that takes too much time and patience for much bustling around. Things are so comfortable for them, we're not surprised our duck population is increasing.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

DROP

BY DROP

remote, inviolable, and gem, and became the term highway, a resort at the causeway, a living, breathing postcard in 3-D.

I spent a month in Venice that length of time one for: sionally that one is in a resor becomes part of the inviol. One looks past the tourists, self, that is, through the no of the pigeons, the postcard ket stands, the rock-candy ra of hideous glass (much of not Venetian at all but co Czechoslovakia), to the walls that do not crumble, to e slime on the canal walls, to t facades and their imitator few years old. None of it is one suspects, but then non sham, either. Since this is must be a dream, a figment agination, and that is the c factory explanation of it. if never existed except in the tion or it exists today as nch ever did in the days when e made financial killings out of the pidity of the Crusaders.

There can be no quest whether Venice is worth it has answered this qu every century by saving it and again. It has maintair city in the world a balanc greed and fantasy, between merce and high art, between and the present. Those who concerned with its past and applaud its loss of populati people mean fewer slums. Fracture happen on the city ery, not in its heart. The Venice, they say, is what it h been tourism, commerce, and culture.

"Someday," the Contess me, "Venice will be a great center to which all the v come. Do you think Venice saving?"

"Probably," I said to tea She turned to a friend. "L him in the canal," she said.

THE CIA UNDER FIRE

ate's "Secret Seven"—and
ident himself—have once
ed the agency from Con-
ol interference. But new
s of its domestic propa-
e likely to draw more in-
tistical scrutiny during the
ion of Congress.

J.S. Central Intelligence
as adroit in surveilling
it is in escaping surveillance
the Republic can relax. It can,
ldn't, for in other countries,
unnot, as at home, rely on a
"Secret Seven" to run in-
for it in dealing with a hos-
nment. Nevertheless, this
ancy has once more (for the
in) squirmed free of serious
onal supervision—although
for the last time. The latest
put a real legislative leash
CIA has been largely carried
in the scenes (with more at
meets the eye), but it is no
the winning combination
Richard Russell of Georgia
State Establishment, quietly
evely supported by the Pres-
ice President, was jubilant
outcome. But there are more
come, and the last one may
ejoyed by the formidable op-
n, which was led this year by
W. Fulbright of Arkansas,
na of the Foreign Relations
tt, Senator Eugene McCar-
Minnesota, author of the de-
olution, and Senator Mike
of Montana, the Majority
ney and their supporters
ne refused to be put off; they
bled it out on the Senate

floor (although behind locked doors)
before yielding.

Before long, however, it will be seen
that they have yielded only momen-
tarily. The battle will be renewed in
one fashion or another when the 90th
Congress convenes in January. Mean-
while, the President has already be-
gun to pay a price for the dubious
pleasure of snubbing Fulbright and
other Vietnam critics on the Foreign
Relations Committee. Considering the
key role this important committee has
in the conduct of foreign policy—
ratification of treaties, foreign aid,
confirmation of diplomatic appoint-
ments, etc., along with its ability to
harass the Chief Executive if it so
chooses—it would seem foolhardy for
Johnson to invite reprisals.

The story of the CIA and its success-
ful twenty-year effort to run its own
show without the kind of surveillance
that all other agencies of the govern-
ment are subjected to, has no parallel.
It is in itself an interesting insight
into postwar Washington. When the
war ended it was generally agreed
that the A-bomb presented a new
problem: it was too dangerous to leave
to military control, and yet national
security required absolute secrecy,
which seemed to rule out the usual
committee control in Congress. Hence
the creation of the Joint Atomic En-
ergy Committee, which in all the suc-
ceeding years has never been charged
with a serious leak or other breach of
security. Ordinarily this would have
suggested a practical precedent for
also surveilling the CIA when Presi-
dent Truman created it in 1947, but
at the time the government had little
or no experience with this kind of spy

ministry, and no one foresaw that it
would gradually become a vast agen-
cy, and that even Presidents would
find it a Frankenstein monster of
sorts, albeit a necessary one. By 1963,
Truman found himself saying that he
now saw "something about the way
the CIA has been functioning that is
casting a shadow over our historic
positions, and I feel that we need to
correct it."

Unfortunately, the CIA by then
had more or less accidentally stum-
bled into a secret and rather informal
relationship with Congress, which has
suited it perfectly, for it gives the
appearance of supervision without
the substance. The legislation creat-
ing the CIA was originally handled
by the Senate Armed Services Com-
mittee, headed by Senator Russell,
and its secret funds came from the
Senate and House Appropriations
Committees. Out of this gradually
developed the so-called CIA watchdog
group composed of seven Senators
and Representatives from the Armed
Services and Appropriations Commit-
tees, and again headed by Russell. The
"Secret Seven" simply appointed
themselves guardians of the CIA, and
that was that. Later, when the agency,
spurred by the Cold War, became one
of the biggest departments of govern-
ment, there were complaints that the
Russell group was not watching the
CIA but "shielding" it.

That has been the chief complaint
ever since; it has prompted 151 reso-
lutions for tighter Congressional con-
trol, but the power of Russell is so
great that all of these efforts were
brushed aside without much trouble
until this year. Majority Leader
Mansfield several years ago proposed

a plan patterned after the Joint Atomic Energy Committee. It was defeated. President Kennedy in the wake of the Bay of Pigs fiasco is reported to have told one of his highest officials that he wanted "to splinter the CIA in a thousand pieces and scatter it to the winds." Some Republicans have also been critical, especially Mayor Lindsay while he was a Congressman. Senator McCarthy, a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, charged that the agency "is making foreign policy, and in so doing is assuming the roles of President and Congress." He introduced a proposal to create a special Foreign Relations subcommittee to make a "full and complete" study of the effects of CIA operations on U. S. foreign relations. It didn't get anywhere.

So McCarthy and Fulbright changed tactics. Instead of meeting the issue head-on, they tried to realize their

objectives in a more oblique and less challenging way. They did not renew the demand for a wholly new committee to oversee the CIA, but merely suggested that the Russell group be enlarged by adding three members of the Foreign Relations Committee. Their view was that since the CIA was supposed to operate only in the foreign field, what could be more appropriate than for the agency to report to representatives of the Foreign Relations Committee, as well as to Appropriations and Armed Services? This compromise seemed so reasonable that the Foreign Relations Committee approved it fourteen to five.

The concern of Fulbright and his fellow committeemen over uncontrolled CIA activities was intensified by a series of revelations which indicated the CIA, in violation of its mandate, was conducting clandestine operations on the home front as well

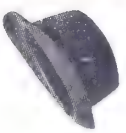
as abroad. In one case, the CIA ordered a paid secret agent (Julius Rosenberg) to spread the word that an émigré (Eric Heine) was a communist spy. When Heine filed a lawsuit against Raus, the latter denied making the charge or even to defend its veracity. The CIA intervened and claimed for the privilege of remaining silent. Heine was an employee of the Intelligence Agency. As matters stand now, it appears that Heine may be helped to clear his name. But does legal precedent or plain decency give a government official the right to deliberately another man's reputation without any risk to himself or his agency? The federal judge before whom this case was brought apparently feels considerations of national security prevent him from abetting the CIA to explain itself. If the agency could hardly refuse to give a private explanation to a democratic watchdog committee.

It has been taken for granted that the CIA would try to exert influence on foreign publications (this is one of the propaganda battle in the Cold War) but until recently there was no intimation that it also was working on the American public through known connections with U. S. publications. It now turns out that a leading article in the April 1964 issue of *Foreign Affairs* was written by a full-time official of the CIA, LeRoy A. Carver, Jr.—although his connection with the intelligence agency was not disclosed. *Foreign Affairs* is probably the most respected and influential magazine in its field. Its international standing. In addition to its publication, it ballyhooed the article "The Fearless Vietnamese" and presented it as a scholarly, detached essay on Vietnam by a disinterested expert. Carver, a top official for the CIA, was described as a "student of political theory and administration," who studied at Oxford; former officer in the U. S. Aid Mission in Saigon; author of "Aesthetics and the Problem of the Modernist."

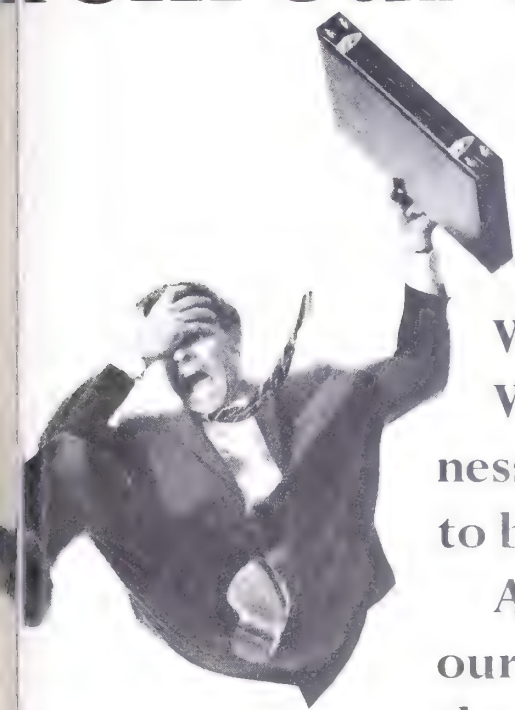
Carver's article is an elaborate effort to fortify the Administration's charges that the National Liberation Front is a mere puppet of Hanoi. No doubt it reflects his sincere beliefs. But sincere or not, it adds up to a powerful piece of pro-Administration propaganda.



"Why don't you go in alone? I'd rather the children didn't see Democracy in action while a filibuster is on."



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propaganda. It is simply a flagged White Paper. There for the reader to know that secretly was an "interest"

As with the universities the questions: is this an is or is the CIA secretly "coper with other magazines? does the public defend it such hidden propaganda. *Affairs* is published by reesteemed New York Couri Foreign Relations. If a magarepute is willing to conce the identity of a CIA author is improbable that there ma be that have done likewise. T concerns Senators like Fulch was responsible for discor author's CIA connection. Pr the most famous article va lished by *Foreign Affairs* government official, George nan. It coined the phrase, "Containment." The author afied as "Mr. X," which properly suggested that was probably in the gen Hamilton Fish Armstrong, a teemed editor of *Foreign* defended his handling of article by saying he would preferred to identify the auonnections, but CIA would le

The general uneasiness CIA in Congress was natu lly ulated by these disclosure so that many thought Sena might accept the proposal. three members of the Fo gations Committee to the Se either by formal Senate ta informal arrangement. No t for a minute. No greater s over the CIA was requir argued; his group was alad gently monitoring the a was fully informed on all teters. He insinuated that th of the Foreign Relations (which is probably the Serel distinguished committee, c trusted to the same deg group. Russell insisted t Seven had never leaked "Anytime you add one meo subcommittee," he said, "yo the chance of leaks."

Russell himself destroyed ment that he and the Se were always adequately critical matters affecting th security. Speaking in the



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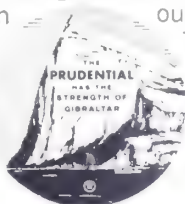
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another matter, Russell abse
edly confessed that he knew
about the CIA plan to invade
which President Kennedy rega
the greatest mistake of his A
stration. "I only wish I had be
sulted," said Russell, "because
have strongly advised again
kind of operation if I had bee
CIA not only did not consi
watchdog group; it did not eve
to inform them. The pity is
Russell had been properly brief
had then advised against the in
it might never have occurre
Russell carried great weight
President who already was ver
ous about going ahead.

The Georgian's admission
tended to confirm the charge
reason his group never leake
thing was because the CIA nev
them anything. This was earlie
stantiated by Senator Leveret
onstall of Massachusetts, a m
of the Secret Seven. "The di
in asking questions [of the Di
and getting information," he sa
that we might obtain informat
which I personally would rath
have, unless it was essential f
as a member of Congress to ha
There are those who think the
furtive, and constitutionally
thorized invasion of another co
might be "essential" informati

Senator Fulbright also took
the assertion that the CIA is
"close, continuous, supervisio
the National Security Council
initiates no activity except on
of the Council. Fulbright said
fact the NSC had met on May 9
for the first time since July 196
that the former machinery of
NSC "has atrophied to the po
nonexistence." Nobody even tr
rebut this indictment.

Fulbright was not pressing
victory over Russell; he was, in
agreeable to any formula which
enable his committee to keep up
CIA affairs. Indeed, as an altern
to increasing the Secret Seven,
bright explored the possibility o
ting up a small Foreign Rela
subcommittee to deal separately
the CIA. All that this required
the cooperation of the Director,
then was Vice Admiral William
Raborn, but the Admiral info
Chairman Fulbright that the
could not confidentially brief

his committee as it does the group. The Director could not rushed off the powerful For- elations Committee without the rence or encouragement of ent Johnson. Even now it is o understand how this master an, who has spent a successful e at wheeling and dealing in nate, and who will go to any , to appease Minority Leader n or Senator Russell, would e back of his hand to the ious Senators who dominate eign Relations Committee.

hostility the President has in- in that committee is by no confined to the chairman, for erwhelming committee votes the Administration's foreign- indicate a widespread resent- gainst Johnson, as well as a g distrust of his foreign policy. d the President choose to ag- this situation, rather than, as astom, ameliorate it? The only seems to be that, where Viet- concerned, he is unable to con- personal feelings toward those ve criticized and opposed his policy.

unfortunate that the foreign- should have ended up being cent bystander in this conflict. reign Relations Committee re- onsiderably at the last minute, the bill as finally reported out r in critical condition, but there oublet that it took a mauling. s these Senators, usually so re- le, should not have let their influence them in cutting the a hedging it with awkward re- us, but they, too, are human, n't like to be called "nervous id" or have their patriotism stined, directly or indirectly.

from any personal animosi- re is a genuine fear that Viet- s seriously imbalanced U. S. Committee members were appalled at the distortions in- er in earmarking nearly \$600 o in economic aid for tiny Viet- ich is more than is scheduled f Africa or Latin America.

resident could easily have im- his relations with the commit- tner quietly ordering Admiral a to cooperate or by quietly s influence with Senator Rus- cept some compromise. Rus- owing he was backed by both



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they would never
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We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the head of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

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Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

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So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rust-proofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

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And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe. And then very quietly on a small scale brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the

car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls Royce if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

It will average an honest 35 m.p.g.

It has a liquid cooling system that is infinitely quieter than air-cooling, yet it will not boil or freeze.

The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four-wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

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the Senate "Club" and the Administration, was intransigent. He had the votes, and he obviously relished the prospect of defeating the Fulbright group in a floor fight. On the fateful day the leadership called for an extraordinary closed session; whereupon Vice President Humphrey cleared the galleries of public and press. This means there is no true transcript of the proceedings, but it is common knowledge that the debate, if it can be called that, did not come to grips with the grave problem involved. Russell reduced or debased the argument to the primitive level of being loyal to the Club's inner circle. Even a vote on the substance was avoided, by referring the Fulbright-McCarthy resolution to Russell's Armed Services Committee on a point of order. The vote on this was 61 to 28. Russell would probably have won in any case, but the resolution itself would certainly have commanded a substantially larger vote.

If there is a silver lining to this story of raw power politics, it is that many of the Senators who voted with Russell for various personal reasons are still troubled and uneasy over the CIA situation. Knowing this, the sponsors are determined to try again. Senator Harrison A. Williams of New Jersey, who is not a member of the Fulbright Committee, expressed the views of a number of members when he said, "We will certainly give the Armed Services Committee time to report out the resolution, but if there is no indication that it is going to be brought out, we will attempt to use other parliamentary methods to obtain a full Senate vote on the resolution."

The guessing in Washington is that if the CIA is caught in another questionable venture in the near future, not even Russell will be able to hold off some kind of action. Actually some of the agency's stoutest defenders, such as Allen Dulles, its most famous Director, seem to be coming around to the view that more formal supervision may do more good than harm. "If the establishment of a Congressional committee with responsibility for intelligence would quiet public fears and restore public confidence in the CIA," says Mr. Dulles, "then I now think it would be worth doing despite some of the problems it would cause the agency."

The performance of the new Director, Richard Helms, has confirmed some of the prevalent fears about the agency. Like many of the other top career men in the CIA, Helms is regarded as a loyal, energetic and dedicated official, but, also like his colleagues, he has lived for some time in an environment of devil's deals, and conspiracy. Even his supporters among the Secret Service were appalled when it was discovered that he had written a letter for publication to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* praising an editorial attacking the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Fulbright may always be the most popular man in the Senate, but he is not a devil's villain, and he has many loyal friends among the members; moreover, this club an attack on one is usually an attack on all. Members could hardly believe their ears when Senator McCarthy read aloud Helms' letter, which said, in part, "I want to let you know of my pleasure in reading the editorial 'Brickbats for Fulbright.' Since Helms serves with the approval and consent of the Senate, his actions have raised serious questions about his discretion and judgment."

The CIA is supposed to be superior in using the most advanced and sophisticated methods of communication, which prompted one Senator to say privately, "Somebody ought to tell Helms about that new invention called electric telephone, or at least invisible ink." At his Senate confirmation hearing, Helms also foolishly testified that the CIA never attempted to influence government policy. His later testimony has confirmed that everybody already knows—that the CIA not only planned the invasion of Cuba, but persuaded President Kennedy to go through with it. Even the best Presidents are suckers for the CIA, for it is so seductive to them—or think you know more about the general public. Hence, the question of whether the CIA is going to run the country, or vice versa, ultimately will have to be settled by Congress, and if Helms will only write another letter or two, Congress will soon do something about it. Helms admitted his letter was a mistake, but he apologized handsomely, but he has not altogether erased the doubts about his common sense.

Now It Is—

MY HOME IS WATTS by Johnnie Scott

Johnnie Scott, twenty, was born in the ward of a women's prison. It was his impromptu speech, described below, which electrified this summer's White House Conference on Civil Rights. He is a member of Budd Schulberg's writing workshop at the Watts Happening Coffee House.

I give you a description of Watts as I know it. It is a personal picture, one I use for us who live within the confines of 92nd Street and Imperial Avenue, Central Avenue to Alameda. Watts is personal because it defines you. I live in the Jordan Housing Projects. Much of the fighting last year occurred in this area; the more recent outbreaks were at the fringes of these projects. A Mexican-American was shot and killed in my parking lot.

There were 550 kids in my graduation class at Edwin Markham Junior High School. Three days later we registered at Jordan Senior High. There were 250 of us; 300 were already there. Three years later we were sent to Jordan. With but twenty weeks remaining before high-school graduation there were 107 of us. We called ourselves "Les Améliorants" (The Improvers). Indeed we were, for on graduation day, January 30, 1964, we were the largest graduating winter class in Jordan history—there were 97 of us. According to the counselors, I was confined to our advanced composition class only a few days before graduation, the average grade point in the Jordan graduate in my class was 1.8 (D-minus), and his reading level was 6.0 (sixth grade).

Amazingly, three of us took the Stanford-Binet Intelligence Tests. I was the first to find out about them from some of the youths I had met while writing about school sports for the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*. If one takes intelligence as a gauge for discontent, at the high-school graduates of last year, or look at this past summer alone, there were 365 to graduate from the class. Three years ago there were 107 kids in that class—less than half of the class. I went through, to enter an area

which the McCone Report on the Watts troubles says is now flooded with thousands of jobs. I would answer the McCone Report by pointing out that the same people I saw burn and riot, the same people who went to school with me—many of them very able but frustrated by the demands of school and the impersonal teaching they got—are still at the same hangouts. For there is another type of "graduation" in ghettos: graduation from marihuana to "smack," or heroin.

Early this summer, I attended the White House Conference on Civil Rights at the Sheraton-Park in Washington, D.C. To me, the Conference had convened because Negroes as well as whites had not addressed themselves to the slums . . . to the crumbling houses and gutted alleys; to the black children running out in the streets while cars kill some and miss others; to the fourteen- and fifteen-year-old girls who consume barbiturates and die; to the old men, the winos, the juice trickling out of the corners of their mouths and most of them under forty, who perch on milk crates grinning toothlessly at the women swinging their hips down the street.

None of this came through to the White House Conference. "Wino" was a dirty word. Many of the delegates were glib, well-dressed Northerners who had big reputations within their particular areas for zealous efforts in the betterment of human relations. After listening through two straight sessions to small businessmen and well-meaning but unknowledgeable whites expound their ideas on the Negroes' plight, I decided to get up and speak. After I had expressed some

of these thoughts, about what life is really like in Watts, a well-heeled, smooth-voiced delegate from the East Coast said to me, "Johnnie Scott, you are indeed a hoodlum. But hoodlums are the most beautiful people." Hoodlums acquire a certain graveness of mien not noticeable in most people.

At schools like Jordan High, the annual turnover is close to ten teachers a year; this summer 371 teachers in the Watts area asked to be transferred elsewhere. These schools have been looking desperately to Washington for aid. It should have been made clear at that Conference that a B.A. does not qualify one to teach a child who suffers not only from an intellectual deprivation, but from a moral starvation. This starvation begins in homes where Mother is seldom there and Daddy's name is only a ghost of a memory, and often cursed by Mother at that.

As I described my home to the delegates, many thoughts ran through my mind. I wondered whether I was being too biased in my position, whether I was speaking too hastily. And yet I could feel that here were people who truly had grown apart from the feeling of absolute nothingness that permeates and works on the mind in the ghetto, a feeling that can corrode even the senses of one who had tried to hide from the images of poverty with books and activities, with girls and parties—of one who was finally admitted into Harvard University because of a high scholastic record as the first Negro from Watts to hit the Ivy League.

That person was me. It was me, all of eighteen years old and standing in the Boston Common trying to forget all that I had come from. It was me,

The rebirth of a nation.

In 1916 seven courageous men affixed their names to a proclamation which asserted "the right of the people of Ireland to the ownership of Ireland." They implored that the ebullient spirit of the Irish be set free, rekindled, and allowed to burn once more. These seven were fully prepared for their inevitable deaths and, in the rebellion which followed their petition, countless more of Ireland's indomitable children forfeited their lives—for love of country.

The Irish Uprising 1916-1922 honors the heroism of those who valiantly fought for Ireland's independence. A handsome 192-page book containing over 100 photographs (many never before reproduced), articles by distinguished Irish writers, a foreword by President Eamon DeValera and an introduction by Goddard Lieberson, provides you with a permanent history of the Irish rebellion. As do the two distinctive LPs—recorded in Dublin—which offer speeches by such Irish patriots as President DeValera and ex-President Sean T. O'Kelly, interviews with participants and survivors of the uprising, special readings, and the stirring folk tunes and ballads born of those turbulent times, performed by The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, and The Abbey Tavern Singers.

It was a proud and glorious day, that Easter Monday in 1916. A day the Irish will never forget. Neither will you.



one Easter Sunday, receiving a call from Los Angeles and being told one of my best friends had been shot in the head with a shotgun while he tried to protect another of my friends. It was me, who had to learn that shame often does not come from repressed memories but rather from imagined or conceived notions of what the white and the "black bourgeois" societies dictate. And it was me, ultimately, who had to leave Harvard after a year of fluctuating moods of depression and elation—the elation coming, for instance, when I went to visit the home of a Harvard friend; I canoed, for the very first time in my life, and saw silver fish leap from waters forty degrees cool.

Watts appeared very strange to me when I returned. And yet, as I walked through the projects, as I went by the old houses on the back streets, as I described my Harvard experiences to my friends, I again became aware of the tremendous spiritual toll the ghetto exacts. I could now feel the hopelessness. I, in failing at Harvard, had been ripped asunder from all my retreats from poverty, and for once I had to stand naked before my own fear . . . before the leering face of myself, an old man perched on a milk crate cackling at the young ladies.

You see here your sisters become pregnant one after another; you hear a black man shout in your ear, "Be proud of your color, boy"; you live through the riot, through the blood and the fire; but most of all, you feel the hatred that is here while mothers plead with you to break into the shoe stores so they might get shoes for their children. You become aware of how difficult it is to raise your head and look a white man in the face to say, "I can accept you." Acceptance, not because you love the white man, but because you realize that it is a greater hell to meet with one's conscience than it is to hate a white man.

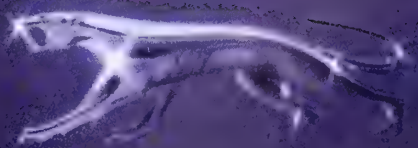
I was flattered that the gentleman in Washington thought hoodlums were "beautiful people," but this only served to highlight another, and to me more disturbing, aspect of the battle for equality in this country. We have always concerned ourselves with the progressive strides taken by the Negro toward freedom. We note how he began as a slave and, after the Civil War, the way he rapidly became aware of education and his own hu-

manity. We decried the cruel family structure, and yet wisely to ourselves that he would come even this handicap.

The broken family and the of the emasculated male are a tation ascribed to the Negro slavery. It is a way of life be the slave masters who sold mother, and son down the river callously raped the black man while she, screaming in her lost respect for a man who would risk death for her. This emasc male, this man stripped of his hood, is now at the forefront battles for civil rights. It him, the final assertion of his linity.

I myself do little more now stand with the fellows on the of 103rd Street and watch the step off Baldwin Hills to speak Negro in Watts, watch the Ivy Negroes who live in \$100,000 who have never stood on street and felt the fury of the ness, call press conferences ghetto. They will one day he move to the side. They will move because the children who grown old in the ghetto, who watched the police whip their brothers, who have survived school and prison, will one day to articulate for themselves, entire world, the message of the deepest desires. I believe the world will be surprised.

Surprised not by the stringency the slum Negroes' demand rather by their "humanness." The slum Negro will ask, for his children parks (and in Watts there one); efficient care of those who relief and medical care (and agent both the Bureau of Public ance and the Los Angeles General Hospital are under fire their inordinately slow treatment processing of poor people); jobs will reach the majority of the munity's skills (there is no school in Watts, and there is b in the entire city of Los Angeles creased contact with social work rapport with politician and man; good schools with space growth as the community grows; and, most of all, communion with the outside world on other than that of fear.



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Cherry Heering is different. It's sweet, but it's not sweet-ish. Cherry Heering is light and almost dry.

In fact, it's one of the liqueurs that has a real "refreshing" taste.

Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

Meet misunderstanding #2

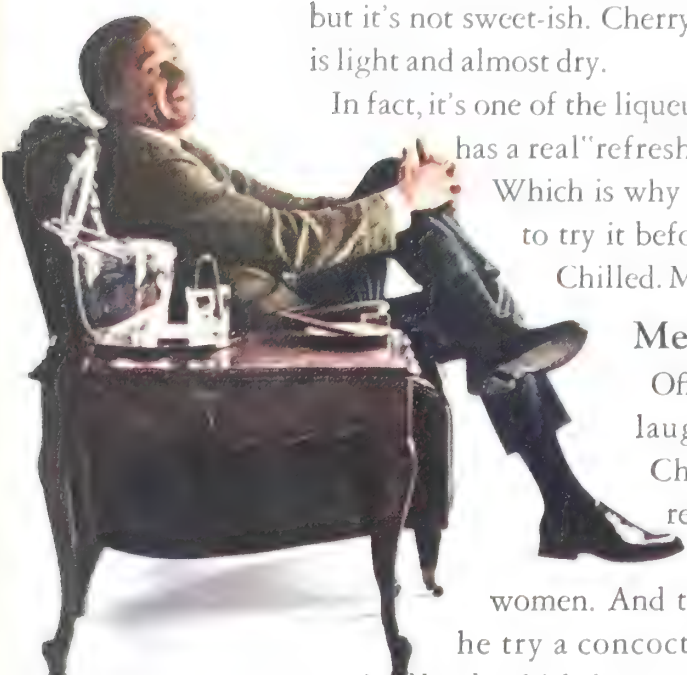
Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

cher-ry heer-ing (cher-ry herring, not an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry Hearing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

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Harper's

magazine

Harry L. King

MY HERO LBJ

How a second-banana politician confronted Lyndon in elevators, airplanes, campaign meetings, and hotel suites, and captured the good and ill one of the most complex and flamboyant political personalities in our history.

Nothing set me apart from my boyhood contemporaries in the parched and impoverished area of West Texas where I grew up, it was a precocious interest in politics. My father, a small dirt farmer and lay preacher, took me to a political pie supper when I was nine. I fell completely under political spell. The idea of being applauded by a crowd for bragging about yourself, and maybe getting paid for it besides, fascinated me. A county commissioner candidate from our mud-bog precinct, one Arch Bint, was the Devil's instrument in my case. He paid me the highest compliment a child may receive from a practicing adult by solemnly shaking my hand, soliciting my vote if I had one, and asking if I'd like to help him campaign. Then he gifted me with a fistful of campaign cards. For days I walked barefoot on the dirt roads of Eastland County on behalf of some vague justice involving Arch Bint. Arch Bint's victory sealed my fate. Someday—somehow—I would hitch up with a big-time political hero.



My first recollection of Lyndon Johnson dates back to 1941, when I was twelve. Johnson, then a Congressman representing a district many miles to the east of us, was running for the U.S. Senate. One morning I walked the half-mile from our shabby old farmhouse to the rural-route mailbox. There I found what even then I recognized as the literature of a political pitchman. The candidate was frozen in the poses I would later get to know so well: smiling from a platform as folks reached up to shake his hand, serious as he talked with a rural pharaoh, radiating cheer in the traditional family photo where hair was slicked down, dresses starched to a fault, and everybody looked as if he'd stepped out of a bandbox. What made this campaign pamphlet especially memorable for me was a red-letter pledge bannered across the top:

THE DAY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST VOTE
TO SEND YOUR SON TO FOREIGN WARS.
THAT DAY LYNDON JOHNSON WILL
LEAVE CONGRESS AND GO WITH HIM.

With Japan warring on China and Hitler's panzer divisions smashing through Europe it was a dramatic pledge; to a small boy who saw only glory and medals in the bloodletting it was a heroic one.* Standing barefoot by that mailbox a quarter of a century ago, I became an instant LBJ man.

Johnson did not win the Senate seat in 1941. He lost by only 1,200 votes to W. Lee (Pappy) O'Daniel, that sprightly demagogue and hillbilly singer who had emerged from a flour salesman's obscurity to the Texas governorship by shouting radio hosannas in the name of the Old Folks, the Alamo, and Jesus Christ. The Texas Election Bureau prematurely announced that Johnson had won. When a flood of O'Daniel votes came in from the boondocks and pine thickets two or three days later, the reversal came as a bitter disappointment to me.

At this point I had not only never seen Johnson; I had never even heard the sound of his voice. The Depression had lingered on our sandy farm long after the nation had achieved some measure of recovery. We had no money for a luxury item like a radio. I knew LBJ only as a face smiling from posters nailed to fence posts and from stories in week-old newspapers cadged each Sunday from our more affluent neighbors. Yet these so impressed me that once, while helping my father harvest corn, I was prattling enthusiastically

*Johnson fulfilled his promise. Obtaining leave from the House after Pearl Harbor, he served in the Southwest Pacific for eight months, until President Roosevelt ordered all Congressmen on active duty to return to Washington.

about Lyndon Johnson and turned a team of horses so short the flatbed wagon flipped over and very nearly maimed me. "Boy," my father asked, "don't you never think about nothin' but Lyndon Johnson and football?"

A Neophyte's Glimpse of Power

I would not see Johnson for another thirteen years, when he was campaigning for reelection to the U.S. Senate in 1954 (he had been first elected in 1948 by his memorable 87-vote margin). I was then a newspaper reporter deep in oil-and-McCarthy country, an area where most people believe in a flat earth if not haunted houses. Senator Johnson came to Odessa to give a speech. I was at a conventional one: service to the good folk of Texas, love of country and faith in the free enterprise system, the soil, and Heaven's Plan. There were the usual homilies, the same hoary political jokes, the same cardboard poses I had gotten to know in other candidates. I left disappointed by my first glimpse of The Great Man. Besides, boyhood idolatry has a way of vanishing and Johnson by this time had two strikes against him in my book: he had given Adlai Stevenson only token support in 1952, and he had remained too long silent while the McCarthyites treated us to their national spook show.

But Johnson's Democratic opponent in the primary reawakened my allegiance. Douglas T. Daugherty campaigned in a red fire truck and made speeches that would have frightened George III. He favored quitting the UN, going back to the Hoover Dollar, making deep knee bends to King Oil, and cleaning "the Godless Commies" out of the State Department. I went straightaway to County Democratic headquarters to enroll again in Lyndon Johnson's cause. Through that summer I tacked posters, sealed envelopes, and spoke for Johnson to vest-pocket rallies of ten-folks-and-a-rooster in remote villages like Wink, Crane, and No Trees.

I went to Washington in late 1954 with a freshman Congressman who, after noting my talents in menial tasks, had chosen me for his administrative assistant. Johnson was Texas' senior Senator and

Larry L. King, a frequent contributor to "Harper's," has written articles on Washington lobbyists and administrative assistants, and on Southern fundamentalists. He is the author of "The One-Eyed Man" (recently published by New American Library), which J. K. Galbraith called the best political novel since "The Last Hurrah."

assuming as a national figure. I arrived in Washington assuming that I would be the frequent companion of Speaker Rayburn, Senator Johnson, Mr. Justice Tom Clark, and other Texans who had preceded me to the sources of power. I did not know that "the help" is "the help" in Washington much as it is in the kitchen pantry.

Though I didn't drink coffee at the White House and socialize with Johnson after work, I did see a great deal of the Senator's staff. A neophyte in Washington could have done worse. As Majority Leader, Johnson had great powers—many of which he had created or assumed for himself. He kept a sensitive finger on Texas politics. He could dole out grand favors. Consequently any Texan who needed to plead a special cause for his constituents for himself naturally went to LBJ. Since most matters are handled at the staff level, I worked in those early years with Walter Jenkins, Thurston Perry, Booth Mooney, Bill Brammer, Harry McPherson (Bill Moyers was still in college and unknown to any of us), and other Johnson staffers on a thousand routine chores. I was working close to some of them.

I knew of the Lyndon Johnson who hired mandrill-wife staff teams because, as one of his secretaries quoted him to me, "I don't want some wife at home cryin' about the cornbread gettin' cold while her husband's busy doin' somethin' for me." Then he drove his employees to the limits of their physical endurance or to drink. He sometimes rewarded staff workers with gifts, praise, and promises of greatness. He might in anger banish an employee from his sight forever, later to pay thousands of dollars for the same man's hospital bills, with no prospect of reimbursement. Once he impulsively interrupted a conference with a Texas Congressman to telephone a department store and order several new shirts for George Brady, on the eve of an extended trip, because "that boy's always runnin' out of white shirts." I could reduce a secretary to tears because she failed to locate some airborne Senator by telephone within two minutes, or because she had served him an inferior cup of coffee—later apologizing by saying, as one of the young ladies told me, "Honey, you go to the best beauty shop in town, get the full treatment and tell 'em to send me the bill." This was the Lyndon Johnson who once tossed a speech back to his writers with the instructions to "Put somethin' in there that will make me sound goddamn *humble*!" Ego? There was a time when LBJ gifted any Texas baby named after him with a calf from his ranch. Once I had joined LBJ's staff, however, he would be regarded a quisling if ever he spoke of his employer



in any but the most flattering of terms, or if he groused about working overtime.

Once in a while I encountered the Senator in the Capitol Building, and if he saw me we might exchange quick nods or a rare smile. Generally, however, he would have another Senator in tow: leaning into his companion's face and speaking with some dreadful urgency that blinded him to mere earthlings. The Johnson who rattled the Capitol's staid walks with mad hoo-hawing and aimless goddamning, crowded you like a pickpocket while he poured on the persuasive goose grease, or who threatened, cajoled, or compromised his way through the political jungles was still to me a shadowy myth composed of corridor whispers, poker-table legends, and newspaper superlatives.

A Coolie Turns Sour

Sometimes I got to see Senator Johnson a bit more frequently. At one meeting in his office representatives of a half-dozen executive agencies spent an hour enumerating to several of us the reasons why a new international bridge between the U.S. and Mexico could not be built at El Paso. Johnson crossed his long legs, feet propped up on his desk, and drawled, "Now, boys, you-all spent the last hour tellin' me why we *can't* open up another international bridge. Now I want every one of you to give me one reason why we *can*. Then I want you to get the hell out of here and *open it*!" They did—and LBJ cut the dedica-

I had drinks a couple of times in the Majority Leader's suite in the Capitol along with Texas Congressmen, other administrative assistants, and favored Johnson staffers. In these sessions LBJ's conversation ranged broadly: a current political problem in Texas, chances of passing a Reciprocal Trade bill, an anecdote about Franklin D. Roosevelt, a stinging parody of Dwight D. Eisenhower. (He would screw his face into a frown, mimic Eisenhower's flat, clipped speech, and give us his version of the Eisenhower syntax: "Now, I may not know everything there is about this bill, Senator, and I might make what you might call a *mistake* now and then, but I am what you might call *sincere* about this . . ."). Suddenly he would bark a question at an aide about tomorrow's schedule, turn his head abruptly to ask a Congressman "what you're gonna do to help me and the Speaker when that Education bill comes to the Floor," or grab a telephone to dial another Senator. Sitting under a life-sized oil portrait of himself that was illuminated by indirect lights, his

in-the-flesh person looking down on us from his subtly elevated executive's chair, Senator Johnson was invariably jovial and full of hope. I enjoyed these performances hugely.

I saw the famed Johnson temper for the first time in 1959, during a three-day tour of duty that seemed no longer than a century.

Senator Johnson came to my home district as part of a state-wide tour designed to solidify his political base in Texas from which he would seek the Presidential nomination the following year. It fell to my lot to act as "advance man"—the nearest thing the Western World has to a Chinese coolie. The advance man arranges for halls, podiums, luncheons, or dinners, keys to the city, press conferences, hotel accommodations, rendezvous between the visiting pooh-bah and his local political underlings, or a pitcher of water for the dignitary's bedside table. He referees disputes over who will sit where at ceremonial functions, and tries to discourage bores or potential troublemakers who might embarrass the Official Presence. Johnson's own staff attended to many of these details, but as resident coolie I was responsible for being on hand to guide everyone through the proper jig-steps.

At his first appearance, on the mezzanine floor of a downtown hotel where he spoke to about a hundred local leaders and their wives, Senator Johnson's performance could have served as a blueprint for the Compleat Cornpone Politician. He was charming, relaxed, and lean. He slouched on the podium, grinning boyishly, pulling at his ear, saying how grand it was for "me and Lady Bird to get out of the steel and stone of the cities and come back here to feel the soil of home under our feet, and draw close to all the things we hold dear while we gaze on the Texas moon." He invited all hands to "drop by and see us when you're in Washington." He reported that the coffeepot was always on, and added that "sometimes Bird bakes a buncha little cookies in the shape of the State of Texas to go with the coffee." (This earned a standing ovation and Rebel yells.) He confessed to vast stores of humility, giving credit for "whatever I may amount to" in equal measure to Celestial Beings, his mother, and everybody present. When he had finished he ambled off to mingle with the crowd, pressing flesh, cooing low, kissing old ladies on the cheek as if he had flushed a covey of favored maiden aunts. Then the party broke up and the Senator's official group retired toward his suite for a brief rest before the evening's scheduled dinner.

With the closing of the elevator door LBJ's sunny smile gave way to thunderstorm expres-

ns. "Goddamnit," he said by way of openers, "nobody told me I was supposed to make a *speech*! I didn't know it until I saw the damned podium. Up till then I thought it was just gonna be coffee, doughnuts, and bullshit!" He stared at me down the blood. "Why in hell didn't you *tell* me they expected a speech out there? You think I'm a mind reader? Hah?" I didn't think "Yes" was the proper answer, but I was mortally afraid to say *No*. So I said nothing.

Within the next twenty-four hours Senator Johnson had berated me and his staffers because (1) his hotel bed was too short and "I have to stretch my legs up until I fold up like a goddamn accordion"; (2) nobody could locate Senator Dick Russell of Georgia on the telephone at the snap of a finger; (3) we were late for three consecutive appointments because "half of you are lawlin', half of you are walkin', and *none* of you are runnin'," and (4) he couldn't immediately find his reading spectacles. In another town where a press conference had been scheduled (and to which I had clearly heard Johnson agree the day before in a rare cheerful moment) the Senator claimed knowledge of it only as he entered the hotel where all reporters waited. He blew up in the lobby and threatened not to appear. He was finally ushered into the hotel ballroom, but not before his histrionics caused passersby to congregate and investigate the commotion. One reporter repeatedly baited Johnson with hostile questions. Finally, ignoring him completely, Johnson silently drifted to somebody else. When the heckler persisted the Senator snapped, "That's it. Thank you, guys." He plunged out of the ballroom, the rest of us chasing along, though handicapped by not having heard the starter's gun.

In the elevator the Senator's first words were: "Which one of you do I thank for *this* little lynching?" No one stepped forward to claim the medal. Those were Johnson's last words for the next fifteen minutes as he brooded silently, staring at the television set in his room. The rest of us stared and brooded with him. I was terrified that I might have to sneeze.

Maybe there is something about Lyndon B. Johnson and elevators not apparent to the eye. Some of his greatest conniptions have been born there. Likely, however, this is true because elevators happen to be the first place he is free to drop the necessary public poses and give vent to human frustrations. At any rate, my one head-to-head battle with Johnson started in an elevator the night before he would mercifully leave our district. Following a dinner where he had shed his usual mixture of country charm and

worldly knowledge, the Senator barked directly at me: "Who was that redheaded son-of-a-bitch set two chairs down from me?" I groped for the red-headed SOB's identity, but at that moment I could not have read my own name off a billboard. "Whoever he was," Johnson said, "I don't want that goofy SOB sittin' in the same room with me again. Ruined mah whole night . . ." He trailed off into mumbles, glaring.

The hour was late. I was tired, and just about one more harsh word away from tears or running off from home. In his room the Senator was unhappy because a delegation of local citizens required entertainment. I would have gladly done the job. It required nothing more strenuous than pouring a little whiskey, laughing at the punch lines of old jokes, and massaging shriveled egos. Senator Johnson, however, assigned this choice duty to his own permanent staff people. He thrust a slip of paper in my hand. Just before plunging into the bathroom he said, "I want these people in that *exact* order." The note required two telephone calls to Washington, one to New York, one to Austin, and two or three more to small Texas towns. There wasn't a telephone number on the slip. I sat on my hands and let my juices boil. When the Senator entered the room he gave me one quick glance. Then he asked the room-at-large to whom he had given the note. Eventually all eyes turned my way. It was like standing in front of a firing squad.

I'm sure my voice trembled as I said, "I'm tired of being your lackey while your staff people sit on their rumps and drink whiskey. I've got *my own* man to lackey for." (The last sentence was spoken with some strange, hot pride—which shows what being a second-banana politician will do for your sense of values.) I have the vague recollection that somebody dropped an ashtray. One of Johnson's staffers suddenly snatched the note from my hand and whisked it away, presumably to the nearest telephone.

I am unable to recall the Senator's immediate reaction to the mutiny. Everyone seemed frozen in place. My ears throbbed blood as I plunged from the room. A friend stumbled out behind me, eyes wide and face pale. I would hesitate to quote him exactly, but I think he called on his Lord in a hoarse voice and asked if I had lost my goddamned mind. While I raved about holding Senator Johnson's hat, carrying his bags, and being treated like a stepchild, my friend made frantic shushing sounds and waved his hands as if he might be flagging the Greyhound. He desperately begged that I go someplace to "get a beer, cool off, and for God's sake stay out of Lyndon's sight."

I cooled off enough to worry about whether I'd

lose my \$16,000 a year job, then returned to a night of feverish sleep. About daylight the next morning the telephone in my room rang.

"You had your coffee yet?"

I said no.

"Come on up and have some," Lyndon Johnson said.

The Senator was in a figured robe. The morning newspaper was scattered about the floor and on the coffee table. He greeted me with a grunt that sounded half-friendly, then poured some coffee and handed it over. Just as I took the cup he said, "You can get kinda salty, can't you?" Then he grinned. My mumbled response consisted of mere sounds without any form resembling known words. The Senator took my arm and stood nose-to-nose, breathing on my eyeglasses. He talked about how "young fellas" like me make big politicians tick. He himself had been secretary to a Congressman, he said, in 19-and-32.

Then he settled on the couch and for perhaps the next half-hour entertained me with memories of New Deal days, and of his Texas boyhood, and praise of my boss. He spoke of how dedicated his staff was to him, and of how very much he loved his staff. He offered free advice ("You oughta get a law degree, young man like you. Come in handy no matter *what* profession you follow"), asked my opinion on whether a local politician had Congressional ambitions "enough that it won't let him sleep nights." Then he so adroitly maneuvered me out of the room with a darting little series of back-pats, soothing clucks, and hand-clasps that I was in the elevator before I fully realized the audience was over.

I soon came back, though. For when the Senator departed for the airport, I found myself struggling with the bellhop for the honor of carrying his bags.

Bedding Down with Mossbacks

Some admiring newspapermen, many Southern Congressmen, and almost all Johnson staffers thought LBJ would be nominated for President in 1960. I disagreed. Unwisely I said so a few times. When the word got around, one of Johnson's key advisers met me over lunch to suggest a little more diplomacy. "You're from Texas," he pointed out. "It couldn't help the Senator, it couldn't help your Congressman, and it couldn't help *you personally* if you went around saying 'Johnson can't win.'" Though this sounded a little like a threat, it also sounded a lot like the truth.

In early 1960, Johnson-for-President headquar-

ters opened in Washington's Ambassador Hotel. Walter Jenkins, Johnson's long-time administrative assistant, solicited my "volunteer" help at the campaign headquarters at nights and on weekends. The Senator, Jenkins said, would not be a candidate of record. He might even issue statements from time to time disavowing Presidential ambitions. Meanwhile, the Humphreys, Stevensons, Kennedys, and Symingtons would, perhaps, knock themselves off in Presidential primaries.

I was but one of many "volunteers," many of them from Capitol Hill and almost all of them with Texas roots, who pioneered the Johnson Presidential effort. No doubt I had more inner conflicts and reservations than most. I did not believe the Senator could be nominated because of sectional limitations, and I was personally attracted to Jack Kennedy.

By 1960 my feelings about Johnson were ambivalent—I admired him on the one hand and couldn't tolerate him on the other. As a working politician I admired his art in steering legislation through Congress at a time when he could have frustrated President Eisenhower by tying up the legislative machinery. But he refused the obstructionist role, saying that "any jackass can kick down a barn but it takes a carpenter to build one."

In fact, he saved Eisenhower's legislative chestnuts time after time. It seemed apparent, however, that many of Senator Johnson's shows suffered from overdirection. Often I was amazed that the national press (to say nothing of Republicans) didn't blow the whistle on his more obviously staged dramas. He seldom called a recorded vote until his pulse takers had determined that he had enough votes to win. He often stashed two or three or four "safe" Senators away in the Senate cloakroom, rushing these loyal reserves in to win a cliff-hanger at the most dramatic moment. LBJ knew that the more powerful and effective he could *appear*, the more powerful and effective he would *be*.

Politicians, like sleight-of-hand artists, must create certain illusions: there is simply not enough legitimate, workable magic to satisfy the customers. Any show—however well-staged or smoothly presented—requires a lot of honest toil behind the scenes before it approaches perfection. Johnson's did. But in the matter of exercising national partisan leadership, or in performing real political services in Texas (emotionally, I confess unshamedly, almost as important to me as all the Senate productions in the world) my boyhood hero was sadly disappointing. It was not merely that he failed to be liberal, not even that he had voted against anti-lynch legislation in the late 1940s, or

that he sang praises to the 27½ per cent oil-depletion allowance under which the rich get richer and the poor pay taxes. As a working pol, I could understand his dilemma. He represented a state largely oriented toward the Southern viewpoint, a state where schoolboys are taught that oil is the backbone of the economy and is, therefore, sacred. What disappointed me most about Johnson was that he threw his considerable weight and prestige into the camp of mossbacks who held Texas as if it were their own grand duchy.

The Texas Establishment has opposed social reforms to the extent of perpetuating oppression, ignorance, and poverty. Even today, Texas ranks at or near the bottom of the 50 states in aid to the blind, aged, and mentally ill, and in almost all social services. Texas Governors have routinely vetoed appropriations to improve hospitals, libraries, prisons, and old-age pensions. They have cheerfully signed "right-to-work" laws and harsh segregation measures. Legislators have urged soak-the-poor taxes on bread, work clothes, and medicines. They have permitted loan sharks to charge usurious rates and have refused to enact any laws protecting the state's thousands of migratory farm laborers who are carted from farm to hovel in open cattle trucks. They have openly cavorted with the fat-cat lobbyists. They have damned the federal government for foreign aid, aid to education, the antipoverty program, and the Peace Corps. I am not speaking here of John Birch

Republicans nor even of Eisenhower ones, but of Tory Democrats who have made the wheels of influence go in Texas.

If any man had the power and finesse to move Texas toward a more moderate, enlightened political climate it was Lyndon Johnson. He chose not to use his talents in that direction at all. He did not stay on the sidelines while the liberals fought desperately for survival (as he might have done) but he invariably cast his lot with the Tories. He saw the labor-liberal bloc as a rising threat to his grip on Texas. Time after time he fused patchwork coalitions that effectively crushed liberal hopes of gaining a voice in the Democratic party. Working within the framework of the Establishment—i.e., the Governor, the State Democratic Executive Committee, and local political bosses—Lyndon Johnson got what he wanted. What he wanted was, simply, control.

Visiting Barons

A typical display of Johnson's tactics occurred at the Democratic state convention in Fort Worth in 1956. As in past years, Johnson and crusty old Speaker Sam Rayburn arrived from Washington like visiting feudal barons. They received in their hotel rooms, and if you had business to transact you sought them out with a smile on your face. They brought along a coterie of Texas Congress-

HIS ACHILLES' HEEL



Of his boyhood hero, author King says, "Lyndon Johnson is far too complex to be wholly captured by any one writer in any given piece. This narrative tends to dwell on the wheeler-dealer, power-driven, colorfully profane LBJ. Perhaps this is because my relatively few firsthand personal observations of the man occurred in the hectic mainstream of workaday politics.

"There are other sides to Lyndon Johnson. He can be fiercely loyal, gregariously funny, mawkishly sentimental, and as charming in his way as John F. Kennedy was in his. I have seen him cry real tears when speaking of his late mother, a crash that killed his airplane pilot, or when simply recalling shoulder-to-shoulder battles with an old political pal. As a committed liberal, I personally think that no President has done more for the country in the way of progressive domestic legislation.

"Yet in so public a man and so flamboyant a personality flaws are destined to loom large. His Achilles' heel is a supersensitivity to criticism—probably to a greater degree than any President in history. He has a regrettable tendency to strike back at his detractors. Edward P. Morgan put it well: '[He] has never quite fully understood that [the press] is not a private instrument but a public instrument to be used carefully, but with the leverage of a crowbar, if necessary, to keep the doors and windows of an open society open.'"

men to use in the same way that they used office runners and legislative aides in Washington. The Congressmen, taking to heart Speaker Rayburn's advice—"the best way to get along is to go along"—fanned out to their respective home-district delegations to act as Johnson's eyes and ears. Most of them were so conservative they did not fully approve of indoor plumbing.

These Congressmen were on friendly, first-name terms with the yahooing Main Street merchants, bankers, oil barons, labor-hating farmers, and xenophobic ranchers who were delegates to the convention. If the Congressmen heard rumors that a certain delegate was flirting with "the Red Hots" (LBJ's private name for the liberals) they rushed to pass the word. More than one delegate who had "flirted with the Red Hots" found himself confronted by his banker, preacher, lawyer, Congressman, brother, or anyone else who might hold some financial or emotional claim on him. Most were happy to scurry back into the fold after being exposed to "The Treatment."

In 1956 numerous counties sent contesting delegations to the state convention—liberal and conservative groups both claiming to be "official." The handpicked credentials committee invariably, of course, certified the conservatives.

El Paso County Judge Woodrow Wilson Bean was chairman of a liberal delegation. No stranger to ambition, he badly wanted his delegation seated, but knew this would take some special miracle. He set out to fashion one. Judge Bean went to Johnson and propositioned him: See that my El Paso liberals are seated and I'll deliver their votes to you. Senator Johnson saw the opportunity to woo away a delegation everyone considered firmly committed to the liberals, and at the same time acquire a pipeline into the Red Hot camp for future purposes. He told Bean that a floor fight was in prospect over whether to seat the huge Houston liberal or conservative delegation. Would Bean's liberals be willing to vote for the Houston conservatives as the price for their own seats? Judge Bean said they would. Johnson picked up the telephone, and very shortly the credentials committee certified the El Paso liberals.

Judge Bean had outpromised himself. Deeply committed to liberal causes, the El Paso delegates balked at opposing their Houston counterparts. One angrily stormed, "I didn't come down here for the pleasure of being Lyndon Johnson's rubber stamp." In a turbulent session behind locked doors the delegates reminded themselves that their purpose was to rid the state of "Dixiecrats masquerading as Democrats." Bean couldn't deal with the mutiny. He did not, however, pull up lame by

rushing to Senator Johnson with a full confession.

He didn't need to. Johnson had eyes in the back of his head, it would soon seem to Bean. Through one of his many agents the Senator learned of the El Paso rebellion. He sent someone to fetch Judge Bean. When Bean arrived, Johnson said, "Judge, I hear you've decided not to go along with me on the Houston delegates."

"I'd like to, Lyndon," Bean said. "But I'm having a little trouble with some of the boys. You know how boys kick up their heels when they get away from home."

"Well, can you deliver 'em or not?"

"I can try, Senator."

"Trying don't count," Johnson snapped. "You with me or against me?"

"Well, I tell you," Bean said, "it looks like we'll be forced to go the other way, Senator."

Johnson poked a finger into the Judge's chest. "Woodrow Bean," he said, "I'm gonna give you a little three-minute lesson in integrity. And then I'm gonna ride you!"

The Senator lectured Bean for approximately three minutes on the virtues of loyalty, courage, dealing honorably, and of being a true friend to Lyndon Johnson. Whereupon he reconvened the credentials committee after it had permanently adjourned, a perfect sign of his iron hold on the convention. One hour later Bean's troops had been shorn of their credentials and replaced by conservative delegates. Judge Bean joined other dissidents in a fruitless "rump session" at a nearby cowbarn.*

Johnson for President

It was the memory of his home-state tactics that made me the least joyful "volunteer" at Johnson-for-President headquarters in 1960. His pre-convention campaign, as it turned out, was a shambles. Nobody seemed to be in charge of Johnson's headquarters in Washington. The co-chairmen (John Connally, now Governor of Texas, and Oscar Chapman, one-time Interior Secretary under Harry S Truman and now a sugar lobbyist) were theoretically in charge. Perhaps they occupied themselves diligently elsewhere, but they were seldom seen in headquarters. In their absence nobody assumed command. Volunteers milled about without purpose or assignment. A half-dozen of us who had practiced the craft of politics for years sat idly by while "policy decisions" were

*The story of this episode has been making the rounds in Texas for ten years. After investigating it, I am convinced of its authenticity.

made—or pretended to be made—by a handful of old biddies I knew largely from seeing their pictures on the society page.

Once I tried to get some direction from the man said to be nominally in charge: Marvin Watson, then a Texas steel executive on loan to Johnson and now a top White House aide. Watson cheerfully confessed that he hadn't much notion of what we might do to help. Then he continued dictating a letter to some agitated Dixie mystic who had written in about "the nigger problem." Watson solemnly explained that Lyndon B. Johnson's "roots are in the South and his heart is with the South." He mentioned the Senator's heroic old Confederate soldier granddaddy.

Eventually, about all I found to do was dictate letters of the same type. Almost all of Johnson's mail came from the South or the flatlands Midwest. Much was written on lined tablet paper or in a palsied hand. Many letters were Doomsday tracts of the type handed out on street corners by trembling, popeyed prophets. Others were directed against John F. Kennedy as "the Pope's candidate," or railed against plots by the UN to take over the Pentagon, or spoke of Alaskan concentration camps being prepared for the enemies of Hubert Humphrey. Obviously, there was not a delegate vote in a carload of such correspondents. Just as obviously, LBJ was at that stage the candidate of Tory Democrats of the world.

Johnson's advisers mistakenly assumed that tactics successful in Texas would prove workable nationally. In Texas you cuddled to the Establishment by making alliances of convenience. You used your Congressional influences where they best served, by manipulating young legislators eager for seats in close proximity to the Congressional leaders, or by logrolling with cynical, horse-trading old pro pols. Thus did Johnson partisans set out to form a coalition of Dixiecrats, aging New Dealers whose visions had dimmed even as their paunches had increased, and Congressmen or Senators thought to be susceptible to suggestion because of the vast influence of Johnson and Rayburn.

I suggested to Walter Jenkins that somebody needed to take the campaign firmly in hand. Jenkins listened a bit impatiently to my complaints. Perhaps it is well my advice was offered free, for he seemed not to set a high value on its worth. "The Senator's got a world of faith in John Connally," he said. Then he pointedly added, "I have, too." He blandly said that Johnson would capture all the Southern states, that old New Deal cronies would deliver "a lot of votes in the North and East not apparent on the surface," and that

endorsements had been lined up from Congressional powers "all across the nation." (Asked for examples, Jenkins named Representative Ralph Rivers of Alaska and Senator Thomas Dodd of Connecticut.) He said Johnson would "naturally appeal" in Western states such as "New Mexico, Arizona, and Wyoming." He even claimed certain influences for Senator Johnson in California, adding that "the Senator worked out there as a young man for a couple of years—running an elevator in an office building." Thereafter, I privately thought of Johnson's campaign headquarters as "Disneyland East."

Typical of these elusive "supporters" was Senator Gale McGee of Wyoming. In May of 1960, with the national convention about two months away, Jenkins asked me to accompany a Texas Congressman, another from Alaska, and a former Congressional delegate from Hawaii, into Wyoming. Our assignment was to see to it that the state Democratic convention adopt a motion binding delegates to the national convention under a unit rule—meaning that all delegates, regardless of their personal preferences, would be under instruction at the national convention to vote for the candidate earlier endorsed at the state level. Walter Jenkins was certain that in Wyoming that man would be Johnson.

"Go see Gale McGee," Jenkins ordered. "He'll cooperate one hundred per cent." He exhibited the latest issue of *Time* quoting Senator McGee on Senator Johnson: "He'd make a hell of a President." When I saw him Senator McGee chatted pleasantly with me, praised Johnson, and gave the name of his local campaign manager in Casper who "will give you anything we've got."

In Casper, I asked Senator McGee's man what we might do toward locking up Wyoming's delegates under the unit rule. He was abashed; why, he'd been instructed to be strictly impartial; he couldn't take sides because Senator McGee was adopting a "hands-off" policy. I told him this was news to me and no doubt would be news to Senator Johnson.

After two days of politicking in Wyoming, it was apparent that Washington had misjudged the situation. Almost everyone favored Kennedy, including State Chairman Teno Roncalio, who would control the delegation's fifteen votes. In these circumstances the unit rule could be disastrous to Johnson's hopes.

When we conveyed this news to Jenkins, he suggested that we should reverse ourselves. Rather than seeking to "solidify and harmonize" delegates under the unit rule, we should fight to "preserve the independence of the individual dele-

gate." In that way we might salvage anywhere from four to seven of the fifteen Wyoming votes. Jenkins was especially shocked when he learned that if Senator McGee favored Johnson, he had managed to keep it a secret from everyone in Wyoming—including his campaign manager. Later, after he counseled with Senator McGee, Jenkins called us to say there was no worry on *that* score. McGee would fly in to Wyoming to help us fight against the unit rule.

Senator McGee flew in, all right. But if he did any fighting for us he kept that a secret, too. He also kept a protective cordon of aides and friends about him and, when finally cornered as he left a downtown restaurant, he said smoothly that all the delegates were his friends, that his friends were split up among the numerous good men seeking the nomination, and that he just couldn't find it in his heart to disappoint any of his friends. So he would stay "neutral."

In the end, only the efforts of Governor Joe Hickey kept the Wyoming convention from going for Kennedy under the unit rule. Hickey, we tardily discovered, favored LBJ for the nomination. So we escaped from Wyoming with five firm Johnson votes, two more "possibles," and our scalps.

The last act in this melodrama came two months later on the floor of the Los Angeles convention. With Kennedy only eleven votes short of the nomination, Ted Kennedy approached the Wyoming delegation, where Kennedy was known to have eight and a half solid votes. Johnson had six, and one-half vote remained loyal to Adlai Stevenson. Suddenly one of Wyoming's leaders broke away from a frantic huddle with Ted Kennedy, hopped on a chair, and held up four fingers to the delegates. "Give me four votes!" he begged. "We can put him over the top! *Please* give me four votes!" Hastily the Wyoming delegates decided to write themselves a footnote to history. Chairman Roncalio proudly spoke of the honor that was his as Wyoming cast all fifteen of its votes for John F. Kennedy.

In the roar greeting the announcement, I kept my eyes on the man who had begged for four votes. He was jumping up and down, slapping a beaming Ted Kennedy on the back, apparently beside himself with joy. I recognized him as our old friend Senator Gale McGee.

Incident in El Paso

Once the Kennedy-Johnson ticket had been nominated, their preconvention staffs joined for the battle against Nixon and Lodge. With the Kennedy

forces in charge of the campaigning, conditions were much improved. Any campaign knows errors that could be authored only by green gremlins. A few boners cropped up after the Kennedy-Johnson fusion of staffs. None, however, was as glaring as those occurring among LBJ's preconvention forces. If you had a suggestion, you'd get a full hearing. Nobody attempted to sweep bad news under the rug. We were better organized and more professional.

One of the first stops was scheduled for El Paso, Texas—my home territory. I was sent ahead to assist in local tub-thumpings and physical preparations. Johnson reminded Texas Congressmen that the six-city tour of Texas would be Kennedy's first real exposure in our state. "I've gotta carry Jack Kennedy on my back in Texas," he said. "I don't want anything going wrong down there." One of the Congressmen remarked that Johnson appeared more "down-in-the-mouth" than he had ever seen him. Official Washington wondered how LBJ would accommodate his bombastic personality to standing in young Jack Kennedy's shadow. GOP partisans taunted Johnson by parodying his campaign slogan: "Half the way with LBJ."

On the night of Sunday, September 11th, Johnson flew in from an engagement in Detroit. The crowd at El Paso International Airport would have warmed any advance man's heart. We had 20,000 cheering and clacking on cue when LBJ's plane touched down. He was supposedly only twenty minutes ahead of the Kennedy plane, which was flying in from California. Along with my Congressman, local officials, and Speaker Rayburn (who had arrived in El Paso a few hours earlier), I lined up at the foot of the ramp for the official greeting. Johnson was obviously delighted with the enthusiastic crowd. He called to old friends while posing on the ramp, and cracked good-natured jokes to the photographers. Before he could step down to the speaking platform, someone called that Kennedy wanted the Senator on the airplane radio. Johnson disappeared inside. Twenty minutes later he had not returned. I was sent to see what had gone wrong.

Johnson was making it very clear. Kennedy had left California late and would be another hour in arriving. Meanwhile, he suggested that Johnson remain aboard his own plane. Johnson was in an uproar. In poolroom language he fumed because Kennedy was late, because he had been quarantined in his own aircraft, and he predicted that "the damn crowd will be gone when he gets here." Congressman Homer Thornberry and others tried in vain to soothe him. I told Lloyd Hand, a Johnson aide, that local officials were also

fearful of losing the crowd unless we got the Vice-Presidential nominee on the platform. Somebody, I suggested, should pass this word. Hand suggested that I pass it. Foolishly, I did. Johnson poked a finger at me in a quick, stabbing motion and barked, "You get outta here!" As I retreated he demanded that the door be closed after me.

Five minutes later the door opened and Johnson led his entourage out. Though he acknowledged cheers with a wave of his hat, his smile seemed strained. Someone had prevailed on Johnson to call Kennedy's plane, explain the situation, and request permission to get out. Permission was granted. Having to *ask*, however, had not noticeably improved Senator Johnson's personality. He fidgeted on the platform while a dozen Congressmen and state officials made war-whooping partisan speeches. When Senator Kennedy arrived he spoke briefly, after LBJ had introduced him, inviting the crowd to his speech the following morning in El Paso Plaza. Johnson sat glumly on the platform, apparently in a thoughtful study of his shoes. Leaving the airport Johnson was further unsettled when the crowd spilled from behind restraining barriers, surged against the nominees as they made for waiting automobiles, and almost swept Mrs. Johnson off her feet. She clutched at her husband and said something, her face white. I heard Johnson snap, "For God's sakes, clear a path! Somebody's gonna get killed."

The Hotel Cortez was so crowded with cheering hordes we could hardly force our way into the elevators. I was pushed into an elevator and wedged between Kennedy and County Judge Woodrow Bean. Bean was babbling about the moment being "the greatest in Texas history" while JFK silently smiled and nodded.

The floor where Kennedy and Johnson had been booked proved to be a madhouse. Much of the crowd had eluded special policemen stationed on the stairs. Seeing the confusion Kennedy said quickly to the elevator operator, "close the door." This done he ordered, "Stay here until they're dispersed." Somebody handed Kennedy an orange. He began to peel and eat it, cupping the peelings in his hand until I relieved him of them. When no one was looking I slipped them into Judge Bean's coat pocket.

Unfortunately, Johnson's elevator operator had dumped him into the milling crowd in the hall and he took another buffeting. By the time we arrived in Kennedy's "Presidential Suite," Senator Johnson was waiting there in a new rage. "God-damnit," he yelled to Lloyd Hand, "where's Speaker Rayburn?" Hand said that "he was in



September 11, 1960: The author's campaign camera catches his Congressman and Senator Kennedy (holding the orange) in the El Paso hotel suite.

the hall a couple of minutes ago." LBJ said, "I don't give a damn where he was a couple of minutes ago! I asked you where he is *now*!"

Hand disappeared to hunt the Speaker. Kennedy sat on a couch to eat his orange. My Congressman, Slick Rutherford, sat down by him. While they talked, I approached to take pictures to be used in the campaign. Kennedy quickly hid the orange, and gave my Congressman his full attention. After I'd finished taking pictures he resumed eating the orange.

A Kennedy staffer began clearing the room, now overflowing with local officials and unknown gawkers. He was pushing me out also (the camera leading him to think I was a newspaper photographer) until Kennedy called, "No, he's with us." I then asked Senator Kennedy to pose with my Congressman, Senator Johnson, and Speaker Rayburn. Kennedy nodded, and called across the room now free of hangers-on: "Lyndon!"

Johnson was in Sam Rayburn's face, crying out some terrible woe and emphatically poking the Speaker's chest with that stabbing forefinger. The Speaker looked tired and faintly agonized.

Kennedy called again: "Senator Johnson!" Still no answer. Lloyd Hand plucked furtively at Senator Johnson's sleeve. LBJ whirled on him: "Can't you see I'm talkin' with the Speaker, god-damnit?"

"We need you for a picture," Senator Kennedy called.

Johnson snorted a pithy expletive.

Kennedy grinned. He said, "Settle down, Lyndon. It's a long time until November."

William V. Shannon

THE MAKING OF PRESIDENT ROBERT KENNEDY

As the years have passed since 1963, he has come to embody the legend. For people weary of Cold War orthodoxies and problems without solutions, he arouses a mysterious enthusiasm, and none are more enthusiastic than the postwar young.

Where exactly is Senator Kennedy going?

And how does he propose to get there?

Robert F. Kennedy is driving for the Presidency, and 1968 is his first target date.

Barring the unlikely development that Lyndon Johnson chooses to retire, Kennedy has only an interim goal in mind two years from now: it is to muscle Hubert Humphrey aside and take second place on the ticket. With skillful publicity, this could be made to appear not as an act of bold usurpation and impatient ambition by Kennedy but a reluctant rescue mission to prop up an aging, wartime President whose popularity is sagging.

The Vice Presidency has been a stifling closet for Humphrey because he is almost totally dependent on Mr. Johnson for his political future. But the office—during LBJ's second term—would be far less confining for Kennedy, who—unlike Humphrey—has his own independent power base and who is a more aggressive and free-wheeling operator. Knocking Humphrey off in 1968 would accomplish two important objectives: It would eliminate Kennedy's only visible rival for the Presidential succession, thereby consolidating his position as the most powerful man in the Democratic party next to Mr. Johnson. Second, it would place him one heartbeat from the White House. As matters now stand, if the Johnson-Humphrey combination is reelected in 1968 and the President were subsequently to die, Humphrey's elevation would block Kennedy's path until 1976 and conceivably until 1980. Bob Kennedy has no intention of hanging around the Senate that long. "They only take about

one vote a week here, and they never can tell you in advance when it is going to be so you can schedule other things. If I am not going to be working here, I want to go somewhere I can do something," Kennedy grumbled recently when I asked him about his life in the leisurely world of the Senate.

Kennedy, of course, does not avow the foregoing timetable. When asked directly about 1968 or 1972, he plays on the memory of November 22, 1963, and with a brooding glance says, "There are so many risks in life that long-range plans don't make much sense to me. Who knows whether any of us will even be alive then?"

The sentiment is sound and the words are doubtless sincere. But Kennedy's actions spell in capital letters the story of a man on the move and on the make. Major politicians in both parties have little doubt about his aspirations and planning. Richard M. Nixon, more skilled as a commentator than a practitioner of Presidential politics, remarked in June, "Bobby Kennedy will be the second-most-powerful man in the Democratic party in 1968. Whether he challenges the President or not will depend on the polls."

Humphrey watches Kennedy's movements with the nervous fascination of a man trying to face down a cobra. He tries to reassure himself with the hard, simple fact of possession—"After all, I *am* Vice President," he tells intimates. But a mood approaching defeatism periodically sweeps his entourage as its members contemplate the coming



Johnson and Kennedy at a Madison Square Garden rally in New York. (Leo Chapin, Black Star)

test of will and power. One of Humphrey's close advisers said to me, "We are thinking more in terms of an alliance than a rivalry. Why wouldn't Bobby make an excellent Vice President for Hubert?"

When countered with the possibility that Kennedy might prefer to be Vice President *instead* of Humphrey, this adviser replied, "Oh, the President would never permit that."

Admittedly there is a long-standing antipathy between Johnson and Kennedy. And the President would regard dropping Humphrey and taking aboard Kennedy as rather like signing up Long John Silver. But the President is an old professional, and old pros who find themselves in a tight corner have been known to make equally strange and distasteful alliances.

Robert Kennedy's activities these past two years have been a series of strategies and devices intended to leave the President and the Democratic party with even less free choice than either had in 1964. (And Lyndon Johnson's triumph in keeping Kennedy off the ticket then was like the Battle of Waterloo which Wellington called "the nearest run thing you ever saw in your life, by

God.") Since 1964 Kennedy has moved skillfully and simultaneously on a half-dozen fronts: tuning up the old Kennedy machine around the country; shoring up his New York base; upstaging LBJ and outflanking HHH; updating his world image; laying his domestic platform for the future. And neither last nor least, he has kept bright the flame of his dead brother's legend.

Sanction for Young Rebels

Maintaining the nationwide political alliances he helped develop for his brother and inherited from him has been Kennedy's easiest task, and the one perhaps overemphasized in press reports. But it nonetheless represents a formidable challenge to Humphrey and, in a sense, to Johnson.

Kennedy does not have to woo support in most states; it flows to him unbid. This was poignantly exemplified in Minnesota last June when Lieutenant Governor A. M. Keith defeated Governor Karl F. Rolvaag for renomination. "Mr. Keith's campaign brochure featured a full-page, front-cover picture of him with the late President [Kennedy], along with an excerpt from the Kennedy inaugural address," David S. Broder reported in the *New York Times*. "In his home state, Vice President Humphrey rated a small snapshot with Mr. Keith on the inside page of the leaflet." As Broder observed, youthful party rebels like Keith "claim

After fifteen years in Washington as a correspondent William V. Shannon came to New York to join the editorial board of the "New York Times." His book, "The American Irish," was recently published by Macmillan in a new edition.

sanction for their activities in the example of John F. Kennedy, who upset Harry S Truman and many other Democrats by his 'premature' bid for the Presidency."

Although in Minnesota Humphrey's ultimate hold on the party is secure, in most states Robert Kennedy will be the natural beneficiary of this persistent nostalgia for the New Frontier. Where once he was resented as the "other" Kennedy, the "bad" brother who did mean, tough things that his nicer, older brother in the White House would not do, he is now the embodiment of shattered memories and of hopes for fresh glory. The Johnson Administration, for all its competence and tangible legislative achievements, is a dusty affair; many Americans hunger for a further taste of the glamour, excitement, differentness of the Kennedy days. LBJ is a boss, but he is not a hero. Bob Kennedy more and more looks as if he might resume history where it abruptly went off course in November 1963.

Local and state candidates have no trouble spotting and identifying themselves with such emotions. Even old-timers such as Senator Paul Douglas running for reelection in Illinois and Soapy Williams seeking a Senate seat in Michigan gave high priority to lining up Kennedy for speaking engagements in their behalf this fall.

This does not, of course, necessarily mean that they—or other candidates he helps—would or could commit their delegations to Kennedy at a future convention. For example, in Wisconsin Patrick Lucey, a veteran Kennedy loyalist, is seeking the governorship. His election would obviously be helpful to Kennedy in the future, but this is not the same as saying that Lucey's chief purpose in running is to advance Kennedy's fortunes. Nor is Lucey solely dependent on Kennedy's backing. Humphrey men point out that one of their most dependable supporters in Wisconsin is Lucey's finance chairman. Elsewhere, candidates may gratefully accept Kennedy support but still keep options open for the future. The national press made much of the fact that William Haddad and Robert Clompitt, two former Kennedy aides, were top advisers to Mayor Robert King High of Miami in his successful race last spring for the Democratic nomination for Governor of Florida. But High had also been in touch with Humphrey, who subsequently helped raise money for him.

California is a special case—it usually is. There Kennedy's backers—including State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh—are embroiled in so many feuds that their support may harm as much as help him. It is likewise doubtful that Kennedy invested much money or emotion in the unsuccessful

candidate of his friend Thomas Braden for the Democratic nomination against incumbent Lieutenant Governor Glenn Anderson. Despite their wealth, the Kennedys have never spread money around freely except in their own campaigns and in related political operations that are under their direct, immediate control.

But in every region there are contacts and the latent organization which need only be reactivated. By his publicity and his travels Kennedy keeps them in readiness. And every week brings fresh evidence of his appeal—a tumultuously favorable reception from the students at the University of Mississippi, a straw poll in Iowa, significantly heavier applause for his name than for any other mentioned when the California Democratic Council meets. Meanwhile, back home in the Northeast, he can count on the one hundred delegates from the six New England states and almost as many from his adopted New York to give him a power base of two hundred delegates, or nearly one-third of the number needed for nomination before he even starts formally campaigning.

Applause on the Left

In New York, Kennedy entered the local political scene under the sponsorship of a particularly unsavory trio of political bosses: Charles Buckley, the crusty leader of the Bronx; Stanley Steingut of Brooklyn, and the ineffable Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem. He quickly made an alliance with the Liberal party and picked up some scattered support among younger, more progressive Democrats. After the Democrats lost the Mayoral election to Republican-Fusionist John V. Lindsay last fall, Kennedy became the state's chief Democratic officeholder and *de facto* leader. But he remained slightly alien to most Reform Democrats, who still pictured him as the ally of the old guard. Then, in May, he executed a major political coup. In New York City, judges are nominated and elected by the political parties. It is the custom for the majority Democrats to work out bipartisan deals with the GOP to avoid the expense and inconvenience of a contest. The classic procedure was followed this year, and a routine hack became the candidate of both parties for the choicest plum, the post of Manhattan Surrogate, which supervises the probating of nearly a billion dollars annually in estates, and confers guardianships and other rich judicial patronage on politically reliable lawyers.

The newspapers and the Liberals screamed in protest. But no one expected the deal to be upset.

Even the Reform Democrats were reluctant to wage a primary fight since they had joined in making the nomination unanimous after their own candidate lost in the caucus. Kennedy had no such scruples. Encouraged by Liberal party leader Alex Rose, he summoned the Reform leaders, pep-talked them into making a fight, helped recruit a judge of high repute who was willing to run, and then threw the ample financial resources and manpower of his personal organization into the primary. The result was the liveliest judgeship primary in decades and, on June 28, a smashing victory for the Kennedy-backed candidate.

Kennedy's success threw terror into the hearts of every county leader from Brooklyn to Buffalo. What he had done to Manhattan boss Raymond Jones he might conceivably do to any one of them. His intervention in the Surrogate race was a bold move, for national politicians can find their strength and reputation nibbled away by defeats in obscure, complicated local elections. It also took moral imagination; no other major politician, not even Mayor Lindsay, had perceived that this dull judgeship primary might ignite public indignation. In this swift month-long campaign Kennedy wiped away the stigma of his boss tie-up and established himself as the hero and leader of New York's liberal Democrats.

That this has been his goal is apparent from his Senate performance. Predictably he has supported liberal economic and social-welfare bills. But he has gone beyond the routine to vote for the most liberal amendments and push for the toughest regulation. It was he who put the president of General Motors on the spot in a Senate hearing by calling attention to GM's enormous profits and its puny expenditure on safety research. (Kennedy, the son of a financial lone wolf, has none of Lyndon Johnson's awe of the conservative business establishment.)

Kennedy relishes combat for its own sake. But he seems to have genuine and special empathy for Negroes. Their battle against high odds kindles his imagination much as he was moved by the indomitable spirit of the unemployed coal miners he met in the hills of West Virginia in 1960. He freely admits that this is an interest he came to late. "I won't say I stayed awake nights worrying about civil rights before I became Attorney General," he says.

However tardy his start, he has brought to the civil-rights crusade the passion and conviction of an eleventh-hour convert. He has startled bishops of his own church and other solemn dignitaries by asking them bluntly what, if anything, they have done lately to ease the burdens of Negroes.

In a series of three remarkable addresses earlier this year, he outlined some excellent proposals for revitalizing the life of Harlem and other Northern ghettos.

Negroes reciprocate Kennedy's ardor. Charles Evers, the NAACP field representative in Mississippi whose brother was slain by a white terrorist, journeyed to New York in 1964 to campaign for Kennedy. "He's the greatest man around," Evers says simply. James Meredith, whom Kennedy helped guide through the University of Mississippi, rallied to Kennedy's side in the Surrogate contest. There is little doubt that despite Hubert Humphrey's nearly twenty years of yeoman service on behalf of civil-rights legislation, Kennedy would outdraw him among rank-and-file Negroes.

How "Ruthless"?

Kennedy's political success in New York and his work in the Senate have been part of a much broader and crucial triumph he has achieved in the past two years in transforming his own reputation. Back in 1964 when he ran for the Senate he discovered that he had a serious "image problem." In the course of the campaign the issues of his sponsorship by the political bosses and of his status as a carpetbagger (from Massachusetts via Florida and Virginia) slowly faded out. But the matter of his "ruthlessness" did not. Too many people saw him as a tough cop, a relentless prosecutor, an arrogant little man a bit too big for his britches. Like all stereotypes, this one has elements of truth and also of exaggeration. Kennedy tried to change it by adopting a public style as much as possible like that of his late brother, the President. He even hired a gag writer to supply him with a steady flow of quips and witticisms in the JFK manner. (By nature, Kennedy is too shy and taut to be humorous in public, but he does possess an authentic vein of dry wit. Asked privately in that campaign why he did not run for the Senate in Virginia where he actually resided, he cracked spontaneously, "Because Charley Buckley and Adam Clayton Powell couldn't sponsor me in Virginia.")

But jokes are not enough to change an image. Beyond the legend of ruthlessness, there were unpleasant memories: of Bobby Kennedy as Assistant Committee Counsel, aged twenty-seven, sitting beside the late Senator Joe McCarthy and harrying Foreign Aid Administrator Harold Stassen because a trickle of American aid was flowing to countries engaged in "blood trade" with Communist China; of Bobby Kennedy sitting be-

side Senator John McClellan and excoriating union officials who took the Fifth Amendment during the labor-racket hearings; of Attorney General Kennedy dealing with Senator Jim Eastland in Southern judgeships; of Kennedy, the strong right arm of his brother, roaming with power if not portfolio through the Washington bureaucracy in the early 'sixties snapping out orders and knocking heads together.

Kennedy has now largely dissolved this old portrait. It is true that on a personal basis, he was friendly with McCarthy until his death and continues to view him as a mistaken fellow of good heart who was as much sinned against as sinning. On the issues, Kennedy's McCarthyism reflected an honest but naïve moralism which he has largely outgrown. Back in the 1950s he saw issues in black-and-white, and since he knew communism was black, he had still to learn that all those who oppose it are not necessarily white. On broader civil-liberties issues unrelated to the McCarthy period, Kennedy has also learned from experience. His initial impulses were those of many policemen who believe all that really matters is catching and convicting criminals. Kennedy does not come naturally to the notion that "it is better that ninety-nine guilty should go free than that one innocent man be wrongfully convicted." But over the years, without entirely comprehending or accepting the full rationale behind civil liberties, and after many controversies over wire tapping, the Fifth Amendment, and criminal law, he has arrived pragmatically at a basically enlightened position. He can now quote Justice Holmes with the best of them, address a Fund for the Republic luncheon with style, and is surely as trustworthy as any other prominent politician with the liberties of the people.

Robert Kennedy as the terror of the bureaucracy during his brother's Administration is fact, not legend. The memory of those days lingers. There was, for instance, a meeting in 1962 of a Presidential committee against racial discrimination by government contractors, to which the Attorney General arrived late. Vice President Johnson was presiding. James Webb, Administrator of the National Aeronautics and Space Agency and a protégé of Johnson, was talking about the difficulties of placing Negroes in jobs in the space program. After listening for a few minutes, Kennedy, without addressing the chair or referring to Johnson at all, cut in and asked, "How many employees are you talking about?"

"Forty thousand," Webb replied.

"How many people do you have working on discrimination problems?"

"One man full-time and another man devotes half his time to it," Webb answered.

Kennedy's face expressed contempt. With scorn in his voice, he said, "You mean you have forty thousand employees and you have only one and one-half men working on this and then you expect to make progress?"

In front of the more than twenty government officials and leading private citizens at the meeting, Kennedy berated Webb for his slack approach to the problem. Unlike his father who gave "un-shirted hell" in earthy language, Kennedy does not normally use profanity but he can be devastatingly cutting. A few minutes later Kennedy abruptly left. Johnson, then in the depths of his Vice Presidential depression, sat through this performance slumped in his chair with his eyes half-closed. Robert Kennedy has probably forgotten that meeting; it is doubtful that Johnson and Webb have.

Then there was the middle-level State Department official who served on an interdepartmental committee on which Defense, Central Intelligence, and other agencies were also represented by lesser ranking officers. However, the Attorney General having been designated by his brother to "bird-dog" the committee, usually attended in person. Rarely satisfied with what he heard, he ragged the other members relentlessly, not seeming to realize or to care that they were not in a position to answer him freely because of his higher status and his blood relationship to the President.

Three years ago after suffering agonies of silent rage at one of those meetings, the State Department man remarked to me, "If one of you guys writes one more time about his looking like a choirboy, I'll kill you. A choirboy is sweet, soft, cherubic. Take a look at that boney little face, those hard, opaque eyes, and then listen to him bawl somebody out. Some choirboy!"

Far more exalted officials were targets of Kennedy's brutal candor. For example, at a Cabinet meeting in 1961, he told then Under Secretary of State Chester Bowles that his Cuban policy proposals were worthless and a waste of time. In fact, of course, this was due to the objective situation and not Bowles' fault. Two years later, long after poor Bowles had departed for New Delhi, the brothers Castro still had the brothers Kennedy hung up.

Hard-headed Compassion

As Kennedy has tried over the past two years to modulate his aggressiveness and temper his style, there often seem to be two men inside him

struggling for mastery. Indeed, one knowledgeable politician is convinced that something like this often goes on inside Kennedy's mind: "His first impulse is to be Old Joe Kennedy's favorite son—tough, direct, brutal. What's in it for me? Hit him straight in the gut, boy, and don't forget nice guys finish last. But then he checks himself. He draws back and asks, What would Jack have done? A lot of time there is no way of knowing what Jack would have done, but the effect of Bobby's asking himself that question is to soften the edges, to make him more reflective, a little more sensitive to other people's feelings. If there is a new Bob Kennedy, it all comes from his asking himself that question."

Whether or not this is so, Kennedy has not attempted—as Nixon did—to retool his image by mere words and superficial gestures. He has tried to carve out some new ground on basic public policies and thereby win the fealty of touchy, suspicious liberals who are the intellectual trend-makers of the Democratic party. It is impossible to determine definitively where honest growth ends and alert opportunism begins in this process of change. Only forty, Kennedy is still unfolding as a person and enlarging his own understanding of the world. His experience in the Cabinet and in the Senate, the tragedy of his brother's death, and his travels have all made him a more sophisticated, thoughtful, and rounded person than the rather two-dimensional, self-righteous young man of a decade ago. But he is also an astute politician, who recognizes that he has no place to go for additional support for the Presidency except to the left. The South cannot be conciliated beyond a certain point and, in any case, the South is Lyndon Johnson's as long as he wants it. The big-city machines and the largely Catholic ethnic blocs are already Kennedy's. His efforts have to be directed at the middle-class liberals, the trade unions, the Jewish and Negro organizations, the intellectuals; in short, at Hubert Humphrey's natural constituency.

He has made his principal appeal in foreign affairs where he has edged his way gingerly into the peace faction on the Vietnam war. He has been less strident than Wayne Morse and less persistent than many Senators such as Joseph Clark, and he has repeatedly made it clear that he is opposed to outright withdrawal. But he has deplored the bombing of North Vietnam and urged admission of the Communist Vietcong in the future government of South Vietnam. "I believe there is a middle way, that an end to the fighting and a peaceful settlement can be achieved," he told the Senate last February 19. "A negotiated

settlement means that each side must concede matters that are important in order to preserve positions that are essential."

Kennedy has deplored the United States intervention in the Dominican Republic, criticized the Johnson Administration for acting too hastily in recognizing the new military junta in Argentina, called for a reexamination of our policies toward Communist China, and stressed the importance of building bridges to Russia and to Eastern Europe. Last May 12 he issued a statement on the third Chinese nuclear explosion that was a masterpiece of weaving back and forth among the platitudinous, the likely, and the improbable. A close reading of this and other Kennedy texts suggests that he has mastered the art of composing a statement that liberals find pleasant reading ("wider discussions and negotiations with the Communist Chinese") but still does not make him look too unrealistic among his former colleagues in the Administration ("I have serious reservations as to whether in fact they would make such an agreement").

Kennedy has also mastered liberal clichés in their purest form. Here he is talking about Latin America to the annual West Side Community Conference at Columbia University last March 12, run by Congressman William F. Ryan, the leader of Manhattan's most dedicated, articulate liberals: "In every nation of this hemisphere—certainly in the five I visited in November—we will find strong allies in our battle for social justice. We will find young men and women, proud of their country but also aware that a century of progress must now come in a decade. . . . They will welcome—as we must welcome—the revolution of our time [applause], the revolution of rising expectations [wild applause], of human rights and social equality [crescendo of applause]."

Kennedy, to his credit, looked slightly startled that these words evoked such a response. He would doubtless have been bemused if he had known that when he was still a rather conservative Harvard undergraduate, Hubert Humphrey was haranguing ADA conventions about "the revolution of rising expectations."

Humphrey himself was more than a little intrigued when Kennedy's report to the Senate after his trip to Latin America last year incorporated many suggestions about rural poverty, land reform, and education that Humphrey had made in past years after *his* trips to Latin America.

"I am not accusing anybody of plagiarism," Humphrey remarked privately. "But there sure was a lot of the old Hubert in Bobby's speech."

There is, however, no reason to doubt the sin-

cerity of Kennedy's new liberal opinions; in many instances, there is no contradiction between them and his earlier, better-known opinions. It is possible, for example, to be concerned about both the revolution of rising expectations and communist subversion, and to be for land reform and for the war in Vietnam. But it is possible to observe that Kennedy of late has been tactfully suppressing some of his views for the time being. He has a more complex, comprehensive view of the nature of the communist threat than liberal readers might gather from a fast run-through of his recent statements and speeches.

Yet his ambiguities and shifts of emphasis in foreign affairs count for little in the popular mind as against his great strengths as a public man. In a time when people fear "the center will not hold," Kennedy has energy, will, and confidence, and he communicates the presence of these qualities. He has compassion and hardheadedness, a blend which the postwar generation finds especially attractive. His residual moralism, that capacity for indignation that moves him to challenge a government of cruel old men in South Africa or a Surrogate Judgeship deal in Manhattan, saves him from the film of slickness and cynicism that overlays the reputation of Lyndon Johnson. To people weary of Cold War orthodoxies and stalemated problems, he affords a hint of openness, the

hope of mysterious, exciting, undefined change.

As bearer of the Kennedy name and as a young man who has held very high office, he has a worldwide following, and particularly among youth. His journey to South Africa was a piercing rebuke to that country's totalitarian government, a source of brief, poignant hope for its embattled liberals, and a brilliant personal triumph. Whether he is touring Communist Poland or opening a rodeo in Calgary or visiting a slum in Peru, he arouses fervent enthusiasm. Originally, this sentiment belonged to his late brother, and Kennedy still does everything he can to perpetuate his brother's memory. Thus, in leaving for Latin America, he said, "I want to see if the Alliance for Progress is doing as well as it was in President Kennedy's time." He rarely makes a major speech without quoting or adverting to his brother. He occasionally uses one of his brother's favorite sayings such as, "The journey of a thousand miles begins with a single step."

But as the years have passed, Bob Kennedy has himself come to embody the legend and to possess the aura. His tousled hair, his shy smile, his well-crafted speeches mingling dry wit, social idealism, and youthful passion all make it easy for audiences to think of him not only as the heir and executor of his brother's political legacy but as the man inevitably destined to fulfill it.

Political palship during New York's 1965 Mayoral campaign. Kennedy and Humphrey share the limelight. (Wide World)



Martha Gellhorn

SPIRAL TO A GUN

Crime as seen in a municipal courts building has its own ravaged faces, its senseless stories of violence and despair. The basement of our society is a disgrace to the world's richest nation; it is also an armory.

The St. Louis Municipal Courts Building was finished in 1911 and must have seemed the last word in Palaces of Justice at the time. Made of gray stone, it is three very high storeys high, adorned with carved wreaths around impressive windows, a sweeping front stairway, slabs of Corinthian columns, and two large, handsome granite ladies, in 1900 hairdos and draperies, lounging on the roof beside an outsize flowerpot which sprouts granite flames. Except for Juvenile offenders and Federal offenses, all the law violation of the city—from parking tickets to murder—is brought to judgment inside this one building.

On weekday mornings, the wide corridors of the first floor resemble a bus station, strewn with candy wrappers, paper cups, and cigarette butts, and crowded with restless people. These are the clientele of the Police Courts (maximum punishment, three months in the workhouse and \$500 fine) and the Courts of Criminal Correction (maximum punishment, one year in the City jail and \$1,000 fine). On the third floor, in suitable quiet and decorum, the Circuit Courts handle felonies (punishment, from two years in the state penitentiary to death).

The personnel of the courts is an intimate, practically permanent group; Judges are addressed as Judge, everyone else by first names. It is pleasing to hear a Judge call a Special Assistant Circuit Attorney "Buster," during a trial recess. No one can make a fortune here; driving ambition would be pointless; no one is worked to ulcers in this unhurried atmosphere; and no one is bored with his job. If you are on the right side of the law, the Municipal Courts Building is singularly agreeable. To an outsider, constant dealing with crime and punishment would seem melancholy and finally disgusting. It is not. Crime, here, has a face and a story, and human behavior is still the most

fascinating subject on earth. Crime, like war, strips off everyday camouflage. In these courtrooms you get a full view of the basement of our society and the basement life that produces criminals. No one could be bored with that, though attitudes to the work vary.

The majority of officials see their function and duty as punishment: catch and convict, and the heavier the punishment the better; keep the misfits out of circulation as long as possible; and protect the law-abiding. The minority cling to a concern for individuals and the tired but humane belief in a second chance. Nobody talks of justice, a condition not to be obtained here below. The best that men of goodwill and sensitive conscience can aim for is the limiting of injustice.

St. Louis is the tenth-largest city in the United States and a steady, settled sort of place. The law-abiding population is much given to civic responsibility and pride. By old custom, wealth is not flaunted and poverty stays largely out of sight, on side streets. Crime seems not only dangerous in this solid middle-class setting, but abnormal. Crime may be expected in flashy cities like New York or Chicago or Los Angeles but it is a shock, here, to feel nervous about walking in the parks or on the streets after dark. St. Louisans read in their papers that major crimes—murder, rape, robbery, assault—have increased in their town by 8 per cent in 1965; and they are alarmed and indignant. Like all other urban Americans.

The Deputy Sheriffs are old men with a tendency to wear their stomachs over their belts. One of these shouts a name. A door to the left of the Judge's dais opens and a man, watching his feet, walks down a few steps and is nudged into place, before and below the Judge. The man is dressed however he was when arrested. These are the criminals who have pleaded guilty; none of them

are advertisements for the affluent society. Too poor to pay a bondsman's fee and buy liberty until the Judge decides their fate, too poor to hire a lawyer, they have been locked in the City Jail until this moment. The sentencing. If it please Your Honor, says an Assistant Circuit Attorney, and recites the man's crime and vital statistics, including any previous convictions. The man waits; he has already waited for two months in the cells down the street. He is a Negro, the poorest of the poor. Crime is a failure too, beginning with the first one, which leads inevitably to the others. Who wants to employ an unskilled Negro with a prison record? There are more than enough unskilled and unblemished Negroes.

Too Dazed to Understand

IN THE COURTROOM, these defenseless men are the delight of the police, the ease of the Circuit Attorney's Office. This Judge is a kind man; a local newspaper, when it has nothing better to do, howls at him for being too generous with paroles. The criminal is twenty-three years old, thin, of medium height, shabby, his skin a lifeless soot color. He has been in the penitentiary almost steadily since he was eighteen; he is a hopelessly incompetent, small-time burglar. He never tried for a big haul and he got nothing except two different prison terms and, in between, ninety days in the workhouse for carrying a concealed weapon. He has been caught for the third time. He pleaded guilty and asked to be sent to the Federal Hospital for Narcotic Addicts. The Federal Hospital, however, is full and, besides, not eager for felons.

The Judge says regretfully that his request has been turned down and he will, instead, be sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary. The man cries out, "Seven years!" The cry becomes a choking sort of gasp; then he is sobbing, "Seven years, seven years." The Judge says he is sorry and the Deputy Sheriff hustles the man back the way he came. He was the only man, in a month, who showed emotion when the final words of the sentence were pronounced. Most of them seem too dazed to understand. All courtrooms have a curious air of unreality; the very rules of law prevent people from speaking out about real life.

An elderly white man, a rarity because he is white, shuffles in; he is fifty-two and was arrested after an accident caused by his drunken driving. Searching his car, the police found two guns and a knife. The man has been arrested five times before, for drunkenness, gambling, and disturbing the peace; but never jailed. He is a steady worker

and keeps saying this: years and years at the same job, married, with one child. Why did he have that collection of weapons? He mumbles incoherently about taking them to a friend, didn't know they were in the car. He is given fifty days in the workhouse, but the sentence is suspended, and he goes free on probation.

Now it is the Court of Criminal Correction: a Negro is in the witness chair, accused of stealing three shirts from a shop in a slum street. His face is ravaged, cut in black stone; his body is not as old as his face. The prosecuting Attorney says this man has "numerous convictions." The Judge asks, "Did you threaten to kill him?" indicating the shop owner, a small, puffy white man with glasses. "I didn't have no weapon," the Negro says. Who would threaten to kill without a gun? He needs a new shirt badly.

Three Negro boys are on trial in a Circuit Court for attempted burglary. The police say they were trying to tunnel their way through a brick wall into a supermarket. The crimes often sound dotty, being the handiwork of pea-brains. These boys had enough money to pay a bondsman so they came into court free, neat, and clean; they could also hire a lawyer. The police on the beat keep a mistrustful eye on Negroes. They arrest fast, but they are not adequately trained to collect the sort of evidence that stands up infallibly in court. The defense lawyer is a Negro and very talented. The jury is not convinced by the police evidence and returns a verdict of Not Guilty. If nothing else is clear, it is clear that money makes a big difference. All men are equal before the law but some are more equal than others. A man is a lot more equal if he walks into court from the street, not the City Jail, wearing a clean shirt and a pressed suit, with a good lawyer by his side.

Behind the scenes, the Parole Office is more revealing than the courts, where desperation and muddle and humanity are smoothed out into fancy questions and incomplete answers: "Were you in close proximity to the accused at the time of the incident?" "Prior to this incident, were any words spoken to you by the accused?" In the Parole Office a cheerful young Negro is reporting to a new, sympathetic, young white Parole Officer. They chat inside a glass cubicle; it was rather like a friendly consultation between patient and family

Martha Gellhorn, a correspondent in five wars, went to Vietnam this summer. She is the author of eleven books (chiefly fiction) and has studied and written about the basement of society since 1926, when she reported for Harry Hopkins on

physician. The Negro had been convicted of burglary, nothing much; another case of stealing from need. Now, free on parole, he has miraculously found a job at \$40.00 a week, for a thirty-hour week, and can spend \$20.00 of his wages on fun, and it is gilded heaven after Alabama, his home state. He goes bowling, has a few beers, takes in the movie shows, knows a girl: bliss. "There's very little sign of the criminal mentality around here," I suggest. "Oh no," says the young Parole Officer. "They're just uneducated and dumb and unlucky, most of them. They're pretty nice people."

A white boy checks in now, accompanied by his mother, recently widowed, and beside herself with anxiety—the boy has had another run-in with the police. The boy is nineteen, with rimless glasses and a weak chin, a dull boy, "a good boy," his mother insists. But he drinks beer in a tavern and "somebody says something" and he gets fighting mad. He is on parole from a conviction for assault; he attacked another boy with a tire tool. To look at him, you would not think he would attempt to beat up a rabbit. "The police see us sitting around and they just pick us up," the boy says, without rancor. This happens steadily to Negroes, apparently also to poor whites. "There's nothing to do in our neighborhood," the boy says, trying to explain himself and the emptiness of his life. He worked as a printer's apprentice but was fired after his conviction; only two boys in his set have jobs. He dropped out of high school after two years: "I just never could get interested in books." The boy is suffering from boredom as if from infantile paralysis. "What do you *want* to do?" I ask. He'll only have to get beery drunk once more and assault someone else and he's off to the penitentiary. "I've never really thought about it," the boy says.

The Children Were Rapists

That month, the children were rapists, not the adults. In the Juvenile Court, the Judge was hearing the case of a thirteen-year-old girl raped by five boys, two of whom were under sixteen and three of whom had just passed seventeen and were therefore beyond the jurisdiction of this court. The girl was skinny, shamed, wearing ill-assorted, outgrown clothes; the boys were resplendent in their uniforms of black felt hats, three-quarter-length black leather coats, black trousers, and shoes. She knew all these boys. The story was odious but puzzling; it was as if kids' street games had turned into this. Like their elders, the chil-

dren are nocturnal and nomadic. The girl had been twenty blocks from her home at ten at night, presumably to meet one of the boys, her steady. She was not a virgin before the mass assault.

The scene of this orgy for babies was the tenth-floor corridor of a giant apartment block which the state built, as slum clearance. A housing project. This one is a cold, inhuman congeries of buildings that look like factories, where the poor are packed together to form the densest population of the city. The crime rate there is also the highest. It must have been a fairly noisy event but no one opened a door into that corridor, no one looked out or called the police. The poor live in these apartments as if barricaded inside separate caves, hiding from wild animals. Slum clearance, which simply produces bigger slums, is a hideous joke; everyone knows this, yet the great slums of the future are still planned and erected.

The juvenile rapists were sentenced to reform school; the older ones went free because the girl's mother could not bear to prosecute them in public at the Municipal Courts. The two boys, led off to the detention wing, asked about their leather coats: could they send them home, would they be safe, were they going to lose them? The coats were all their status in the world. Later, waiting in a little room for a different sort of uniform, they put their heads down on a table and looked like scared children.

The Juvenile Court is a heartbreak place, for here the pitiful, usually fatherless families start to crack up, and the children are marked with their first official brand as failures. A Negro woman, helplessly weeping, agrees that her son must be sent away to reform school; he isn't a criminal yet, he is a rebel; she cannot control him. The boy, aged fourteen, gets up from his chair, kisses her quickly and gently on the cheek, pats her shoulder, and goes through the door which is a door to jail, head high. Another woman, screaming with tears, follows her daughter to that door which shuts in her face. "*No! No!* You ain't gonna take my daughter! I wants my daughter! I needs my daughter! What you tryin' to do, take all my chillrun away from me! I loves my chillrun! I needs my chillrun!" This is the worst; there is no gleam of light here, it is pure tragedy.

"Yes, these people got a lot of love," says the young Negro Juvenile Officer. He has left that messy, passionate, menaced basement life far behind. He is well integrated into the American Way of Life. "But love isn't enough."

In the adult courts, even in murder cases, one has glimpses of the basement life which are not all folly and misery, mistakes and hardship. There

are hints of indomitable gaiety; people living on the bottom of the world are still so alive that they make joy for themselves, out of nothing, on the spur of the moment. There are hints, too, of a prevailing generosity; the impoverished are always lending money, regardless of risk. And in these families, amputated by poverty, brothers and sisters are loyal to each other, and the mother loves unquestioningly. Their friendships are astounding too, as if each man had a private little country made up of his friends. Their lives are nightmares of insecurity, and yet they have saved some human qualities which are not so readily found on the comfortable upper storeys of our society; enviable human qualities. You catch sight of these, briefly, even in murder trials.

A quite beautiful Negro woman, with small, elegant features and a Nefertiti neck, had been giving a party. Her brother-in-law dropped in, bringing a friend of his; a woman neighbor came

GUNS ON THE CAMPUS

Any adult who is not a felon may buy any common type of weapon in Texas, and no registration or adequate record is usually made. Cheap guns are sold in department and sporting goods stores, and I know of drug and liquor stores that carry them. Ammunition may be purchased at the supermarket or the drive-in.

Texans do not find this surprising. A series of censuses of my classes has revealed that, on the average, about half the boys and perhaps a third of the girls have weapons with them at the University [of Texas]. Normally about 25 per cent of the gun owners in my classes admit to keeping pistols. When I have asked the students why they feel the necessity for firearms in their rooms or glove compartments, they have universally replied that they need them "for protection." When I have asked what they have that needs protecting at the hazard of their own lives or another's, they have become confused. As a result of a number of unfortunate incidents the University now prohibits the keeping of weapons in dormitory rooms—but this rule is flagrantly violated.

Reece McGee, former associate professor of sociology at the University of Texas, writing in *The Nation*, December 21, 1963.



along bringing a chum of hers. It was open-house hospitality, one of the most endearing aspects of basement life; strangers are welcome. There was music from the radio to dance to; the men went out and borrowed money to buy whiskey and beer; the unplanned party breezed on happily into the small hours. The beautiful woman, a widow, had an ex-lover, a bad type who had molested her daughter. She denounced him to the police for that, but he was now out of jail and had threatened her. She bought a rifle and told her troubles to her brother-in-law, a handsome bus driver studying to become a preacher. At 2:30 in the morning, the ex-lover arrived, drunk, to crash the impromptu party.

"He talked in a rough tone like he was ready to take on anybody," said the bus driver, on the witness stand. Presently, the ex-lover put his hand in his pocket, a fatal gesture; it means reaching for a gun. The bus driver jumped him; they fought in the kitchen; the bus driver was winning, the ex-lover was flat on the floor, his shoulders held down. Suddenly there were three shots, the ex-lover was dead, and panic set in. If guns were not as available as transistor radios, there would have been no death that night. There would have been a fight, and an unwanted drunk would have been kicked out of the house.

Sheep to the Slaughter

Now, in a Circuit Court, the bus driver's companion is accused of this murder and has signed a confession but retracted it. He had never seen the beautiful woman and the ex-lover before that night; he came to the party with the bus driver, his best friend, his hero. The accused was a slow, simple fellow, a dutiful wage earner, with not so much as a parking ticket against his name. At the last minute his family hired a lawyer, but the lawyer could get no sensible story from his client. Bewildered and outraged by this sheep led to the slaughter, the lawyer asked, "Why did you sign that confession?" It was indeed baffling. The beautiful woman had confessed too, but the police made no record of her confession and she later denied it. Yet she was the obvious suspect; she alone had cause to hate and fear her ex-lover. "The police tell me she was having a heart attack so I better sign up and stop all the trouble." He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for manslaughter; the jury was uneasy about the case, and allotted the minimum punishment. It turned out that the murdered ex-lover had no gun in his pocket anyhow, but who was to know?

This murder was even more meaningless. A very thin, small young Negro sits in the chair of the accused; he is shrunken inside a cheap suit. The light and space and voices of the courtroom dazzle him. He has been sitting in a cell in the City Jail for eleven long months, waiting for his trial. An essential witness vanished, so the trial was delayed. The accused of course could not pay a bondsman's fee and thus buy his last months of freedom. Nearly a year ago, in a slum coffee shop at four in the morning, he shot and killed another young man; after which he ran to his girl friend's house and wept. She hid the gun under her bed and they took a taxi to his sister's house. The sister and a neighbor advised that he call the police; it was not a hard case for the cops. The law is not obliged to make sense of a crime, nor does it try.

The first witness for the state was the girl friend, now nineteen years old. At sixteen she and the youth James became something, it is not clear what, because the accused is a homosexual. In the opinion of the detectives and lawyers, this was a crime of passion but the wrong way round. The murdered man was James's lover, jealous of the girl and more jealous of a new boy who was about to replace him. The victim, properly, should have done the shooting. If there is a grain of reason in it, one must assume that James feared this and shot first.

The girl friend, pot-faced, homely, wearing a bandana and a grimy coat, took the oath and settled in the witness chair. She had not seen James since the night of the murder. For a moment, the lawyers huddled in consultation with the Judge; everyone forgot these two. Unnoticed by the white grown-ups, they smiled at each other across the well of the court, smiled with such warmth and gentleness and love as one rarely sees anywhere. Then the white grown-ups took over again. The girl's face went blank; she answered in monosyllables; she seemed nearly half-witted in her stupidity; she didn't want to send this frail diotic boy to prison.

The missing witness had been found; he was apparently the new love and the cause of the tragedy. He was an impish coffee-colored boy, whom the police located at last because, in a gay mood, tight as a tick, he stole a Greyhound bus in Arkansas and drove it straight into a wall. The Arkansas police extradited him. When the news of this subsidiary crime came out, everyone in court laughed; so did he. "Are you a homosexual?" the State's Attorney asked. "Not that I know of."

Without a gun, this grotesque story would have finished in a tiff, insults, pique, a general change

of partners, and they would have forgotten there was anything to tiff about, and gone on their obscure, harmless way. Instead one young man is dead and James was sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary which, for all practical purposes, is the end of that mixed-up life.

The Biggest and the Best

These are samples of the major crimes: murder, rape, robbery, assault. And samples of the criminals. They do not look very impressive, supposing that a criminal has some ability in his work. They look like people whose lives have been a downward spiral since childhood. "We never get any clever people in here," said the Circuit Attorney. Statistics appear to bear out the observation of eye and ear, for in 1965 only 36.8 per cent of all crimes in St. Louis were solved; and this is approximately the national average. The uncaught 63.2 per cent of criminals must be the more competent and deadly: the psychotic killers; the vandals whose lust is to destroy rather than steal, or destroy what they cannot steal; the sadists who beat their victims as much for that pleasure as for the stolen wallet; the rapists; the successful robbers.

The basement of our society is unfit for human habitation, a disgrace to the world's richest nation, and moreover it is victimized. The criminals who are spawned there prey first on their neighbors, the law-abiding poor. Aside from being unlivable, a disgrace and a menace, our national basement is also an armory. It begins to seem that everyone in it is armed with a gun and fear of the other man's gun.

Missouri is one of the seven states in the Union that forbid the purchase of handguns without a police permit. But anyone can buy a gun across the river in Illinois, or order a dozen by mail, or pick up a secondhand weapon on a dingy street corner for \$5.00 if he is known in the neighborhood. Testifying on a proposed (but shelved) Federal Firearms Act before a Senate Subcommittee, the chief law-enforcement officers from every crime-ridden city in America stated that the growing volume and violence of crime are *directly* related to our free-for-all system of obtaining weapons. No other civilized Western democracy indulges in such insanity; nowhere else can lethal weapons be acquired as easily as tennis rackets. But we've always been hipped on being biggest and best, so perhaps it is not surprising that we also have the biggest and best slums, the biggest and best private armaments, and the biggest and best crime.



Berkeley Rice

ENTER GAMBIA, LAUGHING

*The Unusual Birth of Africa's
Smallest New Nation*

Africa's smallest and poorest new independent nation is Gambia, a tiny enclave jutting into Senegal, on the West African coast. This fact may have escaped general notice, since little about Gambia is on a scale likely to attract attention. It has no railroad, no daily paper, one airport, and one cash crop—peanuts. The capital, Bathurst, with a population of 28,000, is its only city and only seaport. On February 18, 1965, when this former British colony achieved Independence, Bathurst had one hotel, no restaurants, one pharmacy, one bookstore, and one fire engine. Gambia's 4,000 square miles, smaller than Connecticut, encompass 300 winding miles of the Gambia River, and a few miles of riverbank on either side.

Since 1963, Gambia's 320,000 people have been under the moderate and capable leadership of Prime Minister David K. Jawara,* a quiet, bespectacled former veterinary officer. He has the assistance of about fifty British advisers, a reasonably efficient civil service, and six Gambian Ministers, one of whom went beyond high school. Mr. Jawara, a Mandinka (largest of the five major tribes), is also leader of the ruling People's Progressive Party, which draws its support mainly from the up-river provinces. Opposing the PPP is the United Party, centered mostly in Bathurst, and led by a disbarred lawyer named P. S. N'Jie.

About 85 per cent of Gambia's Black African people are Moslem tribal villagers, who farm with a small wooden hoe called a "coop-coop." So busy are they with their peanuts, that the government

has to import more than 8,000 tons of rice annually to feed them. Until Independence, industrial development consisted of two small peanut-oil mills. Since then, an Indian firm has built a small Coca-Cola bottling plant, and the people from Gambia have begun bottling gin. The country's only significant source of income besides peanuts is smuggling cigarettes and transistor radios to Senegal, a practice known officially as "re-export." The only natural resource in plentiful supply is fish, but Gambians have never been interested in fishing.

Though the government's revenues of \$6.5 million a year run about a million behind expenditures—England makes up the difference, plus another two million or so for development projects—no one can accuse Mr. Jawara of extravagance. His administration makes do with a two-man foreign ministry, four-man foreign service, and a 150-man army. The Bathurst City Council meets about once a month in a crumbling World War I quonset hut, and Parliament gathers from time to time in the ballroom of the former British social club.

Despite Independence, Bathurst remains distinctly British. Faded pictures of the Queen hang in nearly every home. Bathurst youths dressed in spotless whites still play cricket at MacCarthy Square. Bathurst elders still gather at the Reform Club to play darts, snooker-pool, and draughts while downing pints of Tennant's beer and Guinness stout. Such virtues as these led Queen Victoria, who never visited her colony, to call it "that dear, loyal little place." Sir Richard Burton, who

*He is now Sir Dawda K. Jawara. In the national elections this spring he won a resounding victory.

bid, described Bathurst as nothing but "mud, mangroves, malaria, and miasma."

Today, however, Bathurst is one of the most pleasant cities on the coast. Though down-at-the-heels, it is a charming, friendly town, brightened by frangipani, bougainvillea, and jacaranda, and it has none of the abject poverty or foul slums common to other West African capitals. During the seven-month dry season, the days are warm and the nights cool—though up-river temperatures run to 140 in the sun. The summer rainy season in Bathurst is hot (often over 100) with a humidity admitted by the British tourist guide to be "trying."

Until recently, no one ever expected Gambia to be a country at all. In 1661, the first British settlers used it as a convenient trading post for slaves and other coastal products. In the nineteenth century, the Colonial Office tried repeatedly and unsuccessfully to exchange it with France for various parts of France's African empire. The French refused. One former Governor called Gambia "a geographic and economic absurdity." Just six years ago, a *New York Times* reporter wrote confidently from Bathurst that "Gambia could never stand alone as an independent nation. Everyone here knows this."

Despite such opinions, Gambia has become Africa's 36th independent state, and the 115th member of the United Nations. When asked for his reaction to this event, one high-ranking British official told a recent visitor, "You can't really live in Gambia unless you have a good sense of humor. It's a lot of fun, and it should be taken that way."

A Name, a Face

As Independence drew near, the government busied itself in equipping the country with the usual accouterments of nationhood. It offered prizes of \$140 each in contests for a national flag, a coat of arms, and a national anthem. Fortunately, it did not have to run a contest for a new name, for Gambia has always been The Gambia, live or take some variety in pronunciation as the Portuguese, Dutch, Spaniards, French, and English tried out the original African version. A problem did arise early in 1964, when the administration learned that Northern Rhodesia, which was about to become independent, planned to adopt the name "Zambia." Colonial officials in Bathurst wrote to Lusaka suggesting as tactfully as possible to officials there that they consider a different name, but the effort got nowhere. Ever since, mail for Radio Gambia has gone to Radio Zambia in

Lusaka, and packages intended for Zambia Airways have wound up in Bathurst at the Gambia Airways office.

The problem of invitations for the February celebration caused a good deal of turmoil because the normal delicacy of diplomatic protocol was compounded by Bathurst's meager housing capacity. Its one hotel, the Atlantic, had only fifty rooms. "The trouble is," said an official, "some of the African nations are not averse to inviting themselves, or requesting invitations. We try to keep each of the smaller countries to one delegate, but some of them have written back to say they'll be bringing their wives, their secretaries, and other officials. Really, it's impossible."

First in priority, of course, came Gambia's fellow members of the Commonwealth—from Australia to Zambia. Next came some of Gambia's West African neighbors: Senegal, Mali, Mauritania, Morocco, Guinea, and Liberia. After these, the invitations seem to have been distributed with a hard look at potential sources of foreign aid—West Germany, France, Israel, Italy, Russia, United Arab Republic, and the United States—plus a glance at diplomacy: Ethiopia (a leader in the Organization of African Unity); Lebanon (Gambia has a sizable Lebanese merchant community); and the Vatican (you always invite the Vatican to such affairs).

Along with the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and a five-man Parliamentary delegation, Great Britain dispatched the Home Fleet cruiser H.M.S. *Lion* to show the flag. With 649 men aboard, the *Lion* nearly took over the city.

While the government was busy with official preparations, individual Gambians did what they could to get ready. Nearly every woman had to have a new dress, many of them buying the Gambian Independence cloth that began to flood the local market. This printed material, in a variety of gay colors, displays the benign features of Prime Minister Jawara, along with appropriate Gambian scenes and inscriptions such as "GAMBIAN INDEPENDENCE 1965" or "PEACE PROGRESS PROSPERITY." Men and women alike sported apparel made from this cloth. Up-river, crafty traders with unused stocks from

Berkeley Rice, who was correspondent for "Newsweek" in West Africa, has written a book about Gambia, from which this article is adapted. It will be published next spring by Houghton Mifflin. In his research he was assisted by the Philip M. Stern Family Fund. Mr. Rice has studied at Amherst, Columbia, and the Sorbonne, and lectured at the Haitian-American Institute.

previous African Independence celebrations sold grateful Gambian peasants dress material bearing the faces of Sékou Touré of Guinea, Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, and the late Patrice Lumumba of the Congo.

"You Know, People People"

Reporters and photographers began drifting into Bathurst the weekend before things got under way. The "foreign press" consisted of correspondents for the Associated Press, Reuters, the *New York Times*, *Newsweek*, London's *Daily Express*, *Daily Telegraph*, and the weekly, *West Africa*, plus camera teams from CBS and BBC television. The Eastern Bloc was represented by gentlemen from Czechoslovakia's and Hungary's state news agencies. Rumors circulated during the week that two men from Peking were in town but, if so, they remained well hidden. There were assorted correspondents for various African publications, and several Gambians of the local journalistic community.

Since the Atlantic was already overbooked, the government arranged to house the press downtown in Madi Flats, a small, temporarily vacant apartment building. By the time the thirty-odd journalists had been crammed into it, the building resembled a pre-game college locker room. The Europeans and Americans soon scared up a few dirty tumblers, broke out the Scotch, and discussed events in the Congo and who had covered the most Independence stories. Several of the Africans who arrived late, and were given cots in the crowded outer rooms, made threatening noises about discrimination, but nothing came of it.

Though Independence Day was not till Thursday, George Peters, the government Information Officer, called a press conference on the preceding Sunday afternoon. A jovial rotund teddy bear of a man, "Capt'n" Peters first came to Gambia early in World War II as a supply officer with the Royal West African Frontier Force; he stayed on for twenty years spending most of his time editing the official thrice-weekly *Gambia News Bulletin*. According to local legend, he once brought fame to himself and Gambia by riding home to England on a motorcycle. Now he stood in the new Information Office, briefing the press:

"We have no town hall, you see. It's a couple of huts. So we use the next best building we've got—that's the high school. The band will play, and that sort of thing, and H.R.H. [His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent] will make a speech. Catch him before he opens his mouth please, you photographers."

When several reporters asked for advance copies of the Duke's speech, Peters informed them that "higher authority" had decided against advance copies of any speeches.

"That's ridiculous!" said Lloyd Garrison of the *New York Times*. "There's not an independent state in all of Africa that's done that. What's the reason for the policy?"

"In case there's a change from the text," replied Peters.

"But that's exactly why we want advance copies. If we don't have them we won't know."

"The point's well taken. I'll see what I can do."

Reggie Lancaster, a tall, red-headed photographer from the *Daily Express*, asked when he would have a chance to get shots of the royal couple "with real people—you know, *people people*." When Peters started to explain that positions for the press had already been worked out by the police, Lancaster jumped to his feet. "For your interest," he yelled, "we've been to dozens of these things before. We can't use any more formal handshaking and bouquet-giving."

"I realize there's not much human interest," said Peters, trying to calm him. "I'll admit it's a ceremony that's been done before."

Norman Smart, the florid-faced reporter for the same paper, broke in. "I think it should be pointed out that the Duke and Duchess of Kent are the central figures in this story. Everything should be arranged so that we can be facing them."

One of the Americans argued that they couldn't care less about Their Royal Highnesses, since "the American public wouldn't know the Duchess of Kent from the Sheriff of Nottingham."

The press briefing nearly broke up over the Anglo-American conflict. Peters attempted to calm the group by telling what he considered an uproarious story about his father's having told him he'd "make a better co-respondent than a co-respondent." No one laughed.

Peters next outlined a few visits the royal couple would make during their stay. "The Duke's visit to the oil mill won't be much. Just the mill pressing a lot of groundnuts, and H.R.H. mucking about. Now the Duchess will be visiting the maternity clinic at Royal Victoria Hospital. That's the human interest thing—the Duchess with a lot of babies."

As the correspondents, reporters, and photographers left, there were mutterings, and during the week "higher authorities" and the press continued to exchange flak over such issues as whether the sun should be in the Duke's eyes or the cameramen's lenses. Harried government officials were heard speaking of "a bloody bunch of prin donnas."

Early Monday morning, members of the press rode out to the Yundum Airport in three new government minibuses. The entire route was blocked off, and no other cars were on the road. The normal contingent of stray cattle, sheep, goats, and dogs—uninformed or unconcerned about the day's solemnities—wandered across as usual. Policemen stood at intervals along the route; one of them was urinating against a bamboo fence.

Out at the airport, a large crowd watched the royal plane land, and saw the Duke descend in a gleaming white uniform, followed by the Duchess, his equerry, and her lady-in-waiting. The Duke of Kent is tall and slender, with a pale, bland, boyish face. A cousin of both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, he graduated from Sandhurst and holds the rank of Captain in the Royal Scots Greys. A press release described him as having "enjoyed rowing at Eton," "captained his regimental ski team," and being "fond of polo."

Though young, the Duke is no stranger to the world of diplomatic ceremony. Representing the Queen, he has attended Independence celebrations in Sierra Leone and Uganda. Also standing in for Her Majesty, he has welcomed to England President Tubman of Liberia, who presented him with the Order of the Star of Africa, Grand Band; and the King of Nepal, who conferred on the Duke the Order of Tri Shakti Patta, First Class, with Chain.

The Duchess, the former Katharine Worsley, though a "commoner," is a charming, radiant young lady whom Central Casting would unhesitatingly use in the role of a fairy princess.

The Governor Sir John and Lady Paul, with Prime Minister and Mrs. Jawara, greeted the royal party and led them along a new cement walkway to a thatched-roof reviewing stand, where a few hundred government officials were seated. The Duke reviewed the 150 troops of the Gambia Field Force while the Field Force Band played appropriate tunes. Then the dignitaries climbed into their limousines and headed back to Bathurst. On the way, one of the American reporters asked Capt'n Peters, "What other Dukes and Duchesses do you people have around to use for this sort of thing?"

"Well, there's Princess Margaret and Tony, the Queen Mother, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester—that's why we breed them so fast, so we'll have enough to go around."

At the Civic Reception at Gambia High School, local dignitaries and their wives sat outside in folding chairs, awaiting the royal couple. The mid-morning sun blazed down on the women's flowing gowns, shimmering in pastels of lilac, peach, citron, and lavender. One particularly buxom lady billowed into the courtyard like a ship under full

sail, the numerous folds of her body enveloped in layers of sequined organdy. Protruding from her lips was a large brown chewing stick with which, from time to time, she explored her nether dental regions. . . .

About ten o'clock Tuesday evening, after a formal dinner at Government House, Their Royal Highnesses along with others of suitable rank, sat in a box overlooking downtown Wellington Street and watched the parade. The joy of this evening was so contagious that several Western journalists held their own celebration on the balcony of Madi Flats, throwing empty Scotch bottles down onto Wellington Street.

On Wednesday morning, everyone assembled out at Brikama, 22 miles from Bathurst, for a "Mansa Bengo," or gathering of chiefs. This tradition—found throughout Africa—dates back to unrecorded history, when chiefs of a region would gather periodically like feudal lords to pay tribute to their king with speeches or more convertible currency. Gambia's chiefs and area councilors from every district had been ferried down the river on the country's only passenger vessel, the *Lady Wright*. Chiefs, officials, and invited guests now sat in thatched-roof reviewing stands. A layer of peanut shells covered the dusty grounds.

When the speeches uttered by a senior chief and the Duke were over, the chiefs went up one by one and shook hands with the Duke, as their retainers and "griots" put on brief displays of dancing and yelling. The "griots" are the traditional musicians of Senegal and Gambia. Like medieval minstrels, they are attached by custom to one royal family, and are responsible for recounting to music the tales and legends of that family's greatness. As tribal life has diminished, their function has de-



generated. One British sociologist who studied them recently writes that "For a few coppers a griot will sing one's praises. For sixpence or one shilling his voice will be louder and his praises more elaborate, while for two or four shillings a man can be made to feel that he is one of the bravest and most generous men in The Gambia."

By five o'clock that afternoon, Gambians began gathering at MacCarthy Square cricket grounds for the Independence Eve flag-raising ceremonies, high point of the week's festivities. Several thousand had come from up-river districts by truck, bus, taxi, boat, and foot. By nine o'clock the Square and surrounding streets were filled with crowds later estimated at up to 20,000. A Royal Marines drill team from the *Lion* opened the evening's program with a display of precision marching. They were followed by more lively, if less precise, tribal dancing consisting of such diversions as the kumpo, ogoogoo, makalo, kankurang, bolor, piti, and Bambara debool.

At 11:57, the Union Jack was lowered for the last time in Gambia, while the band played "God Save the Queen." The crowd was silent. There were tears in the eyes of some British officials. At midnight, the new red, green, and blue flag unfurled atop the pole. Lit by a single spotlight, it hung limp in the breezeless night. The crowd broke into a long cheer, church bells rang, and the band struck up the new national anthem. This time there were tears in Gambian eyes. The delegate from Mali turned to his neighbor and said, "Well, now the real problems begin." The reporter from the *New Gambia*, the PPP's party organ, felt stirred to a more dramatic outburst:

This was the most sensational and pathetic moment in all the ceremonies, when we, at last, come to realize that the shackles were not only about our wrists and ankles, but also round our necks, waist and everywhere, but have by God's grace been broken and shattered, and we now are as God intended us to be in the continent in which he had placed us.

The evening ended with fireworks. A fixed display at the far end of the field portrayed in glowing sparklers the features of Prime Minister Jawara, with cap and spectacles. As the sparklers fizzled out, the face slowly disintegrated.

Peace and Sanity

The next morning was Independence Day, and the crowds gathered again at MacCarthy Square. The Chief Justice swore in Sir John Paul as the first Governor-General. Sir John said that "This

small, proud, and happy country can look forward to the future with every confidence." He concluded by praying that "God may help preserve and prosper this small settlement of peace and sanity in a world which, in many regions, so sadly lacks these qualities."

The Duke of Kent read a message from the Queen, followed by a speech of his own, and then presented Prime Minister Jawara with something called the "Constitutional Instruments." In reply the Prime Minister said, "We are very conscious that the task which lies before us is formidable . . . We are a small nation, who like to think that the orderly nature of our people can contribute something to the peace and stability of this Continent. . . . With The Gambia's characteristic tolerance, understanding, and friendliness, we intend to align ourselves on the side of the world's peaceful forces."

"Thank heaven for that," commented one British reporter.

That evening, a glittering State Ball took place on the grounds of Government House. Music was supplied by the Royal Marine Band from the *Lion* and the Eagles Jazz Band from Bathurst. Lloyd Garrison of the *Times* stirred up considerable comment among the heavily bemedaled guests with a maroon-and-blue sash he wore diagonally across his chest beneath his white dinner jacket. Garrison, who had covered the Congo from time to time explained modestly to those who inquired that he had been awarded "Patrice Lumumba's belt" for some vague act of heroism. The belt, an Ivy League model, had actually been awarded earlier that evening by a group of festive colleagues.

G. Mennen Williams —and Other Gifts

In between the various ceremonies, the thirty state delegates greeted Prime Minister D. K. Jawara and bestowed on him gifts from their countries. State delegations were led in most cases by the country's nearest diplomatic representative, usually based in Dakar, Senegal, or Lagos, Nigeria. Among those who paid greater tribute was the United States, which sent from Washington G. Mennen Williams, then Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs.

By far the tallest delegate, Mr. Williams stood out at every ceremony, his gray crew cut and polka-dot bow tie clearly visible above the crowd of fezzes and Moslem caps. He was a tireless worker. Almost every evening, after days filled with exhausting ceremonies and meetings with

Here are 22 ways we could have skimped on this Bulova Watch.

Bulova Watch Company, Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienna, Milan, Frburg, London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong

1. We could make fewer of our own parts, but then they might not fit together like clockwork.

5. We could have skipped polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

2. We could make a single-movement piece instead of this 3-piece top—but it would be much more difficult to repair or adjust.

4. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion-resistant layer of nickel.

6. We could have used oil that costs a lot less than \$7,000 a gallon.

3. We could stamp out gear teeth, instead of cutting them individually but they wouldn't work as smoothly.

7. We could stop processing our own alloy—Buloloy—for the mainspring, but we wanted to make it unbreakable.

8. We could stop cleaning movements ultrasonically.

When you know what makes a watch tick, you'll buy a Bulova.

9. We could have skipped polishing the hands, but you'd skip now?

9. We could have used steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

10. We could have skipped polishing the hands, but you'd skip now?

10. We could get rid of our metallurgists and get outsiders to specify alloys.

11. We could stop making our own precision hair spring and buy one of lesser quality.

11. We could stop making our own precision hair spring and buy one of lesser quality.

12. We could have skipped polishing the dial, but the face wouldn't be beautiful.

12. We could have parts exposed, instead of protectively encased.

13. We could test every 10th watch for waterproofness instead of every watch.

13. We could have used a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

14. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

14. We could have made round holes instead of 10-sided holes in the foundation plate, but they wouldn't hold the jewels as securely.

15. We could have made crude punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.



**Who cares
if we can
forecast the weather...**



Nimbus weather satellite designed by G.E. for NASA takes photos of earth day and night, transmits them to ground stations. Detailed photos permit weather men to observe weather patterns around the world, predict dangerous storms

**or defend
our shores...**



Polaris submarines (so different even the uniforms of the crew) use G-E fire-control and guidance systems for their missiles. New Poseidon missiles will use more advanced G-E systems. Also, world's largest submarine operates on G-E nuclear power plant.

**or outrace
the sun?**



General Electric cares

**(And we're making progress on
many far-out projects)**

Remember when "retro-rocket," "fuel cell" and "supersonic" were strange words?

Now they're old hat. But newer, stranger words crop up daily as U.S. industry tackles new challenges in aviation, space and defense.

Many of these strange words are being used in General Electric research projects. Such as "exoskeleton" — G.E.'s mechanical muscle-booster for the Armed Forces. Wearing this contraption, a man has the strength to lift 1,500 pounds.

And "ion plasma"—a revolutionary engine that G.E. is developing to take American spaceships to Mars.

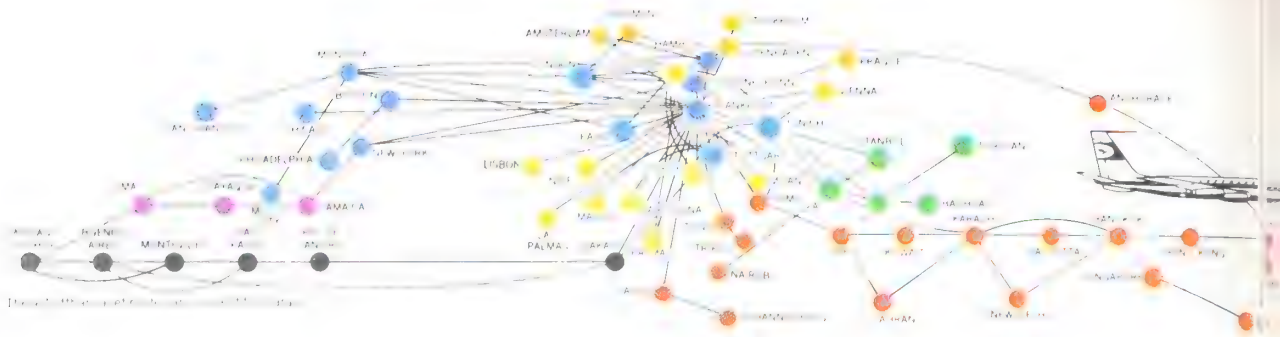
And "veetol"—for "vertical take-off and landing" aircraft. The XV-5A, a veetol powered by G-E jet engines, can take off or land like a helicopter, yet fly at nearly the speed of sound.

More such words pepper the language of the 10,000 G-E scientists and engineers working on vital aerospace and defense projects. But a simple word, an old word at General Electric, spells out the larger goal of this work: "Progress."

proposed designs of U.S. Supersonic Transport (SST)
from Paris to New York in 3 hours. Variable-sweep
double-delta Lockheed below. G.E. is developing
powerful turbojet engine for the SST.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

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How far can an airline go for you?

"...6,000 miles from home ... and my wife became suddenly ill. Lufthansa couldn't have been more helpful—even took us to the airport from downtown Cologne!"

Unusual service? Mr. George F. Glaus of San Francisco felt it was—and especially commendable.

"Your Messrs. Assman and Hofmeister demonstrated a thoughtfulness and consideration that extended well beyond ordinary courtesy. They did the impossible to assure my wife's comfort. I will always remember this with gratitude."

Yet, the unusual frequently happens at Lufthansa, because putting ourselves in our passengers' place is the role of Lufthansa's service professionals. Is this what makes us one of the top 4 airlines to Europe and a favorite the world over? Your Travel Agent thinks so. So does Mr. Glaus.

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Gambian officials, Mr. Williams was out in the streets joining buxom Woloff women in energetic street dances. At the State Ball and the Miss Independence Dance, he waltzed, pachangaed, and high-lifted with the wives of nearly every important Gambian official. While British observers looked askance at what they considered such blatant diplomacy, the Gambians were obviously delighted. Mr. Williams has the gift of enjoying himself so much at such occasions that one hesitates to call his behavior diplomacy.

His bluff, gregarious manner made a distinct impression. On Wednesday, he lunched at the hotel with the Gambian Minister of Finance and other officials. At one point during the meal, Williams leaned over to the Minister, who was eating, clapped him on the back, and asked, "Well, what are you gonna do now that you're independent?" The startled Minister smiled and continued eating. During the Prime Minister's reception at the hotel that afternoon, Williams walked over to a tiny African who stood enveloped in a flowing brown robe. Grasping him by the shoulders, Williams shook him briskly, and bellowed, "Malawi!"

The little man looked up at Williams, smiled and shook his head.

"Aren't you from Malawi?" asked Williams, still holding the African firmly by the shoulders.

The little man shook his head.

"Weren't you at the Independence in Malawi?"

The man not from Malawi shook his head again, beginning to look a bit frightened.

"Well, you havin' a good time here at Independence?"

The little man nodded uneasily. Williams let go of him and walked away to greet other acquaintances.

According to a *New Gambia* reporter, the Prime Minister's reception "was the largest ever thrown in The Gambia. The guests were over five hundred, comprising all tribes and creeds of The Gambia. . . . The service was superb. Drinks and refreshments were in galore." Drinks were indeed in such galore that one official of the Gambia Workers Union became excessively demonstrative in his joy, and had to be dragged out of the lounge.

America's gifts to Gambia consisted of one heavy-duty loading crane for Bathurst's port facilities, one heavy tractor for land clearing, and twelve rice-hulling machines. To those who wished to make comparisons—and many Gambians wished to do so—the \$100,000 value of these gifts compared favorably with other expressions of friendship received that week. A few ungrateful souls felt that this was a niggling sum for such a rich country to give.

Along with its more than \$3 million in annual aid, and a special grant of \$70,000 for half the cost of the Independence celebration, Great Britain announced gifts of a \$224,000 river launch for the Head of State, a new Speaker's chair and some furniture for the Cabinet Room. A problem arose when West Germany announced that it too planned to give an executive river craft. England finally withdrew in favor of West Germany.

A dispute also arose over the Speaker's chair, for Speaker A. Sam Jack, who had designed the present chair himself (the former one was burned by a political malcontent), let it be known that he was quite happy with it. The issue grew more muddled when Bathurst's Nigeria Welfare Association announced that they too were giving a new Speaker's chair. Before the Government could suggest a substitute, the chair arrived—a seven-foot ornate throne with canary-yellow upholstery and carved fleur-de-lis. It sat for a week outside the P.M.'s office, while the administration tried to decide what to do with it. One British official privy to the affair of the chair later discussed the Nigerian model: "They ran through four alternatives. They could use it to enthrone new chiefs, but the chair would never survive the trip up-river in a Land-Rover. They tried to give it to the Speaker, but he likes the one he has very much, thank you. They thought of giving it to the Mayor, since he's tall enough, but then someone suggested giving it to Gambia High School as a prop for amateur theatricals."

If Russia intended to vie for Gambia's allegiance in its struggle for the nonaligned emerging nations, it did not show it with some icons and a case of vodka. While Israel offered twenty-five scholarships, the United Arab Republic never even appeared on the list of givers. India gave Mrs. Jawara a shawl and a handbag, while the Pakistani delegate presented a silver salver. Australia gave an oil painting and a desk set, Canada gave two projectors and film, and France caused considerable grousing with a Sèvres vase.

Nigeria made what may have been relatively the most handsome gift from any country—\$28,000 for development projects. Alongside this sum, Ghana's carved mahogany box, Kenya's silver tray, and Zambia's lampstand struck many as slack. Senegal provoked the loudest outcry, when midway through the celebrations a Senegalese fishing boat, presumably acting on the part of the government in Dakar, dumped five tons of assorted fresh fish on the Bathurst wharf. Although the purpose was ostensibly to help in feeding the Independence crowds from up-river, most Gambians considered the gift an insult, particularly in view of the fact

that the fish were probably caught in Gambian waters.

As gifts continued to pour in, the *Gambia News Bulletin* published periodic lists, including their approximate value. This practice contributed to a running public debate over the degree of generosity involved in each case. Intimidated by the publicity, local commercial firms grew touchy about discussing their gifts. The Bank of West Africa and Elder Dempster Lines each gave \$14,000 and the United Africa Company \$28,000 for educational purposes. Compagnie Française de l'Afrique Occidentale, the largest French trading firm in town, gave \$6,160 to the Agricultural Department. The other four French firms together gave Royal Victoria Hospital a sterilization unit. S. Madi Ltd., the largest Lebanese firm, gave the Prime Minister a Chrysler Imperial convertible, plus several thousand dollars' worth of dinnerware engraved with the Gambia crest. Chellerams, an Indian importer and retail firm, gave a diathermy set and an operating table for the clinic at Bansang. British Petroleum, which is exploring for offshore oil along Gambia's coast, gave a compressor for the Technical School. Shell Oil gave Gambia High School a set of reference books. Mobil Oil gave twenty wall thermometers and six hundred ball-point pens.

One week after Independence, an anonymous

reader wrote in to the *New Gambia* with a critique of these gifts. While complimenting the firms which, in his opinion, had acquitted themselves with distinction, he offered a word of advice to the others:

First and foremost, it is a shock and it is very disappointing too, to Gambians, to see five French Firms which have been long established in The Gambia, after exploiting all that we had and sending all to France to develop their own country . . . cannot donate something worth the while, but only £600 each. . . . I do not intend to force anyone to give what they do not want to give but I feel attention should be drawn to the paucity of the gifts given. . . . THE MANAGERS OF THESE FIRMS SHOULD REALLY RECONSIDER THEIR GIFTS.

"Hope They Must Have"

Unofficial Bathurst was just as active as the government during Independence Week. Receptions were given by the Cooperative Central Bank, Gambia Labor Union, PPP Women's Society, Gambia Oilseeds Marketing Board, Elder Dempster Lines, Nigeria Airways, and the Methodist Boys' High School. The Methodist Girls' High School Ex-Pupils' Association held a buffet and dance at Masonic Hall, and the Gambia Drama Festival Com-

Perscrance Street, Bathurst



mittee presented a special performance of *Antigone* at the High School. The Vero open-air cinema put on special showings of *Maciste Against the Monsters* and *Thalus, Son of Attila*. Shyben Madi presented special wrestling matches at his arena at Half Die. The Young Rising Society held tribal dancing on Fitzgerald Street, the United Party held Woloff dancing in Anglesea Street, and the PPP held drumming and dancing in Hagen Street. The only function that did not go off as scheduled was a facetiously named "Opposition Party," planned for the night of the State Ball by a group of British residents not invited to it. A menacing phone call from edgy "higher authorities" led them to cancel the party.

Like most changes in Gambia, Independence took quite some time before moving up-river. For several weeks after the Bathurst festivities were over, village headmen, district chiefs, and Members of Parliament organized celebrations in provincial villages and towns. Nearly 10,000 people gathered at Bansang for kankurang and seruba dancing, after which they settled down to feasting on seven bulls. At N'Jau, Sefu Omar Ceesay led his people in dancing and feasting (16 bulls) that went on from early morning until sunset. At Chamen village, in the Nianija District, three hunters fired 61 gunshot salutes, 13 dancers competed in a kankurang contest, and Jainaba Cham was elected "Miss Nianija." The PPP leaders of Sami District held an impressive affair at which some 4,000 people consumed 10 bulls and 20 sheep, and Samba Joss gave a display of acrobatic cycling.

The Bathurst celebrations went off with an orderly precision which surprised and impressed everyone. For weeks British officials had rehearsed the various MacCarthy Square ceremonies. Rabid Gambian nationalists, who had strenuously objected to the "colonialists" running a purely Gambian affair, were heard the following week proudly pointing out how smoothly Gambians could run things.

There were, of course, minor indignities and calamities. The *Lion's* arrival on Sunday morning was nearly marred when some bags of cement on the freshly hosed-down wharf split open during Saturday night. By morning the wharf was covered with a layer of rapidly congealing gray mud. Bathurst's lone fire truck rushed to the scene and barely cleared the mess up before the *Lion* docked.

Fifth Formers at Gambia High School, described by one staff member as "an intelligent lot, but extremely bolshie," presented their British teacher with a wooden chopping block labeled: "For White Heads." One of the hotel stewards fussed a bit over a Ghanaian ten-shilling note left

him as a tip by the delegate from that economically troubled nation. (Ghanaian currency is neither acceptable nor convertible outside Ghana.) A tank truck struck the gate as it left the oil mill one evening, spilling seven tons of peanut oil onto the main road. This made driving a bit sticky until someone covered the oil with a layer of peanut shells. Commissioner Gordon Edwards' white Rolls-Royce was driven off the road into a swamp.

The working press suffered a few near-catastrophies also. The CBS-TV crew sent one load of films and tapes to New York via a carefully arranged series of flights through Dakar and Madrid, with CBS contacts checking the shipment through at each airport. The films and tapes never reached Madrid, but after several hours of frantic cabling, they finally arrived on time, direct from Frankfurt. Reggie Lancaster gave up trying to develop his films in the hectic Information Office, and set up a makeshift darkroom in the bathroom at Madi Flats. Returning there one evening to process the day's film, he found that the cleaning boy had tidied up the bathroom, pouring Reggie's developing fluids down the drain.

Despite these troubles, correspondents managed to get their stories out to the rest of the world. African papers hailed the occasion and damned Great Britain for having left Gambia in its present condition. In Senegal, *Dakar Matin* predicted that now with Independence, Gambians would certainly choose to become part of Senegal.

The influential British weekly, *West Africa*, called Gambia "the worst example . . . of the carving up of Africa in which European powers have indulged." The Manchester *Guardian Weekly* said that "Gambia ought never to have occurred," but that "it deserves a few cheers for its pluck." Norman Smart, in the *Daily Express*, called Gambia a land of hope. "Hope they must have," he wrote, "for if you tried to float a company in the City of London with a prospectus based on what they have here, you would get a visit from the Fraud Squad."

"To the Broad Uplands"

In the United States, many papers ignored Gambia's Independence, or buried the story on page 17. Most U. S. magazines and papers, having no correspondents in West Africa, had to rely on the wire services. Thus many of them carried the same quote (later denied) from ex-veterinarian Jawara: "There's not a cow in The Gambia that doesn't know me personally." The *New York Times* called Gambia "the most overlooked and unwanted

state in Africa." *Time* cautioned its readers that Gambia was "not to be confused with Gabon or Zambia." *Newsweek* felt that "in a more rational world Gambia would simply not exist as a separate entity." Complimenting Gambia's financial good sense in contrast to some of its extravagant neighbors, the magazine quoted Governor Sir John Paul: "We have the enormous advantage here of never having had much money." Concluded *Newsweek*: "And it looks as though Gambia will go right on having that advantage."

A sample of Gambian reactions to Independence appeared in a special issue of *The Nation*, a four-page sporadic Bathurst monthly. Mr. Yoro Khan, a Head Laborer with the Public Works Department, told the reporter, "I am really happy about Independence because other sister countries have it and therefore The Gambia should have hers as well." Mrs. N'Goneh M'Boge, a shopkeeper, expected "improvement in agriculture, health, education, and housing for all sections of the community during the Independence." Madam Kumajar, a street merchant, was happy that "Independence is at close quarters and although a seller on the sidewalk, I am hoping that all will be well so that getting a stall at the Albert Market after Independence should not be a problem. With the attainment, I expect the present poor conditions to improve immensely by attracting more investors and business houses to curb the present wave of unemployment adequately."

The one note of caution among the interviews came from "T. K.," a schoolteacher: "I will not be bamboozled into thinking that an independence of rosy promise lies before me. As a matter of fact, the thought of it smashes me to fragments with harder tasks of individual responsibilities ahead."

Capt'n Peters, writing in the *Gambia News Bulletin*, rose to a commendable degree of emotion in summing up the Independence Week: "And so came to an end, an historic week for The Gambia, with all its drama and colour which will be long remembered. And now, on to the broad uplands of the future."

By the end of the week, everyone had left—the Duke and Duchess, the state delegates, the official and unofficial guests, the 649 men from the *Lion*, the reporters and photographers. Business at the Atlantic's lounge had returned to its normal sedate pace, and the permanent residents had moved back in. Walking the empty streets of Bathurst on Sunday morning, with dead leaves, streamers, and torn paper decorations blowing about, a young British-trained Gambian engineer said to a friend, "You know? It's as if nothing had really happened. Everything's the same as it was."

ON A VERANDA

by Louis Simpson

The western moon is rising
Over the trees and dark rooftops.
Love, is it you?

It's the same moon they have here
That they had in Jamaica
When I was a child and the moon was rising.

She rose from the mountain breathing,
She walked through the lanes regarding
The luminous world.

A sea-wind rustled the vines
That grew on the veranda.
When they lifted me in their arms,

In the lens of the telescope
Everything seemed clear
And still and mysterious.

The moon glides over Port Royal,
Tarred posts where the pelicans brood.
In my dreams, black waves,

I have seen the lights of Port Royal.
I have heard the bell
Of the drowned cathedral . . .

Pacing the gun-platform
While Victory leads her fleet
Away, to the Nile and Copenhagen.

For honor is not here.
There is only the barking of dogs
And rustling of lizards in the vines.

When you rest on the oars at noon
There is nothing in those depths
But the barracuda that floats

Between its shadow and the surface.
There are only the red-tiled roofs
And blue hills fading away.

And yet I might have spent my life
On that shore, as I sometimes dream,
Searching for shells, the mouths

That are singing between the stones . . .
Gazing at the rim of the world,
Smoke-trails over the laboring waves.



ISRAEL SWINGS

body goes to Israel to do the Frug. At many come home very surprised at how much is to do there. (And how much fun it is to have in a new country.) For instance, in Tel Aviv there are any number of discotheques you could go to. Or you could head the other way and attend a violin concert at the new cultural center.

How about a night club that features Oriental American drinks and its front door in a back alley. That club and a couple more are just outside of Tel Aviv in the old city of Jaffa.) There are jam sessions nightly in Jerusalem, and singing spots in Eilat.

And if your true joy in life is just sitting and talking, boy, did you come to the right country!

The sidewalks are paved with little tables surrounded by people and gesturing hands. (Most can switch to English without missing a beat.)

Actually there's so much to do in Israel that you might not know where to start.

So may we suggest Lod Airport.

That's where the El Al jets land from New York.

El Al Israel Airlines: New York, Beverly Hills, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Mexico City, Miami Beach, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.



Mario Savio

THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE OF THE MULTIVERSITY

*A Partisan Scrutiny of Berkeley's
Muscatine Report*

The Berkeley Free Speech Movement in the fall of 1964 brought into focus the deepest conflicts dividing American society. It especially cast in relief the distorted education which Berkeley undergraduates endure. It made clear how destructive of human values any educational institution must be when it is run by and in the economic interests of the millionaires who sit on the University Board of Regents.

In the spring following the crisis several Berkeley students (among them some who had taken prominent roles in the Free Speech Movement) participated in meetings with then Acting Chancellor Martin Meyerson. In those meetings we and Meyerson exchanged views on the need for comprehensive reforms at Berkeley. We discussed specific proposals for the improvement of Berkeley education, and we considered ways to facilitate the acceptance of these proposals. The most important of the measures we discussed was the creation of a commission, with the highest authority, to study the present state of Berkeley education and make specific recommendations for its improvement. Chancellor Meyerson proposed a faculty commission for this purpose; the Academic Senate approved Meyerson's proposal and nine faculty members were appointed to the Select Committee on Education—better known as the Muscatine Committee after its Chairman, Professor of English Charles Muscatine.* Of these nine, not more than two—by their public support of student demands during FSM—could be said to have won the trust of those students most interested in university reform.

Their report, titled *Education at Berkeley*, was published by the Berkeley Division in March 1966 (paperbound, \$3.25).

Those of us who participated in those early meetings with Chancellor Meyerson expressed grave doubts that any commission which did not include students as voting members would take the evils of the existing educational system very seriously. We had just come through an enlightening semester. We had learned that even on the far less complex civil-liberties questions with which the Free Speech Movement was mostly concerned, only an invasion of the campus by several hundred police could move the Academic Senate to declare itself opposed to the administration's regulation of the *content* of speech! After a semester of watching the Academic Senate—an unwieldy body whose meetings vary in size from one hundred to twelve hundred—bungle through simple legislative procedures, we were scarcely eager to trust the faculty with advancing student interests in complicated questions of university reform—especially when those student interests were clearly in conflict with powerful interests on the faculty.

We wanted an end to the system of lecture courses, grades, and course units, to be replaced by instruction in small seminars and tutorials, with the quality of students' work evaluated at length in writing rather than by the assignment of a numerical or letter grade. All of us were familiar with the regular use of grades as an escape from careful, detailed individual evaluation of a student's progress. But this evil sprang in good measure from the widespread practice of lecturing to large classes (up to as many as one thousand students). Instructors in these mammoth classes simply did not have enough time to get to know more than a tiny fraction of "their" students. They could therefore treat them all

equally only by treating none fairly. They had to make do with "objective" examinations geared to what the mythical average student should have learned, a practice which coerced students into passive acceptance of a pat version of what they *should* know. The resulting conformity would be rewarded with the all-important grade.

The California legislature's niggardly appropriations are the reason for these large lectures. Within its modest budget, the University is simply unable to recruit a large enough faculty without lowering its standards. Given these economic facts of life, each faculty member must choose to be primarily a teacher or primarily a researcher; there is not enough time to do both jobs adequately. Thus external economic pressures on the University force many faculty members to regard the educational needs of undergraduates as something of a threat to their personal research interests. And this cleavage is accentuated by the astronomical sums of money for research and professional education being poured into the University by government and big business, both of which are well-represented on the University Board of Regents.

But the present disproportionate emphasis on specialized education and research is apparently not bad enough. Clark Kerr, members of the Board of Regents, members of the legislature, and others who inhabit the stratosphere of educational high finance have been attempting to force on the state university and on the state colleges and junior colleges a "Master Plan" for long-range development of the California system of higher education.* This arrangement would divide responsibility for different "levels" of higher education among the many state colleges and universities. Under the Plan Berkeley will undertake a major responsibility for graduate education and research, which will be accompanied by a further loss of emphasis (in time and money) on undergraduate teaching. Indeed, some legislators reportedly favor dropping undergraduate instruction at Berkeley altogether. If this Plan is not stopped soon (some opposition is developing among the more independent state college faculties through the Association of California State College Professors), the great enthusiasm for reform generated by the Free Speech Movement will be lost.

Little wonder Berkeley ranks among the na-

tion's top graduate schools, while its undergraduate colleges have suffered such serious neglect. The Muscatine Report was supposed to have been concerned primarily with redressing this imbalance. Any serious reform of undergraduate education must be based on a clear understanding of the limitations of the present system; unfortunately, the Report's analysis of the University's offerings is not only superficial; it shows no deep understanding of the aims of higher education.

A Lack of Forthrightness

An adequate report would have assessed the severity of the inevitable conflicts between the University's research function and its responsibility to provide superior general education for its undergraduates. It would have dealt frankly with the departmental, industrial, and governmental vested interests which aggravate this conflict by financially rewarding specialized and professional education and research.

Above all, a sound report would have analyzed with great care the controversial Master Plan for the statewide system of higher education. The Muscatine Report acknowledges that the Master Plan would make Berkeley even more graduate-oriented, but apparently accepts the Plan as being above criticism. It is impossible to determine from the Report whether the Muscatine Committee believed the Plan would further harm or perhaps somewhat help the ill-used Berkeley undergraduate. I personally believe the Master Plan would only hinder improvement of the undergraduate colleges—and that it should be radically redesigned or simply abandoned. But the Muscatine Commit-

Twenty-three-year-old Mario Savio graduated first in his class from Martin Van Buren High School in Queens, New York, and later moved with his family to Los Angeles County. He writes:

"At Berkeley I helped set up and taught in a tutorial program, took part in a number of civil-rights picket lines, and was arrested for the first time in a mass sit-in in the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco. While in jail I decided to participate in the Mississippi Freedom Program.

"Returning to Berkeley in the fall of 1964 from Mississippi, I discovered that the Berkeley administration had decided to end the sort of student political activity at the University's main entrance which had been largely responsible for my involvement in the civil-rights movement. The memories of the summer in Mississippi made inevitable my strong involvement in the subsequent Free Speech Movement, which protested and secured the removal of University restrictions on politics."

*There are at least 69 public junior colleges in California and 16 state colleges. The nine campuses of the University of California are at Berkeley, Davis, Irvine, Los Angeles (UCLA), Riverside, San Diego, San Francisco (medical school), Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz.

tee does not even discuss the possibility—or desirability—of its slight amendment.

Had the Muscatine Committee written a full and careful assessment, no degree of dispassion would have protected its recommendations from the attacks of powerful enemies. The Report shows no signs of such forthright investigation. Yet among its recommendations, which otherwise would comprise only minor if enlightened tinkering with the present system, is a proposal for a campus "Board of Educational Development." Unlike the rest of the Report, this proposal is quite controversial; it would set up machinery to circumvent the virtually impenetrable jungle of administrative and financial barriers to experiments with the educational system—tutorials, smaller classes, etc. The anomaly of this proposal in a report otherwise so conspicuously untouched by brilliance, as well as familiarity (gained during the FSM) with the professional vested interests in research which determine much of Academic Senate politics at Berkeley, strongly suggests that the Muscatine Committee's great efforts to avoid making enemies were largely the result of a *political motive*: to win majority support for the Board of Educational Development in the Academic Senate.

Measured in its own political terms, what has the Muscatine Committee accomplished here? The Board of Educational Development was adopted by the Academic Senate in a weakened but still workable form.* The Board was intended to overcome the present obstacles to curriculum experimentation. As approved by the Academic Senate, however, it was designed for *small* experiments only. In motivating the Board, the Muscatine Committee invokes these antibureaucratic commonplaces:

At a smaller university or college, such as Wesleyan or Amherst, it is possible to change the whole tone of undergraduate education by introducing a single new course or program. An analogous single remedy at Berkeley (or even set of remedies) would be a monolith of massive proportions and bureaucratic impersonality. Like the general education programs at Chicago and Harvard, it would readily find critics to oppose it, in the name of the very values of individual excellence which general studies programs were designed to pursue. . . .

*The conservative attack on the Board began in a minority report written by Professor George C. Pimentel of Berkeley, whose Department and College of Chemistry receive substantial grants from industry and government. One of Pimentel's proposals for what he calls "relatively minor restructuring" of the Board appears in the form adopted by the Senate.

On first reading, this passage evokes unquestioning, if vague, agreement; actually it holds the key to the fundamental inadequacy of the Board.

There have been a multitude of small experiments involving radical innovation in college curricula on American campuses. These experiments (such as the present "Tussman Program" at Berkeley) have shown that with sufficient reliance on tutorials and small seminars, it is possible to do away with the coercive aspects of the present system of large classes and letter grades. These experiments have been designed for from less than fifty students to a few hundred. Precisely what is needed at this time is an experiment in *mass*, noncoercive higher education. The very problems which would be most pressing in any program for reform of Berkeley as a whole—therefore the problems we are most in need of solving—will not even appear in an experiment involving less than a thousand students.

The assumption in the passage I have quoted must be challenged: we have a most urgent need at Berkeley to design and carry out an experiment for at least one thousand undergraduates over a substantial period of time, an experiment which would *not* be a "monolith of massive proportions and bureaucratic impersonality." Such an experiment would be out of the question with a student-faculty ratio much above ten to one. The *published* Berkeley ratio is eighteen to one; but the actual undergraduate teaching ratio is about twice as high.* Where will we get the additional teachers? How will the present faculty be convinced to spend more of its time teaching undergraduates? Faculty politics and California economic realities kept the Muscatine Committee from discussing these questions. No wonder the Report simply assumes that massive experimentation is undesirable.

Unfortunately this assumption does not appear merely in the Committee's rhetoric; it is incorporated into its recommendations as well. Along with the Board of Educational Development, there is to be a "Committee on Curricula." This new faculty committee will have the power to approve the degrees of those Berkeley students whose work

*I have it on good authority that the undergraduate teaching ratio is about 30 students for every instructor. But I doubt the situation is even this good. I base my doubt on the following information given in the Muscatine Report: the average, lower-division (first two years), faculty-taught class has 70 students, and the average, upper-division (final two years), faculty-taught class has 35, while the percentages of the total student body in these two undergraduate divisions are 28 per cent and 37 per cent respectively. This works out to an average undergraduate class size of 44.6 students.

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so often include*

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in experimental programs—in place of normal degree requirements—is not acceptable to any of the existing departments or colleges. In no year, however, can this committee approve degrees numbering more than 5 per cent of the previous year's graduating class.

Berkeley graduates about 2,500 students a year. If in a given year the Committee on Curricula must insure the degrees of students graduating from an experimental program even somewhat smaller than the already existing "Tusman Program" (designed for 150 students), then in that same year—unless the Berkeley Senate grants its special approval—no other students may be graduated from experimental curricula not approved by a college or department. But the great lack of forthright inquiry which characterizes the Muscatine Report is itself ample testimony to the cool diffidence with which the Academic Senate receives novelty and innovation. The Board of Educational Development is well designed, then, to prevent any experimentation which poses the serious threat of initiating a general reform of the University.

A Reduction in Discontent

Very likely the Board will help provide the most enterprising students with a variety of unusual and challenging supplements to a meager educational diet. Since these students have been the most articulate in their criticism of the University, the Board may actually succeed—where less "liberal" measures have failed—in reducing *expressed* discontent, but without achieving meaningful reform. But clearly, a variety of small experiments will offer little to the great majority of students, whose very lack of enterprise demonstrates their greater need for special assistance.

The fate of the majority of undergraduates is sealed in the statewide Master Plan (I am drawing on statistics in the Muscatine Committee's Report): In the next decade *the undergraduate enrollment of the Berkeley campus will decrease by almost 3,000, although in 1970 the average size of faculty-taught undergraduate classes will actually be slightly greater than in 1964.* (Over this same six-year period the average size of graduate classes will decrease.) The faculty, in 1970, will be spending more time with graduate students; undergraduates in their first two years will attend faculty-taught classes averaging sixty students each. In commenting favorably on this state of affairs, the Committee starkly reveals the bankruptcy of the Master Plan:

The combination of one class with 20 students and three classes each with 180 students for a student's program, corresponds to the 60 average projected for the lower division; so does one class of 15 and four classes each of 240. From these averages we deduce that if a lower-division student is enrolled in four courses during any given quarter, he could expect statistically to have one faculty-conducted small class if the other three are large ones (180 to 240, or more).

This is cruel nonsense. By "small undergraduate class" the Muscatine Committee means a class at least one and a half times as large as the *average* graduate class (10.3 students in 1970)! By "small" I understand "tutorial" or "small seminar"—six students or fewer. And in any case, after the harassment of three classes of 180 students each, only the exceptional student will be able to take full advantage of the modest benefits of a "small" class of twenty. The Report assures us: "*The Committee would favor an eventual reduction in class size by gradual expansion of the faculty while student enrollment holds constant.*" This single sentence is the only clear indication in the entire Report that the Muscatine Committee even considered what is after all the only adequate remedy. Perhaps it was italicized so we shouldn't miss it in too rapid reading. It is no more than a pious wish. "Optimum teaching effectiveness within the existing budgetary constraints" means in fact that far from being reduced, the average undergraduate class size will be increased.

The Berkeley faculty declared itself clearly opposed to the quarter system of year-round operation. (The quarter system too is part of the Master Plan.) Nevertheless, despite the expressed will of the faculty, in the interests of economic efficiency the campus is going off the traditional semester system beginning this fall. The Committee clearly accepts as normal a student's program of *four or even five courses* per quarter. Yet in persuading the Berkeley faculty to accept the quarter system, administration spokesmen had argued that its adoption would result in students being less coerced, more able to pursue their studies with greater leisure and in greater depth, since they could then attend only three courses each quarter rather than the five courses per semester as at present.

Revolution in a Factory

The Muscatine Committee was appointed largely in response to severe student criticisms of the University, yet it failed to deal in any meaningful

way with these criticisms. The Report says: "In sum, the dissatisfied student finds the University to be just another part of the established order. His alienation from society turns into alienation from his university." Nowhere does the Committee begin to consider whether it is *in fact* reasonable to regard the University as largely "just another part of the established order." The clear concern here is to discover not what is wrong with the University, but what is wrong with the students.

The two questions are, of course, inseparable. But standing the matter thus on its head, the way is cleared for a psychological rather than a political or economic explanation:

The antirational aspects of student thought contribute to this attitude. Students who hold unreflectingly the belief that feeling is a surer guide to truth than is reason, cannot readily appreciate the University's commitment to rational investigation. If they believe that Western culture is decadent, they cannot appreciate the University's devotion to its preservation and transmission.

After this caricature of "student thought," the Committee has the reader well prepared to dismiss the students' indictment of the submission of the University to the growing influences of government and industry. This indictment is portrayed as a logical contradiction, resulting from the know-nothing antirationalism of the students:

There is a contradiction in this criticism that betrays the anti-intellectual stance of the non-conformist students. They condemn the University because it is a factory that turns out the products demanded by society and trains students in the rules of the game. . . . They see the University as an agent of the power structure, and they want it instead to become an agent of their own moral revolution. A major task of the University is to convince students of the value of free and independent inquiry, of the need of the University for autonomy from all quarters if it is properly to serve society.

How much less convincing this rhetoric would have been had the Committee taken the trouble to point out that the thesis they attribute to the students was originally obtained by them from Clark Kerr himself. This sad thesis is a central theme of Kerr's now-legendary Godkin Lectures on the "Multiversity."* And what of the supposed contradiction? To be a "factory that turns out the products demanded by society and trains students in the rules of the game" is manifestly incompatible with the ideal of a free and independent Uni-

versity; but to be an "agent of the students' moral revolution" requires nothing more—nor less—than a declaration of independence and "autonomy from all quarters." A major task of the University is to be itself convinced of "the value of free and independent inquiry."

Nowhere in the Committee's Report—least of all in its recommendations—is there any sense of responding to a real *emergency*. These recommendations have now gone to the Academic Senate for action. Some have been passed, most will be—very few are at all controversial. Taken together they barely constitute an acknowledgement of the relevance of the students' critique of their University: they are at best a feeble response to specific students demands. The worst features of the system of large lectures and perfunctory grades will be emphasized in the conversion to the quarter system, and under the statewide Master Plan the average size of undergraduate classes will increase. But perhaps worst of all, the Muscatine Committee dealt with student complaints with that same paternal arrogance with which the administration tried to throttle student politics in 1964.

The history of the adoption of the Master Plan and a careful study of the Muscatine Report show that faculty members and students are consistently excluded from those groups of legislators, bureaucrats, and businessmen which make the most far-reaching decisions concerning the development and reform of the University. Those of us whose lives are directly involved are denied any effective voice in these decisions which structure and pervert our immediate, daily environment. What has become of the "consent of the governed"?

The government officials and businessmen who rule the University until now have been able to rely on the divisions within the faculty, and between parts of the faculty and the student body—especially the undergraduates. The fears and misgivings we students expressed in those meetings with Chancellor Meyerson in the spring of 1965 have proven well-founded. It gives me little joy to say we were right. Perhaps students at other large universities can benefit from Berkeley's mistake. For our early fears of the Muscatine Committee apply in varying degrees to all large universities in need of reform. No one can speak for students but students. And we will secure the right to a decent education only when we have organized ourselves independently of both faculty and administration, in much the same way that workers have organized themselves into trade unions.

*Condensed in *Harper's* (November 1963) and published in book form by the Harvard University Press, titled *The Idea of the Multiversity*.



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Gerald Durrell

TWO IN THE BUSH

Animal Adventures in New Zealand and Malaya

The following episodes are parts of a chronicle of a six-months journey which took us through New Zealand, Australia, and Malaya. The reasons for this journey were twofold—firstly, that I wanted to see what was being done about conservation in these countries and, secondly, that the BBC wanted to make a series of television films on the same subject.

New Zealand: The Arrival

We had meant to creep unobtrusively into New Zealand, film and see what we wanted to, and then creep unobtrusively out again. But when the ship docked at Auckland, we found that the Wildlife Department—having been apprised of our arrival—had unrolled a red carpet of embarrassing dimensions for us. The first intimation of this was the arrival on board of a short, stocky individual looking not unlike a muscular Tweedle Dum with innocent baby-blue eyes and a wide grin.

"I," he proclaimed, crushing my hand in an iron grasp, "am Brian Bell of the Wildlife Service. The Department has given me the job of escorting you round New Zealand and making sure that you see all you want to see."

"That's extremely kind of the Department," I said, "but I had really no intention of worrying . . ."

"I have driven your Land Rover up from Wellington," interrupted Brian firmly, "and yesterday I met your two colleagues from the BBC and they are on their way up to meet us."

"That's very kind . . ." I began.

"Also," continued Brian as if I had not spoken, fixing me with his hypnotic blue stare, "I have worked out an itinerary for you. Just cross out the things you don't want to do."

He handed me a sheaf of typewritten documents that looked like a cross between the plans for a Royal State Visit and some gigantic army maneuvers. It was full of fascinating suggestions and orders, such as "June five, 0.500 hours, see Royal Albatross, Taiaroa Head." However, before I could voice an opinion on the matter, Brian had glanced at his watch, scowled terrifyingly, muttered to himself, and then disappeared at a smart trot. I was leaning against the rail, clutching my massive itinerary and feeling slightly dazed, when my wife Jacquie appeared.

"Who was that bloke in the brown suit I saw you talking to?" she asked.

"That was one Brian Bell," I replied, handing her the itinerary. "He's from the Wildlife Department and he has been sent especially to Organize us with a capital O."

"I thought that's just what you wanted to avoid?" said Jacquie.

"It was," I said gloomily.

She glanced rapidly through the itinerary and raised her eyebrows.

"How long do they think we're staying—ten years?" she asked.

At that moment Brian returned and I introduced him to Jacquie.

"Pleased to meet you," he said absently. "Now, all your luggage has gone ashore and I have arranged Customs clearance. We'll load it up and drive to the hotel. The first Press Conference I've arranged for eleven o'clock and the second one for two-thirty. Then there's the TV interview tonight, but we needn't worry about that *yet*. So if you're ready, we can get started."

Our minds in a whirl, we were hustled ashore by Brian and the next few hours were among the most hectic I have ever spent. Late in the afternoon, as the last of the reporters left, I lay down

on the bed and closed my eyes. I was just drifting off into a pleasant doze when there was a knock on the door and Brian Bell appeared, with an Organizing gleam in his eye.

"Hullo," he said brightly, "feeling more rested?"

"I feel," I said bitterly, "as if I had just been rescued by the skin of my teeth from an exceptionally large butt of Malmsey."

"Good," said Brian, not really listening. "Now, as we have to make an early start tomorrow and as this will be your last chance to see them, I thought you might like to run down and see the Wrybills. We've got time before the TV show."

One of the basic rules of life, I have found, is that you never learn anything unless you confess your ignorance. Say that you don't know and people fall over themselves to teach you or show you and within next to no time all is vouchsafed to you. I applied this philosophy now.

"What is a Wrybill?" I asked.

Brian's round blue eyes became even rounder at this confession of my ignorance, but he was too polite to say anything.

"It's a small wading bird," he explained carefully, as to a mentally defective child of two, "and it gets its name from the fact that its beak is twisted to one side. They're only found in New Zealand and there are not very many of them left, but there's a small colony of them just down the coast from here and I thought we could nip down and see them."

The idea of seeing a bird with a beak that bent sideways, even to a naturalist in my condition, was irresistible and so in a very short time we had left the outskirts of Auckland behind and were driving through the countryside. As we drove further and further a deep depression settled on me, for the landscape was exactly the pleasant, gently undulating type of countryside you can find on the Dorset-Devon borders. By the time we were bumping down a rough track toward the coast I was beginning to wonder why we had come to New Zealand in the first place.

Brian eased the Land Rover through a flock of sheep, who scattered before us, their fleeces wobbling as they ran, and then brought the vehicle to rest by a hedge. Beyond the hedge spread an area of rough, tussocky ground, beyond that a bare, flat area of dried mud, then a shingle beach and the gray and uninviting sea. Normally, Brian explained, the Wrybills spent their time feeding on a long shingle spit to the left of us but at high tide, when the spit was covered, they moved inland to the flat, muddy area that we could see directly in front of us. We strained our eyes but, as far as we could see, there was no bird life in sight. Brian, muttering the outraged mutters of an Organizer whose Organization has broken down, moved slowly down the hedge and we followed him. A stiff, cold breeze had now sprung up, accompanied by a mild drizzle, and I began to think longing thoughts of warm baths and soft beds. Suddenly Brian stopped and lifted his field glasses.



"Ha!" he barked triumphantly, "*there* they are. A little out of position, but they're *there*."

He pointed and I focused by glasses at the area he indicated. At first all I could see was a large expanse of uninspiring gray mud, apparently completely devoid of any life whatsoever. Then I saw what at first glance appeared to be a gray, gossamer-like shawl of large dimensions performing a sort of whirligig motion on the mud. On close examination this turned out to be a tightly packed conglomeration of small birds, all performing some strange gyrations that kept them in almost constant motion yet on exactly the same spot. We moved cautiously through the tussocky area of rough ground that separated us from them and eventually managed to get within about two hundred feet of them without, apparently, causing them the slightest alarm. Then we could see clearly what they were doing and it was one of the most extraordinary group actions I have seen performed by birds.

The Wrybills were small (about the size of a Ringed Plover), bluish-gray on the upper parts and white below, with a white stripe across the forehead and across the top of the eye and a very neat black bib under the chin. The small beaks were all bent from left to right like a billhook and this, for some extraordinary reason, combined with their neatly domed heads and dark eyes, made them look as if they all had snub noses. But it was their actions that fascinated me even more than their unique beak formation. There were about fifty of them and they covered an area some thirty feet by twenty, all facing into the wind and all standing on one leg. I noticed that each bird kept some twelve inches or so away from its neighbors. They would stand there, shuffling their feathers and blinking, balancing their frail bodies against the wind, looking incredibly mournful. Then suddenly, one of them would hop forward (still on one leg) some six inches or so. This would, of course, destroy the careful territory arrangement of the whole group and so all the birds nearest to the one that had moved would have to move too and, in turn, all the ones nearest to *them* would have to move and so on. Thus, periodically, the whole conglomeration would be in motion yet the

group as a whole remained exactly where it was. However carefully I watched them I could not see any valid reason for this sudden outbreak of movement; they were not displaying, nor were they feeding. They just stood there like a group of dispirited, poverty-stricken orphans and every so often—to relieve the tedium—they would break into this weird game of hopscotch. Brian said it was thought that the strange shape of the Wrybill's beak was to assist it in feeding. With this curious bent beak, it can slide it more easily under stones in search of the tiny crustaceans and other sea life on which it lives.

We watched the cold, shuffling, hopscotching crowd of Wrybills for about an hour and during that time there had been immense activity within the group, yet the group as a whole had hardly moved more than a yard or so from where we had first seen them. Fascinating though they were to watch, time was getting short and so we reluctantly climbed into the Land Rover and drove back through fine drizzle into Auckland—strangely comforted by the Wrybills.

Malaya:

Pursuing the Flying Dragon

Making films is a weird business and so I was not at all surprised to find myself, three days after we had left Malaya's National Park, standing on top of a stepladder while Chris Parsons, our producer, and Jim Saunders, our cameraman, lay in the grass below me, and Jacquie and various other individuals were spread around in a circle like fielders on a cricket pitch. The reason for this rather peculiar activity was one of the most curious animals that I have met.

We had set off across Malaya toward a place called Dungun on the east coast, in order to try to see one of the largest reptiles in the world, and en route we had got involved with a smaller, but equally interesting reptile. We had been traveling for some time over a series of hills, and the road consisted of a long series of hairpin bends through the forest. So numerous were they, and so close together, that Jim, who was lying in the back of the Land Rover, presently asked whether we could stop. He lay there among the equipment looking like a Roman emperor, the effect being heightened by the fact that he was clasping to his bosom the largest pineapple that I have ever seen in my life, which we had purchased at a village a few miles back. His face was a startling shade of pea green.

"What on earth's the matter with you?" said Chris.

Gerald Durrell is a major British zoological collector, a broadcaster for the BBC, and the owner (with his wife) of a zoo on the Isle of Jersey. The narrative published here is taken from his book, "Two in the Bush," to be published by the Viking Press, Inc. on October 25. Excerpts from two of his earlier books, "The Overloaded Ark" and "The Bafut Beagles," also appeared in "Harper's."

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"I'm feeling sick," said Jim. "It's all these twists and turns. No sooner do I get my stomach in alignment than you go round another bloody bend."

"Well let's stop for a bit," said Jacquie, "and we can have lunch."

Jim gave her an anguished look. "Do you think I am in any condition for lunch?" he inquired.

"Well I'm hungry," said Jacquie callously.

So we unpacked the food and sat by the roadside, while Jim sat with averted eyes as we picnicked. Presently, stuffed with cold meat and pineapple, we lay back to relax and I noticed, in some trees a little way down the road, two birds which from that distance, looked decidedly peculiar. Taking the field glasses, I wandered down the road toward them and discovered that it was a pair of Racket-Tailed Drongoes indulging in an abandoned bit of courtship in the treetops. They are about the size of a blackbird, with curved crests and the two outer tail feathers greatly elongated and ending in a round, racket-shaped piece of feathering; they are metallic blue-green below and glossy black above. They were not only dancing after each other through the branches, their tails streaming out behind them, but were also flying up into the air and dive-bombing each other and as they did so, the racket-shaped feathers made them look as though they were being pursued by two curious, round beetles. They would periodically utter a low, rather harsh chattering at each other.

While I was watching them, my attention was caught by a small putty-colored lizard that was darting to and fro on the bark of the trunk lapping up the streams of tree ants ascending to their arboreal nest. He looked a dull and rather uninteresting little reptile and I was about to switch my field glasses back to the Drongoes when he suddenly did something that made me, metaphorically speaking, jump about ten feet in the air: he protruded suddenly, from under his chin, a triangular white flap that looked rather like a sail. He kept flipping this in and out very rapidly for a few moments and then he hurled himself off the bark of the tree into the air. As he started falling toward the ground there suddenly blossomed, along each side of his body, a pair of butterfly-like wings, which he held out stiffly and with which he glided nonchalantly to another tree some 150 feet away. I realized that the apparently uninteresting lizard that I had been just about to ignore was, in fact, one of the most exciting reptiles in the world and one that I had always wanted to see. It rejoices in the name of *Draco volans*, the Flying Dragon, and I had been incessant in my inquiries about it ever since we had arrived in Malaya.

Nobody had been able to tell me very much; you saw them, they said, in a vague sort of way that implied that you could spend fifty years in Malaya without seeing one, and then generally changed the subject. So there before me was a real, live Flying Dragon, a beast that I had given up all hopes of seeing. I uttered an anguished roar that brought the other three pelting down the road toward me, but as they reached me, *Draco volans* took off again and zoomed off into the forest.

"What's the matter?" inquired Jacquie, obviously under the impression that I had been bitten by something fatal.

"*Draco volans*, *Draco volans*," I said incoherently. "That flying lizard job . . . There was one up here, zooming about from tree to tree."

"Touch of the sun," said Jim judiciously, "had my suspicions when he first started talking about it."

They all seemed reluctant to believe my story, since they, too, had come to look upon the flying lizard as an almost mythical beast. So we continued on our journey and I made their lives a misery, talking about flying lizards all the way.

We eventually stopped at a small town for the night, where some charming people called the Allens had offered to put us up. After the preliminary politenesses had been exchanged, the conversation relapsed once again into talk of the flying lizard and Geoffrey Allen, a very competent animal photographer in his own right, listened to our acrimonious discussion with some puzzlement.

"Why," he inquired, "are you getting so fussed about the flying lizard?"

I explained patiently once more: "The moment I arrived here I questioned everybody very closely on the subject of flying lizards, with about as much result as asking questions in a Trappist Monastery. Then I saw one of the things on the road here and this set of morons refuse to believe me."

"I don't see why," said Geoffrey casually. "The garden's full of them."

"What!" I said incredulously, "you mean *your* garden?"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, "dozens of them, flying about all day long."

"Do you think we would have a chance of filming them?" I asked Geoffrey.

"I should think so," he said, "although they are pretty agile. Anyway, you have a look at them tomorrow morning and see what you think."

The following morning at dawn I dragged Jacquie, Jim, and Chris into the garden and there, to my delight, I found that Geoffrey had spoken

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nothing but the truth. There were flying lizards in every direction, gliding from tree to tree like paper darts. Jim, with the camera strapped round him, struggled to get some shots of them flying, while the rest of us beat the tree trunks with sticks to try to frighten the lizards in the direction of the camera. After a couple of hours of this, we were all sweaty and Jim had exposed about eighteen inches of film, which he assured us would be the finest shot of a completely blank sky that anybody had ever taken.

"It's no good," he said. "By the time I've found the damned thing in my viewfinder and focused, it's landed."

"There's only one thing for it," I said, "and that is to catch one."

"What do we do with it when we have caught it?" asked Chris.

"Well," I said, "then we can go upstairs in the house and throw it out of the bedroom window when Jim says he is ready."

"Um . . ." said Chris skeptically, "I suppose we can try."

So, armed with bamboos with nooses of string on the end, we spent another couple of hours en-

deavoring to catch flying lizards. Eventually, having found some that were more imbecilic than others, we did succeed in catching two; then we repaired to the veranda for a well-earned drink before filming them. This gave me a chance to examine our captures closely.

The pouch under the throat was shaped rather like an elongated and slender strawberry; normally it lay folded back, so that it was invisible, but when the lizard wanted to display (and, as far as I could see, this white ornament was only used when guarding his territory), he apparently inflated it with air, so that it flashed up and down at about once a second. The wings were even more extraordinary: the rib bones of the reptile had become elongated and these supported the thin skin fabric of the wing, like the ribs of an umbrella. When not in use, the wings folded back along the sides of the body, again like a furled umbrella, and were so thin and fragile that they were not noticeable. The whole creature looked incredibly prehistoric and, watching it furl and unfurl its wings as you touched it, you could well understand how similar reptiles had gradually evolved into the birds that we know today.

When we had quenched our thirst and cooled off a bit, we set about organizing the filming of our lizards. In order to get a really good shot of the flight and the wings, we needed the lizard silhouetted against the sky. This meant that Chris and Jim had to lie on the lawn with the cameras at the ready, while Jacquie, Geoffrey, and his wife Betty stood well back in order to recapture the lizard before it escaped. Having got everybody in position, I then went up into the bedroom, extracted one of the lizards from the jam jar, and, on being given the signal from the supine cameramen below, I hurled it out into the air. Immediately, it spread its wings and glided down to land on the lawn, where it was smartly fielded by Geoffrey. The cameramen, however, were not pleased with the result, so once more I had to toil up to the bedroom and throw the lizard out of the window. Altogether we did this some twenty-five times, and both I and the lizards were getting a little bit bored and fragile round the edges, so we called a halt and drank some iced beer while we discussed the problem.

The chief difficulty was that throwing the lizard from the bedroom window allowed only a small area of sky against which it was silhouetted, so obviously the bedroom window was not the answer.

"How about a stepladder?" Geoffrey suggested, "because then you could move it about."

Fired with this idea, we went into Geoffrey's storeroom and dug out a pair of ten-foot steps, which were rickety in the extreme. Chris and I staggered along carrying the ungainly, giraffe-like steps, preceded by Jim, who would periodically lie down on his back, and followed by Geoffrey, Jacquie, and Betty, carrying various vital items of equipment and the two lizards in their jam jar. Eventually, after we had gone round the garden about three times, Jim picked himself a site and we erected the ladder and got ready for action. By this time it was midday and the whole of Malaya had reached that temperature at which the human body attains melting point.

Stripped to the waist and wearing a large and comfortably ancient straw hat borrowed from Geoffrey, I clasped a flying lizard firmly in one hand and proceeded to mount the stepladder, which groaned and swayed under me. Making sure that the fielders were in position and that Chris and Jim were lying on their backs beneath me, I launched the flying lizard into the air. I was not able to witness its flight, owing to the fact that my masterly overarm casting of the lizard made the ladder sway alarmingly. By the time I had it under control, Chris was standing there, beaming at me.

"Excellent," he said, "but I think we will have to do it a few more times in order to get it exactly."

I began to regret ever having mentioned flying lizards, for we spent the entire afternoon under the blistering sun with me on top of the ladder, swaying to and fro like an extremely inept circus performer, hurling lizards into the air at intervals. But eventually Jim declared himself satisfied and we could retreat into the coolness of the house and have a shower, first having released our two stars. They, by this time, were so bored with the whole procedure that they did not even bother to run away but just sat on the branch of a tree, glaring at us.

As a matter of interest, the resulting film—which was excellent—occupied some fifteen seconds of screen time and, furthermore, nobody wrote to compliment us on this achievement. I hope that the many people who aspire to being animal photographers will bear this chastening example in mind before they embark on their careers.

The Eggs of the Leathery Turtle

The art of traveling in most tropical countries is not to get bored with ferries. But the extraordinary thing about Malayan ferries is that they are always at the opposite bank when you arrive and this means that you are in for at least a half-hour, if not a three-quarter hour wait. It was not until we got to our fifteenth ferry that we had any indication that the reptile we had traveled so far to see did, in fact, exist. I noticed that at one side of the road there was a small hut, into which everyone was constantly diving and reappearing with refreshing looking bottles in their hands. I suggested to Jacquie that we investigate this phenomenon, as we were all, by that time, in urgent need of some liquid refreshment. It was too much to hope, I thought, that this palm-leaf hut would contain anything as exotic as beer, but, as it was now midday and we had been traveling for some hours, I was quite prepared to make do with a Coca-Cola. We entered the little hut and, to my astonishment, I found that inside was a well laid out shop, including a large deepfreeze that was humming away to itself and keeping a large batch of beer beautifully cool. While we were waiting to be served, I noticed on the edge of the counter a large plate in which reposed what appeared to be gigantic Ping-Pong balls that seemed very much the worse for wear.

"Look at those!" I said to Jacquie excitedly.

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She surveyed them suspiciously. "What are they?" she asked.

"They," I said, picking one up, "are the eggs of *D. . . .*"

"What's that?" she asked.

"That is the creature that we have taken so much time, trouble, and expense to come and see," I said. "This is a Leathery Turtle's egg."

The Leathery Turtle is not only one of the largest, but one of the most interesting reptiles in the world. It can grow to a length of nine feet and weigh nearly a ton. Unlike the other members of the turtle and tortoise tribe, who have a hard, horny carapace, the Leathery Turtle's back is covered with skin, with a few protruding knobs of bone down the middle to show that it is related to the tortoises. Nobody knows very much about this large and rather sad creature; it feeds on fish and other seafood and occasionally on seaweed, and presumably it must have been at one time much more widespread than it is today. When we were in Malaya there were only three known breeding grounds for the Leathery Turtle: one in Puerto Rico, one in Ceylon, and the one we were heading for. But, unfortunately for the Leathery Turtle, the fact that its eggs are so palatable had led to a wholesale exploitation of its breeding grounds in Puerto Rico and Ceylon, and indiscriminate collecting of the eggs had eventually driven off the turtles. So the Malayan beach of Rantau Dalam at Dungun was the last place in the world where the nurseries of the Leathery Turtle could be found. I was anxious to see them for two reasons: firstly, because unless you catch a Leathery Turtle coming out onto the beach to lay its eggs, you do not stand a very great chance of ever seeing one; secondly, because the Malayan government had just instituted an extremely sensible method of conservation and I was anxious to see how this was working.

The beach is some five miles long and a certain local villager has always held the concession for harvesting the turtle eggs—which, as they are considered such a delicacy, is an extremely lucrative business. But, like most people, the concessionaire was only interested in immediate profit and so he gave no thought to the fact that slowly, year by year, he was killing the turtles that laid the golden eggs. This is where the government, with the help of the Malayan Nature Society, stepped in. They offered to purchase, every year, a certain number of nests at the current market price; these they then took and hatched out and released. By this method, not only was the future of the turtles secured, but also the ultimate livelihood of the man and his sons. On paper it looked to be one of the

most sensible and progressive pieces of conservation that I had come across, but I knew from bitter experience that a piece of conservation legislation might look beautiful on paper but generally failed to operate successfully in fact.

Spurred on by the sight of the eggs, we continued on the last leg of our journey and eventually arrived at the small, neat town of Dungun. We had known, from various reports, that in order to be able to film the turtles on the beach we would have to have lights, for they only come up at night. How to provide sufficient light for photography on a beach some thirty or forty miles from the nearest power supply was a problem which had been kindly solved for us by the Malayan Agricultural Department, who had sent up to Dungun a short, almost circular electrician and a portable generator. He greeted us, blandly beaming, and said that he had booked us into the best place in the town, which was a Chinese hotel.

That afternoon we took our circular electrician and his generator out to the turtle beach. This lay several miles from Dungun and near it was a small fishing village in which lived the egg collectors. The beach was a long one with dazzling white sand, fringed with palm trees. The egg collectors informed us that the turtles would not put in an appearance before seven o'clock, but any time after that we could expect them. Once the turtle was laying her eggs, nothing at all seemed to disturb her concentration; you could even touch her without it having the slightest effect, but should she become alarmed on her way up the beach or when she was in the middle of digging her hole, she would rush back to the sea and not reappear. This meant that, having spotted our turtle, we would have to make our way across the sand to wherever she was digging her nest, fix up the generator and then, as soon as she started to lay, switch on the lights and start filming. As there could be no guarantee which section of the large beach would be chosen by the reptile, it meant that we might have to hump the generator at a smart trot for half a mile or so. We did an experimental run to see how it would turn out and it was at this point that I decided that the use of the word "portable" in connection with this generator was the most gross euphemism I had ever come across. To begin with, the thing seemed to weigh about a ton and it was furnished with two minute handles on which it was almost impossible to maintain one's grip. Add to this the average daily temperature in Malaya and the fact that you were sinking up to your ankles in loose sand at every step, and you were very soon reduced to a state bordering on hysteria.

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began four billion years ago and Man two
1. The Age of Technology, on the other hand,
y a hundred years old, and on our time chart
generous to give it even the little line we have.
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of directing his fascinating new tools toward
cably the forces which made him. Nonetheless,
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eared. And now these:

bill in Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon.
will back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of
ge. This will benefit tourists in power boats, it
who will enjoy viewing the canyon wall more
e headline). Submerged underneath the tour-
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ie lakes will be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for
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no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand
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ers to call the dams "cash registers." They are
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ll not provide anyone with water.

n California, four lumber companies are about
e logging the private virgin redwood forests,
on which to give you an idea of its size, has
years.

here nature's tallest living things have stood
ce the age of the dinosaurs, the extent of the cut-
ake creation of a redwood national park absurd.
panies have said tourists want only enough
ees for the snapping of photos. They offer to
for this purpose, and not much more. The
remind you of the places on your face you
le you were shaving.

Hudson, there are plans for a power complex
transmission lines, and a reservoir on top of
g Mountain—destroying one of the last wild
nd beautiful spots near New York City.

to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie
inate at once the breeding grounds of more
an conservationists have preserved in history
ncisco, real estate developers are day by day
ay that made the city famous, putting tract



houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still
more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as
Manhattan.

There exists today a mentality which can conceive such
destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years,
the 40,000 member Sierra Club has opposed that mentality.
But now, when even Grand Canyon can be threatened, we
are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and
free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to
write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the In-
terior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to
continue the battle. Thousands have written, but meanwhile,
the Grand Canyon legislation has advanced out of committee
and is at a crucial stage in Congress. More letters are needed
and more money, to help fight a mentality that may decide
Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- ☐ Please send me more details on how I may help.
- ☐ Here is a donation of \$_____ to continue our effort to keep the public informed.
- ☐ Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." \$25.00
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*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

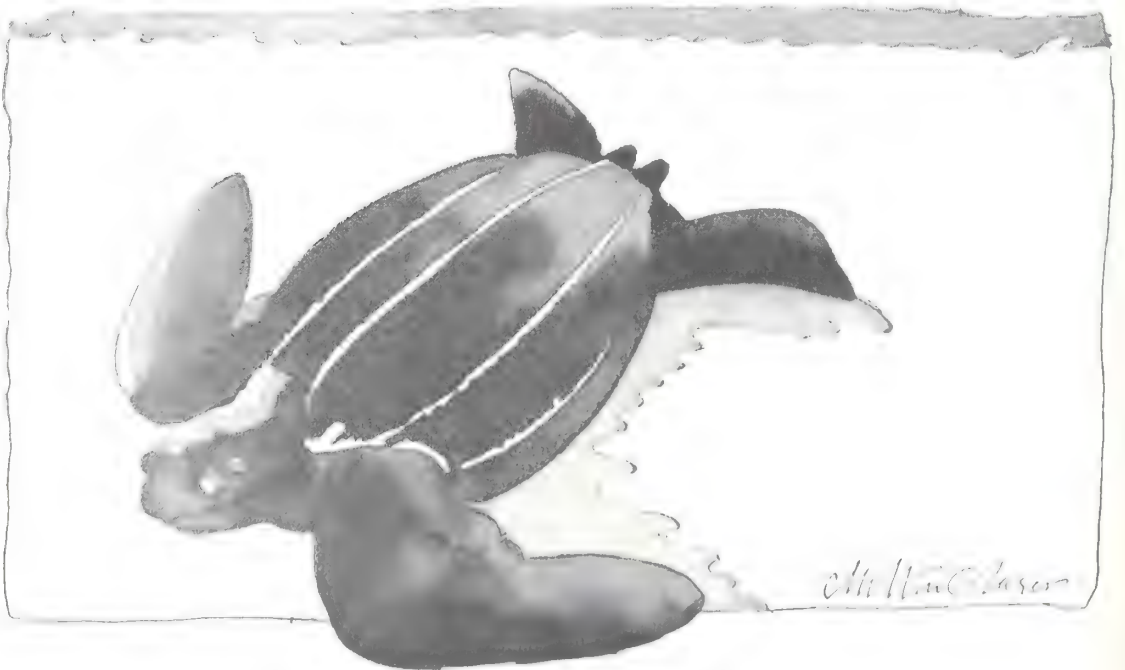
The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.

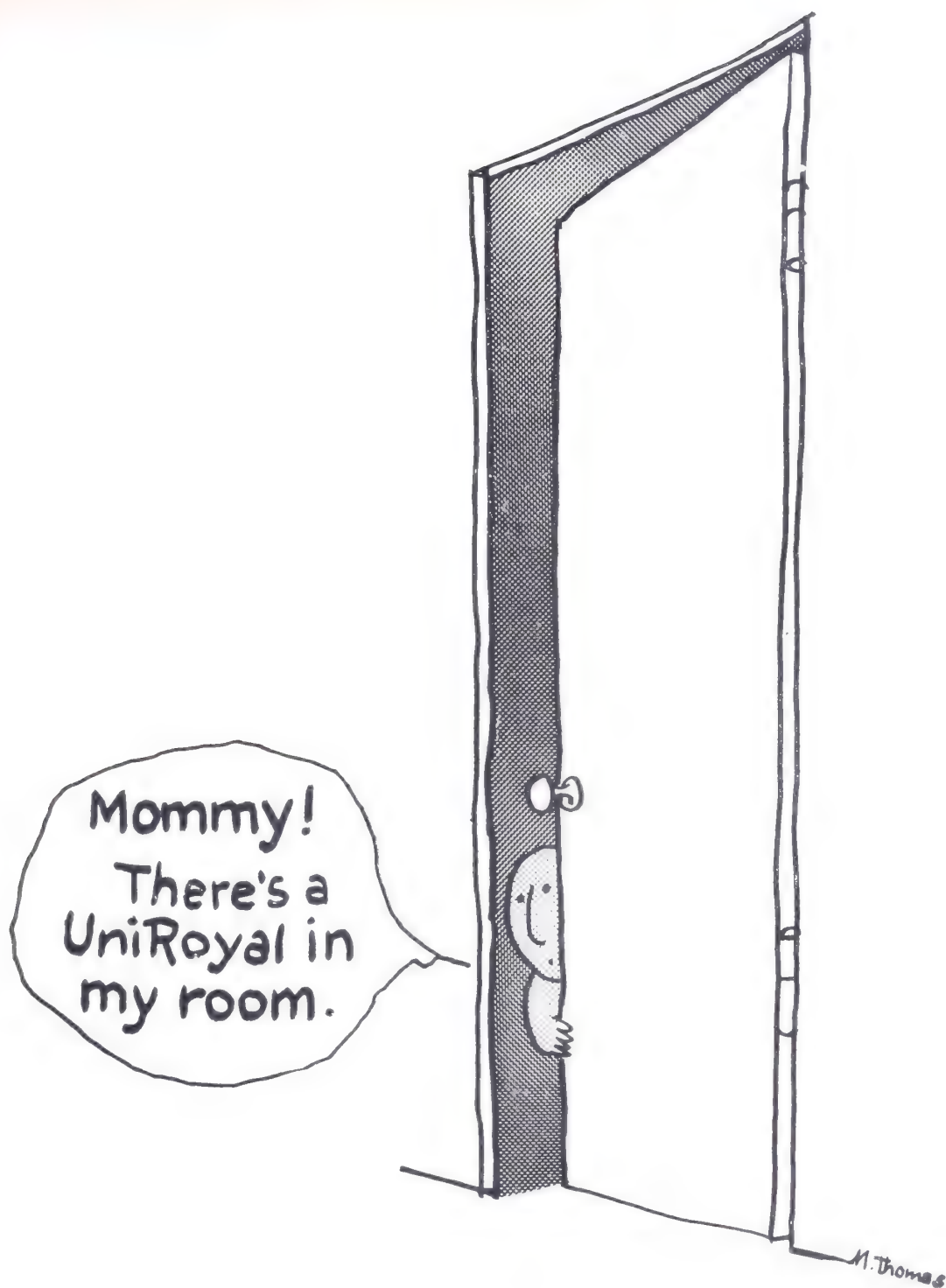
We left the electrician and his fiendish contraption in the village and drove back to Dungun for dinner, then, at half-past six, we piled ourselves and our equipment into the Land Rover and drove down to the turtle beach. It was a beautifully warm, moonless night, ideal for the turtles to come ashore. When we arrived at the village, we found the Headman, several egg collectors, and our circular electrician all jumping up and down excitedly at the edge of the road and waving their arms about. Apparently a large female turtle had just made her appearance and was even now hauling herself up the beach some three hundred yards away. This was an unprecedented stroke of luck and so, groaning under the weight of the portable generator and the cameras, we hurried after the egg collector who had spotted the female. Presently, panting and sweating and covered with sand (for we had all fallen down at least once before we reached the spot), we arrived at where the turtle lay.

I knew they were big, but I had not been prepared for anything quite so massive. She lay on the sand like the hull of an overturned dinghy; her head was the size of a large dog's, with enormous, heavy-lidded, film-star eyes that gazed mournfully into space. With her hind flippers, that were curiously mobile and handlike, she had scooped out a crater in the sand some four feet across and two

feet deep. Very carefully cupping her flippers, she was scooping out the damp sand to make a nice, cup-shaped hollow for the reception of her eggs. The exertion of having hauled herself up the beach and of digging this hole caused her to pant and wheeze distressingly and periodically she would stop digging and have a rest, uttering, at the same time, a prolonged, shuddering sigh. The mucus that normally lubricated her eyes and protected them against the seawater, now flowed copiously from them. It trickled down her cheeks and hung there in long, shining, glutinous strands and this, combined with her heartrending sighs, gave the impression that she was suffering from a melancholy so deep that nothing could possibly alleviate it. Her shell was very curious, for it had the coloring and texture of a well-dubbed saddle with just the curious line of little pyramid-shaped nodules of bone running down the middle.

She dug on solidly for about half an hour and then, apparently satisfied, she shifted her position slightly so that her tail and rear end were directly over the hole. Then, without any apparent effort, she started to lay. The first egg dropped into the nest, gleaming white and sticky in the lamplight like a huge pearl. There was a slight pause and then there was a positive fusillade of eggs, dropping as rapidly as gigantic hailstones into the nest. Most of the eggs were about the size of a billiard





here isn't, go to sleep.
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 u don't go back to bed this min-
 .excuse us for butting in but
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ball but here and there there were some which were only the size of a Ping-Pong ball and others the size of a large marble. Whether these stunted eggs would ever have hatched is, I think, a moot point, but of the ninety-odd eggs she laid, there were at least ten or fifteen of these deformities.

When she had finished laying, she started to shovel the sand back into the hole, using principally her hind flippers and stopping every now and then to pat the sand down tight. When the eggs were well covered, her front flippers came into play, and she used these with a scything movement to scoop up the sand on her broad-bladed paddles and throw it behind her, so that her hind flippers could stamp it into position. When the hole was completely filled in, she shuffled her great body over it, allowing her weight to do the final pile-driving of packing the sand into position; then she hauled herself forward a few feet and started hurling sand backwards with her front flippers with complete abandon. At first I could not quite see the point of this maneuver, until I realized that what she was doing was camouflaging the nest, for a smooth, flattened area on the beach would have been instantly noticeable, whereas now, under this hail of loose sand, it very soon became indistinguishable from the surrounding terrain. When she was satisfied that she had obliterated all traces of her presence, she started to haul her great nine-foot bulk down the beach, a slow and laborious process which took her about half an hour, interrupted by long rests during which she sighed and gasped and blew bubbles and the long chains of mucus hanging from her eyes became more and more encrusted with sand. Then she reached the very edge of the sea and a wave broke and washed her face clean. She lay for a few minutes, luxuriating in the feel of the water, and then slid forward across the wet sand. The waves broke over her and then suddenly lifted her, and from being a gigantic, ungainly creature she became swift and agile. She turned on her side, waved one flipper at us in a rather saucy gesture of farewell and, with speed and grace, shot out to sea.

Several more turtles came out that night and so by about midnight we had obtained all the shots we wanted and, tired but happy, made our way back to Dungun.

The following morning we returned to the beach to see and film the conservation measures that were being taken to preserve the turtle. This scheme was quite a recent innovation and had only been in operation for one season prior to our arrival. The man in charge of the operation, from the Fisheries Department, explained the system to me. The nests, as I said before, were purchased

at the current market price from the concessionaire; these nests were then carefully dug up and the eggs transported to a special, fenced-off area of the beach. Here a new nest hole was dug at just the right depth, the eggs placed in it, and then the sand carefully packed down on top of them: it was very important to try to simulate exactly the conditions of the real nest. Then each nest was marked with a little wooden cross on which was written the date the eggs were laid, the number of eggs and, later, the number that hatched. The result of this was that the fenced-off area of the beach looked rather like a Lilliputian war cemetery, with its rows and rows of little wooden crosses solemnly stuck in the sand.

They had buried, the previous year, ninety-five nests, which amounted to some eight thousand eggs, out of which more than three thousand had hatched successfully. In the normal course of events, when the baby turtles hatch, they dig their way to the surface and then rush down the beach as fast as they can and into the sea. By some curious, telepathic means, most of the ocean's predators, such as sharks and barracudas, seem to know when the succulent babies are about to hatch and so they line the shallow water in a hungry barrier and the babies have to run the gauntlet through this barrier to survive. What with the large proportion of babies lost in this way, plus the fact that the eggs were being harvested in such quantity, the outlook for the Leathery Turtles was pretty grim. In order to circumnavigate the line of hungry sharks and barracudas, each of the little war graves was surrounded, when it neared the time of hatching, with a circle of chicken wire so that when the babies hatched, they could not make their way down the beach. They were then collected in buckets and tubs and taken on the Fisheries launch some two or three miles out to sea, where they were scattered over a wide area. In this way they stood a much greater chance of survival.

When they first hatch, the babies bear very little resemblance to their ponderous parents—some four inches long, they wear gay, pinstriped suits of bright green and yellow and are rather enchanting looking little creatures. Nobody knows how long it takes one of these pinstriped babies to grow to maturity, but one imagines that it must be in the neighborhood of twenty to thirty years before they are old enough to come back to the beach of their birth and dig their own nests.

So far, this scheme has been a great success and I hope that it will continue to be so. The great, white beach at Rantau Dalam should always be a safe nursery for these giants of the sea.

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GATSBY AND THE SEA GULL

A Story by Kenneth Lamott

One of the duties I liked least during the four years I taught high-school courses at San Quentin Prison was to make out, at the end of each academic quarter, a progress report for every student in my class. These reports—submitted in triplicate—contained not only grades in class work and citizenship but also spaces for “Special Observations.” We teachers were encouraged to record here the student’s personality traits and evidence of his rehabilitation rather than his formal academic work because, it was said, the teacher’s report carried considerable weight with the parole board. We were expected to show these comments to the student and have him sign the report as evidence that he was being kept *au courant* with his progress.

I soon discovered that a key verb in the prison worker’s vocabulary was “to mature,” with its related noun, adjective, and adverb. In writing up progress reports for a class of twenty-five or thirty men, I learned to ring all the possible changes on this theme. “Williams has applied himself earnestly to his work and shows growing evidence of maturity,” I might write of a conscientious but dull car thief. A plausible young writer of bad checks was described with the words, “Immature in years, he is beginning to show some sense of his responsibilities as an adult”; while “Cardenas’ work has been somewhat less than satisfactory this quarter, probably due more to the immaturity of his attitude than to any lack of ability,” stated, rather badly, my professional judgment of a lazy narcotics addict. Sometimes, as in the case of a prisoner whose name was Dobson, but who was known to the class as the Sea Gull, none of the possible variations seemed appropriate, and the job of composing “Special Observations” became a laborious struggle with the inadequacies of the English language.

The Sea Gull was a small man, about thirty-five

or forty years old, short, spare, and wispy, with a head that seemed a little larger than it should be. His hair was thin and sandy, his eyes brown, his mouth small. All told, his appearance would have been the ultimate in insignificance except that he managed somehow to broadcast a rather moving confidence in the essential goodwill of the world around him. Everything, his face seemed to say, will turn out all right in the end. I never found out the crime of which he had been convicted, but, judging by the man himself, I should guess it was on the order of conspiracy to commit petty theft or that apocryphal felony, moperly in the second degree.

He was called the Sea Gull because of his daily raids on the trash cans in his cellblock, which, against all prison regulations, he regularly rifled, carrying back to his cell odds and ends of precious rubbish—an empty cookie box, a broken shoelace, an old magazine. Despite the best efforts of the mess-hall guards, he also managed to smuggle out slices of bread, bits of cake, cold cuts, and even boiled beans, which he wrapped in paper napkins and hid under his blue denim shirt. The first time I saw him he was burdened with a bundle consisting of several library books and *National Geographics* secured by a cloth strap, and a large screw-top jar partly filled with a brown liquid. He put this baggage on my desk as he hunted for the ducat, or pass, directing him to report to school. I saw some leaves floating in the brown liquid and asked him if it was tea.

He said it was, and added, “I like to have a little something in the middle of the afternoon. You don’t mind, do you?”

I told him I didn’t mind so long as he took his tea in the break between classes. He assured me that he would, found the ducat at last, and took a seat to the accompaniment of general merriment. I realized that we had acquired a prison character,

but the Sea Gull looked so harmless that I was not too dismayed and went on innocently with my business.

To vary the intellectual diet of the English class, which consisted chiefly of a rather doughy high-school anthology of American writers, I occasionally brought a book from home, which I would read aloud, stopping whenever I came to a good point for discussion or, as we teachers say, whenever anybody had something to contribute. When the Sea Gull joined the class we were in the midst of *The Great Gatsby*, which I had picked not only because I admired it but also because I thought my students' reactions to the story might be illuminating. They were.

When I finished *Gatsby* several days later, an attack on the book was led by Cardenas, the narcotics addict, who was, as I have already said, immature and lazy, but who was also quite articulate. He was a good-looking boy of about twenty, with a dark, high-cheeked Indian face. "It just ain't right to let Tom Buchanan get away with it," Cardenas said earnestly. "Tom was the one that killed Gatsby. He did it. You know he did it. When he told Wilson it was Gatsby driving the yellow car, that was the same as if he'd killed Gatsby himself. Besides, he was a woman beater. It's a bad book. It shouldn't have been wrote."

I argued that in my opinion *Gatsby* certainly wasn't an immoral book, but a strong feeling remained in the class that if Fitzgerald had been a better writer, he would certainly have punished Tom Buchanan appropriately. Nobody seemed to find it ironic that this was the general opinion of a group of convicted felons. Because I was disappointed by the response to one of my favorite books, I deliberately tried to stir up an argument. "I'll tell you why you don't like the book," I said. "Gatsby is exactly what you want to be. You'd all like to make a lot of money in the rackets and live in a big house and have society people come to your parties and fly your own plane. You're sore because Fitzgerald killed Gatsby off. Well, gentlemen, you missed the whole point of the book. Congratulations."

This was received in a silence that I interpreted to mean that I'd hit pretty close to the mark. Cardenas pursed his lips and frowned, but before he said anything, the Sea Gull put up his hand. "What the teacher means," he said, "is that Gatsby was a professional criminal. He had done wrong and he had to pay for it. That's why the author had to kill him."

"That isn't what I meant at all," I protested. "Don't you remember that Nick Carraway told

Gatsby he's worth more than all the rest of them? Doesn't that make it pretty clear that Gatsby is really the hero of the story?"

"Then why did he get killed?" Cardenas asked.

"It was the only right way to finish the story," I said. My eye fell on the open book on the reading stand, and, hoping to change my students' line of thought, I read again the familiar passage from the last page:

"Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—"

"So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past."

Cardenas shook his head and looked puzzled. With one exception, the rest of the class showed even less response. I let them wait for a moment, and then I called on the Sea Gull, who was waving an arm frantically to catch my attention. His face was alight with the pleasure of intellectual discovery. "This is the most important thing in the book," the Sea Gull said.

"I think you're right," I said gratefully. "Go on."

"As I see it," the Sea Gull said, "Fitzgerald is telling us that the future is still before us. Once we come to understand the obligations of mature citizenship, there's nothing we can't accomplish. He's saying the same thing Shakespeare was when he wrote, 'This above all, to thine own self be true.' If we have enough education to understand them, the great writers all have messages for us that can help us solve our personal problems."

During the Sea Gull's speech, Cardenas yawned and looked at the ceiling and I guessed that he was indeed slipping away into an orgiastic future of Cadillacs and Jaguars, of movie starlets and infinitely expandable checking accounts, of rolling fields of the purest golden-leaf marihuana and snowy mountains of unadulterated heroin, of blind parole officers, indifferent policemen, and amiable judges. "Thank you very much, Dobson," I said to the Sea Gull. "I don't think you've quite got the point, and I'm afraid we've already spent all the time we can discussing this topic." I rapped on the desk and gave the class a reading assignment for the next day in the doughy anthology. I tried

Before abandoning a pedagogical career for other pursuits, Kenneth Lamott taught a variety of students, including high-school dropouts, foreigners, would-be novelists, and San Quentin prisoners. His new novel, "The Bastille Day Parade," is to be published in January.

to avoid the Sea Gull's eyes. But it was impossible to ignore him entirely, and the look of betrayal on his face made me feel like an assassin.

A friend of mine who is on a college faculty once told me that teachers are afflicted for their sins by having gifted students. Dobson was my gifted student. He had an astonishing store of information he had picked out of books with the same indiscriminate enthusiasm with which he raided trash barrels. He had read Spinoza and Norman Vincent Peale, Trollope and Frank Yerby, Shakespeare and Adela Rogers St. Johns, and from each he had carried away a message of hope and cheer. He could quote Polonius; he found *Lear* an exercise in positive thinking, the *Odyssey* an illustration of the proverb advising us to try, try again, and Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist* a work showing the advantages of a church-centered childhood. Whatever the assignment was, he always managed to work in a nugget or two of optimism. At the same time he managed to make himself thoroughly obnoxious to the rest of the class.

The Sea Gull's troubles started in earnest when he began to raise a beard and moustache, a privilege permitted prisoners about to go home. Unfortunately, his whiskers came out a rather sparse, gingery orange, which did nothing to dignify his appearance but, instead, exposed him to a daily barrage of ridicule. Cardenas compared him to a billy goat, a beaver, a catfish, and several species of monkey. He was accused of harboring lice, fleas, cockroaches, and mice. He was charged with using shoe polish to achieve his beard's peculiar shade of orange. The Sea Gull endured all this with good humor, smiling politely, as if he rather enjoyed the opportunity of giving his classmates such pleasure.

As his time became shorter and he became the object of envy as well as of contempt, the class treated the Sea Gull more roughly. Matters came close to violence one afternoon when his tea-jar disappeared while he was sharpening a pencil. Cardenas had done it, of course, but before I managed to recover the jar the Sea Gull's face had turned white under his gingery whiskers and he was screaming at Cardenas in a piping, furious voice.

After class, he stopped at my desk to apologize for having made a scene. "I'm really sorry," he said. "There was a reason for it, though. A psychiatrist once told me it was a lot better for me to get it out than to bottle it up inside."

I told him that was no doubt true, but that one had to learn to control one's temper in public.

The Sea Gull agreed earnestly and promised to try to keep a grip on himself in the future. We prepared to leave for our respective homes. Besides the tea-jar, now empty, the bundle of books and magazines, a full-size drawing board, and two cardboard boxes, he was carrying a cloth sack that from its outline appeared to be full of lobsters although it probably contained nothing more interesting than miscellaneous gleanings from the cellblock. As the Sea Gull loaded himself up for his trip back to his cell, I saw that he had really reached his capacity and offered to carry something for him. He gave me the drawing board, and we walked up the stairs, which were quiet now that the rest of the students had departed in the daily three-thirty scramble.

"How short are you?" I asked.

"Fifteen days and a get-up," the Sea Gull said.

"What are you going to do when you get out?"

"My parole officer got me a job as a shipping clerk in San Francisco," he said. "I'm going to work in the daytime and take classes at the University of California extension at night."

"What are you going to study?"

"I want to get a doctorate in psychology," he said.

"That sounds a little ambitious," I said cautiously.

He looked at me anxiously. "You don't think I can't do it, do you?"

"It'll take a long time," I said. "Particularly when you start out without even a high-school diploma."

"I have lots of time," he said. "That doesn't bother me."

I wished him luck. We had arrived at the front door of the education building and were faced with the problem of finding some way for the Sea Gull to carry his drawing board. After trying some other arrangements, I tucked the board under his elbow so that it was partly supported by one of his bony hips, and he scuttled away sideways, like a frightened crab, until he disappeared into the Big Yard on his way to his cell for the four o'clock head count.

Everybody behaved reasonably well during the next week. There were several outbreaks of fierce whispering from the row of chairs where both the Sea Gull and Cardenas sat, but nothing developed of which I had to take official notice until the next Thursday, which was our day for Audio-Visual Aids. The prison was well stocked with educational films, many of which were industrial documentaries that celebrated the dramatic saga of frozen foods, or the development of the out-

board motor, or the contribution of the soft-drink industry to the American way of life. There were also some abridged versions of such films as *David Copperfield*, *The Ox-Bow Incident*, and *Les Misérables*. I discovered, as I consulted our schedule while herding my men from the classroom to the auditorium, that it was our turn to have *Les Misérables* again.

Since I had already seen this movie four times in San Quentin, the reaction of my class was as predictable as the next full moon. Fredric March, as Jean Valjean, the ex-convict who becomes mayor of a city, would be cheered while Charles Laughton, as Inspector Javert, would be booed until, in the climactic scene in which he removes his uniform hat and dives into the Seine, there would be an outbreak of unfettered applause.

As soon as we were inside the auditorium I shut the door and counted heads to make sure nobody had slipped away as we walked down the hall. The Sea Gull, I noticed, had brought all his gear with him, piling it up on two empty chairs, one on each side of him. Cardenas was sitting near him, chatting with a crony. When everybody was accounted for, I turned off the light and sat down in my chair by the door.

As the movie rolled on, the class was not very noisy, but there was no question whom they were rooting for. "Bum beef!" somebody called out when the young Valjean-March appeared in the dock for stealing a loaf of bread. As one man, the class groaned in affected agony when the youthful Javert-Laughton, standing stiffly at attention, almost broke into tears as he declared his religious attachment to the Law. "It's old Bruce," somebody whispered loudly as an overseer strode between the rows of sweating convicts on the galley. "That's not Bruce, that's Vinegarface in the East Block," somebody else insisted. Several of the men had seen the movie before, and I sympathized with their boredom and was willing to put up with a little noise, so long as it remained good-natured. In any case, regardless of the reactions of the other men, I was sure the Sea Gull was watching the movie earnestly, drinking in the evidence that Crime Does Not Pay, that Right Will Triumph over Might, and that Mercy Is Greater than Justice.

When we reached the wonderful chase through the sewers of Paris, the class became quiet as they watched Javert-Laughton, malevolent in a cloak and hunting cap, stalk his quarry. Then, with no more warning than a single howl of outrage, a fight broke out in the dark room. Against the screen, I could see the silhouettes of two men swinging at each other, and even before my hand

touched the light switch, I knew they were the Sea Gull and Cardenas. As the light went on, something made of glass crashed to the floor. I saw Cardenas easily holding the Sea Gull at arm's length, while the smaller man, blind with fury, swung his puny fists in the air. On the floor a cold bean sandwich and the fragments of the broken jar lay in a dark pool of tea and leaves. The Sea Gull's books had been scattered over the floor. Some of them were now lying under distant chairs and some in the tea.

I sent a messenger for Mr. Bruce, the education-building guard; then I told Cardenas to stay where he was, and ordered the Sea Gull to sit on the other side of the room.

"He was trying to steal my books," the Sea Gull said in a tight voice.

He picked up two of his books, crossed the room, and crumpled in a chair, where, holding his bearded face in his hands, he began to cry. The other men were embarrassed by his tears, and by the time Mr. Bruce arrived to deal out justice, even Cardenas was watching with some concern as the Sea Gull's skinny shoulders heaved with long sobs.

Mr. Bruce entered the room and delivered the policeman's classic opening line, "What's going on here?"

I explained that our Audio-Visual period had been broken up by a fight, and identified Cardenas and the Sea Gull as the combatants.

Mr. Bruce wanted to know who started the fight. I said I didn't know, but Cardenas, pointing righteously at the Sea Gull, supplied the answer. The Sea Gull, his face still buried in his hands, didn't deny it, and, unlikely as it seemed that he would have assaulted Cardenas without provocation, I knew that in the eyes of the prison disciplinary committee, he was guilty of starting a fight and that was that.

"All right, men, let's go," Mr. Bruce said briskly. Cardenas led the way, with the Sea Gull, his tear-streaked face averted, following him. While a janitor cleared up the mess on the floor, I told the rest of the class that our Audio-Visual period was over for the day. Later, the janitor brought me the Sea Gull's books and drawing board, which I locked up in a cabinet.

I found out from Mr. Bruce the next day that Cardenas had been sent to the Shelf for fifteen days. (The Shelf is a line of isolation cells that shares the top floor of a cellblock with Death Row. The amenities are few and simple.) Meanwhile, the Sea Gull was languishing in the psychiatric ward of the prison hospital, which was not much more attractive than the Shelf.

Because the end of the spring academic quarter was only a week away I could no longer put off the chore of filling out the progress reports for my class. An education-department clerk had typed in the names and numbers of the men, and all I had to do was to assign grades and fill out the "Special Observations." I took the reports home with me and made them out in the evenings, five or six at a time: "Davis is showing greater maturity in his attitude toward his class work but occasionally demonstrates hostility toward the instructor," and so on. When I came to Cardenas and Dobson, I gave them grades of "Incomplete" and noted merely that they had dropped out.

But as it turned out, both Cardenas and the Sea Gull returned before the quarter was over, Cardenas because his sentence had been commuted in the light of his exemplary behavior on the Shelf, and the Sea Gull because of a remarkable improvement in his condition. They came back the same day and sat down cheerfully in their usual places. The only visible change in either of them was that the Sea Gull had shaved off his whiskers.

While the rest of the class wrote an assigned theme, I called Cardenas and the Sea Gull to the desk one at a time while I wrote their progress reports. I asked Cardenas how he had enjoyed his vacation. "It's not so bad up there," he told me. "I don't go for the food, but it's nice and quiet. I did a lot of reading. You know, the Bible—that's all they let you have up there. First time I read the Bible in my life. Did you know the Bible says it's better to be a live dog than a dead lion?"

I said I remembered something of the sort. "Well," Cardenas said, "I think that's pretty good. I never knew the Bible had things like that in it. Now, what are you going to say about me? Don't say I got into a fight, okay?"

I changed his Incomplete to a C and wrote that "Although Cardenas has been on the whole a cheerful and willing student, he needs to develop more maturity in his social relations in the classroom." Cardenas signed his name without any argument, and went back to his seat, looking considerably relieved.

When the Sea Gull sat down in the chair at the side of my desk, I asked him what had happened to his whiskers. He smiled apologetically. "They made me shave them off," he said. "They decided I'd better stay here until I show some improvement in my interpersonal relations."

I told him I was sorry, but he interrupted me. "Oh, no, no. I really want to stay. While I was up here I began to realize that I still don't have enough stability and maturity to deal with the world outside."

Harvey Shapiro

CROSS COUNTRY

The night's traffic—
I can barely follow the markers,
My eyes stung with seeing.
Snow in the mountains
Is so beautiful.
All through the chemical wastes
Of New Jersey
I follow my guide—
Rare truths in the mountains—
While the kids
Sleep in the back with my wife.
No one to see me
For the dazzling snow.

FIELD MICE

Some wood notes are wild.
Glad to have you in the house,
Piteous small creatures.
Like mad English poets
Of the eighteenth century,
Something crying to be saved.

"Oh," I said. "Well, what am I going to say about you on this report?"

He smiled pleasantly and said nothing.

Finally I wrote, "Dobson has found himself in a difficult situation this quarter but I believe he is developing some insight into his problems." It wasn't at all satisfactory, but the Sea Gull nodded his agreement as he watched me write and smiled as he signed his name. Instead of going back to his seat, he asked, "Do you remember that book we read, *The Great Gatsby*?"

I said I remembered it well.

"While I was up in the psychiatric ward I thought a lot about that book," the Sea Gull said. "I think it helped me more than anything else. It's true what Fitzgerald says. The future is still before us. There's nothing we can't do so long as we understand the duties of mature citizenship."

I almost told him I didn't remember Fitzgerald's saying anything of the sort. But instead, I opened the cabinet and gave him back his books and drawing board. He took them gratefully to his place and piled the books on the writing arm of his chair. Somebody—not Cardenas—laughed. Except for the missing jar of tea it was quite like old times again.



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Victorian Pornography and Other Fallibilities

Ellen Moers

Victorians, by Joan Evans. Cambridge University Press, \$10.

Other Victorians, by Steven Marcus. Basic Books, \$5.95.

It was in the 1920s that respect for Victorians and their special value descended to rock bottom. The Queen had died in 1901 and the brief Edwardian fling had come to a sad end in the trenches; young men and women of the postwar generation found it necessary to discharge, as if clearing the air for their own, very different caper, a surprisingly large amount of pent-up resentment for the faults of the Eminent Victorians. Now, I imagine, of Lytton Strachey's generation suspected how soon the long, uniform rows of maroon-bound Victorian novels would be taken down from glass-fronted bookshelves in air-conditioned attics and passed out, newly done up in natty paper covers, to Beatelean graduate students. Or how much the next postwar generation would be reading about *The Victorians*.

The book of that title by Joan Evans, distinguished medievalist and superb editor, is a handsomely illustrated, luxuriously printed anthology of quotations from Victorian spokesmen on such serious subjects as Society, Women, the Home, Education, Trade, and Transport. Then there is *The Other Victorians*. The book of that title by Steven Marcus, Dickens critic and editor of *Freudiana*, has only one subject: Victorian pornography.

By all that is logical, if unhistorical, Miss Evans's book should sound like a note of dignified respect for the great accomplishments of our Victorian grandfathers, and Professor Marcus's researches, carried forth in the

unhallowed halls of the Kinsey Institute, should strike the last and meanest blow at Victorian hagiography. Exactly the reverse has happened. *The Victorians* is as unsympathetic a portrait of the period as I can remember; while *The Other Victorians* plows through the Victorian cloaca, dripping with Freudian insights, to emerge happily into the daylight of deferential admiration.

Professor Marcus is male, American, and under forty; Miss Evans is female, English, and over seventy. She has preserved intact that sense of personal injury which roused the 1920s generation to anti-Victorian battle. "Old legal prohibitions, old social inhibitions, old stupidities, old failures in charity," she writes in her preface, "rouse me to a stronger anger than is proper in a historian." The statement perfectly sums up the limitations of her anthology.

If one knew nothing of nineteenth-century England but what Miss Evans provides, one would carry away the impression that the Victorians were a crass, money-grubbing, self-seeking, lazy, hypocritical lot who lived in hideous surroundings, abused their children, exploited their women-folk, ground down the faces of the poor, and commented sourly, in bad prose, on their own mismanagement of affairs. Their Queen is presented as a small-minded, tasteless, "curiously uninspiring" figure at the beginning of her reign, and as a "rather stupid, very bigoted, and recently almost mindless" old lady at the end. Their aristocracy appears stupidly conservative and wretchedly ill-educated (when it appears at all—for Miss Evans has eliminated politics from her anthology, and with it any reference to the Young England

movement that revitalized the Tory party in the 1840s, or any quotation from Disraeli). Their poor appear to have been kept ignorant and brutish by a greedy middle class (we hear almost nothing of Chartism, of the trades-union movement, of working-class libraries or religion, even of the self-made man, except for the too-often mentioned George Hudson, the corrupt railway speculator). Victorian religion is presented as an affair of pride, prejudice, and place, designed to hamper education and cripple science.

All the enterprise and imagination, as well as the greed and arrogance that made up the dream of Victorian imperialism are summarized as follows: "Compared with the frankly political expansion of France, the Victorian record in colonial welfare is indubitably bad." And Victorian family life—we look in vain for the frolics and fantasies that made the period in many ways the age of the child—is stigmatized as an affair of brute force manipulated by fear. "There can be few English families that have not record or memory of tyranny to their weaker members in the course of the nineteenth century." All half-true, of course; but Miss Evans speaks here not as historian, but as emancipated woman of the 1920s.

For scholarly purposes, *The Victorians* is almost useless: no index, only a few poor explanatory notes, and too many quotes from familiar surveys of the period. Miss Evans' selection

Ellen Moers is a member of the English Department at Columbia University, and is working on a book about Theodore Dreiser.

of authors to anthologize is lopsided: not a word from Dickens, the Brownings, Trollope, John Stuart Mill, Thackeray, Pater, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, Walter Bagehot, Lord Acton, Samuel Butler, Gosse, Gissing, Hardy, Matthew Arnold; only the stuffiest pronouncements from Newman and Tennyson. Miss Evans tells us at the outset that she will not make use of Victorian novels on the curious grounds that "they are still read" (but not, one suspects, by Miss Evans herself). There is no conceivable justification, however, for failing to draw on Dickens' and Thackeray's letters, Trollope's autobiography, and George Eliot's essays. Who then remain to speak for Miss Evans' *Victorians*? Far too many country parsons, whose names I did not recognize; anonymous letter writers to the *Times*; the pompous or acid voices of Thomas Arnold, Samuel Smiles, Augustus Hare, the Carlyle of *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. There are dozens of other authors, of course, but Miss Evans' bias gives somewhat the impression that would be derived from a portrait of our own times made up preponderantly of selections from the utterances of Huntington Hartford, Elijah Muhammad, and Barry Goldwater.

Specialists in the period will be offended by errors in Miss Evans' introductory essays: the Crystal Palace

was not "destroyed by Hitler"; "to belong to a farming family," whatever that may mean, did not exclude one automatically "from good society," whatever that may mean; it was hardly "only Morris who wanted to stylize Nature in an archaizing way." Her offhandedly inaccurate remarks on Victorian architecture and design are particularly inexcusable, even on the grounds that Miss Evans finds all Victorian art beneath contempt, coming as they do from an art historian. Scholars and casual readers will be equally offended at the discovery that they must look to the back of this big volume merely to find out *who* is being anthologized; of all parts of *The Victorians* that one wants to criticize, its wide, empty, expensive-looking margins are not least at fault.

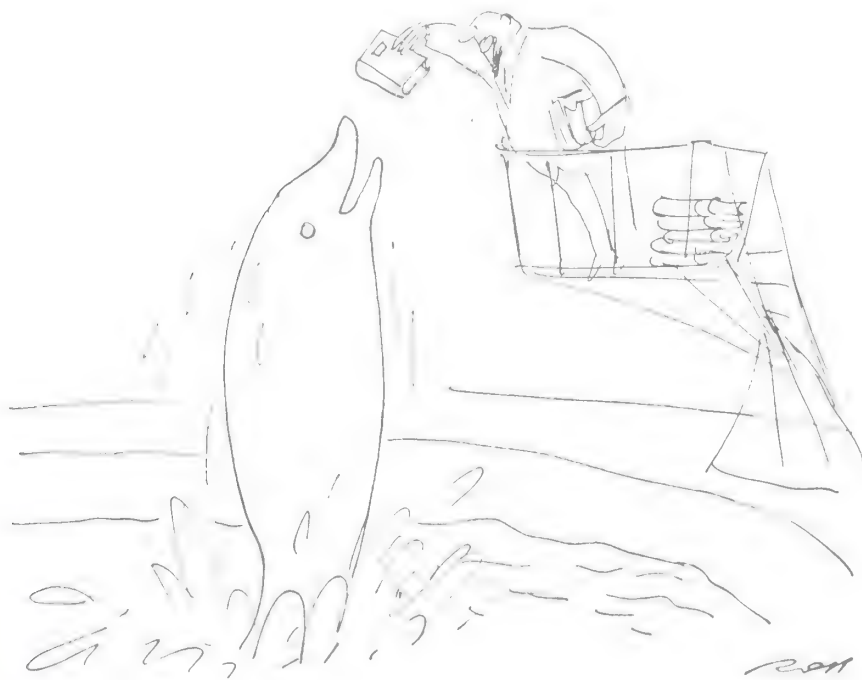
Working on a dreary and difficult subject, Professor Marcus tells us more of interest and importance. That money, power, hypocrisy, and fear ruled the sexual existence of the Victorian age (and almost every other), he is of course well aware. But Mr. Marcus also understands that we hear so much from the Victorians about the inequity of their society because their sensibility, which we inherit, was alert to suffering. The study of Victorian pornography has led Mr. Marcus, somewhat to his surprise, to an emphatic reaffirmation of quintessential Victorian values: self-denial,

discipline, restraint, and respectability, of which last, he writes, "one of the chief components" is, after "self-respect."

We are all in debt to Mr. Marcus whose undertaking required courage, stamina, and a strong stomach. *Other Victorians* succeeds in being once frank, sophisticated, and lively with pornographic quotations, also wholly serious and scholarly in intent. I believe that this combination is an original achievement (and so does Mr. Marcus, who says so periodically). His most valuable material deals with the medical and biological works of Dr. William Acton (who provides a guide to the often nonpornographic Victorian view of sexuality) and with *My Secret*, an extraordinary pornographic autobiography published anonymously around the year 1890.

As Mr. Marcus points out, the literary critic is obliged to come to terms with this material, insofar as pornography is not sex but writing. We may speculate how far the verbalizing of sex inhibits its being put into practice, how far verbal pornography is a substitute gratification rather than an incitement to the real thing. To answer such questions an examination of Victorian pornography should, I would have thought, prove most illuminating, for at a time before or since was verbal sexuality so ruthlessly excised from ordinary conversation or literary intercourse. And at no time before or since so much pornography been produced and sold.

Yet Mr. Marcus believes that pornography has changed little over the centuries, and that its tradition is made up of stock situations, formulae, pseudoliterary devices, routine observations and fantasies—has been stable, for hundreds of years, than the determinants of time or place. How disappointing! Would not one expect Victorian pornography to be full of fainting maidens, innocent as lilies and icy as icicles, who would shout more loudly in protest against violation than any other pornographic maidens? Would not one expect men to be more canting, middle-aged, and sanctimonious than other pornographic men? Its sadism more actively antifemale? Its hysteria more hysterical? Its stratagems more devious? But no: it would



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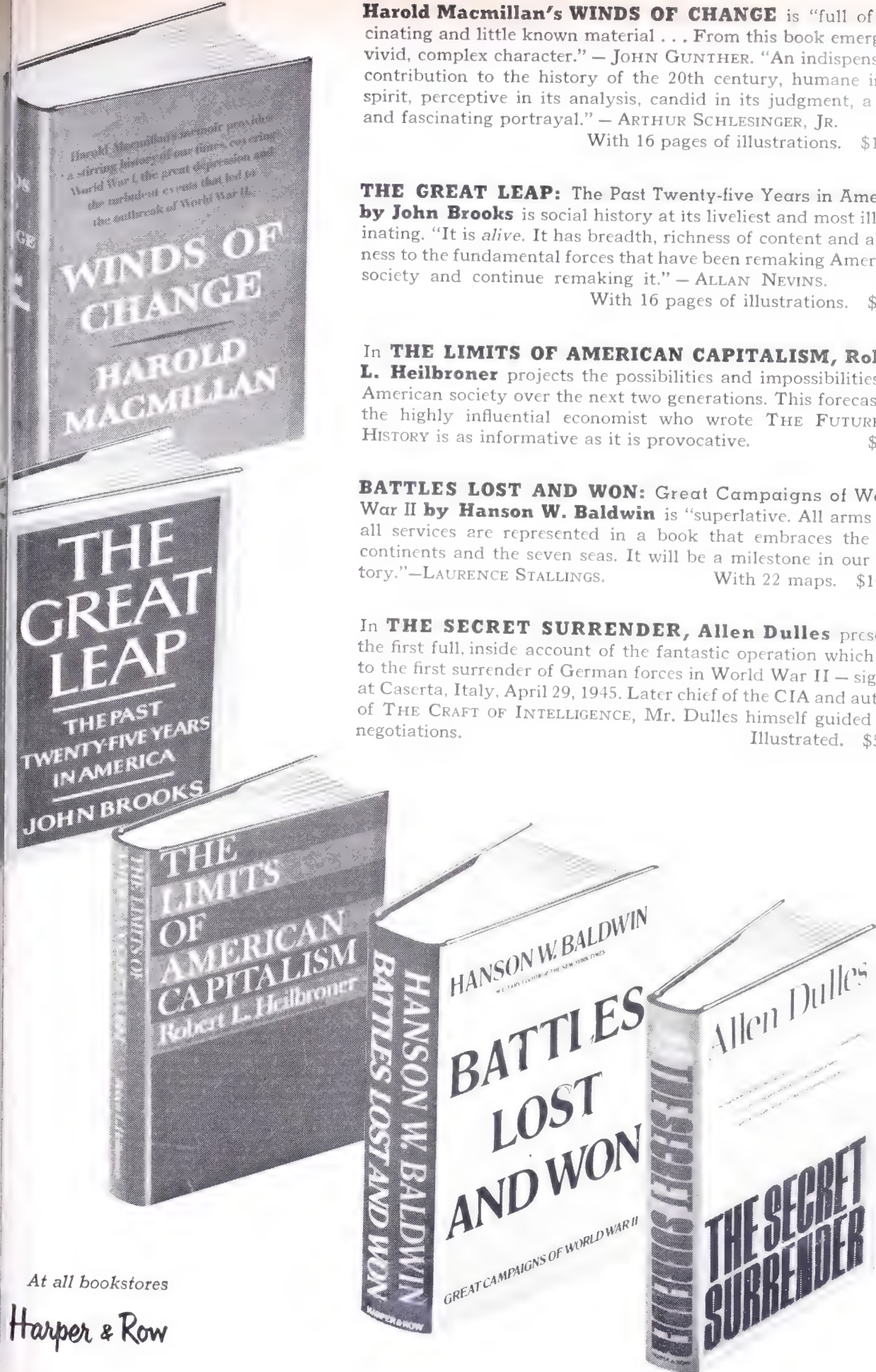
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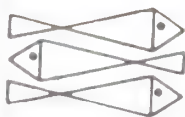
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pear that all hard-core pornography is eternally the same: all its women limitlessly lubricious, all its men young and handsome, all its flagellations administered by women to men.

I do wish, however, that Mr. Marcus had dealt less offhandedly with the relation between his own subject and the contemporaneous pornography of outspoken France. He says merely that "in the century of national literatures, pornography produced a body of writing that was truly international in character." He does not explain the almost total absence, from the pornographic works he analyzes, of sexual episodes involving women of the aristocracy; of the time-honored theme of seduction as a military stratagem; of the use of sex as a means to class mobility. Are these subjects and themes too literary, too real to find their way into all pornography, or does their absence imply something special about the Victorian product? Nor does Mr. Marcus have room to discuss the relationship between routine pornography and pornographic works by Victorians of repute, like Swinburne and Beardsley, or private, borderline writings like the juvenilia of the Brontës or the diary of George Eliot's friend, John Chapman. What does interest Mr. Marcus is the es-

entially antiliterary fantasy life vealed by hard-core pornography; one could convey its airlessness, sickly futility, its tragic deadliness more effectively than he has done.

Like Joan Evans, but on a much lesser scale, Professor Marcus offers the scholar. None of his many quotations is identified by chapter or page. If the Kinsey people made it impossible for Mr. Marcus to assist future research they were wrong, and should have said so. The omission of place notes in the case of Dr. Ackerly (not, after all, a pornographic writer is particularly to be regretted. The value of Mr. Marcus' book is also limited by his reluctance to draw on authorities (from the fields of the history of costume, law, publishing, economics, to name only a few that would have been useful) other than the psychoanalytic. His sociology tends to be of the "we can assume" "we all know" variety, and he has an odd way of referring us to much psychoanalytic studies as if conferring a great favor. *The Other Victorians* might, with a little more time and trouble, have been a better book. But one can perfectly understand Mr. Marcus' eagerness to escape from dreary confines of what he pleasantly calls "pornotopia."

The Assassination: Some Serious Exceptions to the Warren Report

by Roger Butterfield

Inquest: The Warren Commission and the Establishment of Truth, by Edward Jay Epstein. Viking, \$5.

Rush to Judgment, by Mark Lane. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$5.95.

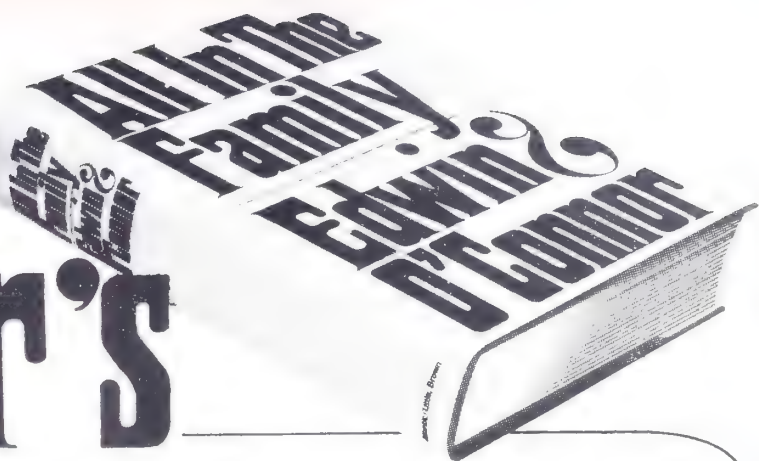
The Oswald Affair: An Examination of the Contradictions and Omissions of the Warren Report, by Léo Sauvage. World, \$6.95.

Whitewash, by Harold Weisberg. Privately printed.

These books all deal, in different ways, with the many loose ends and conflicts of evidence which were swept

under the rug by the Warren Commission in reaching its unanimous conclusions about the assassination of President Kennedy. Mr. Epstein's *Inquest* is the most effective indictment yet of the Commission's methods and findings. It is clearly written, concise, and logical; it avoids polemics or legalistic nit-picking; the author takes note of the fact that the Commission was hurried in its work by strenuous political pressure. He pulls no punches in labeling the entire investigative effort "extremely superficial," or in explaining why

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finds parts of its famous Report "inaccurate," "misleading," "dubious," and (in words quoted from one of the Commission's lawyers) "simply dishonest." Mr. Epstein began this study as a master's thesis in government at Cornell; he is obviously a talented young man who knows how to win friends and influence people to talk. In his role as inquiring scholar he obtained significant interviews with five of the Commission's seven members (all except Chief Justice Warren and Senator Richard B. Russell) and with ten key members of the Commission's staff. An interesting statistic which he brings out is that four of the Commission members were so busy with other government duties that they heard less than half the testimony given; Senator Russell, for instance, heard only 6 per cent, while Allen Dulles, who attended more hearings than any other member, heard 71 per cent.

Inquest is the first book I have read which offers reliable information about maneuvers, debates, and doubts within the Commission itself. For example, readers of the Warren Report

may recall it admitted "some difference of opinion" about what has come to be the most crucial point in the case—i.e., whether Governor Connally's wounds were caused by a bullet that passed through the President's body, or by a different bullet.

We learn now that "difference of opinion" was a mild way of putting it. Mr. Epstein, citing his interviews, tells us that two members of the Commission, Senator John Sherman Cooper and Representative Hale Boggs, still do not believe the one-bullet theory, while a third member, Senator Russell, reportedly refused to sign the Report if it concluded that both men were hit by a single bullet. This strong dissent within the Commission—equivalent to a hung jury in a real murder trial—was glossed over and concealed from the public by a shuffle of adjectives. The majority offered to say there was *compelling* evidence in favor of the one-bullet theory; Senator Russell suggested *credible* instead (although it was not credible to him); and the staff members who wrote the Report finally came up with a phrase—"there is very

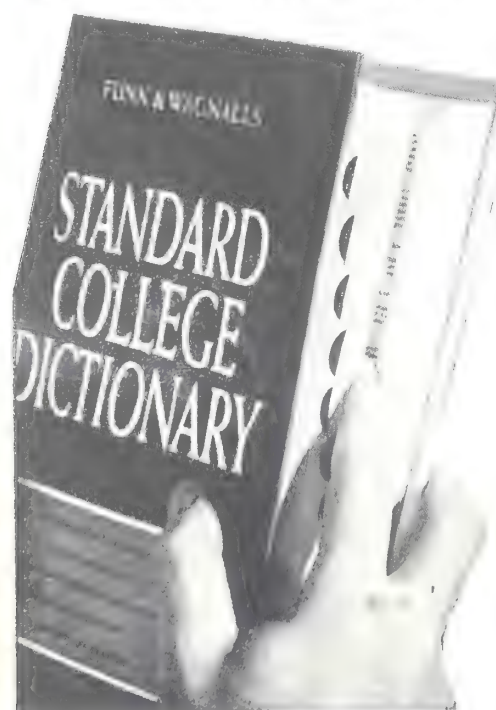
persuasive evidence to indicate the same bullet which pierced President's throat also caused Governor Connally's wounds"—which seven members agreed to sign.

(One witness who was never persuaded was Governor Connally himself. He told the Commission he heard two shots fired, and distinctly heard two bullets strike the President, but that neither one had an effect on him. Between those two shots the Governor was wounded, and fell over in his wife's arms. He did not hear the shot which struck him because "a rifle has a velocity that exceeds the speed of sound" and "I was hit prior to the time the sound reached me, and I was either in a state of shock or the sound was such that the sound didn't register. . . ." Which sounds very reasonable, along with the testimony of Mrs. Connally, who said she saw the President holding his hands to his wounded throat when her husband was hit, and the testimony of Connally's doctors, who denied the movie-film evidence and declared the Governor was not hit until at least six frames after Kennedy was wounded, and also the evidence of more than one hundred eyewitnesses, not one of whom testified that both men were hit by the same bullet.)

Why is the single-bullet theory so important? Because the amateur movie film, made by Abraham Zapruder in Dallas, shows Governor Connally affected by his wounds about one second after the first shot struck the President. It was impossible for a single rifleman to fire two bullets in such short time. All the experts, and all members of the Commission, agreed on this. So either one bullet struck both men, or there were two assassins.

You can read a great deal about this controversy in all four books listed above. I find Mr. Epstein's account the most enlightening and easiest to follow. With his good knowledge of the Commission's personnel and their methods, he is able to trace the evolution of the

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Mr. Butterfield, a former editor of "Life," and author of "The American Past," has studied and written all four assassinations of U. S. presidents.

THE NEW BOOKS

hypothesis from a conversation in 1964 between a Commission member (Arlen Specter) and two doctors (Commanders James J. and J. Thornton Boswell) who conducted the autopsy on the President first, according to Specter, of the single bullet—and of a “reaction” by Governor Connally suggested by Humes. Later imbedded in the Commission’s report as a “possibility” acknowledged by several witnesses. One not favorable opinion was expressed by Frazier, an FBI ballistics expert: “I would certainly say it was not but I don’t say that it probably occurred because I don’t have the evidence on which to base a statement about it.” Despite this clear disavowal of the Warren Report, on page 10 declares: “Frazier testified that the bullet which first hit Kennedy struck Governor Connally.” There are other objections to the single bullet theory that are not pleasant to think about. There is the problem of the President’s wounds—not the wound which shattered his skull, the earlier wounds in his back and head which caused him to clutch at his head before the final bullet was fired. Conflicting descriptions of these wounds, and the definite marks made on his clothing, simply do not agree with the Commission’s conclusion that they were “probably” made by a single bullet which then struck on and inflicted all three of the Governor’s wounds. And it is now impossible to obtain any clearer medical evidence.

similar discrepancies—mostly minor and some serious—can be found in the twenty-seven volumes produced by the Warren Commission, and other investigations of the case. Let the circumstantial evidence and the points overwhelmingly to Lee Harvey Oswald as a deliberate participant (and so far as we know the only one) in the killing of President Kennedy. None of the Commission’s report has produced a glimmer of evidence that would justify accusing anyone else. The theory of a “second shooter” with a wife who looked like him, who went around Texas giving names to people, and then committed the murder, while the real killer rushed out on the street and immediately got himself arrested,

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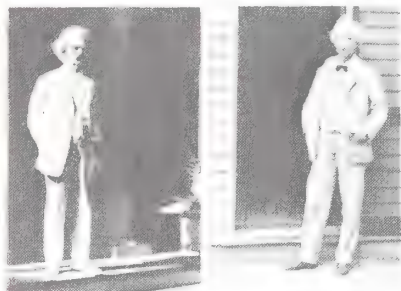
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must be the pipe dream of a sick humorist. And the "Texas oil millionaire," beloved by European newspaper readers, who supposedly paid Oswald to take the rap, has never been named or approximately identified. It is impossible to picture him keeping silence and rubbing his hands with secret glee at getting away with this crime.

No, the assassins of Presidents can only complete their act by taking credit in public and declaring their reasons. Even John Wilkes Booth accomplished that from the stage of Ford's Theatre. I believe Oswald would have done the same if he had lived a little longer. And I don't think for a moment that Jack Ruby had any motive for shooting Oswald other than a warped yearning for self-glorification.

One reason I like Mr. Epstein and *Inquest* is that he has no pet theories to peddle. He adds up the tough facts that historians must cope with for a long time to come. Mr. Mark Lane, in

Rush to Judgment, is impatient about a theory that does not make sense to me, namely, that Oswald was innocent. His book is an argument for the defense, very earnest and intelligent, but admittedly one-sided.

Mr. Sauvage's *The Oswald Investigation* is the work of a French journalist who has investigated the Kennedy murder on his own and collected bits of evidence that are not easily available elsewhere. He is addicted to mystery. "The Chicken Bones Mystery," "The Italian Rifle Mystery," "The Mystery of the Russian Widow," and but his book will interest you if you have an insatiable appetite for facts. Mr. Weisberg's self-published *Wash* brings up the rear of the pack, and, I fear, deservedly so. Its statements regard facts can be regarded by one short quote: "If the Kennedy murder had not happened, it would have had to have been 'invented.' There is reason to believe that effect, it was."

The Peace Corps Twice Over Lightly

by John F. Warner

Twentyone Twice: A Journal, by Mark Harris. Little, Brown, \$5.95.

Don Quixote, U.S.A., by Richard Powell. Scribner, \$4.95.

The story is told that Sargent Shriver, asked by President Kennedy to become the first head of the Peace Corps, snorted, "That lemon." "Well," retorted Kennedy, "you make it lemonade." And lemonade it has become, completely drowning the derisive comments that greeted its birth. Even an occasional internal dash of bitters (Margery Michelmores's rash postcard in October 1961, describing the primitive conditions in Nigeria, comes to mind) has failed to sour the taste. Indeed, in its five-year existence the Peace Corps has grown to more than twenty times its original size: from five hundred Volunteers

to over twelve thousand serving in forty-six countries today.

These Volunteers are, as one might expect, highly individualistic and great admirers of governmental agencies, whether ours or those of the countries in which they serve. To an eye on its Volunteers the Peace Corps from time to time sends an "expert" (invariably referred to as "the Washington spy" by those in the field) on a brief observation trip to a country or two.

In 1964 Shriver invited Mark Harris to "examine Peace Corps projects, and individuals" in Africa. More specifically, Harris was charged with reporting on the so-called "risks"—

Mr. Warner, a former teacher, is now a free-lance writer and

THE NEW BOOKS

who "often violate the rules of decency," perhaps by ignoring customs (one, for example, refuse to honor the host country's flag emblem), or by stepping beyond expected functions (another accumulated a small personal library as a farmer).

My Life Twice (Harris was then 20 years old) is the result: his first journal of that experience. Reading this journal you expect to discover something of the work of the Peace Corps Volunteers, you don't find it. Mark Harris. "My life's first book I'm trying to open, I can't open it and suffer the joys and consequences, as I've been doing with my books, getting closer and closer to myself . . . being my own psychiatrist and my own confessor," he writes. And that's precisely what it is. Mark Harris prying into his life with the Peace Corps, falling back into the shadows. Fans of Harris will be delighted at this might call the book a sequel to *The Glove Boy*. Others will un-likely be irritated by his painful-whimpering-introspection.

Harris tells us more about himself about the Peace Corps, such as the case with Richard Powell, one of the gentler practitioners of satirical fiction, takes on

the Corps in *Don Quixote, U. S. A.*, thereby assuring it, as it were, a place in the sun. (One sure indication of an organization's acceptance occurs when it becomes the object of satire.)

Powell's hero is one Arthur Peabody Goodpasture, scion of an old and respected Boston family—and proof, one soon discovers, that the Peace Corps does indeed harbor "risks." Goodpasture, an agricultural expert with a fondness for bananas, is assigned to the Caribbean Republic of San Marco. A kind of Gomer Pyle figure: idealistic, perseverant, saintly beyond reproach, Goodpasture is soon irreverently tagged "*El Estupido*" (loosely, "the worm") by the locals. About bananas they couldn't be less concerned. It is El Gavilan, revolutionary *extraordinaire*, who holds attention. Unwittingly drawn into the explosive political situation, Goodpasture suffers through a series of misadventures, culminating in a marvelously contrived climax, whereby he becomes San Marco's newest dictator.

Thanks to Powell's deft touch, what could easily be an excruciatingly forced novel is really capital fun. And what's more, we get, at least by implication, an insight into the spirit that characterizes Peace Corps Volunteers. Mark Harris should have done as much.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Catherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Fixer, by Bernard Malamud. During the reign of Tsar Nicholas II, 10 years after the turn of the century, a Jew was arrested for the murder of a young Christian in the suburbs of Kiev. The boy was viciously killed and drained of blood to make matzos for Passover. The story went. Anti-Semitism took over and the Jew, Yakov Yitch Bok, was accused of the murder. He was the most faceless sympathetic one could imagine. Or at an early age, he had lived his life in a tiny village in the Pale of Settlement; he had

within the year been abandoned by his wife, and in desperation had decided to leave the Pale. He took his only possession—his tools (he was a "fixer")—and set out to find some kind of future in Kiev. Earnest, eager, in spite of being friendless and lonely he did pretty well for awhile. Then came the trumped-up accusation. More than half of this remarkable book deals

Mrs. Jackson, who this month resumes her bimonthly column, has been for some years editor of *The New Books* department. She is coeditor with Hiram Haydn of "*The Papers of Christian Gauss*."

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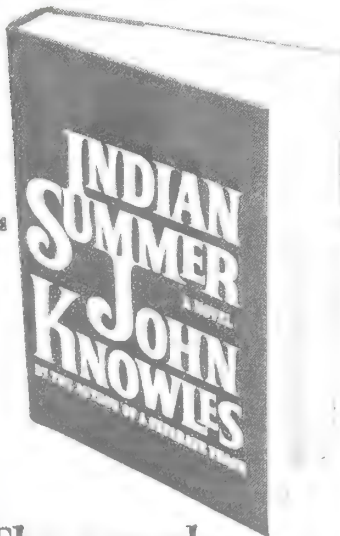
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

with Yakov's life in prison—nearly two years—before the indictment is handed down and he is brought to trial. Most of this time he is in solitary confinement being spat upon, starved, frozen, beaten, totally cut off from human contacts. Job's afflictions were nothing compared to his and he had no solace, for he was not even a believer. How can one read so much about one man's inarticulate sufferings? This is Mr. Malamud's secret and his genius. One reads because one has by now absolute faith and belief in the moral stamina and dogged determination of this man to justify himself and to survive—and not with a whimper either. When one is aching and bruised with the physical suffering and indignity imposed on Yakov one turns to him, the victim, for help and reassurance. One watches with excitement and triumph when he is finally taken to trial, as he thinks totally unknown, lost, and friendless, but sure of his own identity—and finds the streets lined with people calling his name. He has not been forgotten. There have been people fighting the Establishment and the Tsar for justice in his name. The mind reels with pride in human achievement and one's identification with Yakov is complete. To fall back on a much abused word, the book is a remarkable creative achievement.

Farrar, Straus and Giroux, \$5.95

Blood Accusation: The Strange History of the Beiliss Case, by Maurice Samuel.

It is odd how ideas converge in time. This book, a historical and factual documentation of the actual crime and trial on which Mr. Malamud's novel must be based—though divergent in detail—is being published within a couple of weeks of the fictionalized account without. I understand, either author knowing that the other was working in the same field. This is the ironic and dramatic story from outside the prison walls, presented as history in most literate and readable fashion. Morrow, \$5.95

The Birds Fall Down, by Rebecca West.

How much should one have to "try" to like a novel? As an admirer of Miss West as essayist and reporter—and almost as dedicated to her novels—I could hardly wait to start this new

book, already widely heralded as October selection of the Book-Month Club. It is the story of a family of an exiled Russian (very loyal to (though in disagreement with) the Tsar—in Paris in the 1900s. His half-English granddaughter, eighteen, comes with her mother to visit the old man and after a interlude during which she becomes significantly involved with the household she starts with him on a train journey to the south of France. A strange (to her) man comes into their compartment who turns out to be a one-time friend of the old man but now an anti-Tsarist. Through an extraordinary conversation (with the whole compartment apparently listening) over a hundred pages he and the Count recapitulate past and present Russian plots and dangers and the whole course of their journey and the granddaughter's life.

The story has all the elements of excitement and intrigue, plot, counterplots, unknown villain, murders; the turn-of-the-century settings are done as only Miss West can do them—the English home, the Paris apartment, the interminable sick recollections of the old man, the aristocrat (the title comes from a section). The reconstruction of times and places is brilliant. The author's ability to get into the mind of her characters, to make understandable the motives of Count, the young girl, and especially the double traitor who threatens all, is the novelist at her magic. But one is conscious of feeling that this is an old-fashioned story. How much be told? Can't we get it? What is the point of all this exquisite detail? And at the end isn't sure what the real message is. The nature of treason? The nature of dedication—to country, to people, to a way of life, to idealism all there, but for this reader rather than revealed by the narrative the telling—so much of it narrative within narration while the story is stopped. It is a piece, perfect but relentless ornamentation. Viking

Three, by Ann Quin.

If Miss West overelaborates a story, here is one told, one made by telegram, in nearly indecipherable

BOOKS IN BRIEF

...y much enjoyed the author's
...*Berg*, though it was writ-
...modern idiom that makes a
...game of time and sometimes
...ar. But for me *Berg* had ra-
...d a story strong enough to
...through confusion. In this
...bout a man, his wife, and
...oman who live together in
...e atmosphere, I got totally
...reader is switched from one
...or journalist to another and
...ire who's talking *now*; then
...literally pages of free-asso-
...ords and phrases like this:

...gs. Where lights are stars.
...ome hands. Impressions stain.
...Recollections.
...ught in a mirror. Spaces be-
...clouds
...s. Never rubbed out

...hs
...w. Blowing faces. Hollows are

...erstands that the second
...as committed suicide and
...book deals with the story
...s to the suicide. But it is too
...nrvael. In poetry one can be
...go back and back for mean-
...in a novel, no matter how
...the language, I think not.
...Scribner, \$3.95

...ces of the Heart, by Chris-
...d.

...thor of *The Man Who Loved*
...and *The Salzburg Tales*
...frenzied story of a laboring-
...ttish family, especially of the
...ing but tormented eldest
...Nellie. She has managed to
...newspaper writer, got her-
...ondon, and married a labor
...er brother and sister try to
...r ambitious ideas—with dire
...The characterizations of this
...clan defeat themselves. The
...ecome caricatures like the
...ways-the-same figures in a
...nd-Judy show and after a
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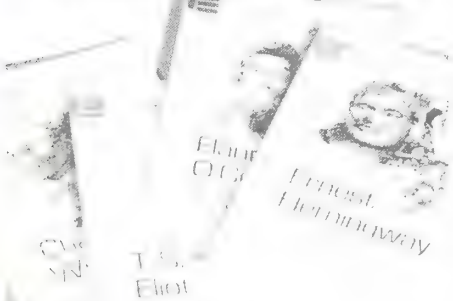
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

it when it was first published in 1940. It is subtitled simply, "A Love Story," and involves the adventures and attitudes of three couples and a hawk on a summer afternoon outside of Paris in the 1920s. Young novelists today who seem to be using language and symbolism only to obscure their meaning can learn much from Mr. Wescott. He not only suggests, he explains what he is doing and with compassionate wit and imagination tempts the reader to greater understanding and to absolute involvement. And he loses not a shade of subtlety thereby.

Harper & Row, \$4

Nonfiction

Young Mrs. Ruskin in Venice, edited
by Mary Lutyens.

With impeccable scholarship and a great gift of enthusiasm for her subject, Miss Lutyens has edited these letters of the young Mrs. John Ruskin (called Effie) written from Venice on two separate visits between 1849 and 1852 when the marriage was annulled. Her chatty letters about Venetian society and her husband's work; Miss Lutyens' illuminating footnotes; and the letters of gossip and talk from the families of the couple and other friends give a surprising and revealing picture not only of life in European society of the time but of the real texture, good and bad, gay and melancholy, of the ill-fated Ruskin matrimonial venture. A most original piece of scholarship enhanced by humor and a sense of character and sound showmanship. By the author of *To Be Young and Lady Lytton's Court Diary*.

Vanguard, \$8.50

Under Gemini: A Memoir, by Isabel Bolton.

This evocation of childhood and family life in New England (Springfield, New London, Goshen) before the turn of the century has something of the quality of Rumer and Jon Godden's book about childhood in India at about the same time (*Two Under the Indian Sun*). The Godden book is harder-headed and less romantic but both are stories of remarkable relationships between sisters—this one between identical twins, Mary Miller (Isabel Bolton) and her sister, Grace.



The place of William Carlos Williams among the great poets of our century is now firmly established. This anthology of selections from all his books—poetry, novels and stories, autobiography, plays and essays—shows that he was a prose writer of remarkable originality and power. A number of important pieces from early, out-of-print volumes are included.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The narrative moves slowly with dreamy timelessness of summer in childhood, but move it does. No one, I think, who reads it will be moved by this strange and beautiful double-single childhood experience of more than half a century ago. The author of *Do I Wake or Sleep?* Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.75

Two More on Kennedy

Kennedy, by Pierre Salinger. It's a tough assignment—being the close adviser to John F. Kennedy—to publish a book about those particularly when it means following Theodore Sorensen and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. The edge is only off some of the big political issues like the Bay of Pigs but, like when listening to a bedtime story, seem insatiable on the subject of Kennedy years and want to hear and over how it all happened. Highlights of this account from President Kennedy's press secretary not surprisingly, his discussion of the relations of the press to the presidency and, at the end, his suggestions as to how they might be altered. And his story of how he and Secretary Rusk and five other members of the cabinet learned the news of the assassination (they were in a plane over the Pacific flying to Japan) is one of the most dramatic of all the dramatic happenings of that dreadful . . . Mr. Salinger's narrative at the end of the book of his own abortive political career in California added to me, I'm afraid, tacked on. Doubleday, \$5.95

Pleasure of His Company, by B. Fay, Jr. B. Fay, who first met Kennedy in boat training days in 1942, was a friend ever after and in 1961 became his Under Secretary of the Navy. The book is a personal record of the delight it was to be one of his intimates—on a PT-boat, at his bachelor's dinner and wedding, at Christmas with the family in Florida, on visits to Hyannis, sharing incidents at country clubs (quite a lot of them), and the-scenes campaigning, etc. In spite of some graceless moments and some clumsy writing, the pleasure indeed comes through and there are many pictures never published before. Harper & Row, \$5.95



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A long, uproarious, and always touching excerpt from the forthcoming novel by the author of *Letting Go* and *Goodbye, Columbus*, in which young Roy Bassart, freshly discharged from the U.S. Army, comes face to face with certain unexpected aspects of the American Way of Life.

The Newspaper de Gaulle Has to Read

by Herbert Lottman

A sharp appraisal of *Le Monde*, France's greatest newspaper: why it is essential reading in all world capitals, where it finds its money, and how it got its reputation for being anti-American.

The Giant Adolescent of Higher Education

by Russell Lynes

Junior (and Community) Colleges are expanding at such a rate that even their most ardent advocates can hardly catch up with them. This is a cool look at the hottest thing in higher education.

The Fight at Monkey

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The Conflict That Never Ends: Scientists vs. Animal Lovers *by Lucy Eisenberg*

Toscanini and the Others *by George R. Marek*

Performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz

SACRED, PROFANE, AND PLAIN PECULIAR

John Huston, Ava Gardner, and George C. Scott find God in a new film called "The Bible" . . .

poets Voznesensky and Ginsberg read their own work . . . so does Truman Capote . . . and an Episcopal priest named Reverend Boyd plays hipster on LP.

In 1966, when the movie *The Bible* has opened for the mists of Creation to vanish and flora and fauna of almost every kind to appear on the face of the earth. Then a man's shape can be seen taking form under a mound of dust. As the dust trickles away, his body slowly emerges: first his legs, then his torso, arms, head. His name, we are told, is Adam; he is fair, smooth-shaven, nude; and he wears his hair like a Beatle.

He is soon followed by Eve, who is also fair and long-haired, a perfect Nordic type sprung from the bowels of the Middle East. (No Negroes appear in this Bible, which was filmed in Italy and Africa, except for a few extras.) She too wanders around in the nude, frolicking on Eden's grassy slopes and exposing for a brief moment here and there her bare backside. During these moments, we are on the edge of our seat, or almost; will she find the nerve to turn around? She does eventually, as does Adam, but she can be seen only from the waist up, her breasts hidden by her

long blonde hair which seems to be coyly pasted to her skin to avoid the revealing effects of a strong wind. Soon she and Adam are on their way out of Eden in search of clothes. (In real life, their names are Ulla Bergryd and Michael Parks, and they are both good-looking.) So much then for suspense in this latest epic of the Giant Screen, 70MM variety.

The movie, which is subtitled in tiny letters "... in the beginning," takes us from the Creation through the story of Abraham (George C. Scott) and the sacrifice of Isaac, passing along the way in shorter or longer episodes Cain (Richard Harris) and Abel, the Flood and Noah (John Huston), the Tower of Babel and crazy King Nimrod (Stephen Boyd), and Lot and the Avenging Angels (Peter O'Toole, who plays all three of them at the same time). A narrator (John Huston) sets the scene for each of these adventures by generously telling us what is going to happen. It then proceeds to happen, so that we get to see each sequence through a triple filter of our own childhood Bib-

lical reading and religious tradition, the words of the faceless narrator, and the resources, meager here and there, of filmed drama. For contrast, during the picture's nearly three-hour length, the narrator is replaced with the voice of God (Huston again). Ava Gardner is Sarah.

"Let my beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruit," Sarah says to Abraham, meaning to be seductive.

"Behold, thou art fair, my love," answers. "Behold thou art fair."

Later, Sarah sadly says, "I am thy handmaiden, Hagar, Egyptian, to be thy wife."

"Is it so that the promise of nations shall be fulfilled?" Abraham asks.

"Even so."

That is how everybody talks in the movie: never a "yes" when an "and so" is handy, quick with the "and thous," "wouldst and wouldst," repetitious, stilted, offering a kind of fake King James dialect which suggests that they are of a different spiritual mold from ordinary men. The screenplay was written by the famous poet-playwright, Christopher Fry, and dramatically at least he has stuck to simple types. Sarah is sad, Abraham is grim, Noah is thick, Cain a passionate delinquent, Lot has no character at all.

And gone from the narrative



REFORMING ARTS

drunkenness; gone, too, is happy incestuous fling with hters, while Abraham, first is way to Canaan, comes out ial void. There is only the ggestion of why he might Ur in the first place and, as he is almost without motive a mercantile sense. All he be looking for in his wander-greener pastures and he ave to wander long to find

C. Scott plays the role consly; he makes you aware that ng to create a character but Mr. Fry has given him are bones on which anyone might va Gardner remains one of d's beautiful women, but so the power of past associa-t when I see her I immedi-ink of Mickey Rooney. That enalty of publicized history lom; if you want to act, you go about it in other ways.

ectacle, there is the actual (swirling water, scudding nd a good deal of what looks sh gas); a confused night-ple between Abraham and the the South (I think it's called y of the South), which is a almost pitch blackness; and er of Babel. As for the Flood, res for a few moments the a truly inundating (and g) element but it soon is alwned itself in the score which Mayuzumi has composed. A ds about this music: some-literally echoes Mussorgsky's at on the Bare Mountain," mes it sounds like the early ky of "The Rite of Spring." e re moments when it even like Mayuzumi himself. It ops and it will make you think y's *Fantasia*.

De Laurentiis produced *The* ohn Huston directed. For con-they had Professor the Rev- M. Merchant and Monsignor e Garofalo. For some reason, decided that the extras who t the Forces of Darkness in (and there are thousands of ace the Old Testament is filled iling sinners struck down or by their God) should have ads shaved like Yul Brynner. come, in one setting after including Sodòm and Gomor-

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rah, bald in technicolor and mostly fat. By the end of the movie, after we have watched them club each other to death, drown, go blind, and get the staggers, they have begun to look a little like old friends.

It's not their fault that *The Bible* is one of the most boring movies ever made. John Huston—in whatever role he has chosen, director, narrator, star, or God Himself—has seen to that. In creating the film he has managed to set the Old Testament back three sleepy hours.

Reading Aloud— All Those Vernaculars

While here on a recent three-week visit, during which he toured the country giving public readings, the Russian poet Andrei Voznesensky stopped off in New York long enough to make a long-playing record of his own poetry, both in the original and in translation (Columbia OL-6590). The translations all come from the newly published volume of Voznesensky poems called *Antiworlds* and they are read on the LP by the translators, Stanley Kunitz, W. H. Auden, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur. Voznesensky follows each of their readings with his own, and the contrast is both sharp and startling.

To begin with, each of the four American poets soon sounds as though he were speaking a different language. Stanley Kunitz's English is not Auden's, nor is Wilbur's or Smith's. Auden must be listened to carefully to be understood; he's in a hurry, words are run together into phrases, phrases blur into statements, and poetry soon becomes prose. Then, it is virtually impossible in each case to believe that the translator and Voznesensky are reading the same poem. Our poets are consistently overcivilized; their tongues are like cold scalpels probing an alien body. Voznesensky is elemental; emotion pours from him like natural sweat and he always allows the poem to exploit him fully. In "Goya," for instance, passion bursts through each of Voznesensky's spoken lines while Kunitz remains impeccably academic, constricted, refined.

In "Parabolic Ballad," a breathless lyric flight about how the poet moves into life, Auden's reading is both



Andrei Voznesensky

prissy and swallowed; Voznesensky, a few minutes later, rolls out the Cyrillic consonants slowly, acting every word, adding private emphases, immeasurably expressive although he speaks a totally foreign language. Only the tone of Richard Wilbur's slightly portentous, puritan voice suggests the meanings of "Dead Still"; the details of expressiveness—dynamics, rise and fall, the thrust of a voice—barely exist. William Jay Smith goes beyond clear diction in his reading of "New York Airport at Night," a strong, vivid poem filled with graphic images that stay in the mind. Smith's reading moves in a straight line (unlike Voznesensky's, which soars) but his crispness and directness give it an attractive force.

This is not meant to criticize our poets for not being what they have never intended to be. They are neither readers nor actors; they are poets and their translations speak superbly for themselves. But Voznesensky obviously sees himself as more; he is troubadour and teacher, preacher and matinee idol, and he handles all four public roles with equal ease. His own voice fascinates him; so does the endless suggestiveness of language.

In his quest for the unturned promotional stone, Truman Capote has

made an LP of excerpts from *In Cold Blood* (RCA Victor VDM-110) and in the process has dissipated much of the narrative excitement of his work. Listening to Capote is a little like hearing the star reciter of a high school read a story of which he understands not a word. Capote approaches his own prose without or special emphasis of any kind, most as though it had no content.

Capote's voice, pitched ambiguously high, hurries the narrative through descriptive passages along more or less obviously, making little effort to differentiate one effect from the next, even when he is reading directly about the two murderers—Smith and Hickock—or taking on their identities in dialogue. Then the Capote voice becomes a little breathless and fills with excitement as it is caught up in the dramatic scenes. But the rest is peculiarly flat and emotionless.

No one, of course, forces a writer to read his work aloud; it is difficult enough for a professional actor to hold the listener's attention with straight prose excerpts. Capote likes the hard way himself; *In Cold Blood* is now memorialized on LP. Why listen?

Hearing Allen Ginsberg, on the other hand, read his long poem *Kaddish* (actually the Jewish prayer for the dead), on a newly released LP (Atlantic 4001) offers a kind of insight into this time of discovery. Like Capote, Ginsberg's voice is also high-pitched and tense; there is little calculation in it and almost no deliberate play for the reader's sympathy. But the voice is vulnerable, too, and seems to move more so as the poem proceeds on its massively long way in Ginsberg's New Jersey accent; every now and then you can hear faint Yiddish inflections, a carry-over from the Russian-Jewish background.

Ginsberg, I think, is a religious man from Talmudic "pilpul," that endless wrangling over split intellectual hairs, in which, for example, a barely visible point can finally be made to prove the existence of a totally invisible God. His "20th century American ecstatic narrative poem," *Kaddish* is billed on the cover of the album, is a long memorial to his mother, splitting moral hairs like a line as it mourns her death.

Ginsberg is no Voznesensky

awkwardly, barely paying attention to dramatic effect. It is an in-y modest performance by a th few literary pretensions public search for the essence wn life, nevertheless, has al-en accompanied, again like ot, by the noisy paraphernalia otion. A huge photograph of g and his mother at the New orld's Fair of 1939 fills the ver of the album, while a por-e-up of Ginsberg alone, taken ard Avedon, covers the front. ver Ginsberg's promotional the poem makes its own It is haunted by death, by its e, by the fear of it and the felong response to it. It makes ative way powerfully, as Gins-riserable with emotion, de-how he nursed his paranoid when he was a child, under-g everything about her mental ysical breakup yet unable to any of it. Before he reached nce, he had been made respon-r delivering her, after a slow, journey, to a nursing home, ood's haunted house."

ish is filled with hysterical, an women, "catatonic la-eady to revolutionize society a communism, who spread psy-umas, like infectious diseases, er they went: his mother Na-s aunt Eleanor, Rose, their ," Edie. In the background, rtially visible, moved the pal-ery men, Ephraim, Uncle Max, or. Isaac, his brother Eugene, g poems about ideals." At the ce Ginsberg has finished with onicle of their lives together ne, his mother disappears into ave, transformed into death, "the mother of the universe." oem is filled with desperate, prideful infatuation with in-imagery being among them; s an act of obsessive love, one few in poetic form in our day, is an unforgettable experience Ginsberg read it.

everend Malcolm Boyd is an al priest who came to the cloth years ago from a successful in show business as Mary Pick-nanager. He has just recorded of short, "private" prayers *Are You Running With Me*, (Columbia CS 9348). All the



The Reverend Malcolm Boyd

prayers are the Reverend Boyd's own, all have been "performed" publicly (in Washington's National Cathedral, most recently), and each comes wrapped in an "improvised" musical accompaniment by guitarist Charlie Byrd.

In all humility, I suppose, Reverend Boyd offers a swift-flowing stream of consciousness expressed in quasi-hip rhetoric. "I know you've done a lot, Jesus, to wise me up," he offers in thanks. "I'm having a ball, and I just want to thank you, Jesus," is an-

other response. This kind of jargon is mixed, without missing a beat, with standard banalities. Phrases like "Turn me off," "cut loose," and "the bit" are shuffled in the prayers with descriptions of faces that are "angry, sullen masks," societies that are "at-large," change that is always "rapid," and schools that are "hopelessly overcrowded." The one thing I have learned about clichés, hip or square, is that they are perfectly designed to keep you from thinking.

My personal favorite among the prayers—and one which I plan to paste on the windshield of my car once I've taken down the little lucite Virgin with the fluorescent eyes—is called "It's Bumper to Bumper and the Traffic is Stalled." This plea for help in keeping a cool head during a traffic jam at the end of a working day concludes with the line, "Jesus, thanks for sweating it out with me on this highway." It occurred to me that the prayer might be a metaphor for life itself, but it soon became clear that Reverend Boyd is, in his own vernacular, playing it straight. []



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Music in the Round *by Discus*

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Stravinsky and Leinsdorf interpret Stravinsky and Schuller . . . Five symphonies in nineteen years, from Henze . . . And "The Unanswered Question," from Ives.

Stravinsky and the dance: the subject is going to occupy considerable space in future musical histories. By now it is conceded that the two greatest composers of ballet music were Russians. But Tchaikovsky composed only three ballet scores (though many hold, with some justification, that *all* of Tchaikovsky's orchestral music is disguised ballet music; and Balanchine has demonstrated that fact in quite a few cases), whereas Stravinsky started off with ballet music and has been composing it throughout his career. Not only that. Having composed it, he has spent the last few years conducting it—not in the theater, but for phonograph records. By now Stravinsky has recorded virtually his entire *oeuvre*, and the latest important work to come out

under his direction is **Pulcinella** (the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Irene Jordan (soprano), George Ley (tenor), and Donald (bass) (Columbia ML 6281, MS 6881, stereo).

About Stravinsky and the dance there can be mixed feelings. The composer and the public, awed by the composer's great fame, are apt to react and play dead when discussing conducting. Almost never does a bad notice. Critics are careful to point out that as composer-conductor Stravinsky presumably knows what he wants his music to go. Critics delight in Stravinsky's comically nonsentimental approach to his music, to his strong rhythms and his texture. At any rate, that is the consensus.

But professionals take a different view. Very few will take the job to task in public. The man is, after all, Igor Stravinsky; and he has more than a keen tongue and a violent pen. He is dangerous, this octogenarian. In private conversations, the

And Also . . .

Brahms: Deutsche Volkslieder. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; Gerald Moore, piano. Angel B 3657, mono; SB 3675, stereo; both 2 discs.

An awful lot of a good thing: 49 settings by Brahms of German folk songs. The music is nostalgic and lovely, perhaps a bit monotonous when heard all at once, but there is no law saying that the two discs have to be taken at one gulp. Schwarzkopf sings the "female" songs, Fischer-Dieskau the "male," and in a few the two singers come together for duets. Beautiful performances.

Schubert: Piano Sonata in A (Op. Posth.). Rudolf Serkin, piano. Columbia ML 6249, mono; MS 6849, stereo.

A powerful, spacious performance that rises to eloquent heights in the marvelous, intense slow movement.

Mahler: Symphony No. 4. Judith L. soprano, and Cleveland Orchestra conducted by George Szell. Columbia 6233, mono; MS 6833, stereo.

Mahler's shortest and most intimate symphony, the one with the soprano in the last movement. Raskin sings with purity, Szell conducts with clarity, control, and intelligence. An outstanding disc.

Chopin: Fantasy in F minor; Barcarolle; 3 Nouvelles Etudes; 1 Tarantelle. Artur Schnabel, RCA Victor LM 2889, mono; LSC 2889, stereo.

Schnabel has never before recorded the *Barcarolle* and *Tarantelle*, two of Chopin's nationalistic essays outside Poland, and a pair of glittering virtuosity. The veteran pianist is in top form; he always is.

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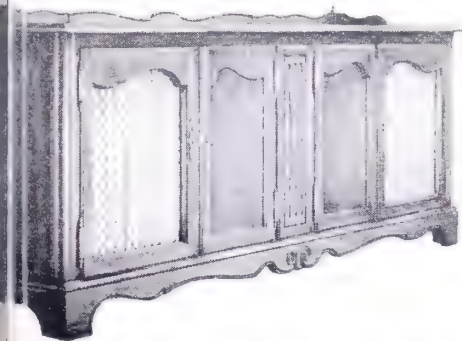
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professionals tend to laugh at Stravinsky as a conductor, especially in recent years. They say his rhythm is so "strong" because he doesn't have the stick technique to vary it; that his textures are so clear, to the point of bleakness, because he does not have the ear to blend the choirs, and so on. Ernest Ansermet is one of the few who have publicly written off Stravinsky the conductor.

Some of the dislike generated by Stravinsky's conducting may be a reflection of the man himself. He is universally admired, of course, but he is not a man who generates love. At the same time, the critics have a point. In many respects Stravinsky really is a one-dimensional conductor who lacks the craft—and, in recent years, the reflexes—to get his ideas across. The ultimate irony is that Stravinsky the conductor may well be responsible for an incorrect tradition in performing his music. Some of his tempos, for instance, are slower than they should be because he lacks the technique to pick them up. Yet future generations will approach the Stravinsky recordings with veneration.

The *Pulcinella* disc (the only available recording of the complete score) shows some of Stravinsky's strengths and weaknesses. The strengths are the bracing forthrightness and (here we go again) clarity of texture. The weakness is a certain clumsiness, in which rhythms lack flexibility and tempos seem overdeliberate. *Pulcinella* is an early (1920) ballet in which music by Pergolesi is "translated," as it were, by Stravinsky. It remains one of his prettiest, most charming and likable scores.

Much later came *Agon*, which was choreographed by Balanchine in 1957 and then recorded by the composer. Erich Leinsdorf and the Boston Symphony Orchestra have recently supplied a new version (RCA Victor LM 2879, mono; LSC 2879, stereo). *Agon* is a pivotal work that anticipated Stravinsky's entrance into serial technique. Not an easy score to take, it is not played much in concert (the same is true of all of Stravinsky's serial works). The score starts out simon-pure Stravinsky: neoclassic, with seventeenth-century dance forms subjected to Stravinsky's idiomatic

rhythmic and melodic patterns come some sections using row technique, and these created a big f years ago. In retrospect it can be that those sections are much Stravinskyian than Schoenberg. Webern-influenced.

As for the performance, Leinsdorf succeeds well in transmitting the of the music, and the orchestration is a delight. It is much more than in Stravinsky's own recordings. Those who prefer the latter will say that *Agon* is not supposed to be. They will say that only Stravinsky has succeeded in linking together the relationships of his score; that he has the true feeling for the serial and for the rhythmic plan, which may be true. But Leinsdorf still is more pleasant to hear.

Must It Be

On the reverse of his disc Leinsdorf has included Gunther Schuller's *Seren Studies on Themes of Paul Hen*. These are examples of serial music easy to understand (with the pictures in mind), jazzy, humorous. Schuller obviously undertook the position of this suite with a challenge in mind, something like: "Whether or not the *Seren Studies* are good, posterity will answer; but they are not."

Another modern musical manifestation can be heard in the *Five Symphonies* by Hans Werner Henze, which the composer conducts through the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Decca Grammophon 19203-4, mono; 19204-4, stereo; both 2 discs). Henze is one of the more talked-about German composers of the postwar generation. He is a sort of serial Benjamin Britten—a polished workman, a resourceful orchestrator, a successful composer and a formidable all-around musician. And, like Britten, it may be that his workmanship is more exciting than his content. Henze has evolved an idiom that contains elements of Stravinsky and the Viennese serialists. His five symphonies, spaced from No. 1 in 1947 (released in 1963) through No. 5 in 1962, are full of ideas. In them can be heard Schoenberg, the Berg of *Lulu*, neoclassic Stravinsky, the point of view of Webern, the structure of Beethoven. Like all of those composers, Henze



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SIC IN THE ROUND

in taking old forms—sonata, ns, suite, rondo, and so on—jecting them to a very contem-modification. This is supposed “tradition” to the music. In it is an “in” joke. Painstaking s reveals rondo and sonata in but it is eye rather than ear s, what the Germans call *musik*.

Henze has is a wonderful for orchestral sound, and an to make serial music less for- , less weighty, less solemn and yped, than almost anybody That in itself is no mean ac- hment. Most serial music is an tional language that has a dis- dency to sound alike. At least pends the idiom to suit himself. rial purists do not especially s music, because it is too free tment (every once in a while ally sounds tonal) and, worse, e it is relatively popular. These es will give an idea of what a echnician is able to do in serial t.

For Ives Collectors

again, Charles Ives, that com- who fits into no category. On a disc come the first recording the **First Symphony**, plus **The Unanswered Question** and the Wil- chuman arrangement of **Vari- on America**, all with the o Symphony conducted by a Gould (RCA Victor LM 2893, LSC 2893, stereo). The First ony is a student work, com- n 1898, and is one of the most tional works anybody is likely e from the wild man of Ameri- sic. It is a pastiche in which n hear a parade of European from Beethoven on (including d movement that is strangely erian, even frighteningly so). e melodic profile is strong, and mphony is altogether attrac- The *Variations on America*, ally written for organ, are ir- nt and sacrilegious, a bit heavy- d in their humor, but a lot of and *The Unanswered Question* masterpiece, one of the most ag mood pictures ever written. ally the disc, which is well con- by Gould, will be mandatory ose who collect Ives and/or ean music. []

Technique or Telepathy?



What made this musical collaboration between John Browning, the Boston Symphony and Erich Leinsdorf really catch fire? Was it technical fluency or a meeting of minds? It was both—but among virtuoso performers, technique is implicit, whereas true artistic empathy is a far more elusive phenomenon. In this collaboration their rapport is strikingly demonstrated in a performance of two Prokofieff concertos—one melodic, the other intricate. Tech- nique or telepathy? Enjoy both—in Dynagroove sound.



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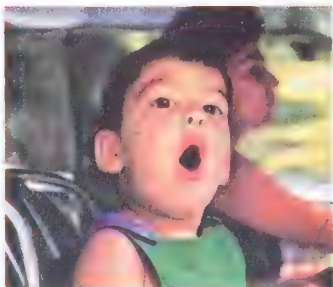
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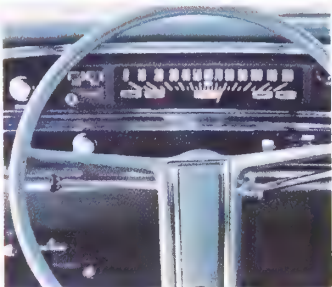
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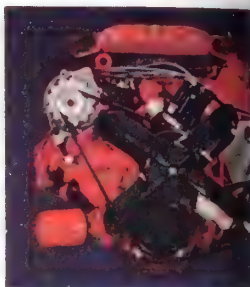
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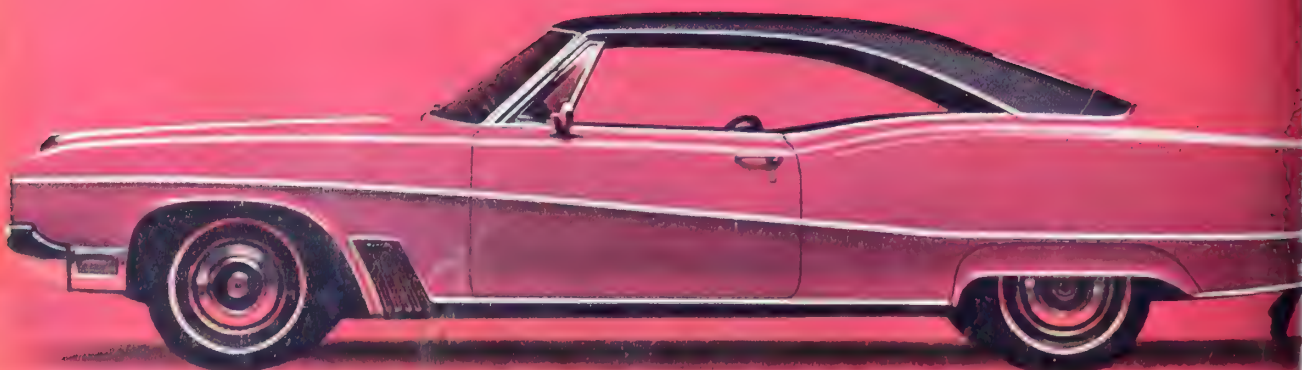
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy; \$8.50 one year; \$24.00 three years. Foreign postage except Canada and Pan America—\$1.50 per year additional.

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 SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
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ADVERTISING INFORMATION

PRODUCTION MANAGER ALVIN PROFSKY
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone: Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
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 Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

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Index, Masthead, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone: Area Code 212 686-8710. *Directors:* Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. *Officers:* John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

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 No. 1398

Harper's®

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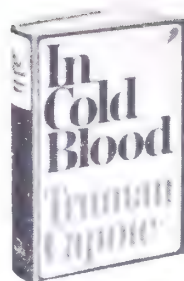
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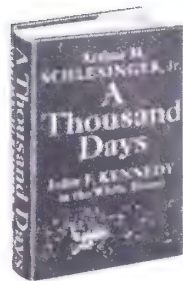
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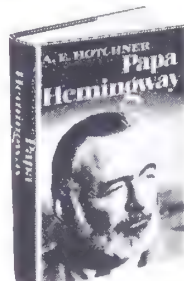
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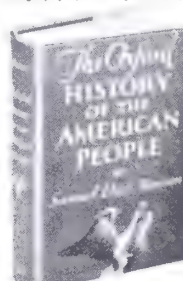
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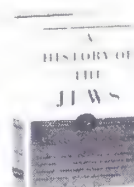
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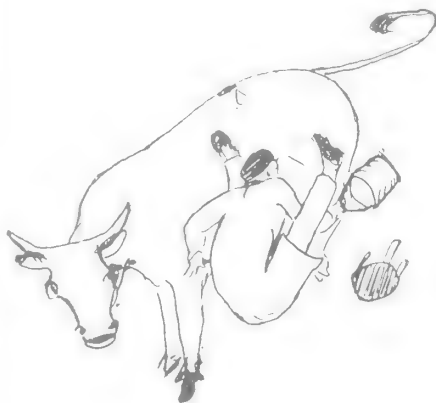
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Letters

Beware of the Cow

The article by Joan O. Harvey entitled "All Cows Are Mean" [September] is a virtuoso excursion into animal psychology. However, the artist for the article was not so well versed on cow culture as the author. The cow at the top of page 84 is being milked from the wrong side. How the milkmaid escaped being kicked is beyond me.

THOMAS M. GRIFFITHS, Ph.D.
Chmn., Dept. of Geography
University of Denver
Denver, Col.



Author Harvey sent us the above drawing to correct the illustration that Dr. Griffiths mentions—thus graphically reminding us that cows are not only mean, they're even meaner when they're milked on the wrong side.—THE EDITORS

No wonder cows are mean—they are exploited, caged in, bored, denied sexual expression, and their child-rearing instincts are thwarted. *They are being subtly tortured.* Thanks for printing the article. We should all decline to use dairy products after this.

C. C. SCHMIDT
El Cerrito, Calif.

The Playwright's the Thing

The two pieces about playwrights in your September issue—"How a Playwright Triumphs," Clifford Odets, and "How Playwrights Lose," Walter Kerr—are priceless. To have their minds so exposed and the best of their thought has been a tre-

mendous help to me personally in my work in fiction. . . . Odets' notion that in order to write one must start with a state of being can be overemphasized today, where we have been literally verbaled under the rug. Kerr's article is a writer's bible. It takes forty years of hard work and a great deal of disappointment to learn the states here.

BERRY
Port Gibson

Mrs. Karp and Her

Eleanor Karp's story "How to Write 'New Yorker' Stories" certainly had a lot of truth in it. I have hostility for my husband or the children because I rather play Emily Brontë or Dickinson than be Mrs. H. C. Karp. I am sewing buttons on an overcoat.

MRS. BURTON A.
Steilacoom

Eleanor Karp did such a good job of describing a woman's life as she tries to have a leisurely coffee at ten o'clock in the morning. The "story" describes the duties of a woman much better than a list of roles (e.g., governess, mistress, etc.) could. I'm saving my husband to read the next issue. I ask why I get tired after a "ful" day at home. All that about so many things can be cut.

SANDRA
Dallas

I settled myself in bed with *Harper's* and turned to Karp's "How to Write 'New Yorker' Stories." The title promises sophisticated satire, and I was expecting it. Then came that shocking, repulsive, nightmarish ending. Are there no ethical writers? Or editors? . . . I'm not ever do that to me *Harper's*.

ELSIE B. L.
Elkhart

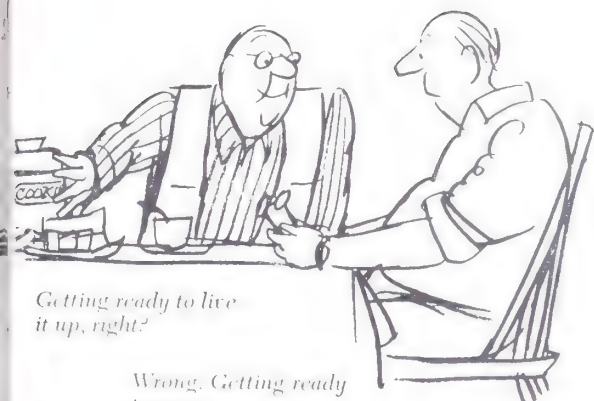
We're sorry Mrs. Karp is troubled by Eleanor Karp's story. We don't understand what we give or unethical about the

1



Raiding the cookie jar?

*No, checking my assets.
I'm retiring next month.*



*Getting ready to live
it up, right?*

*Wrong. Getting ready
to worry.*

3



How so?

*I come from a long line of
pessimistic octogenarians.*



*What's to worry—you'll
have more time to have fun.*

*Not if my money's used up
before I am.*

5



*Then why don't you get
yourself an annuity from
Equitable? That way you'll
always have money.
An Equitable annuity
guarantees you a regular
income as long as you live.
You're never too old to collect.*

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LETTERS

The serious writer of fiction deal with life as he or she sees not as it ideally ought to be. Mr. seems to us to be saying that in today's world of violence and perhaps the only way to prepare a dearly beloved child for what may happen to it later on is to perform violence oneself, with all love (perhaps parents have disciplined children for years to prepare them for life). We feel that her story is an honest and poignant dramatization of the parent's dilemma today.—THE EDITORS

Catholic Libe

I question John Corry's assumption that religious and clerical discipline has since become the norm of the more liberal elements within the Church ["The Style of the Church Left," September]. Fathers Beane, O'Brien, and Ouellet are not dissenting priests. In the final analysis, they all obeyed the wishes of their superiors. In fact they have since won the admiration for their causes by the very spirit of obedience. . . .

ANTHONY J. MASSE
Immaculate Conception Seminary
Darlington, N.S.

Trinity n

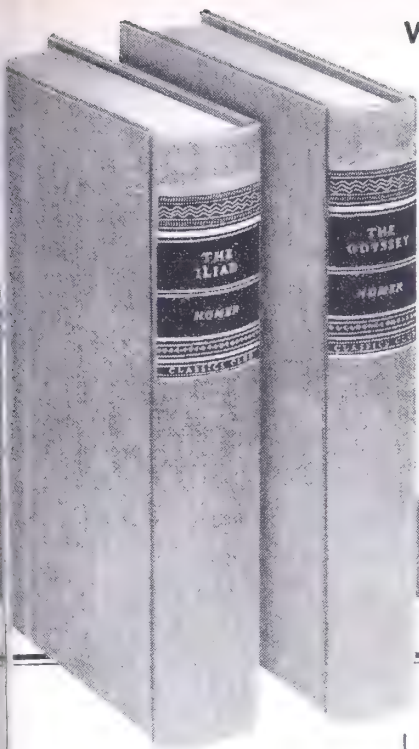
The article by Russell Lynes titled "How Are Things with the Protestants?" [July] has come to our attention. We regret that he has used the columns and prestige of your magazine to vent his personal opinion on a matter before the Landmarks Preservation Commission of New York City, of which he is a member.

The facts are that . . . three months before Mr. Lynes's article appeared in Trinity and the Commission had agreed in principle on the wording of the Commission's order designating Trinity Church a landmark.

We know Trinity Church is historic. It has ministered at Broadway and Wall Street since 1697 and at Paul's Chapel since 1766. Through the vast change that has taken place in Lower Manhattan, it has managed to stay here and we see no reason why it should not continue to do so.

The suggestion that one of the sons the Vestry does not wish to see the Church to be designated a landmark is that it would not be able to attract a real-estate operator is irresponsible.

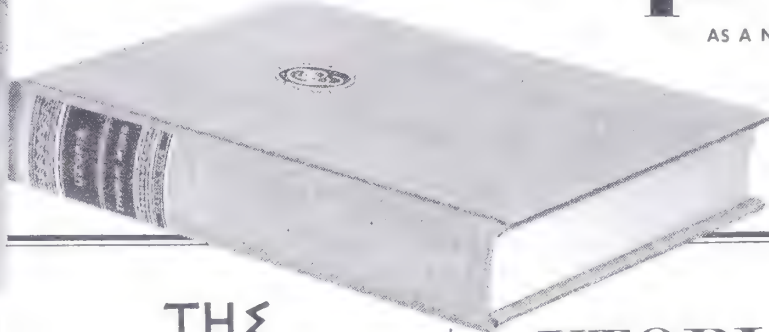
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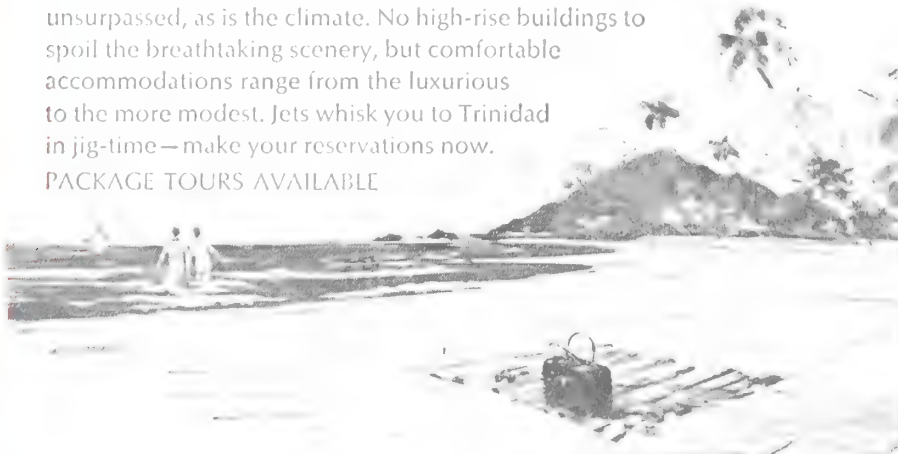
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LETTERS

The reason we objected was that a structure so designated cannot be altered externally without the consent of the Commission. Churches and chapels are structures whose appearance and structural conformation are intimately connected with and express the nature of their use for religious purposes. Thus in our view changes in such structures are matters peculiarly within the province of the Vestry and ecclesiastical authorities....

FREDERICK E. H. L.
Senior Warden, Trinity Church
New York

MR. LYNES REPLIES:

Mr. Hasler should reread what I wrote, and he will discover that there was no suggestion that Trinity Church had any intention of selling its property to a real-estate operator. It is amusing that he should have thought so.—R.L.

I am pleased to report that in August the Landmarks Preservation Commission and Trinity Parish jointly announced the designation as landmarks of five of Trinity's buildings including Trinity Church and St. Paul's Chapel.

The City's landmarks-preservation law gives the Commission the responsibility of working with owners to preserve designated Landmarks. For effective landmarks preservation in New York it is essential to save all the fine buildings in the city covered within the program, and in order to accomplish this, the leadership of the community are needed to give an example.... Trinity Church's example will encourage property owners to work with the many landmarks preservation committees throughout the United States.

GEOFFREY PLATT, Chairman
Landmarks Preservation Commission
New York

Ivory Tower Scientists

For five years, 1958 to 1963, I was assistant technical information officer, Boulder Laboratories, National Bureau of Standards. For almost entire period, I pleaded, argued, stormed against the sanctimonious attitude John Fischer has so aptly described in his article ["Why Scientists Are About to Be Driven Moaning, into Politics," Easy C...



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LETTERS

er]. To no avail, of course. cher's remarks about Leo are particularly apposite . . . ts, above all others, suffer s delusion of their superior- the stupidity of the rest of . . .

JOHN B. REUBENS
Topeka, Kans.

t Mohole is not a complete r all! John Fischer could od use of it by stuffing it full misconceptions he has about tific community. . . . The tra- of his editorial is his thinly e over the termination of the honeymoon, and the fact almost useless to try to ex- entific work to a layman who want to be convinced.

JOHN J. MICKA
Eastern Okla. A. & M. College
Miami, Okla.

Fischer's article is a splendid e concerning the increased on of the part which science our national life and the need coherent science policy.

ly, scientists have long been the need for public under- in view of the substantial nt which must be made in tunities and challenges that ffers. . . .

report of our subcommittee emerging need for scientists a active role in the considera- tional science policy, and we e believe [science] can play litical leagues without being l or even unduly influenced aracter of the other players." n observation has been that d scientists are undertaking up and take part in the form- f policy. . . . The more people nto this field, the more they o enjoy it and recognize that eful and helpful thing, both of us who can profit by their nd to themselves.

EMILIO Q. DADDARIO
er of Congress, Connecticut
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Fischer's article reflects al concepts of science shared overnmental representatives public, we in the academic ly are in trouble. . . .

scher laments the fact that tists have a working knowl-



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edge of our political system... been involved in the politics of science. I lament the fact that Fischer does not have a profound knowledge of science. Should scientists suddenly become energetic drink martinis with Congressmen, write popular articles of popular science for individual projects, and participate in pressure group activities, would be left down on the streets and in the research lab to do the intellectual work and train the future generations of scientists? Scientific discovery is such a demanding disciplined activity that any diversion in its process can be devastating. Scientists do not necessarily regard politics as dirty for inherent reasons, but because political activity is a time pursuit which robs the scientist of intellectual and physical energy for his major role in life...

RITCHIE L. FISCHER
Prof. of Science
Boston
Chestnut Hill

Mr. Fischer has done a splendid job of American science and to the credit of the American public by airing some of the most disturbing issues that face science in relation to the society that produces it. However, his critical tone of science presents a danger. If it is in the hands of people of less vision than Mr. Fischer can do a great deal of publicly supported science...

One point needs clarification: it is the relation between basic science and application, especially in the medical sciences. President Nixon has expressed concern about the transfer to the biomedical research community. One must always remember that the scientific feasibility of technical goals can be assessed against our present store of scientific knowledge, whereas the scientific feasibility of other equally desirable goals cannot be assessed... nuclear fission was discovered, a nuclear reactor became a feasible enterprise... Controlled nuclear fusion on the other hand may or may not be feasible; we simply do not know enough about high-temperature plasmas to decide the question.

Where a technical goal is scientifically feasible, one can usually program the research needed to achieve the goal. Where the feasibility of a technical goal is itself unknown...

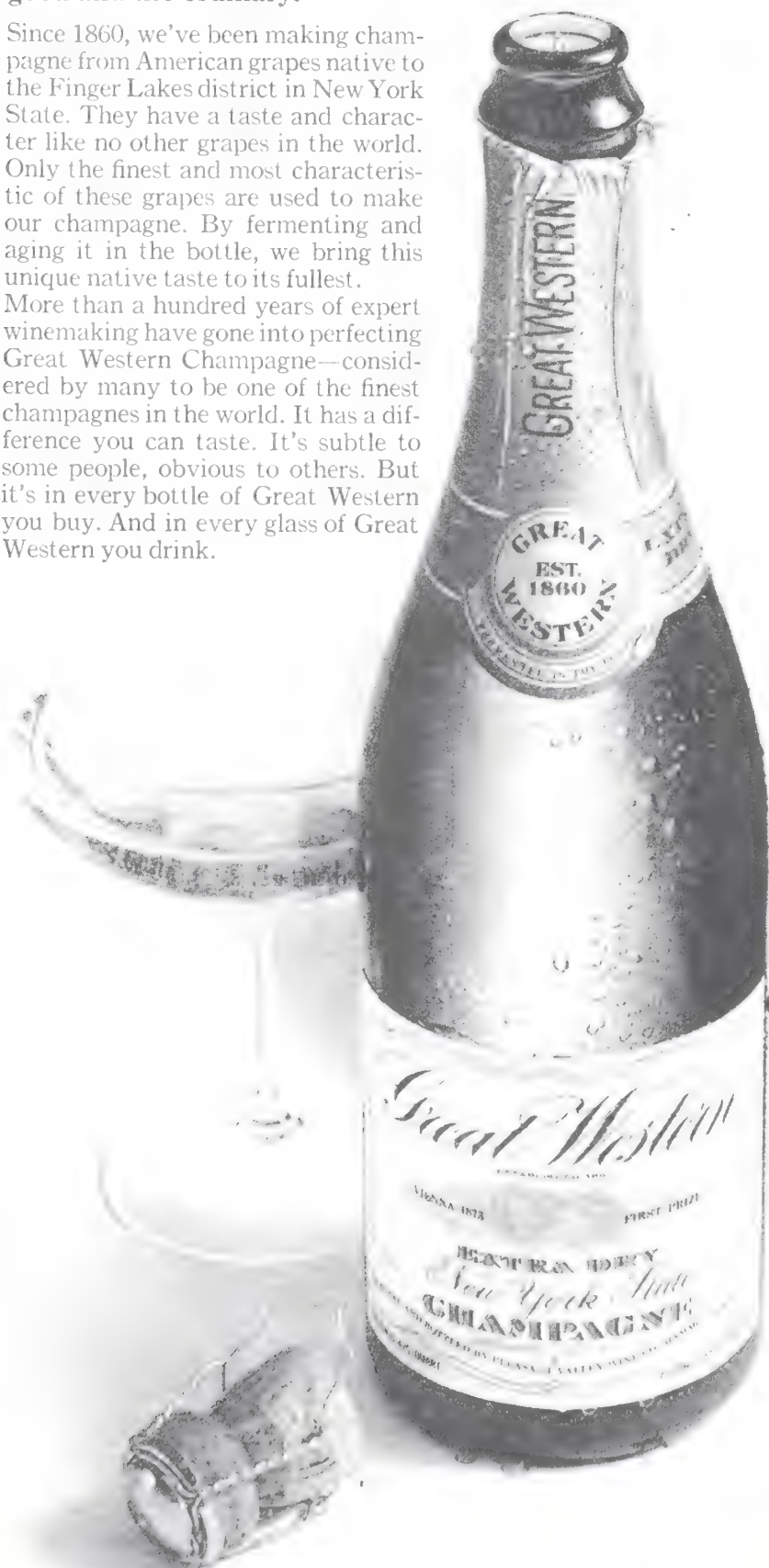
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LETTERS

cannot predict how much research will be needed to achieve the goal. The best one can do . . . is to keep exploring areas that . . . seem to be promising. Moreover, one must be careful not to circumscribe too narrowly the relevance.

The great goals of the biomedical sciences—the elimination of disease and premature death—are unfortunately in the prefeasibility stage. Since our society judges these goals to be among its paramount needs, it must support the basic research that will eventually establish the feasibility of a cure for cancer or schizophrenia. This research will be expensive, and most of it will be covered with false leads; yet, until these problems of biomedical science have passed the feasibility threshold, all one can do is to keep the research going at as high a level as possible.

I believe that Mr. Fischer therefore misleads us when he implies that the money spent on basic research in the biomedical sciences has little to do with the rate at which we can ultimately conquer human diseases. Unless we are willing to spend on research in the life sciences, whether on problems of biomedical science or on other problems of biomedical science, it is for this reason that I, along with many other scientists, have concluded that the biomedical sciences should have the highest priority among all scientific fields.

ALVIN M. WEINBERG
Oak Ridge National Laboratory
Union Carbide Corporation
Nuclear Division
Oak Ridge

As John Fischer points out, progress needs candid advice and constructive help from scientists. The difficult job of matching scientific resources to important national goals. . . .

Are our present federal priorities in the allocation of research and development correct? Should the government continue to spend 90 percent of all R & D funds for defense, space, and atomic energy, and 10 percent for all the rest of our national problems? Should \$4 billion be spent to develop a supersonic transport and virtually nothing to develop systems of urban transport? Should \$30 billion be spent on the project Apollo while \$5 million



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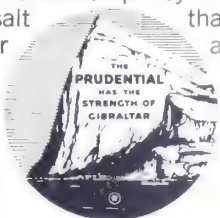
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LETTERS

voted to development of waste treatment technology; \$200 million for developing an orbiting laboratory and less than \$100 million for work on new technology?

Because they are citizens and indispensable practitioners of research and development, scientists have the responsibility to assist policy makers in answering questions like these. . . .

HENRY J. WILSON
Member of Congress, Washington
Chmn., Research and Technology
Programs Subcommittee
Washington

John Fischer...has undertaken the scientific community. Evidence of scientists' efforts to examine goals and obligations comes from the series of reports prepared during the past several years by committees of the National Academy of Sciences under the auspices of the Academy's Committee on Science and Public Policy. In these reports, committees outline the research opportunities in the various fields, attempt to estimate their cost, and, finally, Such reports have so far been issued on astronomy, chemistry, computer sciences, geology, physics, plant sciences; committees are now working on the biological sciences, mathematics. . . .

The Committee for the Study of Chemistry . . . expressed the view that federal support of basic research in chemistry must be justified not only in terms of advances in pure science, but also in large part by the interaction of chemistry with other sciences, and by the practical benefits to America expected from planned and unexpected discoveries. . . .

Fischer wrote, "But the scientist looks at his calling in a different way. To him the whole idea of 'public distasteful' (italics mine) is almost any viewpoint, the Study of Chemistry shows that Fischer's idealization about "the scientific community" is unwarranted.

PROF. F. H. WESTHEIMER
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

(Professor Westheimer was a member, 1964-1965, of the National Academy of Sciences' Committee on the Study of Chemistry.)

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(If you happen to live in Fairfield, ask Mrs. Hanley about it.)

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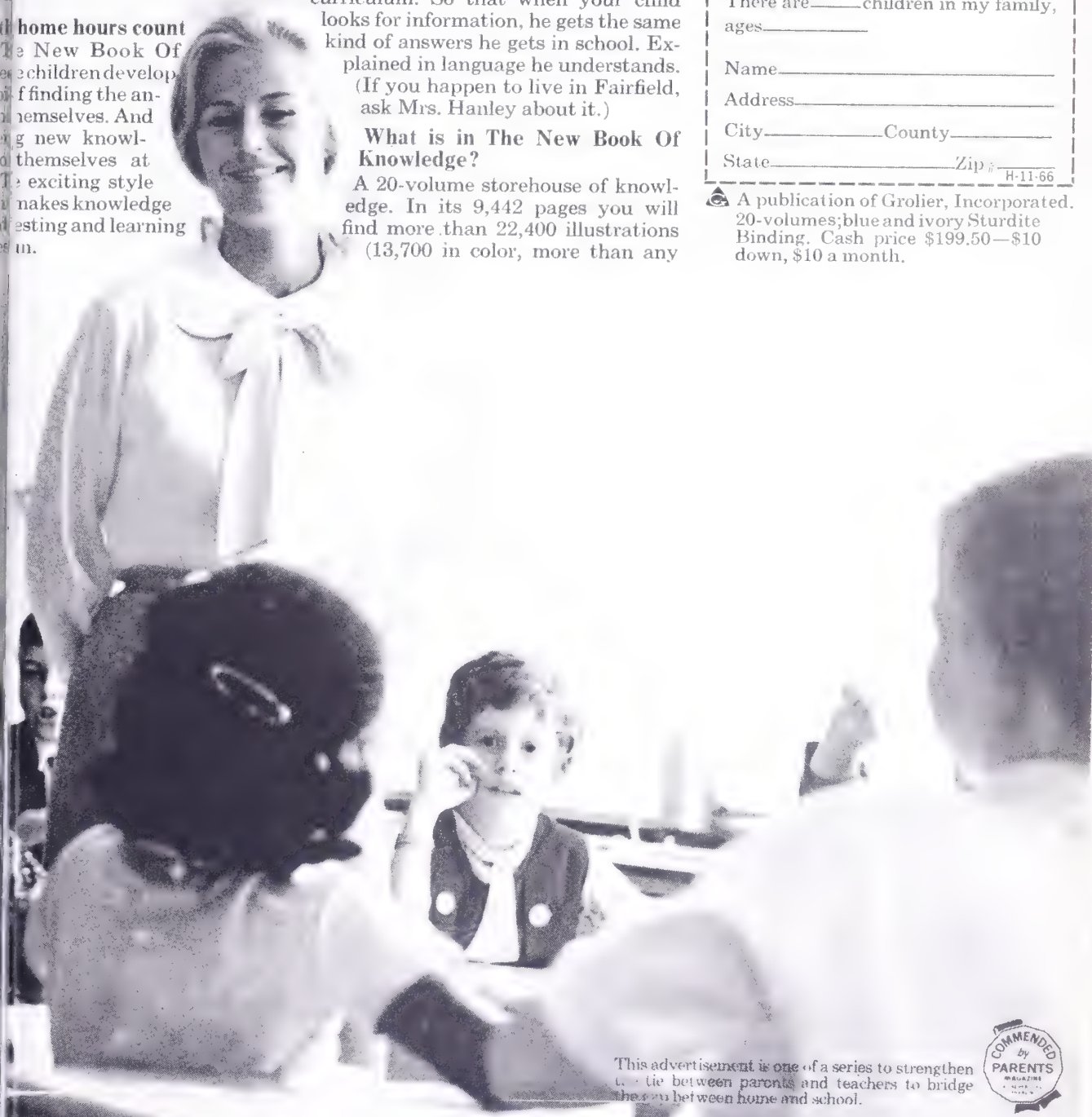
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The Easy Chair by Allan R. Talbot

BOSTON'S BRISTLY MR. LOGUE

An impatient man who already has changed the faces of two American cities has been asked to take on the impossible in New York—and just might do it.

New York City has always been peculiarly blessed with articulate experts who talk and write learnedly and at length about urban problems which they don't really believe can be solved. Hence it was a source of some amazement—a few months ago—when an imported expert took an opposite view. The place, he said, is in pretty terrible shape but it is not beyond salvation. However, the cost of doing anything effective about the city's troubles is so immense that no one previously had dared mention the sum out loud. Furthermore, he added, to accomplish anything, entirely new machinery must be set up within the city government.

The bearer of these tidings—at once heartening and dismaying—was Edward J. Logue, to whom John Lindsay turned for help shortly after he was elected Mayor of New York last November. A native of Philadelphia, Logue is a forty-five-year-old graduate of Yale and Yale Law School who served as a bombardier during World War II. Afterward he worked for Chester Bowles, then Governor of Connecticut, and went with him when he became Ambassador to India in 1951. He returned to New Haven in 1953 to practice law but wound up by joining his old friend Mayor Richard Lee of New Haven, who was embarking on the country's most ambitious effort to rebuild a city. It turned out to be one of the nation's most successful programs. Its sheer boldness and

competence attracted far more federal urban-renewal dollars per capita than any other city.

In 1961 Logue went to Boston to plan and run a larger program. Late in 1965 Mayor-elect John V. Lindsay asked him to come to New York to head up a Neighborhood and Housing Improvement study which would develop a comprehensive planning and development program for the entire city.

People who have worked or collided with Logue characterize him variously as "a doer," "nasty," "a brilliant programmer," "a warm friend," "tough," and "charming." He is of medium height, squarely built with a ruddy face illuminated by extraordinarily expressive wide-set eyes that can beguile or chill his companion at will. Among his assets are a sense of drama and urgency, a huge capacity for work, and a great love for cities. From the outset of his New York assignment it seemed certain that his recommendations would—like the man himself—be startling.

Along with Logue, Lindsay had brought to New York another New Haven alumnus—Mitchell Sviridoff—the director of New Haven's pioneering antipoverty program. The new Mayor personally negotiated a \$300,000 grant from the Ford Foundation to finance the separate Sviridoff and Logue studies. Lindsay quite plainly hoped that both men would eventually join his administration to carry out their recommendations. Sviridoff has done so. Logue, however, has returned to his job in Boston. Whether he will remain there is an open question.

To work with him on the New York study, Logue drafted some of his current and past staff men, of whom I

was one. He also tapped some flight talent from afar, including William L. C. Wheaton from the University of California at Berkeley, David A. Crane, a planning consultant from the University of Pennsylvania, and his friends and fellow renewal directors M. Justin Herman of San Francisco, William L. Rafsky of Philadelphia, and Robert B. Pease of Pittsburgh.

We met for the first of many long work sessions in New York on a cold January evening. Logue had discovered that, significantly, there was no city-wide map in existence showing the location of all New York urban-renewal and housing projects. So he had had one specially prepared. He called it the "salt and pepper map" because he pointed to the unrelated spots sprinkled on it. "New York has peppered its problems," he said.

Next day we piled into a monstrous fifteen-passenger limousine for a tour of the city's most distressed areas. They—and their problems—soon appeared as gargantuan as the vehicle. "Keep remembering," Logue said, "that this is a town that collects around five million bags of garbage each day."

Our first stop was at a "vol-

The guest in this month's Easy Chair was consultant to Edward J. Logue during the past spring and summer Logue's New York survey. Mr. Talbot also worked for four years on urban problems with Mayor Lee of New Haven—an experience he will report in his book, "The Mayor's Game," to be published early in 1967. At present he is director of a nonprofit foundation engaged in research on the educational needs of cities.



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THE EASY CHAIR

public housing project. In renewal parlance this means a building or cluster tucked unlovely into a neighborhood. So I looked from the car window. But I was taken aback when we had an unobstructed view from the sidewalk. The damned thing must be twenty feet high," said Logue.

The huge scale of New York became even to the most seasoned eyes of our group. One read from the street: New York has about as many public housing projects as New Haven has public tenants; there are more slums in New York than the whole population of Cincinnati.

We were silent as the limousine drove northward to Coogan's Bluff, where the Polo Grounds used to be. Logue told us, "and look at it from below, where the New York Yankees and the New York Mets play. It's a vast, typically ugly New York housing development was rising. I don't know what's more depressing than this town," said Logue, "the amount of work to be done here or the quantity of the work already finished."

We drove through Harlem, where we stopped the car several times to look about. Though the streets were nearly deserted this cold winter day, they felt crowded. The tenement houses stood in on us, the filth of the city rose with the wind, and the air was yellow and heavy. Harlem seemed more a vise than a neighborhood.

We drove northward across the Harlem River to the South Bronx, where more slums stretched on mile after mile. At Clason's Point, near the end of the Whitestone Bridge, which connects the Bronx with Long Island, we saw more of the dreary tenement buildings that sprout all about New York like noxious weeds at the water's edge, the view was superb, but a gurgling sound led us to a spot where a storm overflow was sadly dumping raw sewage into the river.

We drove across the bridge through the Bronx and Long Island City, where the buildings are not as decrepit as in the Bronx and Harlem but just as crowded. By midafternoon we were in Queens. For a start it offered Bed-Stuy, which is perhaps the most wretched of New York's great

slums. Its buildings do not use the land too greedily and many of them appear to be worth saving. But before our spirits could rise we were in nearby Brownsville—an appalling area. Three tenement fires were raging, most buildings seemed ready to fall apart, and the people looked strangely detached. They wore thin clothes despite the cold; drunks and addicts wandered along the sidewalks; men and boys leaned ghostlike against walls. It was a fitting conclusion to our seven-hour slum tour.

Where could one begin to apply pressure for real change? One of Logue's choices was the City Planning Commission. The Commission knew the right answers but had too small a staff to make sensible plans. They had done little if anything to lead or to shape events. New York, indeed, still does not even have a comprehensive plan to guide its renewal and development efforts. "Planners," Logue said, "can either rest comfortably on the reviewing stand watching the marchers go by, or they can lead the parade. In this town they have sat on their behinds."

As time went by, Logue discovered that not only the Planning Commission but every other group and individual involved in city affairs is dwarfed by New York's magnitude. This is in contrast to Logue's experience in Boston and New Haven, where he had been a towering figure, not just in urban renewal, but in transportation, antipoverty planning, budgeting, and even education. New York has no such command post or commander around whom allies can rally or whom opponents can attack. Instead there are countless satellite interest groups which meet only in conflict. The city is a giant atom with no nucleus.

If New York has not disintegrated, it is partly because some able and tenacious officials have carved out special bailiwicks for themselves and run them admirably. Logue met many of these talented individuals. He was struck, for example, with the cool efficiency of Austin Tobin, Executive Director of the Port of New York Authority. He had fruitful talks with his old friend Hortense Gabel, who had been Mayor Wagner's rent-control and rehabilitation director—a woman of extraordinary drive and dedication. He also enjoyed his session with Herman Badillo, Bronx Borough President, and an ambitious, articulate spokesman for his borough. Badillo's eight-year-old official Cadillac (which kept stalling) and his run-down office bespoke the low esteem in which borough presidencies are held today, although their salaries have climbed to \$35,000 a year.

But sometimes when he met past and current city officials Logue turned on his cantankerous pose. Thus he kept one important member of the Lindsay administration waiting an hour and then, instead of listening, lectured him. Logue's gruffness—which he can turn on and off at will—can be devastating. And he has been known to dramatize his anger by ripping apart a report he considers "inadequate." Once he heaved a chair across a room after a diatribe on executive "irresponsibility"—an incident he would like to forget. He is likely to hit hard at public officials with "director" in their titles—particularly those who lack the sense of urgency and commitment which he regards as indispensable to public service.

It seemed to Logue that many New Yorkers, including business groups



"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

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THE EASY CHAIR

and citizens' organization as the bureaucrats, had political of progress and political outlook. He carried a frayed *New York Times* reporting on the uneasiness the Logue study because—official put it—these groups, their little vested interests do not want to let go."

Logue's impatience moved saw more of the people who slums. The city government mote to them that they can realize that urban-renewal ing policy in New York shaped by men who no longer the problems of the slum are solved. The slum dweller's matched by his unfulfilled the city government will do about conditions in his neighborhood which no middle-class New would tolerate for long. Fervent announcements about demolishing cities and eliminating poverty official handouts published in the New York press describing programs and gimmicks such as rehabilitation and neighborhood formation centers have whetted appetite for change. But the comfortable facts are these: 25 has insufficient funds to buy neighborhoods, the level of funding for housing and renewal in New York is inadequate and no major renewal effort is in way or even planned for these areas. A dangerous con game played against the poor of New York and they are beginning to tire.

"Look here, Mr. Logue," said one man at a meeting of the Brooklyn Coordinating Committee, "we're tired of being inspected, studied, and unless you've come with a proposal and a time action, this meeting is a waste of time."

"It's not that we have anything against you, Mr. Logue," said a woman, "it's just that we're promises and we're tired of waiting for the garbage to be picked up better, waiting for fire hazards to be eliminated, waiting for improvements, waiting even for trees to be planted."

Frustration was also the mood when Logue listened to Harbort's demands. He had hoped to meet

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civil-rights leaders on the I
fore this past Memorial Day
But that session was canled
cause, he was told, "they all
of-town vacation plans." T
he ultimately met in Harl
disgust over government let
fear that if renewal ever di
would be directed by white
removing Negroes.

A poignant experience as
visit to 114th Street in Harl
the city is engaged in a de
tion-rehabilitation project
fore" and "after" apartmen
display. In a "before" bui
hostess was a woman with
children jammed into a run
road flat where the kitchen
with roaches, which prowler
day as well as night. The air
with a winter's accumula
human and cooking odors, n
rear window faced an alle
with rubbish. As she sat on
sorting clothes, our hostes
that we were the eighth
guided tourists who had ins
squalor that day.

During February and
Logue's colleagues made
studies of city problems and
reported to him. Meanwhile
eled throughout the city mee
officials, citizens' groups, an
a closer look at the problems

In April I went with two
bers of the study group, Jan B
and Robert G. Hazen, for a
meeting with Logue at his
home on Martha's Vineyard.
mood was somber: "In De
wasn't expected to know
about New York," he said.
I'm supposed to have all the
At the rambling, attractive
was evident that he had de
than enjoy the relaxing isla
sphere. In one wing was
dinghy which served as a fil
At the bow were assorted
New York. The stern was lan
reports. More maps, charts
ports were strewn about.

After a long walk on the b
a sail with the two Logue
and his wife Margaret, Log
trying to fit the thousands o
and bits of information he
lected into a program outlin
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THE EASY CHAIR

He began by recalling that Lee of New Haven had taught approach problems by searching a good headline. He felt that York's headline must highlight disorganization and unresponsiveness of the city government. "Bob W was enormously underrated and have respect for John Lindsay," said. "But Parkinson is the Mayor of New York." He had decided that his report would not detail specific goals such as more low-cost housing, more open space, or improved building design, though he generally agreed with all these objectives. The last thing this town needs is a fella making easy statements about what ought to be done, leaving a little side question of how to do it. Our time is short. The emphasis has to be on making the apparatus responsive to what people want and need."


Logue walked over to a city building leaning against the wall. Gliding his hand across its surface, he outlined the kinds of projects he would recommend for each area of the city. They ranged from an economically integrated residential development from the Harlem River to code enforcement and spot clearance in Queens. For the massive problem areas—central Brooklyn, South Bronx, and a slum—he proposed giant demonstration-cities projects, combining urban renewal with antipoverty programs. These three areas, he felt, should be designated as individual projects to be carried out simultaneously.

"I wouldn't want to make the people of Harlem think we can solve their problems by nibbling at them," he said, "nor would I go to Bedford-Stuyvesant and say, 'Look, you nice people, we'll be working over in the South Bronx for the next ten years, but we'll get to you eventually.' You either get them all at once and on a large scale or you don't bother." (The Central Brooklyn area alone consists of 100 acres containing about 500,000 people.)

Logue conceded that a massive urban-renewal proposal would cause anxiety in New York, where urban renewal has often been unimpressive, slow, and middle-class-oriented. In Boston and New Haven, in contrast, Logue has used urban renewal largely as a device to produce a flow of federal money into run-

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the auction at Sotheby's, then Fortnum and Mason's for
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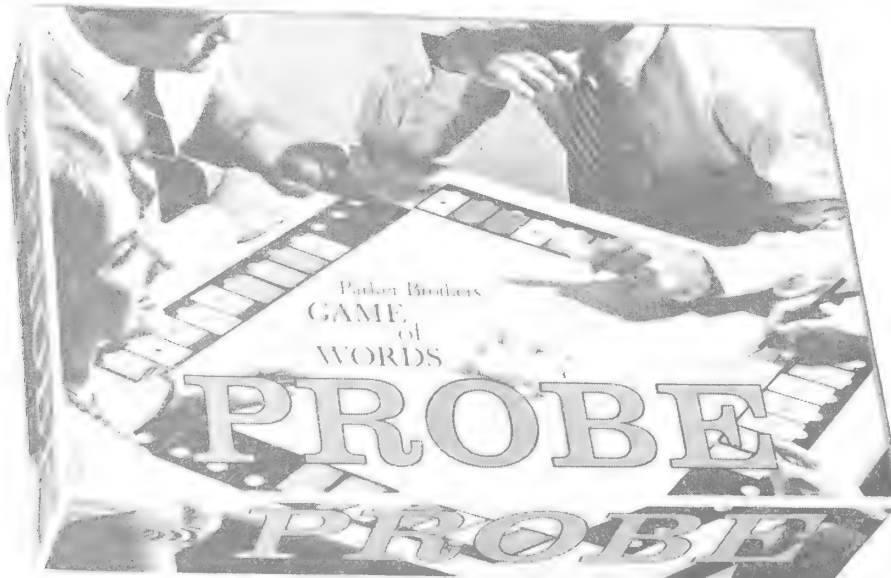
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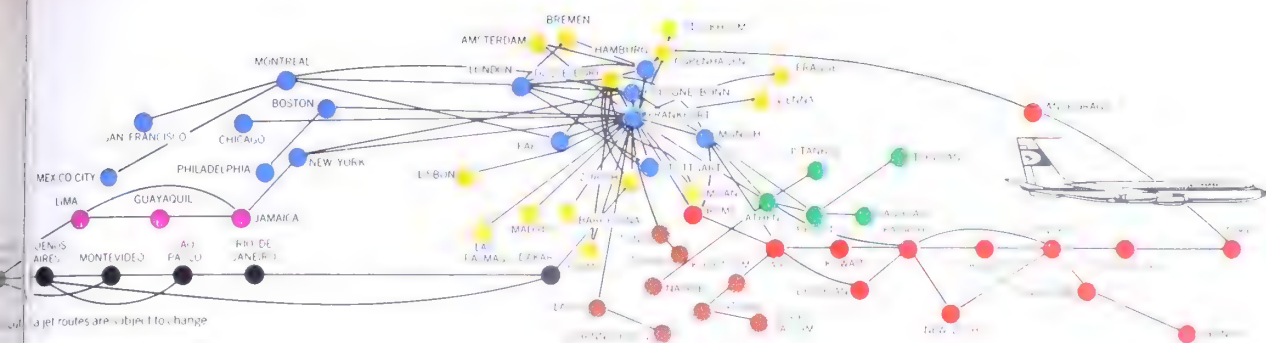
areas to lower the cost of new housing and community facilities and stimulate commercial and industrial growth.* He has been able to maintain tight administrative control over public programs and encourage investment in serviceable buildings. Characteristically, Logue's programs have moved quite quickly. Sometime he even began clearance and new construction while projects were still being planned to avoid panic fling, and to prove that he was serious. In contrast, New York projects have often been announced as a sop to outraged citizens without any real intention of carrying them out. Years have passed before construction—or even demolition began. And no one has thought in terms of actually ridding the city of its blight.

Later analysis showed what it would cost to rebuild New York's slums, two billion dollars of public money. Of this, one and a half billion would come from the federal government and the remainder would be split equally by the state and city with the city's share spent on local improvements such as parks and schools. The experts who listened to Logue's proposal were aghast. Such a huge federal outlay is unprecedented. Washington now provides only \$725 million per year in urban-renewal grants for all cities. It has seemed good sense in the past to avoid precise estimates of the total cost of rebuilding a city. I was more politic instead to rig Congress into gradually increasing authorizations. But the stark truth is that to renew just the ten largest cities in America we should be talking in billions, not millions, of dollars. Logue felt it was time to say his plainly.

"Look," he explained, "I don't dream up Harlem, and I'm not going to foster the illusion you can solve it with a small-scale program. We're not recommending anything more than what Lyndon Johnson proposed in his demonstration-cities message. All we're doing is saying, 'Hello, Lyndon, here we are.'"

Logue proposed that his Harlem, South Bronx, and Central Bronx

*New Haven tops the list of all American cities in the relative amount of federal urban renewal funds it has granted—\$745.38 per capita. Boston is in third place with \$218.16. New York gets \$36.77.



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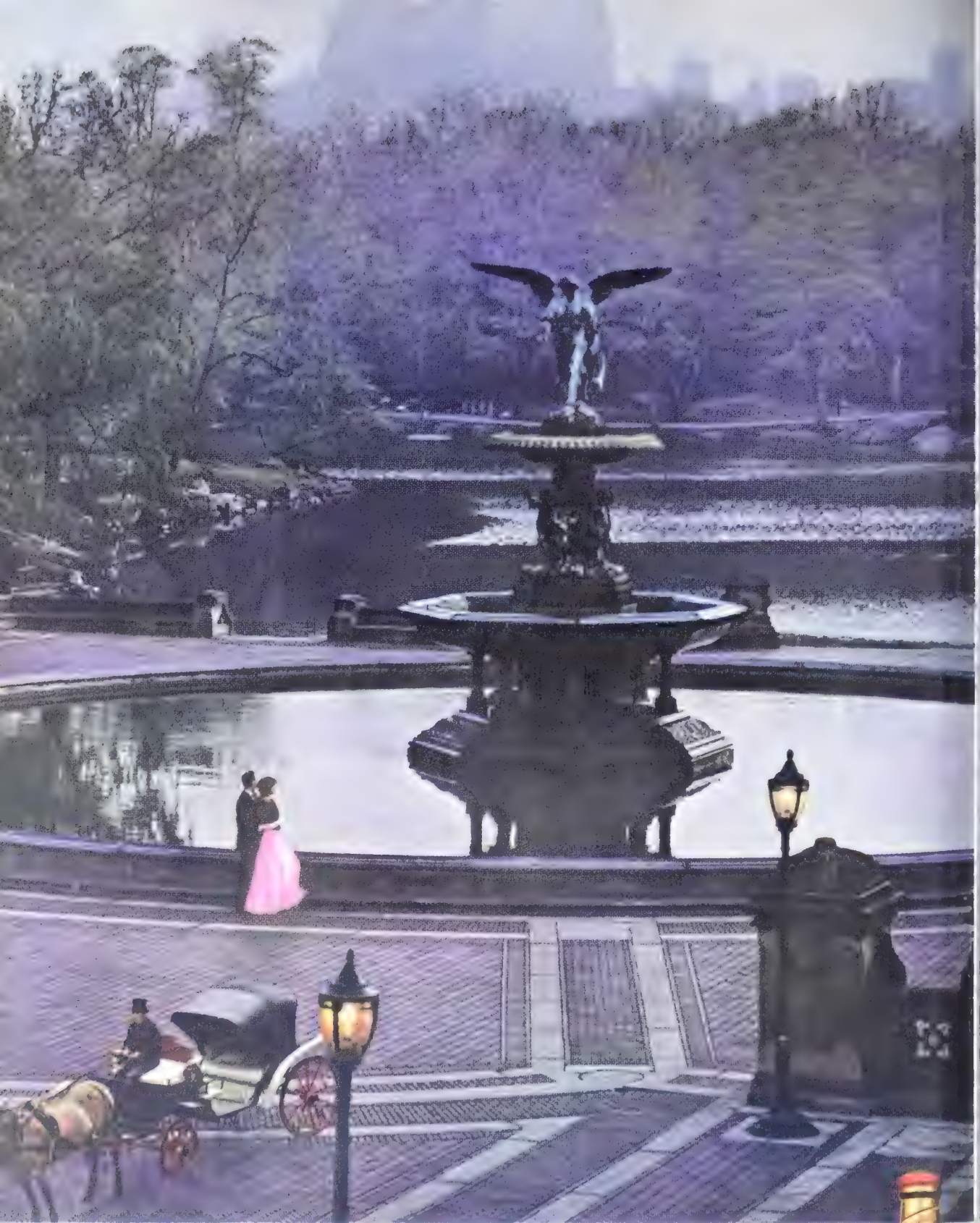
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so often include **DRAMBUITE**
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THE EASY CHAIR

be financed under the demonstration program called for by the President and outlined by Robert C. Weaver, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. How could federal administrators turn him down because of the cost? To do so would suggest that the President was not serious when he said, "I want that we focus all the technical talents within our society on the crisis of the American city."

He concluded that the only ground for rejecting his plan would be the belief in Washington that the city bureaucracy was incapable of carrying out a large program or of spending the money wisely. "We've got to reorganize," he said. He spent the rest of the month and much of the next few weeks working out his reorganization plan and lines.

His ideas are the heart of his representation, such related functions as planning, rehabilitation, public housing, and slum clearance are spread out at least eleven different New York City agencies. Each has an independent vertical line connecting the top office with the operating level. Viewed from a neighborhood, the administration of an urban program in New York is like a puppet operated by eleven different people. Actually, it is worse even within one department where responsibilities are not always clear.

He proposed that all these departments, including the City Planning Commission be consolidated into one agency with a single administrator responsible to and removable by the Mayor.

"Is megalomania?" he asked. He was quickly answered. "We color it only to redistribute it sensibly. This would be done by establishing an area administrator who would run all the new agency's functions in their domains. 'These jobs,' he predicted, 'could be the most important in America. The guy in Harlem, for instance, would run everything from detailed planning, enforcement, urban renewal, to getting into public housing.' These would also be uniquely challenging the first time in New York's history a public official with extraordinary authority would be within arm's distance or at least a subway ride of the people he serves.

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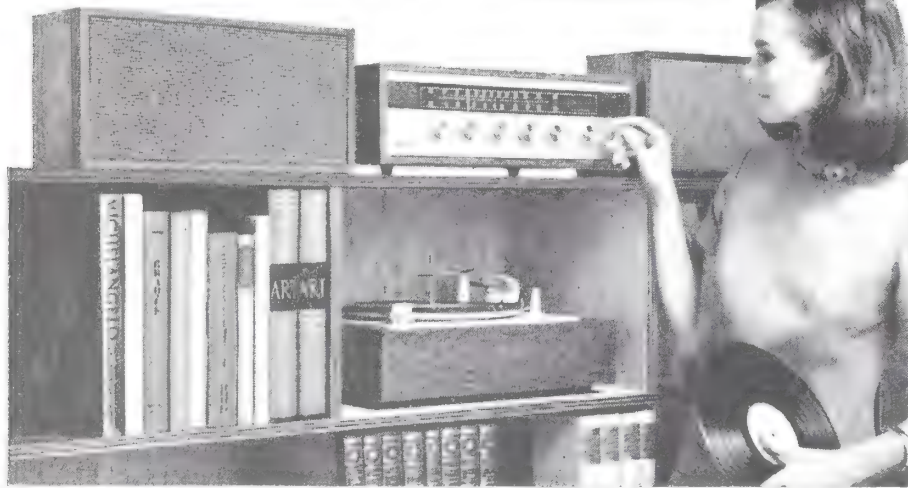
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THE EASY CHAIR

Logue's recommendations made public until fall.* But he discussed his ideas with several groups and early in the game of the report was filched and over to the *New York Times* published excerpts. So his ideas were debated over the summer. In the main, his ideas won support. Some objections were voiced to a city planning in the new agency. Some people also have reservations about vesting so much power in the hands of a new administrator. Most of these critics assume that Logue would be a boss and that his personal style would set the philosophy and character of the new agency.

I do not know whether Logue will take on the New York City government; it is doubtful that he will. But it can be safely predicted that he would not even consider it unless he were provided with the wherewithal to at least attempt a creditable job—and that would require both ample funds and an organizational structure that could function effectively. Meanwhile, he still has commitments in Boston and his messianic delusions about what he can do for New York. Besides, the city indeed has plenty of talent in the bureaucracy.

Ed Logue's report deserves to be examined for what it is: an opinion statement by a gifted and thoughtful pragmatic official. With the help of some of the best counselors he has found he has concluded that unless the current trend is reversed New York cannot rid itself of the human and public immorality of its slums and Brownsvilles. He has presented a responsible alternative and offered New York a desperately needed direction to follow.

He has also unavoidably posed a sobering question of national priorities. The one and a half billion dollars from the federal Treasury he estimates is needed to restore the abysmal slums of New York over the next six years is little more than the amount McNamara estimates will be lost in aircraft over Vietnam in the next twelve months.

Copies of the Logue report are available from the Institute of Urban Administration, 55 West 41th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036.

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How It Is—

APOLOGIES TO AN UNBELIEVER by Thomas Merton

Have you been reviled, disparaged, and affronted for your lack of faith? And does it matter to you? A Trappist monk suggests that the holier-than-thou believers may be using you for their own defense.

This is not going to be an easy tune to sing. To begin with, it is not one of the currently popular numbers. Still less one of the older and more timeworn routines. But I see you are already suspicious. I do not dispute your perfect right to be so. You *should* be suspicious. That is the first thing I have to say. Not that you need me to say it. But perhaps I need myself to say it.

However, if you distrust the word "apologies" and if you think that I am trying to afflict you with apologetics, please set your mind at rest. By "apologies" I mean simply what the word says. I recognize that I have been standing on your foot, and I am now at last getting off it, with these few mumbled sentences.

But you say, "Who is behind that pronoun when you say 'I'? Do you mean 'the Believer'? Do you mean your Church? Do you mean the clergy? Do you mean your monastic Order? Or do you just mean yourself?"

Well, in the first place, I am not entitled to speak in anybody's name but my own. I am quite sure that what I want to say will not be endorsed by many of the clergy, and it certainly is not the official teaching of the Catholic Church. On the other hand, I take my own faith seriously and am not a priest for nothing. I would not say these things if I thought they were not in the deepest sense true to what I believe. At the same time I am conscious of the futility of being a mere respectable and secure "Believer" with a capital "B."

I am apologizing to you for the inadequacy and impertinence of so much that has been inflicted on you in the name of religion, not only because it has embarrassed me, and others like me, but also because it

seems to me to be a falsification of religious truth.

At this point, let us get clear about *your* identity. You are, they say, an Unbeliever. On the other hand you are not a professional and militant Unbeliever. The militant Unbeliever is, in fact, a Believer—though perhaps a Believer-in-reverse. I will take care not to patronize you by seeming to doubt your unbelief—though technically it would be more accurate to say that you are a *Non-Believer* rather than an *Unbeliever*. You are one who neither rejects belief nor accepts it. In fact you have given up thinking about it because the message of faith does not reach you, does not interest you, and seems to have nothing to do with you at all. Or if it does reach you and does seem somehow relevant to you, yet you do not believe that faith can be the acceptance of a divine revelation. The concept of revelation is, to you, meaningless.

It is to you that I now say, with all the honesty at my command that I consider you a sorely affronted person. Believers have for centuries made a habit out of reviling and disparaging you. Have they perhaps done this in order to fortify themselves against their own secret doubts? Do all these Believers believe in God, or are they more intent upon believing that they themselves are Believers? Are you—the Unbeliever—more useful to them in this devout exercise than God himself?

They not only claim to know all about you, they take it upon themselves to expose the hidden sins which (according to them) explain your unbelief. They exert themselves to make you insecure, to tell you how unhappy you are—as if you needed them to tell you, and as if they were any happier themselves! They weave a thousand

myths about you, and having cornered you with shame and discredit, they wonder why you do not run to them for comfort. Seeing their failure, they try a different approach. Curiously, they are playing a game called "God Is Dead." But do not take this too seriously. This is only another deadly ideological card game, and what they want, in the end, is the same thing as before: to get you into churches. I confess I myself fail to see how the claim that "God is dead" is an argument for going to church.

At this point I am making a full renunciation, in my own name, of at least, of all tactical, clerical, or apologetic designs upon the sincere of your non-belief. I am not trying to tamper with your conscience. I am not insinuating that you have "spiritual problems" that I can detect and cure. I cannot. On the contrary, I am writing this for one purpose only: to recognize for the fact that this kind of front has been, and still is, daily and hourly perpetrated on you by a variety of Believers, some fanatical, some reasonable, some clerical, some lay, some religious some irreligious, some futuristic and some antiquated.

I think this apology is demanded by the respect I have for my own faith. If I, as a Christian, believe in my first duty is to love and respect my fellowman in his personal freedom and perplexity, in his unique history and his need for trust, then I believe that the refusal to let him alone in his inability to entrust him to God is

Thomas Merton has lived in the Abbey of Gethsemani in Kentucky since 1941. His first book, "The Sign of Saint Mary," is still a best-seller; and his latest, "Conjectures of a Guilty Bystander," comes out in November.

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his own conscience, and the insistence on rejecting him as a person until he agrees with me, is simply a sign that my own faith is inadequate.

Of course I believe in the importance of the Christian apostolate—as distinct from the itch to impose our own ideas on others. But let me be quite frank about it: the current fuss and shouting about whether or not God is dead, whether or not the Church (or Churches) can make the grade in twentieth-century society, whether or not the Church can regain the attention of modern man (either by guitar playing or liturgical gamesmanship), all seem to me to be rather trivial and beside the point. Where authentic religious concern degenerates into salesmanship it becomes an affront to the honest perplexities of the vast majority of men. I think, frankly, that you are entitled to be left unbothered by the sheer triviality of so much image making and vaudeville.

This of course requires much more explanation than I can give it here. For instance, I do not intend to call into question the really serious attempts at religious renewal. If I doubted for a moment that Christianity was alive and developing I would not bother my head with it all. Yet at the same time I think a great deal of the fuss, argument, and publicity in which the renewal seeks to express itself, is at best ambiguous. Are the Believers trying to convince themselves of their singular importance by selling a new image of themselves? I certainly do not feel that the question of religious renewal is as relevant to you as Church news releases imply. I appreciate your sometimes sympathetic curiosity, your cautious gestures of approval. Yet I think too many churchmen are still toying with the vain hope that their various institutions are going to continue to play dominant roles in society. I rather doubt it! I think the existence of the Christian in the modern world is going to be more and more marginal. We are going to be "Diaspora" Christians in a frankly secular and non-believing society.

As you see, I am apologizing because *you* have to suffer from *our* illusions. This does not make life very comfortable for you, particularly when, as may happen, you are yourself serious enough about "beliefs" to

think twice about adopting one. You hesitate to believe without motives that seem to you to be really worthy of such a perilous commitment. Others are less scrupulous about it. They can have the luxury of peaceful consciences, at very low cost, and they can look down on you into the bargain. (What makes them so sure that they are God's good friends and you are not? Some theologians I know are beginning to speak differently. They are saying that you others may be closer to God and potentially more "believing" than many of us. This is not new either. Paul had something of the sort to say to the Athenians!)

Faith comes by hearing, says Saint Paul; but by hearing *what*? The cries of snake-handlers? The platitudes of the religious operator? One must first be able to listen to the inscrutable ground of his own being, and who am I to say that your reservations about religious commitment do not protect, in you, this kind of listening?

The "absence of God" and the "silence of God" in the modern world are not only evident; they are facts of profound *religious* significance.

What do these metaphorical expressions mean? They refer obviously to another metaphorical concept, that of "communication" between man and God. To say that "God is absent" and "God is silent" is to say that the familiar concept of "communication" between man and God has broken down. And if you are an Unbeliever it is often enough because such communication is, to you, incredible. We, on the other hand, have insisted more and more that communication with God was credible and was in fact taking place: when *we* spoke, *God* spoke. Unfortunately, the terms in which we have continued to say this did little to make the idea acceptable, or even conceivable, to you.

We Believers keep insisting that we and God deal with each other morning, noon, and night over closed-circuit TV. These pious metaphors are permissible with certain reservations, but to try to force them on you can sometimes border on blasphemous idiocy. Thus our very language itself (to many of us still adequate) has tended to become an important element in the "absence" and the "silence" of God. Does it occur to us that instead of revealing him we are hid-

ing him? As a matter of fact, Vatican Council II formally admitted this. In the *Constitution on the Church in the World* we read that "Believers can have more than a little to do with the birth of atheism" when by their inefficiencies "they must be said to conceal rather than reveal the authentic face of God and religion."

Whatever one may choose to make of this absence and this silence of God, they have to be accepted as primary religious facts of our time. There is no use trying to ignore them, to act as if they could not possibly have happened, or to blame them all on somebody else. Much as I might wish that all men shared my faith—and I wish they did—there is no point in my sitting and dreaming about it, when in fact I live in a world in which God is silent, from which he is apparently absent, in which some of the latest routines designed to celebrate his presence only make the spiritual void all the more embarrassing.

To admit that this is a world in which God seems not to be speaking is not a renunciation of faith; it is a simple acceptance of an existential religious fact. It should not disappoint anyone who knows, from the Bible and from the mystics, that the silences of God are also messages with a definite import of their own. And this import is not necessarily reassuring. One thing it may imply, for instance, is a judgment on the righteousness of those who trust in themselves because they are fully respectable and "established." It may imply a severe judgment of their complacent affirmations, and suggest that a great deal is instead being "said" of God in language that nobody can decode. Perhaps things that we badly need to know are being told us in lively and disconcerting ways. Perhaps they are staring us in the face, and we cannot see them. It is in such situations that the language of prophets speaks of the "silence of God."

To turn to such a world, in which every other voice but the voice of God is heard and merely to add one more voice to the general din—one's own—is to neglect the ominous reality of a crisis that has perhaps become apocalyptic. In "turning to" this kind of world, I think the Catholic Church intends to respect the gravity of the predicament, and to do a little listening. There is certainly an enormous

AN UNBELIEVER

between the solemn anathema of Vatican I and the more sympathetic appeals of Vatican II for dialogue.

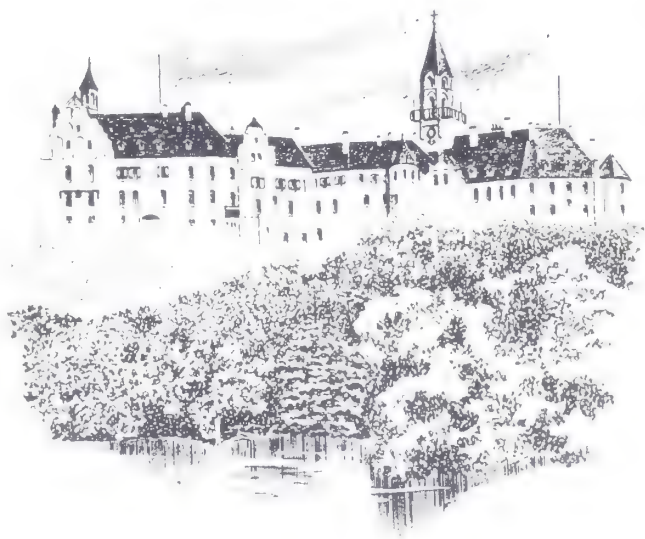
A peculiar task in my Church world has been that of the explorer who, instead of following on all the latest bandwagons, is bound to search the depths of faith in its silences, ambiguities, and in those certainties which lie deeper than the surface of anxiety.

In these depths there are no easy, no pat solutions to anything. It lives a kind of submarine life in which faith sometimes mystifies, sometimes makes on the aspect of doubt. In fact, one has to doubt and question conventional and superstitious certainties that have taken the place of faith. On this level, the division between Believer and Unbeliever is not so crystal clear. It is not that all are all right and others are wrong; all are bound to seek in perplexity. Everybody is an explorer more or less! Only when one is fully experienced, acquainted and lived with, does one begin to hear the simple message of the Gospel—or of any other religious teaching.

A religious problem of the twentieth century is not understandable if it is seen only as a problem of believers and of atheists. It is also, perhaps chiefly, a problem of Believers. The faith that has grown cold is not the faith that the Unbeliever has lost but the faith that the Believer has kept. This faith has too often become rigid, or complex, sentimental, or impertinent. It has been lost in imaginings and unrealities, in pontifical and ritual routines, or in evaporative mysticism and loose talk.

The most hopeful sign of religious life is the authentic sincerity and honesty with which some Believers are beginning to recognize this. At the moment when it would seem that the Church ought to gather for a fast-ditch stand, these Believers, dropping their defensiveness, their stance, and their mistrust, are realizing that a faith that is not shared by other people is no faith at all. A faith that supports itself by convincing others is itself contrary to the Gospel. []

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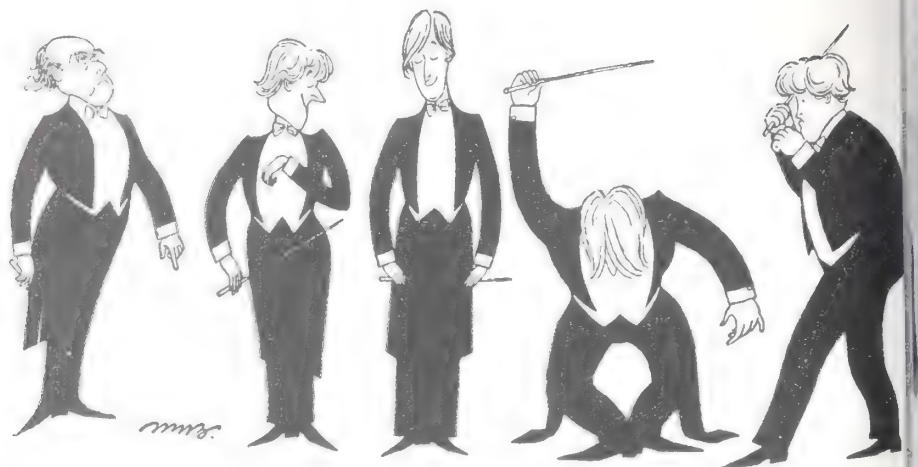
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After Hours by George R. Marek



TOSCANINI AND THE OTHERS

A fresh evaluation of the conductor's art marks the coming tenth anniversary of Toscanini's death (January 1967) and the hundredth of his birth (March).

Which of these conductors do you dislike most? (Check one or all.)

The Prosecuting Attorney. He points with outstretched finger at the oboist and frequently shakes his head with a deprecating grimace, thus showing that though the audience might be satisfied, he is not. . . .

The Sybaritic Smiler. His soul is pure, he and Mozart having come to a perfect understanding. He loves everything. If the soloist plays a cadenza, he listens with bowed head, as if he had never heard it before. . . .

The Sculptor. He conducts without a baton and shapes the music with hands which pat and dig. . . . *The Borer.* He punches at the orchestra. . . . *The Nijinsky Narcissus.* (No comment). . . . *The "Schwitzer."* Conducting is hard work and he lets you know it. . . . *The Jumping Kangaroo.* To play a crescendo, he starts from a deep kneebend and ends a good six inches above the podium. . . . *The Traffic Cop.* Even in music which the orchestra knows by heart, he gives highly visible cues, proving how well he knows the score.

Let us not accuse these artists

of out-and-out charlatanism. Among them are good men and true, conductors of valuable accomplishments. If you questioned their platform behavior (which would entail some peril to yourself), they would reply that it came naturally, that the gestures were necessary to them to obtain the musical effects they wanted. Perhaps this is true. Perhaps. All the same, the extravagances of many of our conductors border on the manic, and one must suspect that their attitudinizing is as much directed toward the audience as toward the body of men they lead. The abuses of the conductor's art have come about by our looking—"looking" is the right word—at the conductor as the star, by his knowing that he is the cynosure of all eyes, by our exalting him to the role of *prima ballerina* of the orchestral concert.

That role did not exist before the nineteenth century. The art of interpreting orchestral music is relatively new; it was in its initial stage when Toscanini was born a hundred years ago.

Eighteenth-century music, with its small orchestra and its well-defined structure, did not require, or at least did not get, a conductor as we know him today. There was a leader of sorts who supervised the performance and who occasionally indicated the tempo. He usually worked from the harpsi-

chord or as the leader of the violin. A little later, he stood in the middle of the orchestra with a roll of paper in his hand, marking the beat. Finally, by tapping audibly on a music stand.

When Beethoven wrote his symphonies, the conductor's task was not to make reasonably sure that the performance moved along without accidents. This *Kapellmeister*—really Chapel Master, as the early concert halls were chapels or churches—still worked from the piano. Beethoven so directed his *Fidelio*. In the 1830s, the conductor was promoted no longer being required to play an instrument, and began to wield a baton fashioned of wood or ivory. Ludwig Spohr, that gentle composer, was one of the first to experiment with a *Taktstock*, a stick to indicate the rhythm.

Mendelssohn and Berlioz developed the technique of using the baton. They even exchanged the symbols of authority, Berlioz sending Mendelssohn what he called his "tomahawk" and Mendelssohn returning the compliment with a silver staff. One

Mr. Marek is Vice President and General Manager of RCA Victor Records as well as the author of "Opera Theater" and other books. His biography of Richard Strauss will be published shortly.

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AFTER HOURS

v-off conductors was the and dandyish Adolphe Juldid much to advance the 's art in spite of all his flam- He used to conduct Beesymphonies by donning in e audience a pair of immac- te gloves which his valet nd him on a velvet tray. finished, he sank exhausted mchair conveniently placed ge. He ended in an insane

phonic and operatic music ore complex, the need for ctor became more pressing. as a long time before his e was acknowledged. Adam The Orchestra from Beetho- rlioz, writes: "The conduc- e appeared in small letters t announcements, and if a nce was reported and criti- re likely than not the con- name was not even men-

must be given considerable the development of conduct- interpretive art. Prompted oy the demands of his own . by his new ideas about in- on itself he wrote a famous "On Conducting." Around of Wagner there began to w planets, men who pulled stras up by the force of their l who demanded new nim- and expressiveness from l playing. Working with vere the brilliant and erratic

Bülów, Anton Seidl, Hans Hermann Levi, Karl Muck. ; them—in the late nine- d the beginning of the twen- ury—the great personalities mselves felt, such men as ikisch, Felix Weingartner, ard Strauss. They were the its of Beecham, Stokowski, rg, Koussevitzky, all stellar ers, all great conductors, hey occasionally "overinter- rchestrual music, even if they lly out-heroded Herod.

man who was not worth men- n the program became the or us to select a particular . One may take the view that no difference how a conduc- that one should "see him" 's ears, not one's eyes. But n unrealistic view; for up

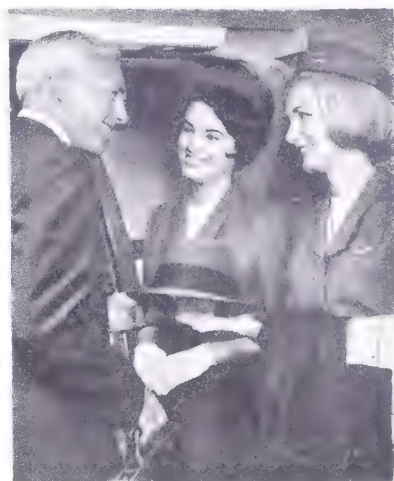
there he is, and we cannot avoid look- ing at him. It is all very well to say that we ought to listen to the music and not worship the hero. But for all except the professional musician, music has no existence and means nothing until it is performed. We never really hear it; what we hear is someone's idea of what the music is.



The Traffic Cop

In a measure which is unique, Toscanini combined in himself greatness of musical interpretation and perfection of platform behavior. He was as good to look at as to listen to. Perhaps Nikisch rivaled him in aristocracy of bearing, Bruno Walter in the ability to let a melody luxuriate, Mengelberg in dramatic force. None, however, combined within himself so comprehensive a faculty of expressing various moods and styles of music; none roamed over so large a territory. Toscanini possessed the keys which unlocked both Verdi and Beethoven, both Wagner and Debussy, both Rossini and Richard Strauss. He was not, of course, an omniscient Merlin. His magic was not equally potent with, nor was he equally attuned to, all music; his understanding of Bach was limited, he had little use for Stravinsky or Bartók, and at times his Mozart seemed overdriven.

A significant difference between Toscanini's art and the art of most other conductors was that with Toscanini one could never tell how it came about. Toscanini was a conductor who labored and pleaded and cajoled and stormed—but in rehearsal only. In the performance which followed, he became merely the inspiring executive, the work of organization having been



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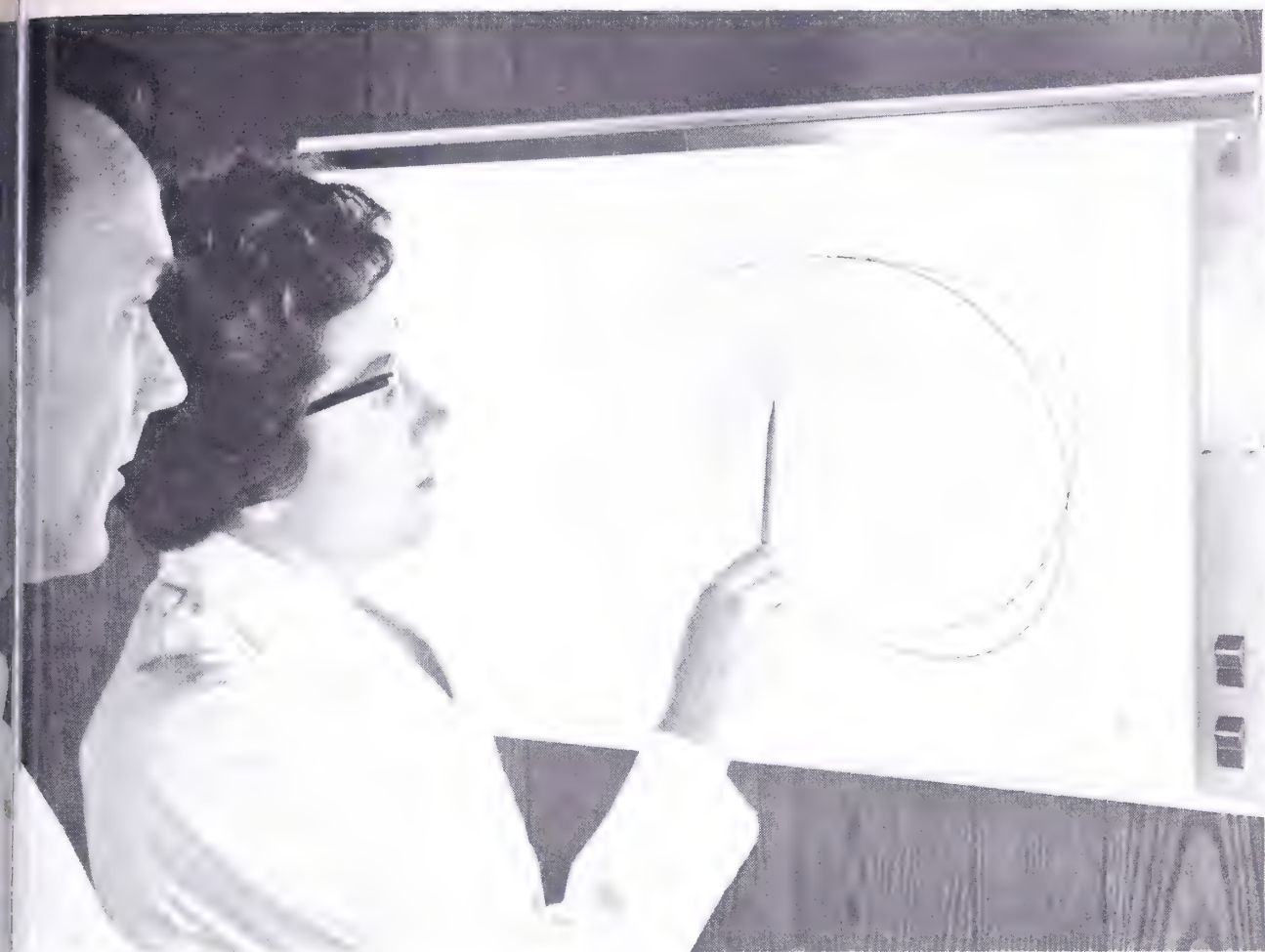
accomplished previously. To put it more simply: he did less in performance than in rehearsal. Other conductors I have watched do more in performance than they do in rehearsal. Some of that "more," I suspect, is for the benefit of the listener-lookers.

Among the various skills which make up the art of conducting, Toscanini possessed a particular mastery of rhythm. A composition, like in time, as a human being does, while its rhythm, its pulse may change, it cannot fall into disjointed episodes. With him one could feel the continuous time and flow of the music, its heartbeat never stopping. The "cardiograph" of a conductor by Toscanini was always a healthy one. He had a sense of direction which foresaw where he was going from bar one on. There were no climaxes. But being Italian, and having started in the opera house, Toscanini believed that the essential ingredient of all the music he conducted, harsh or dulcet, was not rhythm; therefore he insisted that the choralists "cantare"—"sing" though they had to sing in a very different way when they played Beethoven than when they played *La Bohème*.

Whatever the music, Toscanini had a passion for cleanliness. One of the musicians in the NBC Symphony said to me that other conductors swept the dust under the carpet; he picked up the carpet and swept under it. Approximate was never good enough for him. When you listened to a chord played by an orchestra, not Toscanini, you observed that no threads dangled from it. In a violin passage, each note was just what it was. "It is not clear," he shouted to the orchestra, and worked till it was clear.

"Tell me about this man Toscanini," George Bernard Shaw once was proposed to have asked. "Is he so industrious, and honest?" The question could be answered seriously.

Sober he was not; he was full of music, an inspired intoxication which drove him in the middle of the night to take up a score he knew by heart and examine it freshly with his nearsighted eyes, his nose touching the page, to question himself whether what he played was what he meant, whether he, Toscanini,



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AFTER HOURS

conduct it better. "When I score," he once said, "I feel a composer looking at me from it." His repeated inquiries at the score led him to so just an understanding of style that when he conducted Smetana's *The Moldau* you could swear he was born in Prague. When he conducted the *Cello Concerto* by Rossini you could swear he had never left Italy. These inquiries into the essence of composition did not come from him.

Making music was to him continuous, hard, maddening quest for perfection which, heard in his playing, he could never attain. Gregor Porgy, the cellist, tells of playing a concerto with him and feeling that Toscanini had made him play



The "Schwitzer"

than he had ever played before could hope to again. But after the concert Toscanini, dissatisfied with himself, was sunk in gloom. He did not speak for a long time and when he did it was only to mutter, "Yes, I am stupid." Silence. Finally he managed a wan smile and whispered perhaps the others are more so.

Another time, unable to get the orchestra to sound a Beethoven as he wanted it, he tore off his alpaca rehearsal jacket, ripped it in shreds, and dug his nails into his skin. The physical pain relieved his mental anguish.

Industrious he was. Work wore weary him, though he kept shouting and exclaiming, "*Madonna!*" when a musician did not give him only when he played, so to speak slumping in his chair, were the gates of his wrath opened. A rehearsal for the last concert season—Toscanini was to leave Italy shortly after—the horn player performed carelessly. "I hope I see you again!" Toscanini shouted.



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AFTER HOURS

"And if you come to Italy I'll leave the country."

His industry made him care for each little eighth note as a father does for a weak baby. He once came to the studio and sat for hours with the drummer to correct a slight drum roll in the final bar of an already approved recording. "Nobody could possibly hear the difference," he explained, "but it makes a difference to me."

When the NBC Symphony was about to be formed, David Sarnoff gave one directive: "Do not hire away any players from existing orchestras because that would only lead to a competitive war." The people in charge, headed by Artur Rodzinski, himself a fine conductor, managed to get together a superb orchestra—except for the first clarinetist. They couldn't find a first-class one. This became apparent in the first radio concerts the orchestra gave.

When Toscanini was about to arrive from Italy to take over the orchestra, Sarnoff was asked how the problem should be handled. Should Toscanini be left to find out for himself? Should they tell him honestly? Sarnoff said, "Let's tell him." His associates said, "You tell him." Accordingly, a delegation went down to meet the ship. Toscanini sat in his stateroom, greeted Sarnoff, and said, "That's a very fine orchestra you got together—very fine, all except the first clarinet player."

Sarnoff was angry: one example more, he observed, of the fact that in a big organization you can't keep any secrets. Such a storm of protest arose, such denials, that Sarnoff finally turned to Toscanini and said, "Maestro, how did you find out?" Toscanini said, "I have been listening on a little short-wave radio I had in Milan and I could tell." He then said, "Take me to the studio." Instead of going to his hotel, he went to NBC, where the orchestra was rehearsing. He sent for the clarinet player, and when he arrived said to him, "You are a good clarinet player, but there are certain things that you do wrong." Then he began to work with him. The upshot was that the clarinetist stayed with the orchestra for seventeen years and became one of the world's best.

His honesty could be wounding. He was listening one day to a particularly mannered performance by a particu-

larly capricious conductor of he loved. Usually his disappressed itself by his storming down the room or smashing things. This time he was quiet. That he wrote a letter to the conductor Mr. So-and-So: I have known assassins in my life. One was the other Mussolini. You are third. Very truly yours."

That his memory was phenomenal is a widely known fact. Though he did not start the custom of conducting with heart—Bülow conducted by heart—he gave impetus to the practice. Toscanini knew a piece of music and retained it forever. A certain composer met Toscanini at a party and said to him, "No doubt you do remember me, but twenty-five years ago in Italy you were judging me in competition for a new symphony. I entered my symphony in that competition but I never heard from you. I probably never looked at it. Yes!" replied Toscanini, "I did not. But you didn't hear from me because the symphony wasn't accepted. With this he went to the piano and began to play the man's music from memory, shaking his head and nodding, "No, no! It still isn't any good."



The Sculptor

There were dark touches in his luminous personality, too. Talent is beset by contradictions: the greater the talent the sharper the contradictions can become. His view, his Voltairean broadness, for example, was clouded by curious superstitions and prejudices. Indeed, he was as superstitious as a Sicilian farmer. He believed in the power of the *malocchio*, the evil

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and was sure that one or two men he knew were *iettatori*, bearers of evil. In consequence, he banished completely an innocent photographer from his presence. His choice of friends and confidants was occasionally incomprehensible. He spent hours with one critic who was using him for his own purposes—and refused to see another who had no ulterior motive. He could be peremptory with friends and nurse a slight or even a purely fancied grievance. He took a lenient view of marital infidelity yet believed that divorce under almost all circumstances was “not to be condoned.”

As to his musical limits—I have said that he did not respond to all music. What artist can? Oscar Wilde wrote that only an auctioneer can be equally enthusiastic about *all* forms of art. In addition to his lack of response to

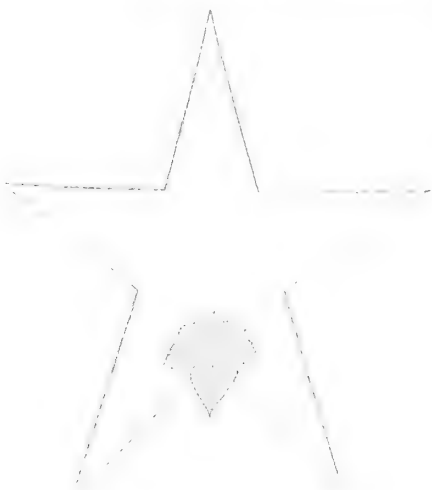
twentieth-century music or much of baroque music, he did champion, perhaps for sentimental reasons, a couple of rather weak Italian composers such as Catalani and Martucci. If Toscanini had an Achilles' heel it was his choice of singers. He wanted singers who were completely malleable, entirely docile to his wishes. That his wishes were just and that good singers singing under him gave performances such as they never equaled before or after is beside the point. When, for example, Toscanini was rehearsing *Die Meistersinger* in Salzburg he became dissatisfied with Friedrich Schorr, a great Hans Sachs, and chose instead Hans Nissen. No one who has ever heard that performance can possibly forget it, but it would have been *still* greater with Schorr.

In his later life his preeminence as

interpreter remained unchallenged, even by other conductors, although Koussevitzky once slyly remarked that “Toscanini was a wonderful opera conductor,” and Sir Thomas Beecham, taking over the orchestra after a series of Toscanini concerts, said to the men, “We have had so much fidelity to the composer around here, let's have a little interpretation.” There were one or two other dissenting voices. Virgil Thomson, for example, wrote after Toscanini's performance of *Falstaff* that the whole thing was much too unyielding and strict and that it lacked humor (I felt and feel now that, in fact, the opposite was true).

Whatever will be history's final estimate of the Toscanini influence, there can be no doubt that he brought the art of the conductor to a new dimension.

PHILISTINE-OF-THE-MONTH



Nominations for Philistine-of-the-Month have come to this column in far larger numbers than we expected. The most frequently mentioned candidate has been Sgt. Fred Cobb of the Nashville, Tennessee, police force, who shut down the movie of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf* and arrested the proprietor of the theater because, as he said, “It was a disgrace. . . . I represent the thinking of good people of this town, and I just don't feel like they would approve of this type of film for young people to see.” He also said that the film “tried to belittle the modern-day evangelists such as Billy Graham and others.” The film has been passed by the Motion Picture

Association of America and the Catholic Church's Legion of Decency.

The second most frequently mentioned candidate was J. George Stewart, the official “architect” of the Capitol (who is not an architect at all; he's an engineer), who wants to alter the Capitol's west front in order to “accommodate additional office and restaurant space and a tourist center,” at a cost of \$34 million. In his column, “Washington Insight,” in the September 1966 *Harper's*, Clayton Fritchey discussed this raw slice of philistinism in some detail.

But in our opinion it is the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of California and Director of Education, Dr. Max Rafferty, who best deserves the distinction of Philistine-of-the-Month because, since he poses officially as an arbiter and disseminator of culture, he should know better. In his weekly column in the *Los Angeles Times* (July 4, 1966) he took out after some contemporary art on moral and aesthetic grounds in very much the same terms in which a century ago philistines took out after the Impressionists in France, or at the turn of the century after a group of American artists, known as “The Eight,” and referred to by the likes of Dr. Rafferty as “The Ashcan School.”

He says, “One of the many things I have trouble understanding is this

business of artistic license. Apparently it has come to mean that a squalid, stomach-turning sensationalist is now guaranteed an exhibit for his unsavory wares if only he shouts loudly enough that they constitute an ‘honest expression of emotion by a serious artist.’” He also says, “. . . throughout the 6,000 years of recorded history, art has always shirked the responsibility of making itself intelligible to people like the benighted and philistine though they may be.” And, “Ever since the Augustanians started decorating the walls of their caves, artists have beautified the world. There have always been and still are, plenty of slob-willies to uglify it, unfortunately. But allow the latter to get away with pretending to be the former?”

Educator, educate thyself!

Subscriptions for one year. *Harper's* have been entered for the following readers who submitted Rafferty's candidacy for Philistine-of-the-Month:

E. R., Buena Park, California
Elizabeth H. Brady, Northridge, California
Harold M. Mozer, Bellevue, Washington
Claude T. Burns, San Diego, California

—Russell Lyne

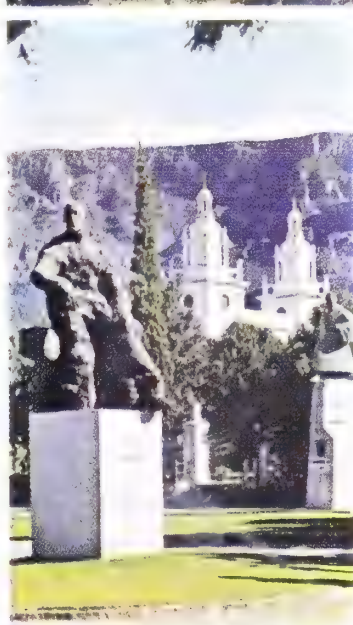
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Russell Lynes

HOW GOOD ARE THE JUNIOR COLLEGES?



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and why it may revolutionize the college Establishment.*

On a gray, somewhat piercing Saturday afternoon last December the president of a junior college north of Seattle took me to see a brand new neighbor of his, the uncompleted campus of Shoreline College. The buildings, a nicely distributed cattering of one-story mansard modern with colored slate roofs capping brick walls, were ostensibly finished. The grounds were not; what would in a few months be lawn was still raw from the earthmover's blade. There was no sign of students or faculty. When we walked up the paths to what evidently was the library, we could see down the other side of the hill.

"I was wondering," said the president of the neighboring junior college, "where the parking lot was."

A nub of the matter in junior-college education today is the parking lot. A new college can get long for a while with almost no library, nothing but makeshift classrooms and laboratories, and it does not need, and in most cases certainly does not want, dormitories, but a parking lot is essential. This is education for the mobile nubile.

Indeed the junior colleges and the community colleges—that is, the two-year colleges—educate approximately a million and a quarter commuting young Americans. The colleges now appear at the

rate of more than fifty new ones each year, and number about eight hundred. An accurate figure is impossible; to turn one's back on the junior colleges for a minute is to risk being clipped from behind by a man-sized new statistic that did not exist yesterday. For example, while I was in Seattle I talked at some length with the president of another Washington community college. He said that he was about to leave his job to become vice president of a "community college district" in Dallas, Texas.

"So far," he said, "we have nothing but plans on paper, but in three years we expect to have twenty-eight thousand students on three new campuses."

I have since quoted this statement to any number of junior-college people. They take it in stride. It surprises nobody in the business.

The junior-college movement is not a new one, but it has changed radically in the last decade, and its headlong momentum has piled up seemingly insuperable problems in front of those who are trying to discipline its sprawling growth. To say which was the first junior college is merely to plunge into a bit of polite internecine warfare which need not concern anyone but the combatants. The concept of the college that offered only freshman and sophomore years as separate and

distinct from the university was propounded around the turn of the century by William Rainey Harper, the founding president of the University of Chicago. According to Edmund J. Gleazer, Jr., the executive director of the American Association of Junior Colleges, there were in 1900 "about eight" junior colleges, all of them private, and they enrolled "approximately one hundred students." The first *public* junior college was established in Joliet, Illinois, in 1901, and gradually the concept spread across the country. It took about thirty years to establish four hundred of them. In the next thirty years the number rose to nearly seven hundred and by 1963 they enrolled more than 800,000 students. In a speech at Michigan State last spring Mr. Gleazer talked about "five hundred new community colleges in the next ten years" with 2,500 students on each campus, at a capital cost of \$5 billion. When I saw him in his office last June he said, "There are one hundred and ninety new junior colleges, now well beyond the talking stage, . . . that should be in full operation in about three years."

The end obviously is nowhere in sight, and the present is so cluttered with such a variety of programs, institutions, standards, and aims that even those who are closest to the junior-college movement do not seem to be able to define its shape or character. In the first place, the movement is by no means a single one; it is a multiplicity of movements bound together not only, to use Clark Kerr's phrase, by a common parking problem but by a single element of time—two years of education beyond high school. To some this means what one private junior college president defined for me as "the thirteenth- and fourteenth-grade syndrome." To others it means not continuation of adolescence, as the extension of high school implies, but the beginning of adulthood, which college is meant to indicate.

No Longer "Finishing Schools"

Junior colleges come in all sizes and kinds. There are the private ones for fashionable young ladies in pleasant rural settings, outgrowths of what

were once called "finishing schools." They are likely to have a somewhat boarding-school air about them, a well-bred, ivy-covered look and manner and sometimes (though by no means always negligible academic standards. By contrast there are vast city junior colleges teeming with several thousand students jammed into barely adequate old brick public-school buildings. Indeed a great many community colleges have been started in outmoded high-school buildings and later moved when the community could raise the money by floating a bond issue and getting state aid, to a campus on the outskirts of town. I visited one college in upstate New York where I was shown the stables and carriage house in which it had held its first classes. In Philadelphia a new community college at present occupies what was once Snellenberg's department store.

Some of the new campuses are lavish, especially in California, with spreading acres of lawn ornamented with fountains and reflecting pools, with arcades and alleys of trees, with observatories, and all the accouterments, except dormitories, of large universities. Such magnificence is the envy of many of the older community colleges, started thirty or forty years ago with hastily built buildings that have been supplemented over the years with more jerry-built structures. Somehow they manage to provide classrooms, laboratories, machine shops, and library space for twice as many students as ideally their plants should be able to accommodate. "We keep growing," one president said to me, "but the trouble is we have no land to grow on." All of the colleges in one respect or another are under some kind of pressure from growth.

But whatever they may look like, whatever part of the country they may be in, whether they are public or private or, as about 175 of them are, affiliated with churches—and under whatever pressures they may find themselves—there are just three primary functions that junior colleges perform and one they cannot avoid. Their three functions might be called *technical training*, *transfer* (and *terminal*) education, and *twilight education*.² The one they cannot avoid is *time-killing*; scarcely any educational institution can.

One of their oldest functions, and still one of their most important, is to provide technical training which, in many cases, is directly aimed at skills needed by local or regional industries. In Seattle, for example, where there was a considerable controversy a couple of years ago about whether the junior colleges should be locally or regionally administered (a problem we'll come to), the *princi-*

Russell Lynes' newest book is "Confessions of a Dilettante," recently published by Harper & Row. Besides being managing editor of this magazine and a persistent critic of contemporary culture, Mr. Lynes has taken an active part in the evolving discussion of American education. A Yale graduate, he was coprincipal of Shipley, has served on the Yale University Council and the Board of Trustees of the Collegiate School.

²It is not quite *moonlighting*.



and TV network for the area (KING-TV) did a documentary on the junior colleges. The show centered on a young man training in a junior college to be a forester, a job everyone in the area could identify with. At San Mateo College, a stone's throw from the San Francisco airport, there is excellent equipment for developing aeronautical technicians, who are in constant demand. Most junior colleges (public ones, that is) offer their technical students a wide variety to choose from—everything from nursing to auto mechanics, from accounting to a "science" known as "cosmetology," a euphemism for being trained as a beauty parlor operator. In addition to their technical courses, those colleges that are not strictly vocational (and there are some old-fashioned trade schools that fly the junior-college banner) supplement the bread-and-butter courses with what the teachers manfully struggle to offer as culture or liberal arts.

Ideally the products of technical training in community colleges are ready, when they have finished two years, to take jobs which fall somewhere between the professional and the manual—interpreters, as one junior-college president explained, "between policy and elbow grease." If the offerings of the college are matched to the needs of the community, there are plenty of jobs waiting for those who have completed the courses.

"One of the most difficult problems we have," the president of Orange County Community College in Middletown, New York, said to me, "is the identification of community needs. We watch, we listen, we talk to businessmen and professional men, and when we have found a kind of training we are convinced the community needs and will use, we set up curriculum in it. Next year, for example, we are going to start a new program for architecture. There is a great deal of building going on in the area, and we began to hear complaints about a shortage of draftsmen. We can do something about that."

Over the last fifteen years this same college has developed a professional nurses' training course

that commands great respect in the county and beyond. It draws students not only from "out of county" but "out of state." The president called it "our most prestigious course."

Some junior colleges (mostly private ones) offer no technical courses whatsoever and concentrate entirely on the liberal arts or preengineering training and at the end of two years they give the successful students a degree called an Associate in Arts. Many junior colleges give both technical and transfer curricula.

The second function of the junior college is to give a certain number of young men and women the equivalent of the first two years of a regular four-year college curriculum. When they have completed two years of work in liberal arts or "preengineering," they are awarded the degree of Associate in Arts and presumably are ready to go on to a four-year college and end up with a bachelor's degree two years later. By no means do all of them transfer. According to B. Lamar Johnson, professor of higher education at UCLA and one of the authoritative voices in junior-college education, "... from two-thirds to three-quarters of the students who enter our junior colleges announce their intention to transfer to senior institutions, whereas less than one-third actually continue their education beyond junior-college graduation." Part of the explanation of this was given me by a student: "Colleges like these are easy to get into, but it's just as easy to get thrown out."

In many junior colleges the percentage of those who actually graduate and get their certificates is small in comparison with those who stay two years but do not have sufficiently high averages to get their diplomas. A good many of them, obviously, have merely been killing time; some have been avoiding (or delaying) the draft; others will have learned at least enough to get better jobs than they would have if they had not been to junior college at all. Most of those who transfer to four-year colleges do as well as the average four-year college student and a few are among the best students wherever they go. They are not likely to transfer to the colleges for which there is stiff competition, like Yale or Radcliffe or Haverford, but to state colleges, teachers colleges, technical schools, and small liberal-arts colleges.* In California a dean in charge of curriculum at a state college told me that the good junior-college students measure up well when they transfer to the state colleges, but only the extremely able are not likely to get swamped in distinguished universities like

*Public colleges and universities, unlike private ones, are obliged to provide space for transfer students in the junior year.

Berkeley or UCLA. California, of course, has one of the most hierarchical state systems of higher education and one of the best, if not *the* best. It is not snobbish about its junior colleges, as some state systems seem to be.

The third function of the community college is to provide a smorgasbord of intellectual and practical dishes for men and women in the community who wish to take courses in the evening. The twilight enrollment is likely to outrun by far the number of students who come by day. At San Mateo in California, for example, there are about 6,000 students by day and 8,500 enrolled in evening courses.

Some of this cultural uplift (it happens in community colleges everywhere) is in the aged tradition of the Lyceum or the Chautauqua; some of it is practical—courses in real estate, in accounting, in drafting, or what (to make it sound like higher education) is called “secretarial science.” Some of it is time-killing for the lonely and some of it is refreshment for the intellectually hungry. The courses are given partly by professional teachers, sometimes moonlighting from daytime teaching at the same college, some by local experts—businessmen, physicians, engineers, artists—some by teachers from four-year colleges in the neighborhood and by high-school teachers. In some respects the evening school is more important to the community than the day college.

The very existence of a community (junior) college in a small city is likely to make not only a cultural but a financial impact on the town and the surrounding countryside. It brings business to the area, it makes it easier for corporations to attract employees who are looking for advantages for their children, and it puts cash into the registers of small businesses in the vicinity of the college. In some communities it attracts students from a distance who live as boarders in private houses and, as one president of a college told me, “The very fact that there is a group of professional people attracted to teach in the college does a great deal to raise the whole level of the community.”



There is a feeling of second-class citizenship about the characteristic junior-college students with whom I have talked, and there is likely to continue to be, at least for a while. They feel themselves looked down upon by their contemporaries in four-year colleges, even when there is no intellectual justification for such an attitude; there are communities in which the local junior college is intellectually and pedagogically superior to the so-called “regular” college. One finds in almost any group of young men and women in junior colleges some who are quite capable of getting a foothold in a superior four-year college, but who are in a community college for financial or social reasons. Some do not want to break their family ties and go away to college; some families do not want their young sprung from the nest at seventeen. On the other hand, as the president of a New York community college put it, “People who never dreamed that their kids could go to college can afford the three hundred dollars that it takes.” That sum, he said, is the ceiling on community college tuition in the state.

In a few states there is no tuition at all, and in some states, like Florida and California, there is junior-college education available to any young man or woman who has a high-school diploma or is “over eighteen and can benefit from further education.”* According to Dean Elbert K. Fretwell, Jr. of the City University of New York, one of the most important functions of junior colleges is what he calls “the up-the-ladder role of free or low-tuition urban community colleges in providing upward social mobility for the disadvantaged . . . Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and others.”

The able students, who pay \$300 a year in community colleges, can frequently find scholarships when the time comes for them to transfer to a four-year college. The junior college gives many late developers a chance to grow up and establish themselves; it also weeds out a lot of intellectual deadwood, and convinces many status-conscious students and their parents that four-year college is out of the question willy-nilly. A discouragingly large proportion of students are in community colleges (as in senior colleges) not because they want to learn anything, but because they know that a ticket of some sort from any kind of college can increase their earning power.

New York hopes to make this true for its young people by 1975. It plans to have a junior college within commuting distance (by car) of every young person in the state. The commuting range is usually figured at twenty-one miles, though in the country where there are winding mountain roads and heavy snows, the reasonable commuting distances vary considerably.

Among the late developers there are some who have gone to four-year colleges and flunked out, either because they were not intellectually ready (bad high-schooling is a basic cause) or because they were unready for responsibility and thought it was smart not to crack a book. One young man of about twenty, with whom I chatted in an otherwise empty classroom, said, "I never knew what good teaching was until I came here. The college I went to stuck strictly to textbooks. Here they make you find out for yourself." It is a refrain I frequently encountered; sometimes it sounded genuine, sometimes like an excuse for having done no work. Actually the range of students, both economically and socially, is comparable in community colleges to that of any institution of higher education; the intellectual range is quite different. One is not likely, of course, to find the brightest young people that a community produces going to community colleges. Many colleges that act on the "open-door" policy of admitting all high-school graduates become, in effect, revolving doors; many of the students who enter cannot meet the standards of the colleges and abruptly find themselves out on the street.

There are those who blame the colleges, and not the policy, for the high rate of attrition. All students if properly counseled and placed, they contend, should be able to reap some benefits from exposure to education (and more especially to technical training) beyond high school. Some young men and women, of course, can resist any amount of counseling. In that case they are said to be "undermotivated," and the colleges are blamed for that as well. The junior colleges put great faith in their function as counselors, and one of the problems that its administrators consider among their most knotty is how to find trained specialists in counseling. Universities do not turn them out fast enough.

I asked the director of admissions of a junior college in New Jersey whether there was much school spirit among the students of his college. "I don't think one in ten even knows what the college colors are," he said. "You see, we have no sports with other schools, no football, or basketball or baseball, so there's no rah-rah." On the other hand a Texan told me, "The junior colleges I know, especially in Mississippi and Texas, are football crazy. They play an extremely rough and unsophisticated game." The ever-present view of the parking lot gives one a clue to the lack of school spirit in many junior colleges: the minute classes are over, the student body is scattered wide over the landscape, a situation that not only militates against social gatherings but, as an English

teacher said to me sadly, against late-afternoon or evening rehearsals for plays and for choral and instrumental groups. This mobility makes the community college very different in feel from any other college. It lacks the cohesive quality of the residential college and the intellectual bite of the nonresidential university in a great city. It is a day school and a night school but nobody's home.

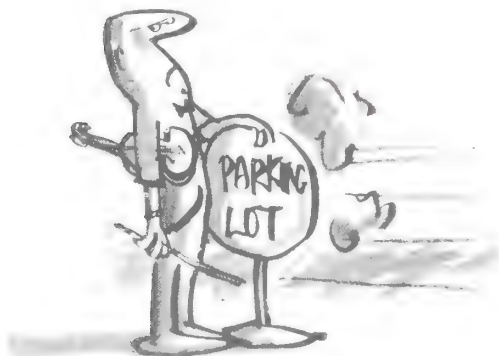
Who Are the Faculty?

Except, possibly, the faculty's homes—and who are they?

They are not quite sure who they are. They live and work in an educational lacuna, a gap in the educational hierarchy that they are still trying to fill with status of some sort. Predominantly they are ex-high-school teachers who consider the community-college faculty to be a step up the professional ladder. There are, at least on paper, certain improvements in the lot of the teacher who moves from a school to a junior college: he teaches fewer class hours each week (fifteen as opposed to twenty-eight); he is not required in most colleges to "check in and out" at the beginning and end of the day, a system he finds demeaning and unprofessional; in some institutions he is granted rank with a suitable professorial title to go with it. The pay is likely to be a little better in junior colleges than in high schools, with the upper limits somewhat higher, though the top jobs in community colleges are by no means as well paid as those of full professors in good senior colleges.* There is one great advantage that the junior-college teacher enjoys over the high-school teacher: he is not faced with the kinds of disciplinary problems that plague the school classroom. For one thing, he explains, his students are older and they are there because they want to be and not because they have to be. The atmosphere, in other words, is more adult and somewhat more stimulating intellectually.

Some of the instructors in junior colleges are often from nearby senior colleges and universities and, as the president of Union Junior College in New Jersey put it, "They may moonlight on a junior-college course or two." On the West Coast I was repeatedly told that it is easier for junior colleges to recruit faculty if they are in the neighborhood of universities. "It gives teachers a chance to continue their education," was the most

*According to a study made by the National Education Association in 1966, the median salary of the junior-college instructor was \$8,361 (public) and \$6,407 (private).



usual explanation of this. The scale of pay in many community-college systems is based on advanced degrees. In California, however, even if a man is a Ph.D., he must have what is called a "junior-college credential" to teach in one of the state's community colleges. He must have some "ed" (for education) courses and some practice teaching behind him just as he would for a job in a primary or secondary school. There are, however, teachers of technical subjects such as welding and auto mechanics who have no degrees whatsoever but whose practical experience is permitted to stand in for their lack of formal training. At San Mateo College the president told me, "We have thirty or forty Ph.D.s out of three hundred on the faculty in the daytime and four hundred at the evening sessions." Because the emphasis is on teaching rather than on scholarship, Ph.D.s are nearly as rare in junior-college faculties generally as they are in high schools.

At the annual convention of the American Association of Junior Colleges last spring I took part as an outsider in a session on the evaluation of teachers, a somewhat hopeless topic, as everyone there seemed to agree. But several things emerged about what the junior-college teacher thinks of himself. In the first place he thinks of himself as a teacher and not as a scholar, and he prides himself, or so he says, on not being trapped in the "publish-or-perish" pressures that, presumably, make the life of university and senior-college faculty miserable. They talk of themselves as "student oriented," and they contend that the "teaching-learning" process is their business. In a report by Roger H. Garrison, formerly vice president of Briarcliff College, now engaged in a national study of junior-college teachers, he quotes one of the many teachers whom he interviewed as having said, "I am basically an explainer and not so much a scholar. I don't make any apologies for this. When you take everybody, you get such a wide variety of abilities in your classes that your main object is to see to it that these kids get it and are able to use it."

This attitude seems to be a basic one among junior-college teachers, though it is sometimes overlaid with a fair degree of cynicism rooted in discouragement. They pride themselves, however, on not getting lost to their students in the purlieus of research. It is not without some relish that they have witnessed the revolt of the students in universities recently against the sequestering of faculty from students. My personal impression is that the junior-college teacher is a great deal more at home intellectually and socially with the high-school teacher than with the college instructor or professor, and I think, also, that the junior-college president is more at home with the school superintendent than with the senior-college president. This obviously is a generalization, and I do not quite trust it myself.

Who Runs Them?

"The level of administration of the junior colleges in my state," a member of the governing board of the American Association of Junior Colleges said to me at their meeting in St. Louis, "leaves a great deal to be desired . . . to put it mildly." In his particular state the community colleges are part and parcel of the local school systems, so that the boss of the community-college president is the local school superintendent, which means that the president is also the creature of the local school board. This has not been an unusual situation, but is rapidly becoming one. Many community colleges grew out of local school systems to meet local needs, but school-board supervision is a situation that community-college faculties and administrators generally look upon with distrust. It groups them automatically with the primary and secondary schools of the state and not with the institutions of higher learning. It also makes them liable to local political pressures. They are accustomed to local pressures on the subject matter of the technical courses they give, and they welcome them as essential to meeting local needs, but like college teachers everywhere they resent having the contents and texts of their courses in the liberal arts subject to political scrutiny. The inclination is now to divorce the community colleges from local school districts and to establish community-college districts which come under the direct supervision of the state board of education as part of the system of higher education. This divorce also means that the community colleges have the advantage of support from the top and guidance too.

One of the unhappy results of the identification

of the community college with the local school system was explained to me by Rodney Berg, at that time the president of Everett Junior College, one of the older community colleges in the state of Washington, forty miles north of Seattle.* "Supposing," he said, "a community wants to set up a college. The superintendent of schools looks around for somebody to be its president, and he picks a local junior-high-school principal and rewards him for long service by giving him the job. He may be a great junior-high-school principal, but he doesn't know anything about the problems of running a community college, and he just flounders around." This may be an extreme example but, obviously, the rate of proliferation of community colleges is at the base of the problem of finding adequate administrators.

When I talked in Washington with Mr. Gleazer, the executive director of the American Association of Junior Colleges, a man who impressed me as extremely able, with humor and a kind of confident calm, he said he has three or four calls a week asking him to suggest presidents for new (and some old) junior colleges. He said, "They call up and say, 'We have a board. We're ready to get started. Where do we get a president?'"

Some of the presidents come from four-year colleges, where they have been deans or directors of public relations or chairmen of departments. Some are Doctors of Education who have specialized in administration in colleges of education, many of which now give courses in community-college problems and procedures. In its 1964 report the AAJC noted that it had compiled "a bibliography of some six hundred doctoral dissertation titles dealing with junior-college education."

Unpredictable Future

"Ten years ago," the president of Union Junior College in New Jersey, Kenneth C. MacKay, said to me, "I encountered ignorance everywhere about the junior college and indifference to it. Now they expect us to solve all their problems."

By "they" he meant not only the students of college age in his community and their parents; he also meant local businesses and four-year colleges with more pressure on their admissions offices than they could handle. One gets the impression that junior-college administrators are not only astonished by their own importance and the

rapid growth of their colleges, but are rather awed by it. How can one not be awed, for example, by the fact that the master plan in Dallas County (Mr. Gleazer told me this) calls eventually for seven campuses with ten thousand students on each campus? The president of the Dallas community colleges receives \$35,000 a year, the highest salary paid to any Dallas County public official.

"We have no option. We've got to move, to do the best we can," Mr. Gleazer told a meeting of the National Education Association last spring. Where are the funds coming from? Where will the community colleges find the 100,000 more teachers they will need by 1975? "The junior college is a large and important segment of higher education in the United States," L. P. Rand, one of the movement's many enthusiastic spokesmen, wrote, "and it shows signs of becoming the largest and, in some respects, the most important."

The leap from near invisibility to the limelight has been a precarious one, and it cannot be said that the community-college movement has landed very squarely on its feet. It remains little understood by the community at large or by the community's better-educated members. Its functions are so diverse, its pupils so scattered, and its efforts to be all things to all students so determined that it escapes identification, and identity is one of the things it most wants. In general it has been looked down upon by holders of B.A. degrees as a refuge for the stupid, and it has been avoided as a place to teach by most serious scholars



*Dr. Berg has since become president of a new junior college in Du Page County, Illinois. There is a junior-college game of musical (administrative) chairs.

as having no academic status and offering no intellectual companionship. For the socially ambitious it is a limbo better not discussed.

The first problem of the junior college, then, is to establish itself in the educational firmament as a recognized step in the educational process. It must fight pressures on it to become what it is not, and one of those pressures is to turn it into a "regular" college. There are a great many communities that think it would add greatly to their local prestige to have a full-fledged four-year college, and many community college presidents, who ardently believe in the two-year college, are under pressure to have their institutions "grow up" into four-year colleges. This four-year college attitude does not come just from without. One college president told me that he has to wage a continuing battle with some members of his faculty to keep them convinced that the two-year college is an important educational institution in its own right, with its own special function and, hopefully, with its own distinguished future.

There is a general belief in community-college circles that ultimately the junior college will take over entirely the first two years of the four-year colleges. In an article in the *Atlantic* in June 1963 on "Higher Education in the 21st Century," Alvin C. Eurich, then at the Ford Foundation, said that by the year 2000 the first two years of college would come "almost wholly within the province of the junior college." The idea harks back to the last century and President Harper of the University of Chicago, and it is current in Florida, where one of the new state universities now being built will not accept any freshmen or sophomores. According to an excellent article by Thomas E. O'Connell in the *New Republic*, "Their students will all be community college transfers."

"Don't overlook the athletic coaches," the president of a community college who was once a physical-education teacher said to me. "Can you imagine their wanting to give up freshmen and sophomores? Oh, brother! And the alumni? Can you hear them howl?"

This will be just one of many stumbling blocks in the path of converting the community college into a permanent and nationwide substitute for

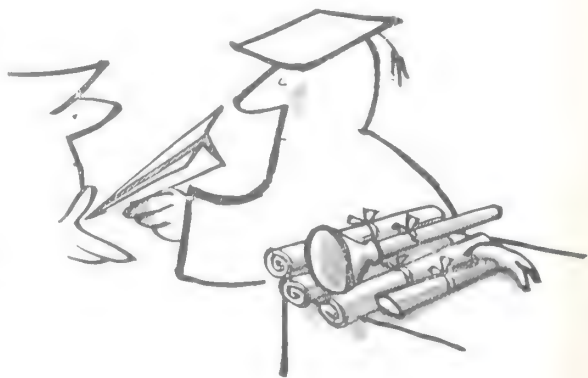
"It seems likely that when the community and junior colleges replace the first two years of senior colleges, the college will not cease to be four-year institutions, but will use their second two years for graduate study, jumping off places for the Ph.D. or honors for the completion of the M.A. In essence this will mean that the advanced students will study with teachers more interested in research than in pedagogy, and the student at junior college will be exposed to a faculty chiefly devoted to the arts of teaching

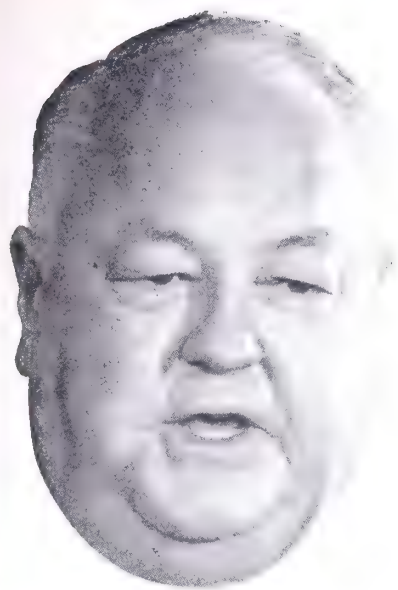
the first two years of senior college. But when the prediction of its inevitability comes from so many and such sound sources, the possibility becomes a likelihood. Not until this comes to pass, however, will the community college have arrived at a totally accepted place in the educational hierarchy. In the meantime it will continue to be regarded by those to whom higher education means the traditional college—not trade schools or the thirteenth and fourteenth grades—as a sidestep, a haven for the merely passable and the indigent bright, as "a second-rate place for second-rate kids."

One cannot blame those involved in the community-college movement for reacting to such an attitude with justifiable indignation. "What do you mean second-rate?" Mr. Gleazer retorted to this suggestion. "The point is that this kind of college has invited or persuaded a new kind of college-going population, those who have not had funds, those who are adults in the community, those whose academic records have not been outstanding, those for whom a one- or two-year program to prepare for employment is what they are looking for at a particular time. Are those second-rate? The Ford was developed to provide inexpensive, reliable transportation. A great new world was opened up to millions because a vehicle was designed for the mass public. Was that second-rate? We must evaluate performance in terms of objectives, reasons for being. . . . Does it get people to their destination—isn't that the test?"

I doubt if there are very many junior colleges that would welcome having this test rigidly applied to them . . . at least not yet. Too small a percentage of those who climb aboard the new vehicle actually reach their destination; too many have no clear notion of what their destination is, and too many others fall by the wayside.

For all its promise, for all the devotion and enthusiasm of its drivers, the vehicle is in many respects still in the Model T stage of its development . . . going down the educational superhigh way hell for leather.





Larry L. King

JOE POOL OF HUAC

McCARTHY IN THE ROUND

In the bar of the Congressional Hotel soon after his unusual hearings, Joe took a few bows, pondered his chances for reelection from Dallas, and then headed down the hall toward Vietnam.

Until a certain hectic week in August, Joe Pool was just another junior Congressman. His pet legislative scheme would have turned a Texas mountaintop into a National Park—provided, Pool made clear, that a major oil company retain drilling and mineral rights. True, he had got his name in the paper a few months previously when the House Un-American Activities Committee investigated the inner tickings of the Ku Klux Klan. He also had been the subject of Page One stories when his \$30,000 fund-raising “Appreciation Dinner” in Washington coincided with Drew Pearson’s revelations in the Dodd Case, causing suspicious reporters to show up and count the lobbyists, contractors, and professional glad-handers among Pool’s official appreciators. But roly-poly Joe Pool remained, until late this summer, slightly less anonymous than the Unknown Soldier. He was also having reelection troubles from a Republican in his new Dallas district.

Then came his House Un-American Activities Committee hearings. A week after the storm broke he proudly told a cheering Dallas crowd, “Little Joe has been catapulted into a very prominent spot in American history overnight.” The Dallas *Morning News* rhapsodized: “The [House Un-American Activities] Committee, since the day of Texas’ Martin Dies, has been the people’s last resort against those in Washington who are lenient on rats in our midst. In protecting the function of

this Committee, Mr. Pool is protecting the voice of the people.” A woman wired: “AN AMERICAN HERO WAS BORN TODAY.” A Grand Prairie, Texas, man resorted to special delivery and a special form of Latin to advise: “NON CARBORUNDUM ILLEGITIMI!” (“Don’t Let the Bastards Grind You Down!”). The Veterans of Foreign Wars told Pool that if he would get up to their national convention in the New York Hilton, they’d lay a special award on him.

When Congressman Pool flew home for the weekend, some three hundred Dallas boosters jammed a hotel ballroom to sing “For He’s a Jolly Good Fellow.” Placards said, “Give ‘Em Hell, Joe!” Spokesmen for the Jewish War Veterans, the American Legion, and the VFW variously gave Joe the nod in impromptu eulogies over Davy Crockett, Sam Houston, and Douglas MacArthur. An ancient warrior represented as being eighty-eight years old and a veteran of San Juan Hill, garbed in a Rough Rider’s outfit, paused to give the Congressman a palsied salute. A woman shouted, “You’re my next President, Joe Baby!” Others took it up.

It was too much. Joe Pool wandered around the ballroom shaking hands, as he told me, “bawling like a baby.” “When all that happened it—well, it just got to me. I felt *humble*, you know whatta mean?” Pool recovered from his attack of humility long enough to tell the throng, “Most Americans

live for the day when they can do something for their country that will go down in history. I feel like I did exactly that last week." That started them singing again.

Writing in a national magazine recently, historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. suggested the approach of a new "McCarthy Era." Pointing out that witch-hunting traditionally reaches its peak during wars, Schlesinger wrote, "If history repeats itself—and history sometimes does—the war in Vietnam ought to produce something roughly comparable to the McCarthy phenomenon. The Vietnamese war is just as frustrating as the Korean war and a good deal harder for most people to understand. . . . As the war increasingly dominates and obsesses our national life, we can look for the appearance of associated symptoms: the oversimplification of issues, the exchange of invective, the questioning of motives and loyalties, and the degradation of debate."

If we are to have a new McCarthy Era we must, by a small extension of logic, have a new McCarthy. Does Joe Pool qualify? What manner of cat is he?

"Yew Ole Liberal Thang"

It was World War II that opened Pool's eyes to the joys of "investigative work." His biographical sketch notes that he served as "special investigator with Air Corps Intelligence." Pool says that "when a plane crashed we'd cordon off the area and try to reconstruct what happened, figure out what went wrong." For a time he was a Provost Marshal's gumshoe, looking into thefts, frauds, larcenies, and crooked crap games in a half-dozen Southwestern states.

He was elected to the Texas Legislature in 1952, and in time became Chairman of the House Investigating Committee. During this period the state government was rocked by major scandals involving insurance companies, loan sharks, real-estate schemes, and the Veterans' land program. Attendant explosions sent a few folks to jail (including the Texas Land Commissioner and a State Representative), inspired at least one prominent suicide, and caused another public figure to seek the better climate of Brazil. Joe Pool's Investigat-

Larry L. King, whose study of "My Hero LBJ" appeared in "Harper's" last month, got his political education in Washington as administrative assistant to a Congressman from his home state of Texas. His novel of politics, "The One-Eyed Man," was published this summer.

ing Committee had nothing to do with any of this. It did, however, war on lewd and horror comic books.

To this day Joe is intrigued by intrigue. Some months ago I chanced upon the Congressman in a Capitol corridor. Perhaps I eyed him a bit warily, for I had just written in the *Texas Observer* of his votes, and in less than complimentary terms.

Pool jovially hailed me in the thick accent of our common habitat. "Yew ole Liberal thang, yew! Lemme buy yew a cuppa coffee. Ah wanta talk turkey to yew."

What Joe wanted to talk turkey about was the upcoming HUAC hearings into operations of the Ku Klux Klan. Joe had a scheme. We would go, the two of us, in tandem and incognito, into the seedier traps of deepest Dixie—into snooker parlors, roadside honky-tonks, cheap hotels, stock-car race tracks, hillbilly dance joints, fishing and hunting clubs—there to infiltrate the Klan, during the annual adjournment of Congress, until we knew its spookiest secrets by heart. "You gotta have undercover work to get anywhere on a thang like this," Joe assured me. "We'll wear ole clothes. Khaki britches and short-sleeved sports shirts and thangs like that. I betcha we can crack 'em."

"Godamighty, Joe," I said. "We'd probably get killed!"

Pool acted as if he hadn't heard. He said, "We can get the evidence. I don't have any doubts about that. You can get you some good stories that'll sell, and as far as I'm concerned you can keep all the money. All I want is the publicity." He stared at me over his coffee cup there in the hushed splendor of the House Restaurant. "A-course," he said, thoughtfully, "you'll have to shave that shaggy ole beard off."

A Barstool Kind of Frankness

As Harry Truman once said of Stalin in an unguarded moment, "I like Ole Joe." He is a jovial companion at libations, quick to pick up the tab for his table, and maybe the neighboring one as well. He is good to his employees, paying them well and smiling away mistakes. He makes easy jokes on himself. Only five feet, six inches tall and admitting to 235 pounds, he likes to tell of being introduced as the Congressman-at-Large to a lady who cracked, "Well, you dern sure look like you qualify!"

Somebody over at *The New Republic* wrote that Joe would have to be seen to be believed, that he looks like "a frog on a lily pad," and that "he is not very bright." It is true that you can relax be-

side Pool without feeling like he may steal your girl. He may not be much prettier than Elizabeth, New Jersey, and he will never bore you with a lot of small talk about Dostoevski or the later plays of T. S. Eliot or prevailing economic conditions in Peru. One should not deduce from this, however, that Joe Pool is without resources.

Some months ago I was in Pool's office when a staff member told him of a Dallas newspaper story to the effect that his GOP opponent was having trouble gaining meaningful financial backing from the Republican National Committee. Pool looked up from signing his mail and drawled, "I thought that never *would* get printed. Planted that rumor nearly two weeks ago." He led the laughter.

There is sometimes a sort of blurted, barstool frankness about him that makes you wonder whether he ever kept a secret. Asked why he was the only member of the House to vote against the Wilderness Bill (to preserve certain wooded areas in their native state) when it passed 388 to 1, he said, "Well, I figured I could throw my conservative friends an anti-Lyndon vote and at the same time not do much damage." In the summer of 1963, Pool rather curiously announced to the world that he would sleep in his Congressional office "until the demonstrators disperse." He did, for one night, which was the announced duration of the March on Washington anyway. Two years later, when I pressed him for an explanation of what he had expected to accomplish by the theatrical act, Pool said candidly, "Tell you the truth, I'm not sure I could explain it to myself. It just seemed like a good idea at the time."

Perhaps Pool is most appreciated in professional circles for his ability to walk the political chalk line well enough to keep the President's goodwill even while voting against most of the President's programs. There is nothing especially mystic about why Joe Pool has so much unexpended coin in Lyndon Johnson's piggy bank.

A few years ago LBJ wanted to appear on the Texas ballot both as a candidate for U. S. Senator *and* on the national ticket. This required a May, rather than a July Democratic Primary (as was customary) if Johnson hoped to go to the July Democratic National Convention in 1960 with his Senatorial renomination locked up. Technical points were involved, some requiring an amendment to the Texas Constitution, but the main goal was to allow Johnson to hedge his political bet. It was Joe Pool, then a member of the Texas Legislature, who rushed forward to sponsor the necessary bill and gain its enactment.

Having served his political apprenticeship in

the boondocks, Pool was elected to Congress in a manner that seems to have been preordained. He was one of two dozen candidates, all so obscure they might have profitably robbed liquor stores without wearing masks, to vie for the Congressman-at-Large seat vacated by Martin Dies. An El Paso County judge led the first primary from here to Iwo Jima, Pool barely qualifying for the showdown runoff thirty days later. Within a week the leading candidate had been indicted (and was ultimately convicted) of income-tax evasion; he had not filed an income tax in ten years. Pool got to Washington virtually by default. He immediately asked for his seat on the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Live Men and Dead Women

I called on Congressman Pool in Washington the Monday following his hero's welcome in Dallas. A uniformed Capitol Hill policeman, eyeing my beard, asked what he could do for me. Jean Jones, Pool's executive secretary, the sight of whom will almost automatically make you think of Girls, has suffered everything on Capitol Hill from bearded prophets to cocktail-hour proposals of marriage. She spoke to the nervous cop in tones meant to assure him that I carried no bombs.

The walls were covered with Washington Wallpaper: autographed photos of the mighty (HST, JFK, LBJ) and the obscure (booted Texas oil barons, a 4-H Club champion who had probably raised the fattest hog, mink-clad matrons giving Pool, or perhaps receiving from him, some certificate or scroll of special merit). There were oil paintings by student Rembrandts at Southern Methodist or Texas Christian. Just inside the Congressman's private chamber is a partition shielding him from a view of the sink where his staffers brew mildly vile pots of coffee. The partition was festooned with colorful record jackets advertising the triumphs of certain hillbilly or rock-'n'-roll music men. A neat, hand-lettered sign said, "These Records Made in Texas!"

Behind his executive desk Joe Pool came off like the lean, loose-jointed Texan of legend the same way R. C. Cola comes off as Châteauneuf du Pape. He filled the padded chair, horizontally speaking, though you had the notion that maybe under the desk his feet didn't quite reach the floor. "Come on in," he said, grinning. "Hail, I put up with lots worse than you, lately."

We both enthused over his new prominence. Pool lovingly described his Dallas homecoming, and how the salute of the old Rough Rider had

moved him to tears. Art Cameron, a young Capitol Hill lawyer assisting Pool with "Constitutional questions," relaxed on the couch with a fat *Constitution Annotated*. Behind the partition Jean Jones ran water and clanked a coffee pot.

"You're a writer," Pool accused me, suddenly. "Tell me somethin'. Few days ago I was interviewed by a kid from the school paper up at Harvard. You know, Harvard College?" I said I knew. "Anyway, he promised he'd call back today," Pool said, "to let me check my direct quotes out. But he didn't call. You reckon he will?"

I said I had no way of knowing.

"I doubt it," Joe judged. "He tole me he didn't see eye-to-eye with me. Which didn't come as too big a surprise. He probably went off and wrote it like he wanted to." He toyed with an ashtray. "A-course," he said, elaborately casual, "I had Art here, and Jean, with me all the time *he* was here. They can be my witnesses . . . if I need 'em."

The prospective witnesses went with us to the Capitol Hill Democratic Club across the street when I volunteered to buy post-work drinks. "The thing about this man," Art Cameron said, once we'd claimed a table, "is that he handled himself so *beautifully* during all those outbursts. He had to make quick decisions time after time after time. And he *always* made the right one." Pool dropped his head and said modestly that, well, *some* people might not agree with that, but he'd done the best he could and he knew *one* thing about it: he'd sure earned his money *that* particular week. Miss Jones said, "It was a real education. I learned that a reporter can paint any picture he wants just by being selective—by writing *some* things and leaving out *other* things. That damn Washington *Post*! You read the actual transcripts and you'll find a different hearing than the one you read about in the papers." Pool said, philosophically, that well, you can't fight City Hall, and Art Cameron said that was for sure.

I remarked that Pool's GOP opponent, who a few weeks earlier had been judged capable of winning, must have suddenly felt as if the moon and the stars had dropped on him.

Pool grinned. "I dunno. . . . He jumped on me in the papers. Said I'd did the same thing as all those street rioters when I ignored that court order. I don't think anybody very smart's gonna see it like that. A-course, you never can tell. . . ."

"Hell," I said, "the only way you can lose this election, Joe, is to get caught in bed with a live man or a dead woman."

Pool boomed with laughter. He poked his finger at me in a stabbing motion, gasping mirth. "You . . . said . . . that! I didn't."

A Congressional staffer in a bow tie paused to wring Pool's hand. "You really got after those nuts," he said. "I'm proud of you, Congressman." Pool thanked him and noted that "they really got after *me*, for a while there, didn't they?" He offered to buy his admirer a drink but the fellow explained about a waiting wife and dinner.

John Saylor, an affable Pennsylvania Republican long a fixture in the House, who gets along so well with his Democratic colleagues that he feels as much at home in their private club as he does in the GOP's Capitol Hill Club around the corner, ambled by and gave Pool a friendly wink. "You want to know why I get along on both sides of the aisle?" Art Cameron asked me, bipartisally. He tugged at Saylor's elbow and introduced us. He told me that Saylor had stayed at his grandmother's funeral an hour and a half longer than any other Congressman had. We chatted for a while with Saylor. Then he wandered off in search of bigger game.

Joe Takes Some Bows

Two or three other people stopped to congratulate Pool as he sat basking in his new glory, smilingly mumbling something about how "the Communists" probably didn't agree but *he* sure as heck did appreciate it. Pool stopped Arizona Democrat Morris "Mo" Udall, who happened by with three constituents in tow, and through gasps of laughter, his broad belly shaking uncontrollably, he repeated my crack about being "caught in bed with a live man or a dead woman." Udall smiled as if his feet hurt and moved on.

Soon the crowd thinned, shuffling away to the bar or in search of dinner. I asked Pool what he thought the HUAC hearings had proved. "I think," he said, "it proves the Communists are behind all this treason. They showed their true colors. Lot of 'em admitted being Communists, or Marxist-Leninists or Progressive Labor, or whatever it is." Suddenly, he beamed, turning to Jean Jones: "Say, Jean, my opponent says he's a *Progressive* Republican. Think we can make anything out of that?" They laughed like winners who own the dice.

Why, I asked Joe, had he abruptly ended the hearings—even when two witnesses, who had been officially called, clamored to testify?

Pool said, "We thought we'd proved what we set out to prove. They *said* they was Communists! And then, too, we wanted to be sure we gave those two boys—the ones who didn't testify—their Constitutional rights. Give 'em time to prepare their

defenses. Get lawyers." He explained that the two had been represented by Arthur Kinoy, the American Civil Liberties Union attorney who had been bodily carried to jail. "You know," Joe confided, leaning across the table, "that Kinoy thang had me worried for a while. If that judge had found him *not guilty*—Lord God! Well, I'da been *in* for it!" (Kinoy was fined \$50 on disturbance charges by a judge in the District of Columbia.) Pool felt another seizure of confidential information coming on. He said in a conspiratorial tone, "You know the luckiest thang we ever done? Hold those Klan hearings! Yessir! Now we can say we got the Klan and the Commonists after us at the same time!" His eyes twinkled over such twin good fortune.

I said there was a rumor that the White House, as well as the Congressional leadership, had soured on the stormy HUAC hearings and had instructed Pool to stop them. Anything to it?

"Not a thang in the world," Pool said, heatedly. "A-course, I guess a lot of people might like to think so!"

I mentioned the Johnson Administration's opposition to the bill. The Administration had taken the position, I said, that no new legislation is needed; that the demonstrations are a long way from treason; that since Vietnam isn't officially 'a war,' Congress must move slow in legislating punitively against dissenters. Could Pool account for the Administration's logic?

Pool said that maybe I'd better ask the President; he couldn't tell *him* what to do, either. Then he added, "Some of those Administration witnesses didn't stand up too well to the Committee. That Army General—the one that testified that all them demonstrations don't hurt our troop morale? Well, when we pinned him down he admitted it might help the *Vietcong's* morale! That's the same thing, now, don't you think?"

Art Cameron said, "Oh, Congressman Ichord got that out of the General *so* beautifully. It was just . . . well, *beautiful*!"

Pool said that you sure couldn't put much past the Dick Ichord. Then he told Cameron, "We got the Ramsey Clark comin' up here to testify tomorrow."

"He'll be pretty tough," Cameron predicted. "I dunno," Pool said. "I heard he said he couldn't hurt us much."

"He's an Administration witness."
"Well . . . I *heard* that, anyway."
"You just wait," Cameron warned. "I'll bet he throws you some real Constitutional toughies."
"That right?" Pool asked. He gazed into his glass, discouraged.

"Joe," I said, "some people see you as 'the New McCarthy.' You have any comment?"

Pool's laugh seemed genuine. "Boy! If I ever heard one to quit on, that's *it*! Waiter, brang me the check for this table!" While he signed the check, dismissing my halfhearted efforts to pay, he shook his head: "Yew ole Liberals! I dunno. . ."

I told the Congressman I hoped to see him later in the week. "Make it before Thursday," he said. "I'm goin' to Vietnam."

To *Vietnam*?

"Yeah," he said, offhandedly. Then he grinned. "Reckon what my Republican opponent's gonna say about that?"

I mumbled that I didn't even know what to say. When had this come about? And for what purpose?

"I'm on the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, too," Pool reminded me. "Chairman's asked me to go over and investigate our boys' mail service. We've had a lotta complaints that the mail's been slow gettin' there, and thangs like that." He added quickly that the assignment had been given him "before all this notoriety."

Would he talk to the troops about their morale, or whether antiwar demonstrations hurt their cause?

"You betcha! You just betcha! And I'm takin' a whole shoebox full of letters people have give me since this thang come up. I'm gonna show those boys over there fightin' Commonism that America's backin' 'em up! And that all these dad-gummed Vietniks and beatniks and whatnot with their beards—" He trailed off, momentarily abashed.

I said, "Joe, you sure do make it sound personal."

"Aw," Pool said, "I didn't mean *you*!"

Joe told me to take it easy, moving away. Somebody at the bar yelled, "Hey there, Statesman!" as he walked by. Somebody else called, where was his police escort? Another barstool comedian asked didn't he know that the Communists might be waiting for him out there in the dark, right out there in front of the Congressional Hotel? Joe Pool waved and laughed and performed a little series of bobbing half-bows, thinking, maybe, what a friendly bunch of guys hung around Washington once you got to know 'em and the notion struck you that maybe you were catching the world premiere of McCarthy in the Round. He pushed against the thick glass door and bounced energetically down the hall that, if you just followed it far enough and made all the right turns at the right places, would take you straight to Vietnam.

Philip Roth

O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

*From a forthcoming novel, "When She Was Good,"
to be published by Random House in March 1967*

When young Roy Bassart came out of the service in the summer of 1948, he didn't know what to do with his future, so he sat around for six months listening to people talk about it. He would drop his long skinny frame into a big club chair in his uncle's living room and instantly slide half out of it, so that his Army shoes and Army socks and khaki trousers were all obstacles to cross over if you wanted to go by, as his cousin Eleanor and her friend Lucy often did when he was visiting. He would sit there absolutely motionless, his thumbs hooked around the beltless loops of his trousers and his chin tipped down on to his long tubular chest, and when asked if he was listening to what was being said to him, he would nod his head without even raising his glance from his shirt buttons. Or sometimes, with his bright fair face, with those blue eyes as clear as day, he would look up at whoever was advising him or questioning him, and see them through a frame that he made with his fingers.

In the Army Roy had developed an interest in drawing, and profiles were his specialty. He was excellent on noses (the bigger the better), good on ears, good on hair, good on certain kinds of chins, and had bought a manual to teach himself the secret of drawing a mouth, which was his weak point. He had begun to think that he ought to go ahead and try to become a professional artist. He realized it was no easy row to hoe, but maybe the time had come in life for him to tackle something hard instead of settling for the easiest thing at hand.

It was his plan to become a professional artist that he had announced upon his return to Liberty Center late in August; he had barely set down his duffel bag in the living room, when the first argument began.

You would have thought he was a kid returning home from Camp Gitcheegoomee instead of the Aleutian Islands. If he had forgotten in the time away what life had been like for him during his last year of high school, it did not take Lloyd and Alice Bassart more than half an hour to refresh his recollection. The argument, which went on for days, consisted for the most part of his parents saying they'd had experiences he hadn't, and Roy saying that now he'd had experiences they hadn't. After all, it just might be, he said, that his opinion counted for something—particularly since what they were discussing was his career.

To make a point, in fact, he spent the whole of his third day home copying a girl's profile off a matchbook cover. He worked it over and over and over, taking just a quick break for lunch, and following an entire afternoon behind the locked door of his bedroom, he finally got it right. He addressed three different envelopes after dinner, until he was satisfied with the lettering, and then sent the picture to the art school, which was in Kansas City, Missouri—walking all the way downtown to the Post Office to be sure that it made the evening mail. When a return letter announced that Mr. Roy Basket had won a five-hundred-dollar correspondence course for only forty-nine fifty, he tended to agree with his Uncle Julian that it was some kind of clip joint, and did not pursue the matter any further.

Just the same, he had proved the point he had set out to prove, and right off. When he had been called up by the draft board for his two years' service, his father had said that he hoped a little military discipline would do something toward maturing his son. He himself seemed willing to admit bungling the job. Well, the way things turned out, Roy had matured, and plenty, too. But



family as a crutch, and right at the outset. He couldn't bear the thought of hearing for the rest of his life, "Of course, it was Julian gave him his start..." But of more significance was the damage that accepting something like this could do to his individuality. Not only would he never really respect himself if he just stepped into a job and rose solely on the basis of personal privilege, but how would he ever realize his own potential if he was going to be treated like one

of those rich kids who were just coddled up the ladder of success their whole life long?

it wasn't discipline that had done it; it was, to put it bluntly, being away from them. In high school he may have been willing to slide through with C's and C minuses, when with a little application of his intelligence (*Alice Bassart*: Which you have, Roy, in abundance), he could easily have had straight B's—probably even A's, if he had wanted them. But the point he wished to make was that he was no longer that C student, and no longer would be treated like him either. If he put his mind to a job he could do it, and do it well. The only problem now was which job it was going to be. At the age of twenty, nobody had to tell him that it was high time to begin thinking about becoming a man. Because he was thinking about it, and plenty, don't worry.

And there was Julian to consider. He said he was altogether serious about the offer, providing Roy really wanted to work the long hard hours he would demand of him. Well, the long hard hours didn't bother him. A really vicious mess sergeant had once, just out of meanness, kept him on KP for seventeen consecutive hours scrubbing pots and pans, and after that experience Roy realized he could do just about anything. So once he had made up his mind the direction his life was going to take, he had every intention—to throw Julian's language right back at him—of working his balls into the ground.

But what if he went in with Julian, started taking a salary, and then decided to go off in September to the Art Institute in Chicago; or even to art school in New York, which was by no means impossible? He was giving his parents' objection every consideration (whether they appreciated that or not), but if he finally did decide in favor of professional artist as a career, wouldn't he have wasted not only his time, but Julian's as well? Probably to his uncle, whose affection he valued, he would wind up seeming ungrateful—and maybe that would even be sort of true. Ingratitude was something he had to guard against in himself. Though he was sure his classmates at school, and

He continued to work on his own out of the art manual, in exasperation moving on to the neck and the shoulders, after four days of going from bad to worse with the mouth. Though he by no means relinquished his first choice of being a professional artist, he was willing to meet his family halfway and at least listen to whatever suggestions they might have. He had to admit being tempted by Uncle Julian's suggestion that he come to work for him and learn the laundromat business from the ground up. What was particularly appealing about the idea was that the people in the towns along the river would see him driving around in Julian's pickup truck and think of him as some punk kid; and the ladies who managed the laundromats would think of him as the boss's nephew, and suppose his life was just a bed of roses—when in actuality his real work would only begin at night, after everyone was asleep, and behind his bedroom door he stayed awake till dawn, perfecting his talent.

What wasn't too appealing was the idea of using

As a storyteller, Philip Roth began winning critical and popular recognition in his twenties, even before he received the National Book Award for "Goodbye Columbus" in 1959. In his third book, "When She Was Good," excerpted here in advance of spring publication, he turns from the New Jersey background of his first stories to the Midwest, where he taught, at the University of Chicago and the Writer's Workshop in Iowa.

his buddies in the service thought of him as easy-going and generous—his first sergeant on occasion used to call him Steppin' Fetchit—he had been told he had a tendency sometimes to be selfish. Not that everybody didn't, of course, but certain people had a way of exaggerating things all out of proportion, and he just didn't feel like giving an ounce of support to a suspicion about him which it was actually unfair for anybody, particularly his own father, to hold in the first place.

Moreover, what he had a real taste for, following the monotony and tedium of the preceding months, was adventure, and you couldn't really expect that the laundromat business would be packed with thrills, or even particularly interesting, to be frank about it. As for the security angle, money really didn't matter that much to him. He now had \$2,000 in savings and separation pay, plus the GI Bill, and anyway he had no ambition to be a millionaire. That's why when his father told him that artists wind up living in garrets, he was able to say, "What's so wrong with that? What do you think a garret is? It's an attic. My own room used to be the attic, you know," a fact Mr. Bassart couldn't easily dispute.

What he had a taste for was adventure, something to test himself against, some way to discover just how much of an individual he really was. And if it wasn't the life of an artist, maybe it was some kind of a job in a foreign country, where to the natives he would be a stranger to be judged only by what he did and said, and not by what they knew about him from before . . . But saying such things was often only another way of saying you wanted to be a child again. Aunt Irene made that point, and he was willing to admit to himself that she could be right. He was always willing to listen to what ideas his Aunt Irene had, because (1) she usually said what she had to say in private and wasn't just talking to impress people (a tendency of Uncle Julian's); (2) she didn't butt in, or raise her voice, when you argued back or disagreed (his father's courteous approach); and (3) she didn't ever respond with sheer hysterics to some idea or other he had most likely thrown out just to hear how it sounded (as his mother had a habit of doing).

His mother and his Aunt Irene were sisters, but two people couldn't have been more different in terms of calmness. For example, when he said that maybe what he ought to do was leave Liberty Center with a pack on his back and see what the rest of the country had to offer, before making any major choice he would later be stuck with, Aunt Irene registered some interest in the idea. All his mother could do was push the old panic

button, as they used to say in the service. Instantly she started to tell him that he had just returned from two years away (which of course he didn't know), and to tell him that he ought to make up his mind to go to the state university (and use that intelligence of his "as God meant you to use it, Roy"), and then finally to accuse him of not listening to a word she said.

But he was listening all right; even sunk down in that big chair, he took in all her objections, more or less. Those she had raised previously a hundred times or more he felt he had the right to tune out on, but he got the drift of her remarks, more or less. She wanted him to be a good little boy and do what he was told; she wanted him to be just like everybody else. And really, right there—in his mother's words and tone—was reason enough for him to be out of town by nightfall. Maybe that's what he ought to do too, just shove off and not look back—once he had made up his mind what part of the country he ought to see first. There was always a sack for him in Seattle, Washington, where his best Army buddy, Willoughby, lived (and Willoughby's kid sister, who Roy was supposed to be fixed-up with). Another good buddy, Hendricks, lived in Texas; his father owned a ranch where Roy could probably work for his grub if he ever ran short of loot. And then there was Boston. It was supposed to be beautiful in Boston. It was the most historical city in America. "I might just try Boston," he thought, even as his mother went gaily on losing her senses. "Yes, sir, I might just pick up and head East."

But to be honest, he could use a few more months of easy living before starting in roughing it again, if that's what he finally decided it was best for him to do. He had spent sixteen months in that black hole of Calcutta (as they called it) eight to five every day in that scintillating motor-pool office—and then those nights. If he ever saw another ping-pong ball in his life . . . and the weather! It made Liberty Center seem like a jungle in South America. Wind and snow and that big gray sky that was about as inspiring to look at as a washed blackboard. And that mud. And that chow! And that narrow, soggy, undersized, son of a bitching (really) excuse for a bed! Actually he *owed* it to himself not to go anywhere until he had caught up on all the rest he had probably lost on that g.d. bed—and gotten one or two of his taste buds back to functioning too. After an experience like that he surely couldn't say he minded having breakfast served to him in a nice bright kitchen every morning, and having a room of his own again where everything didn't have to be squared-away with a plumb bob, or taking



as long as he wanted (or just *needed*) in the john, with the door closed and nobody else doing his business at either elbow. It felt *all right*, he could tell you, to eat a breakfast that wasn't all dish-water and cardboard, and then to settle down in the living room with the *Leader*, and read it at your leisure, without somebody pulling the sports page right up out of your hands.

As for his mother chattering away at him non-stop from the kitchen, he wasn't so stupid that he couldn't understand that why she was concerned for him was because he happened to be her son. She loved him. Simple. Sometimes when he finished with the paper he would come into the kitchen where she was working and, no matter what silly thing she was saying, put his arms around her and tell her what a good kid she was. Sometimes he'd even dance a few steps with her, singing some popular song into her ear. It didn't cost him anything, and as far as she was concerned, it was seventh heaven.

She really meant well, his mother, even if some of her pampering ways were a little embarrassing at this stage of the game. Like sending him that package of toilet-seat liners. That's what he had received at mail call one day: a hundred large white tissues, each in the shape of a doughnut, which she had seen advertised in a medical magazine at the doctor's office, and which he was supposed to sit on—in the Army. At first he actually thought of showing them to his first sergeant, who had been wounded in the neck at Anzio during World War II. But thinking that Sergeant Hickey might misunderstand, and instead of making fun of his mother, make fun of him, he had strolled around back of the mess hall late that night and furtively dumped them into a can of frozen garbage, careful first to remove and destroy the card she had enclosed. It read, "Roy, please use these. Not everyone is from a clean home."

Which was a perfect case of her meaning well, but not having the slightest idea that he was a grown-up who you couldn't *do* things like that to anymore. Nevertheless, there had been times up in Adak when he had missed her, and even missed his father, and felt about them as he had in those years before they had started misunderstanding every word that came out of his mouth. He would forget about all the things they said he did wrong, and all the things he said they did wrong, and think that actually he was a pretty lucky guy to have behind him a family so concerned for his well-being. There was a guy in his barracks who had been brought up in Boys Town, Nebraska, and though Roy had a lot of respect for him, he always had to feel sorry for all that he had missed, not having a family of his own. His name was Kurtz, and even though he had the kind of bad skin Roy didn't exactly like to have to look at at mealtime, he often found himself inviting him to come to visit in Liberty Center (after they all got sprung from this prison), and taste his mom's cooking. Kurtz said he sure wouldn't mind. Nor would any of them have minded, for that matter: one of the big events in the barracks was the arrival of what came to be known as "Mother Bassart's goodies." When Roy wrote and told his mother that she was the second most popular pin-up girl in the barracks, after Jane Russell, she began to send two boxes of cookies in each package, one for Roy to keep for himself, and another for the boys who were his friends.

As for Miss Jane Russell, her latest film had been banned by a court order from the movie house in Winnisaw, a fact which Alice Bassart hoped Roy would take to heart. *That* Roy read to Sergeant Hickey, and they both got a good laugh out of it.

In the months, then, after his discharge, Roy made it his business first to catch up on his sleep and second to catch up on his food. Every morning about quarter to ten—well after his father had disappeared for the day—he would come down in khakis and a T-shirt to a breakfast of two kinds of juice, two eggs, four slices of bacon, four slices of toast, a mound of Bing cherry preserves, a mound of marmalade, and coffee—which, just to shock his mother, who never had seen him take anything at breakfast but milk, he called "hot joe" or "hot java." Some mornings he downed a whole pot of hot joe, and he could see that actually she didn't know whether to be scandalized by what he was drinking, or thrilled by the amount. She liked to do her duty by him when it came to food, and since it didn't cost him anything, he let her.

"And you know what else I drink, Alice?" he'd say, smacking his gut with his palm as he rose from the table. It didn't make the same noise as when Sergeant Hickey, who weighed two twenty-five, did it, but it was a good sound just the same.

"Roy," she'd say, "don't be smart. Are you drinking whiskey?"

"Oh, just a few snorts now and then, Alice."

"Roy—"

Which was where—if he saw she was really taking it all in—he might come up, put his arms around her, and say, "You're a good kid, Alice, but don't believe everything you hear." And then he'd give her a big, loud kiss on the forehead, sure it would instantly brighten not only her mood, but the whole morning of housework and shopping. And he was right—usually it did. After all was said and done, he and Alice had a good relationship.

Then a look at the paper from cover to cover; then back into the kitchen for a quick glass of milk. Standing beside the refrigerator, he would drink it down in two long gulps, then close his eyes while the steely sensation of the cold cut him right through the bridge of the nose; then from the breadbox a handful of Hydrox cookies, one of his oldest passions; then "I'm going, Mom!" over the noise of the vacuum cleaner . . .

In his first months back he took long walks all over town, and almost always wound up by the high school. It was hard to believe that only two years before he had been one of those kids whose heads he would see turned down over their books, suffering. But it was almost as hard to believe that he wasn't one of them too. One morning, just for the heck of it, he walked all the way up to the main door, right there by the flagpole, and listened to the voice of his old math teacher, "Criss" Cross, that sweetheart, droning through the open window of 104. Never again in Roy's entire life—*never*—would he have to walk up to the board and stand there with the chalk in his hand while old "Criss" gave him a problem to do in front of the entire class. To his surprise, the revelation made him very sad. And he had hated algebra. He had barely passed. When he had come home with a D his father had practically hit the ceiling . . . Boy, the things you can miss, he thought, if you're a little crazy in the head, and strolled on, down through the ravine and out to the river, where he sat in the sun by the landing, separating Hydrox cookies, eating first the bare half, then the half to which the filling had adhered, and thinking, "Twenty. Twenty years old. Twenty-year-old Roy Bassart." He watched the flow of the river and thought that the water was like time itself. Somebody ought

to write a poem about that, he thought, and then he thought, "Why not me?"

The water is like time itself,
Running . . . running . . .
The water is like time itself,
Flowing . . . flowing . . .

Sometimes even before noon he was overtaken with hunger, and he would stop off downtown at Dale's Dairy Bar for a grilled cheese and bacon and tomato, and a glass of milk. At the PX in Adak they wouldn't make a grilled cheese and bacon and tomato sandwich. Don't ask why, he once told Uncle Julian. They just wouldn't do it. They had the cheese and the bacon and the tomato and the bread, but they just wouldn't put it all together on the grill, even if you told them how. You could talk yourself red in the face to the guy behind the counter, but he simply wouldn't *do* it. Well, that's the old chicken s--t Army, as he told Julian.

Afternoons he would often drop by the public library, where his old steady, Bev Collison, used to work after school. With his drawing pad in his lap, he would look through magazines for scenes to copy out. He had lost interest in the human head, and decided that rather than drive himself crazy trying to get a mouth to look like something that opened and closed, he would specialize in landscapes. He looked through hundreds of *Holiday* magazines—without much inspiration—though he did get to read about a lot of places and national customs of which he was totally ignorant, so it wasn't time wasted—except when he fell asleep because the library as usual was so damn stuffy, and you had actually to make a requisition to get them to open a window and let some air in the place. Just like the Army. The most simple-minded thing, and you had to go around all day getting somebody's permission to do it. Oh brother, was it good to be free. With a whole life ahead of him. A whole future, in which he could be and do anything he wanted.

During the fall he would usually walk back out to the high school late in the afternoon to watch the football team practice, and stay on until it was practically dark, moving up and down the sidelines with the plays. Close in like that he could hear the rough canvasy *slap!* as the linemen came together—a sound he especially liked—and actually see those amazing granite legs of Tug Sigerson, which were said never to stop churning, even at the bottom of a pileup. They would pull ten guys off him and there would be old Tug, still going for the extra inch, the inch that by the end of a game really could be the difference between victory and defeat. Or suddenly he would have to

go scattering back with the little crowd of spectators, as one of the halfbacks came galloping straight at them, spraying chunks of dirt so high that on his way home Roy sometimes found a little clump of the playing field in his hair. "Boy," he'd think, breaking the earth in his fingers, "that kid was *movin'*."

The guy you especially wanted to watch up close, just for the beauty of it, was the big left end, Wild Bill Elliott. Wild Bill had spent three years faking the opposition out of their pants, and was the highest-scoring end at Liberty Center since the days of Bud Brunn himself. In about one second flat, he would fake the defense right, left, then *cut* left, buttonhook, take a Bobby Rackstraw bullet right in the belly, then—with just a *shoulder*—fake right again, only to turn and zoom straight down the center of the field—until old Gardner Dorsey, the head coach, blew his whistle, and Bill came loping on back in that pigeon-toed way he had, tossing a long underhand spiral toward the line of scrimmage, and calling out, "Heads up, baby." Whereupon one of the onlookers beside Roy would say, "Ol' Bill would have gone all the way that time," or Roy might even say it himself.

From over on the baseball field he would hear the band being put through their paces for Saturday's game. "Attention, please, band! *Ba-and!*" he could hear Mr. Valerio calling through his megaphone . . . and really, it was about as good a feeling as he could ever remember having, hearing the band start up with the alma mater—

We're driving *hard*,
For Li-ber-ty,
We're going to *win*,
A vic-to-ry.

—and seeing the first team (three consecutive years undefeated—twenty-four straight) rise up out of the huddle, clapping their hands, and the second team digging in, and Bobby Rackstraw, the spidery quarterback, up on his toes piping out the signals—"Hut *one* hut *two*—" and then, just as the ball was snapped, looking up to see a faint white moon in the deepening sky over the high school.

For the hour of the day, for the time of his life, for this America where it is all peacefully and naturally happening, he feels an emotion at once so piercing and so buoyant it can only be described as love.

One of the stars of the football team in the fall following Roy's discharge from the Army was Joe "The Toe" Whetstone. He was a fleet-footed halfback (he'd done the hundred in 9.9) and the greatest place kicker in the history of the high school—some said, the history of the state. Since

the summer, Joe had been dating Roy's kid cousin Ellie, and on Saturday nights, while Julian and Roy were having a talk together, or a beer, Joe would come around to pick up Ellie and take her to what had become a weekly event for the Liberty Center Stallions: the victory party. He would sit with the two of them in the TV room, while "The Princess Sowerby," as Julian called her, decided what dress to wear. At first Roy didn't have too much to say to Joe. He had never really traveled with the athletes in high school, or with any gang; Roy considered himself a little too much of an individualist for that. Not a loner, but an individualist, and there's a big difference.

But Joe Whetstone turned out to be nothing like Roy had imagined. You might have thought that with his reputation, and being so good-looking, he would turn out to be another one of those swellheaded wise guys (like Wild Bill Elliott, who was big for spitting through his teeth into the aisle at the movies in Winnisaw, or so Roy had heard). But Joe was respectful and polite to the Sowerbys—and to Roy too. It took a while, but slowly Roy began to understand that the reason Joe sat there in his coat, nodding his head at whatever Roy might say, and himself saying hardly anything at all, was not because he was looking down his nose at him, but because he was actually looking up. Joe might be the greatest high-school place kicker in the history of the state, but Roy had just come back from sixteen months in the Aleutian Islands, across the Bering Sea from Russia itself! And Joe knew it. One Saturday night when Ellie came bounding down the stairs Joe jumped to his feet, and Roy realized that the famous Joe "The Toe," with six different scholarship offers already in his hip pocket, was really nothing more than what Ellie was—a seventeen-year-old kid. And Roy was twenty. Roy was an *adult*.

Very shortly Roy began to hear himself on Saturday nights saying things like, "They sure gave you the rush act today, Joe," or, "How's Bart's ankle?" or, "How bad's the rib going to be on the Guardello kid?" Some nights now it was Ellie who had to do the waiting, while the three men finished up discussing whether Dorsey ought to have converted Sigerson from a tackle in the first place; or whether Bobby (Rackstraw) was going to be too slight for college ball, bullet arm or no bullet arm; or whether Wild Bill ought to go to Michigan (which had the big name) or to Kansas State, where he could be sure he was going to be with a coach who liked to move the old ball in the air.

Those afternoons Roy went over to watch football practice, he would almost always end up

moseying over to the wooden bleachers back of the goalposts so as to watch head-on as Joe placed his fifty through the uprights.

"How you doin', Joe?"

"Oh, hi Roy."

"How's the old toe?"

"Oh, holding up, I guess."

"That a boy."

It was also down at this end of the field that the cheerleaders practiced. After Joe had finished up—"So long, Roy"; "See you, kiddo"—Roy would button his field jacket, turn up the collar, lean back on his elbows, stretch his legs down across three rows of wooden stands, and with a little smile on his face hang around a few minutes more watching the cheerleaders go through their oh-so-important repertoire of tricks.

"Give me an L—"

"L," Roy would say, in a soft mocking voice, not caring whether they heard or not.

"Give me an i—"

"Give me a B—"

Throughout his four years of high school Roy had had a secret crush on Ginger Donnelly, who had become head cheerleader when they were juniors. Whenever he saw her in the halls he would begin to perspire along his upper lip, just as he did in class when suddenly he found himself called upon to answer a question he hadn't even heard the teacher ask. And the fact was that he and Ginger had never exchanged a word, and probably never would. However, she was built, as the saying goes, like a brick s.house, a fact Roy couldn't seem to ignore, not that he always tried. In bed at night he would begin to think about the way she had of leaning back from the waist to do the Liberty Center locomotive, and he would get an erection; at the games themselves, after a touch-down, Ginger would do cartwheels the length of the field, and everybody would be screaming and cheering, and Roy would be sitting there with an erection. And it was ridiculous, because she wasn't that kind of girl at all. Nobody had ever even kissed her, supposedly, and besides she was a Catholic, and Catholic girls wouldn't even let you put your arm around them in the movies until you were married, or at least engaged. Or so went one story. Another was that all you had to do was *tell* them you were going to marry them, right after graduation, and they "spread," as the saying goes, on the very first date.

Even where Ginger was concerned there had been stories. Almost every guy in Liberty Center would tell you that you couldn't get near her with a ten-foot pole, and a lot of the girls said she was actually thinking about becoming a nun. But then

this fellow named Muffin, who was about twenty-five and used to hang around the high school smoking with kids, said that his friends over in Winnisaw told him that at a party across the river one night, back in Ginger's freshman year (before she'd gotten so snooty), she had practically taken on the whole Winnisaw football team. The reason nobody knew about it was because the truth was immediately suppressed by the Catholic priest who threatened to have all those involved thrown in jail for rape if even one of them opened his mouth.

It was a typical Muffin story, and yet some guys actually believed it—though Roy wasn't one.

Roy's usual taste in girls ran to the ones who were a little more serious and sedate about things—Bev Collison, for instance, who had more or less been his private property during senior year, and was now a junior in elementary ed at the University of Minnesota (where Roy thought he might decide to go at the last minute, if everything else fell through). Bev was one of the few girls around who didn't live her life as though she were in a perpetual popularity contest; she would just as soon leave the showing off to the show-offs, and didn't go in for giggling and whispering and wasting whole evenings on the phone. She'd had a straight B average, and worked after school at the library, and still had time for extracurricular activities (Spanish Club, Citizenship Club, *Liberty Bell* advertising manager) and a social life. She had her two feet on the ground (even his parents agreed—bravo!) and he had always respected her a lot. Actually it was because of this respect that he had never tried to make her go all the way.

Still, it was the hottest and heaviest he had ever gone at it with anyone. In the beginning, they used to kiss standing up in her front hallway (for as long as an hour at a stretch, but all the time in their coats). Then one Saturday after a school dance Bev agreed to let him into the living room; she took off her own coat and hung it up, but refused to let Roy remove his, saying he had to go in two minutes because her parents' bedroom was directly over the sofa, toward which Roy was to stop trying to push her. It was several weeks before he was finally able to convince her that he ought really to be allowed out of his coat, if only as a health measure; and even then she didn't consent, so much as submit, after Roy had already sort of slipped it half onto the floor, necking with her all the while so she wouldn't know. And then one night after a long bitter struggle, she suddenly began sobbing. Roy's first thought was that he ought to get up and go home before Mr. Collison came down the stairs; but he patted her a lot on the back and said everything was all right, and

that he was really sorry, he hadn't actually meant it; and so Bev asked, sounding relieved, hadn't he really?, and though he didn't know exactly what they were talking about he said, "Of course not, never, no," and so from then on, to his immense surprise, she was willing to let him put his hand wherever he wanted above the belt so long as it was outside her clothes. There followed a bad month during which Bev got so angry with him that they very nearly broke up; meanwhile Roy was pushing and pulling and pleading and apologizing, all to no avail—until one night, fighting him off, Bev (inadvertently, she tearfully contended later) sank a fingernail so deep into his wrist that she drew blood. Afterwards she felt so rotten about it that she let him put his hand inside her blouse, though not inside her slip. It so excited Roy that Bev had to whisper, "Roy! My family—stop snorting like that." Then one night in Bev's dark living room they turned on the radio, very very low, and of all things, on "Rendezvous Highlights" they were playing the music from the movie *State Fair*, which had recently been revived over in Winnisaw. It was their movie, and "It Might As Well Be Spring" was their song—Roy had gotten Bev to agree. In fact, Roy's mother said that he looked a little like Dick Haymes, though, as Bev commented, least of all when he tried to sing like him. Nevertheless, in the middle of "It's a Grand Night for Singing," Bev just fell backwards on the sofa with her eyes closed and her arms behind her neck. He wondered for a moment if it was really what she wanted, decided it must

be, decided it *had* to be, and so, taking the chance of his life, drove his hand down between her slip and her brassiere. Unfortunately, in the newness and excitement of what she was letting him do, he caught the buckle of his watchband on the ribbing of her best sweater. When Bev saw what had happened she was heartsick, and then scared, and so they had to stop everything while she worked to pick up the stitch with a bobby pin before her mother saw it in the morning and wanted an explanation. Then on the Saturday before graduation it happened: in the pitch black living room, he got two fingers down onto her nipple. Bare. And the next thing he knew she was off visiting her married sister in Superior, and he was in the Army.

As soon as he was shipped to the Aleutians—even before the first shock of the place had worn off—he had written Bev asking her to get the University of Minnesota to send him an application form. When it arrived, he began to spend a little time each evening filling it out, but shortly thereafter it became evident to him that letters from Bev herself had just stopped coming. Fortunately by this time he was more adjusted to the bleakness of his surroundings than had been the case on that first terrible night, and so was able to admit to himself that it had been pretty stupid to think of choosing a university because a girl he once knew happened to be a student there. And absolutely idiotic is what it would have been if after being discharged he had gone ahead and showed up in Minneapolis, to find that this girl

had picked up with somebody new, neglecting however to tell him anything about it.

So the application remained only partially completed, though it was still somewhere amongst "his papers," all of which he planned to go through as soon as he could have three or four uninterrupted days so as to do the job right.

The cheerleader Roy was sort of interested in was named Mary Littlefield, though everybody called her "Monkey," he soon discovered. She was small and had dark bangs and for a short girl she had a terrific figure (which you really couldn't say was the case with Beverly Collison, who in his bitterness Roy had come to characterize,



and not unjustly, as "flat as a board"). Monkey Littlefield was only a junior which Roy figured was probably too young for him now; and if it turned out that she didn't have a brain in her head, then it was just going to be curtains for little Monkey, even before the first date. What he was in the market for this time was somebody with a little maturity in her attitudes. But Monkey Littlefield did have this terrific figure, with these really terrifically developed muscles in her legs, and that she was a big-shot cheerleader didn't faze him as it had with Ginger Donnelly two years before. What was a cheerleader, anyway, but a girl who was an extrovert? Moreover, Monkey lived up in The Grove, and so she knew who Roy was: Ellie Sowerby's cousin, and a good friend of Joe Whetstone's. He imagined that she knew he was an ex-GI simply because of his clothes.

When she and her cohorts started in practicing their cartwheels, Roy would lace his fingers together behind his neck, cross one ankle over the other, and just have to shake his head. "Oh brother," he would think, "they ought to know what it's like up in the Aleutians."

By then it would be nearly dark. The team would begin drifting off the field, silver helmets swinging at their sides as they headed for the locker room. The cheerleaders would pick up their coats and schoolbooks from where they lay in piles on the first row of bleachers, and Roy would raise himself up to his full six feet three inches, stretch his arms way out and yawn so that anybody watching would just think of him as being more or less easygoing and unruffled. Then, taking one long leap to the ground, he'd plunge his hands down into his pockets and start off towards home, maybe kicking high out with one foot, as though practicing his punt . . . and thinking that if he had a car of his own there would probably be nothing at all to saying to Monkey Littlefield, "I'm going up to my cousin's, if you want a lift."

Buying a car was something he had begun to give a lot of thought to, and not as a luxury item, either. His father might not like the idea now any more than he had in high school, but the money Roy had saved in the service was his own, and he could spend it just as he liked. The family car had to be asked for days in advance and had to be back in the garage at a specific time every night; only with a car of his own could he ever be truly independent. With a car of his own he might just give this Littlefield a run for her money—once he had made sure that she wasn't just an extrovert and nothing else . . . And if she was? Should that stop him? Something about the muscles in her legs told Roy that Monkey Littlefield either had



gone all the way already, or would, for an older guy who knew how to play his cards right.

. . . Up in the Aleutians it seemed that almost every guy in the barracks had gotten some girl to go all the way, except Roy. Since it didn't hurt anyone, and wasn't so much a lie as an exaggeration, he had intimated that he himself had gone all the way pretty regularly with this girl from the University of Minnesota. One night after lights out, Lingelbach, who really had the gift of gab, was saying that the trouble with most girls in the U. S. A. was that they thought sex was something obscene, when it was probably the most beautiful experience, physical or spiritual, that a person could ever have. And because it was dark, and he was lonely—and angry, too—Roy had said, yeah, that was why he had finally dumped this girl from the University of Minnesota, she thought sex was something to be ashamed of.

"And you know something," came a Southern voice from the end of the barracks, "in later life those are the ones wind up being the worst whores."

Then Cuzka, from Los Angeles, who Roy couldn't stand, began to shoot his fat mouth off. To hear him talk, he knew every sex secret there ever was. All you have to do to make a girl spread her chops, said Cuzka, is to tell her you love her. You just keep saying it over and over and finally ("I don't care who they are, I don't care if they're Maria Montez") they can't resist. Tell them you love them and tell them to trust you. How do you think Errol Flynn does it? asked Cuzka, who acted most of the time as though he had a direct pipeline to Hollywood. Just keep saying, "Trust me, baby, trust me," and meanwhile start unzipping

the old fly. Then Cuzka began to tell how his brother, a mechanic in Los Angeles, had once banged this fifty-year-old whore with no teeth, and soon Roy felt pretty lousy about saying what he had out loud. Skinny and scared as Bev had been, she was really a good kid. How could she help it if her parents were strict? The next day he was able partially to console himself over his betrayal by remembering that he hadn't actually mentioned her name.

Lloyd Bassart had come to the conclusion that Roy ought to apprentice himself to a printer over in Winnisaw. His father liked to say the word "apprentice" just about as much as Roy hated to hear him say it. The knowledge of this aversion in his son didn't stop him, however: Roy ought to apprentice himself to a printer over in Winnisaw; he knew his way around a print shop, and it was an honorable trade in which a man could make a decent living. He was sure that the Bigelow brothers could find a place for Roy—and not because he was Lloyd Bassart's boy, but because of the skills the young man actually possessed. Artists starve, as anyone knows, unless they happen to be Rembrandt, which he didn't think Roy was. As for enrolling in college, given Roy's grades in high school, his father could not imagine him suddenly distinguishing himself at an institution of higher learning by his scholarly or intellectual abilities. Though Alice Bassart pointed out that stranger things had happened, her husband did not seem to believe they would in this instance.

Lloyd Bassart was the printing teacher at the high school—not to mention the right arm of the principal, Donald "Bud" Brunn, the one-time All-American end from the University of Wisconsin. When the new consolidated high school had been built in Liberty Center in 1930, people still had a picture in their minds of Don Brunn making those sensational end-zone catches over his shoulder in the 1921 Rose Bowl. What catching a football over your shoulder had to do with organizing a curriculum or estimating a budget was something that would remain incomprehensible to Alice Bassart until the day she died, but nevertheless on the basis of that skill, Don, who had been teaching civics and coaching athletics down in a high school in Fort Kean, was offered the position in his old hometown. Being no fool, at least where his own interests were involved, he accepted. And so for eighteen years—eighteen solid years of midstream, as Alice expressed it whenever her anger caused her to become slightly incoherent—Don had been the principal (at least he sat in the principal's office) and Lloyd had been what Alice Bassart

called "the unofficial unsung hero." Don wouldn't so much as hire a new janitor without letting Lloyd take a look at him first, and yet Don got the salary of a principal, and was some kind of household god to parents in the community, while Lloyd, as far as the general public was concerned, was nobody.

When Alice got off on this subject, Lloyd often found it necessary to quote what he said were the words of a man far wiser than either of them, the poet Bobbie Burns:

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Though Fortune use you hard an' sharp.

He agreed that Don was a grinning nincompoop, but that was one of the facts of life he had learned to accept long ago. After this much time you certainly couldn't go around all day hoping and praying that the fellow might see the light and resign; if he could see that much light there might not be any cause for him to resign. Nor could you wait for him to slip on a banana peel; for one thing, Don was a healthy ox, destined to outlive them all, and for another, such an idea was beneath Alice even to think, let alone to say aloud. Either you could make your way through life with the bitter taste of envy always in your mouth, or you could remember that there are people in this world far worse off than yourself, and be thankful that you are who you are, and have what you have, and so on.

Could Roy help it if he felt more like spending his evenings at Uncle Julian's than at home? Not that he considered Julian perfect by any means, but at least his uncle believed in having something of a good time in life, and his ideas weren't all about two centuries old. "Wake up!" Roy wanted to shout into his father's ear. "It's 1948!" But that Julian knew what year it was you could see right off, even in something like his clothes. Whereas the big magazine in Roy's house was *Hygeia*, Julian took *Esquire* every month. He was maybe a little too loud with his color combinations, at least for Roy's taste, but you had to admit he was right in the current style, whatever it happened to be. Even his opinion of Mr. Harry S Truman ("half asshole and half Red") didn't keep him from having a collection of Harry Truman sport shirts that would knock your eye out . . . At any rate, to appear in a public place without a tie wasn't something Julian considered a scandal, nor did he act as though life on this planet was coming to an end if Roy showed up at the house with his shirttail accidentally hanging out. That Roy wasn't going to get all worked up over things that were only "externals" was something Uncle Julian

seemed capable of understanding. "Well," he'd say, opening the door to his nephew in the evenings, "look who's here, Irene—Joe Slob." But smiling; not like Roy's father, who all through the Army his son had remembered most vividly as he used to see him coming out of Mr. Brunn's office—gray hair combed slick, mouth shut, tall and straight as an arrow—and wearing that damn gray denim apron, like the town cobbler.

After he had come home from World War II, Julian had sat down to figure out what people needed that would be cheap and helpful to them and profitable to himself: he had come up with the idea of the laundromat. So simple, and yet within a year the quarters and half-dollars that the ladies in the towns along the river dropped into the washers and driers of the El-ene Laundromatic Company left Julian \$20,000 to himself.

Now Roy had no particular desire to follow in the footsteps of a businessman; it was not only personal considerations that caused him to hesitate before Julian's offer to teach him the business; there was a matter of principle involved. Roy didn't know if he still believed the way he used to in free enterprise, at least as practiced in this country. Those last few months up in the Aleutians Roy had listened from his sack when some of the college graduates in his barracks had their serious

discussions at night about world affairs. He himself didn't say much then and there, but often on the following day he would find occasion, while sitting around the motor-pool office where he was supply clerk, to talk over some of the things he had heard with Sergeant Hickey. To be sure he didn't swallow everything this Lingelbach said that was critical of America. Sergeant Hickey was perfectly right: anybody could make destructive criticisms, anybody could just go ahead and start knocking things left and right all day long to Sergeant Hickey's way of thinking, if you didn't have something constructive to say, then maybe you shouldn't say anything at all, especially if you happened to be wearing the uniform of the country you thought was so terrible and awful. Roy agreed that Sergeant Hickey was perfectly right; there were some guys in the world who would never be satisfied, even if you fed them all day long with a silver spoon, but still you had to give this guy from Boston (not Lingelbach who was an outright loner and oddball, but Bellwood) a lot of credit for his arguments about the way they did things in Sweden. Roy agreed right down the line with Sergeant Hickey and his Uncle Julian about Communism, but as Bellwood said, Socialism was a different from Communism as day from night. And Sweden wasn't even *that* socialistic.



What had made Roy begin to wonder if after his discharge a person like himself might not be happy living in a place like Sweden was (1) they had a high standard of living, and it was a real democracy with the Four Freedoms; but (2) they weren't money-mad, Bellwood said, the way people in America were (which wasn't a criticism, it was a fact); and (3) they didn't believe in war, which Roy didn't believe in either.

Actually, if he hadn't just returned from sixteen months in the Aleutians, he might have gone off and gotten himself a job as a deckhand aboard a freighter bound for Sweden; and once there found some kind of good, honest work, and not in Stockholm either, but in some fishing village such as he had seen photographs of in *Holiday*. He might even have settled down there and married a Swedish girl, and had Swedish children, and never have returned to the United States again. Wouldn't that be something? To think, if that was what he wanted, he could pick up and do it, and without explaining himself to anyone... However, for the time being he'd really had his fill of the sun coming up at 10:00 A.M. and going down practically at noon, and the rest of what should be day being night. Probably that's what got to the Swedes themselves—because something did. Sergeant Hickey, who saw all the magazines before they were put in the dayroom, came into the office one morning and announced that in the new issue of *Look* it said that more people jump off of buildings in Sweden than in any out-and-out capitalistic country in the world. When Roy later brought this up with Bellwood he didn't really have much to say in Sweden's defense, except to start quibbling over percentages. Apparently there was a heck of a lot of gloom over there that Bellwood hadn't mentioned and, very frankly, for all that Roy was willing to sympathize with their form of government, by and large he would prefer at the end of a day's work to spend his leisure time with people who knew how to relax and take it easy. Moderation in all things was his motto.

Consequently he found that he would just as soon spend his evenings at the Sowerbys as hang around at home, where he either had to keep the radio at a whisper because his father was upstairs writing some report for Mr. Brunn, or else his father was downstairs and they were discussing something called Roy's Future as though it were



a body he had found on the front lawn: now look here, Roy, what do you intend to do with it?

As for Lloyd Bassart's disapproval of Roy's nightly social call over to the Sowerbys (and of his brother-in-law Julian as an influence and confidant), he disguised his real objections by saying that he didn't feel Roy should make himself a permanent fixture in another family's house simply because they had a television set. Roy said why should his father mind if the Sowerbys themselves didn't? Uncle Julian

was interested in what the postwar Army was like, and in what the younger generation was thinking, and so he liked to talk to Roy. What was so wrong with that?

However, the "talks" between Julian and Roy consisted, as frequently as not, of Julian's pulling Roy's leg. Julian got a kick out of kidding Roy, and Roy got sort of a kick out of being kidded, since it really put them on a buddy relationship. Of course, sometimes Julian went too far with his kidding, particularly the night Roy had said he really didn't think he could ever be satisfied as a human being unless he was doing something creative. As it happened, he was only repeating something he had once heard Bellwood say, but it applied equally as well to him, even though he hadn't thought it up personally. Uncle Julian, however, chose deliberately to miss the point, and said it sounded to him as though what Roy needed was a good piece. Roy had laughed it off and tried to act nonchalant, even though his Aunt Irene was in the dining room, where she could hear every word they said.

Julian's sense of humor wasn't always up Roy's alley. It was one thing if you were in the barracks, or the motor-pool office, to say f. this and f. that, and another when there were women around. Where Uncle Julian's language was concerned, Roy felt his father had his strongest case. And then sometimes Julian got his goat with his opinions on art, which were totally uninformed. It wasn't the security angle he wanted Roy to think about before going off to some la-dee-da art school; it was the sissy angle. "Since when did you become a lollipop, Roy? Is that what you were doing up there in the North Pole, turning pansy on the taxpayers' money?"

But by and large the kidding was good-natured, and the arguments they had didn't last very long. Though Uncle Julian was just a couple of inches

over five feet, he had been an infantry officer during the war, and had nearly had his left ball shot off more times than he could count. And even though he said it just that way, regardless of the age or sex of anyone listening, you had to admire him, because it was the pure truth. The guy who had called out, "Nuts!" to the enemy had gotten all the publicity at the time, but apparently Julian had been known throughout the 36th Division as "Up Yours" Sowerby; more than once that was the message he had shouted back to the Germans, when another man would have withdrawn, or even surrendered. He had risen to the rank of Major and been awarded a Silver Star; even Lloyd Bassart took his hat off to him on that score, and had invited him to address the student body of the high school when he returned from the war. Roy remembered it yet: Uncle Julian had used hell and damn twelve times in the first five minutes (according to a count kept by Lloyd Bassart), but fortunately thereafter simmered down, and when he was finished the students had risen to their feet and sung "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along" in his honor.

Julian called Roy "you long drink of water," and "you big lug," and "Slats," and "Joe Slob," and hardly ever just Roy. Sometimes his nephew had no sooner stepped into the foyer than Julian had his fists up and was dancing back into the living room, saying, "Come on, come on, Slugger—try and land one." Roy, who had learned in gym class how to throw a one-two punch (though he hadn't yet had occasion to use it in the outside world), would come after Julian, openhanded, leading with his right, while Uncle Julian would bob and weave, cuffing aside the *one* before Roy could deliver the *two*. Roy would circle and circle looking in vain for his opening, and then—it never failed to happen—Julian would cock back his right arm, cry "Ya!" and even as Roy was ducking his chin behind his fists and hiding his belly back of his elbows (just as he had been taught in high school), Julian would already be swinging one leg around sideways to give his nephew a quick

soft boot in the behind with the toe of his bedroom slipper. "Okay, Slim," he'd say, "sit down, take a load off your mind."

But the best thing about Julian wasn't his happy-go-lucky manner: it was that his experience in the Army made him appreciate how hard it was for an ex-GI to adjust back to civilian life at the drop of a hat. Roy's father had been too young for World War I and too old for World War II, and so the whole business of being a veteran was just one more aspect of modern life that he couldn't get into his head. That a person's values might have changed after two years of military service didn't seem to mean anything to him. That a person might actually *benefit* from a breather in which he got a chance to talk over some of what he had learned, to digest it, didn't strike him as anything but a waste of precious time. He really made Roy's blood boil.

Julian, on the other hand, was willing to listen. Oh, he made plenty of suggestions too, but there was a little difference between somebody making a *suggestion* and somebody giving you an *order*. So all through that fall and into the winter Julian listened, and then one evening in March, while he and Roy were smoking cigars and watching the Milton Berle Show, Roy suddenly began during the commercial to say that he was beginning to think that maybe his father was right, that all this valuable time was just slipping away through his fingers, like water itself.

"For crying out loud," Julian said, "what are you, a hundred?"

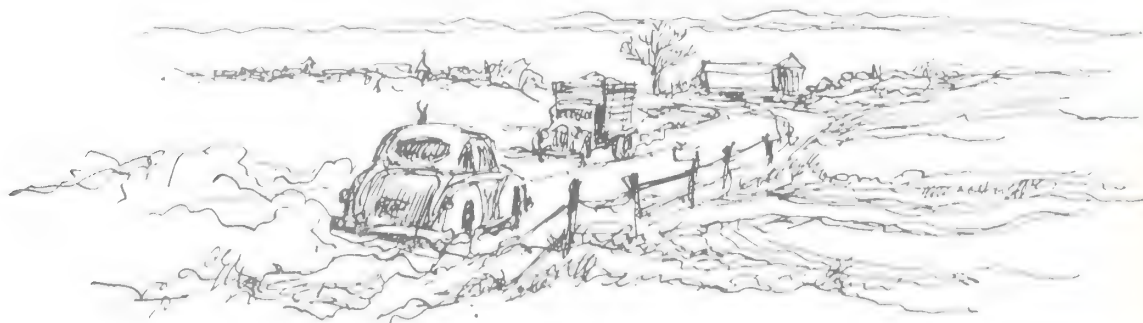
"But that isn't the point, Uncle Julian."

"Come on, get off your own back, will you?"

"But my life . . ."

"You're twenty years old. You're a twenty-year-old kid. Twenty, Longjohn—and it won't last forever. For Christ's sake, live it up a little, have a good time, get off your own back. I can't stand hearing it any more."

And so the next day Roy finally did it; he hitched over to Winnisaw and bought a two-tone, secondhand 1946 Hudson.



Richard Hammer

YANKEE LAWYERS IN MISSISSIPPI COURTS

In a state where there is a law for every purpose, dozens of established and successful Northern attorneys have involved themselves in an unprecedented legal experiment.

Mississippi is not, in the precise sense, a land of lawlessness. It has plenty of law. There is one law for whites, another for Negroes, a third where whites are in conflict with Negroes, a fourth where Negroes are in conflict with whites, and an entirely different concept of law and its enforcement where civil rights are concerned. Those involved in the Mississippi process of law know its exact limitations, its structure, and its guidelines.

There is a law, for instance, against the use of profanity, so minutely codified that in some communities the specific fines and jail terms are stipulated for each particular word. This law is enforced with diligence against rebels, and today it is the rare Mississippi Negro who uses in public a word stronger than "darn." In Natchez last fall, a white Northern lawyer from California was watching the police march dozens of civil-rights demonstrators toward buses for shipment to the infamous state prison farm at Parchman over a hundred miles away. The lawyer, Richard E. Tuttle, who was then heading a staff of Northern attorneys in Mississippi, tried to give the police \$200 as bail for one of the civil-rights leaders. Nobody would take the bail; the police put the leader on a bus and Tuttle was prevented from getting to him. "Jesus Christ!" Tuttle snapped in exasperation. He was promptly grabbed on the shoulder by a burly policeman. "I could arrest you for that if I was a mind to," he said. And he seemed to be of a mind to. The arrest was forestalled only by the intervention of another Northern lawyer, who led Tuttle away, and by a nod from Ed Benoist, the county prosecutor.

Traffic regulations, usually more honored by violation than observance, are the bane of the

civil-rights movement. It is against the law on most highways to drive more than 65 miles an hour, although this is usually ignored by whites on lonely roads and on highways. But Negroes and civil-rights workers are regularly booked for speeding. The police invariably spot a "civil rightser" when he arrives. They put a tail on him and then wait for him to violate some minor traffic regulation—which he will almost certainly do. Then he is arrested and a number of other charges are often thrown in.

And there is what has become perhaps the most popular civil-rights crime—resisting assault. A Negro or civil-rights worker who finds himself being beaten by whites (often watched with amusement by local authorities) will, when the beating is over, be taken to the local jail and booked for assault, at the very least.

But there has been a change in Mississippi, certainly since 1964, because of the appearance in the state of the Northern lawyers—some two hundred of them. For a few weeks, sometimes for a month or more, they have left their families and their comforts to work, for no pay, twenty and more hours a day seven days a week, to live on the edge of a poverty they often thought impossible, to travel day and night trying to bring law to people for whom the legal system has always been an instrument of repression, brutality, and whim.

These lawyers are well-dressed, well-spoken, learned in their calling. Their most common characteristic is that they are successful and established at home. They are of widely different ages; some come from corporations, some from Wall Street firms, some from small towns, some from universities, and some from public positions.

Often, they feel much as Dan Singer of Washington does. "I hate courts," he says. "I'm an office lawyer and that's where the law should be practiced." In Mississippi they all find that going to court is a necessity. They will never be quite the same again because they went to Mississippi. And Mississippi may never be quite the same again because of them.

Encouraging a "Certain Caution"

Otis Brown is a young, bright, sardonic Mississippi Negro, born, raised, and "educated" around Indianola, the county seat of Sunflower County—Jim Eastland's fief—in the heart of the delta. For nearly two years he has been the project director in Sunflower for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party—not so much a political party as a loose confederation of political, action, welfare, and social-service organizations operating with considerable independence (sometimes so independently as to be at cross-purposes) in each of the state's eighty-two counties.

Otis Brown runs freedom schools, explains to the Negroes their rights under social security and welfare, conducts community-center programs, spurs voter-registration drives (often by shepherding prospective voters to the registrar's office and watching to make sure they are registered), teaches voter education, and generally—along with one or two others—guides the county's whole civil-rights movement.

Since he took over this job, he has been arrested so often that he says he has just about lost count of the times he has been in the Indianola jail. "They call me Mr. Brown now when I come with demands," he says, "except when they arrest me. Then they call me black boy."

The constant harassment finally got to Otis Brown soon after the passage of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. On August 10 he led a group of would-be voters into the County Clerk's office. He was wearing a T-shirt of the kind then fairly popular with teen-agers around the country, although he had done the lettering himself. What he had stenciled on the shirt infuriated local officials and he was arrested and released on \$40 bond. A month later, the Grand Jury of Sunflower County indicted Brown because he:

did then and there wilfully and unlawfully disturb the peace of R. D. Chesteen, Deputy Circuit Clerk, and D. C. Wiggins, and others to the Grand Jury unknown by appearing in the Circuit Clerk's office at Indianola, Mississippi, wearing a white tee shirt on which was printed

or written across the front in large red letters the word "PUSSY" contrary to the statutes in such cases . . .

According to the statutes, Otis Brown could have been sentenced to ninety days on the county farm for this misdemeanor.

Right after the indictment, Brown telephoned Jackson and the office of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, known as the "President's Committee" since it grew out of a White House Conference in 1963. It is one of two major legal offices in the state run by volunteer Northern attorneys. (The other, to be described shortly, is the American Civil Liberties Union's Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee.)

Before the lawyers' appearance in Mississippi, Otis Brown, with his reputation as an agitator and troublemaker, would have been dealt with summarily, hauled into a segregated courtroom before a white judge, and, without counsel, sent off to the county farm. The presence of the lawyers, however, has brought a certain caution to local authorities. A conviction with a jail sentence will almost automatically be appealed to a court of record and probably removed from state jurisdiction to federal courts.

This time the local prosecutor met with Jonathan Shapiro, the Northern lawyer. "If that boy pleads guilty, we'll go easy on him," the prosecutor said. "We'll only give him thirty days."

No deal. Shapiro insisted there be no jail sentence. He opened a dictionary to show that there was no obscenity in the word "pussy," hence no breach of the peace. After considerable haggling, it was agreed that if Brown pleaded guilty, he would be fined only the amount of his bond, \$40.

To the Northern mind trained in the law as practiced in the corporate levels in the North, such a bargain might seem incomprehensible; in Mississippi, it was considered a victory of no small measure. But Jonathan Shapiro made the deal only with considerable reluctance. It had been his intention to fight the case, file an appeal, and challenge the whole state system of obscenity laws on constitutional grounds. But time and manpower were against him. An appeal all the way to the U. S. Supreme Court would take not months but years. The vast number of cases coming in to the Northern lawyers meant assigning some pri-

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ority out of chaos. Since Otis Brown was not going to jail, the lawyers' attentions had to turn elsewhere.

Eddie Richman At the County Farm

There was also, at that time, the case of Eddie Richman, the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party project director in Lowndes County in the northeastern part of the state. Another native-born Mississippi Negro as are almost all the project directors—Eddie Richman was then on the county farm, possibly in deadly danger.

In early September, on his way back to Columbus from a meeting at West Point, Richman was stopped for speeding; other traffic violations were thrown in. He was taken back to Columbus; bail was set at \$300, then raised to \$500, but word of his arrest did not get out. He was quickly brought before a justice of the peace.* Eddie Richman was convicted and sentenced to sixty days on the county farm.

When he got to the farm, Richman was warned not to complain or to try to get word to anyone on the outside. Then his head was shaved and at 6:30 the next morning he was sent into the fields, without a hat. In the blazing sun he worked with a sharp, heavy kaiser blade. By midafternoon his head was aching and his hands blistered.

"I asked a guard for an aspirin," Richman said. "He said he didn't have one. Two other fellows told the guard I was sick. The guard said he didn't have no aspirin, but, 'I've got aspirin right here,' indicating a strap in the rear pocket of his overalls. I didn't ask him no more. A while later a shack boss came up to me and taken me off in the woods and told me to pull down my pants and then he beat me on my behind. This was the middle of the afternoon. He said, 'You come down here to cause trouble and stir these people up, I teach you.' He told me to say not 'yes sir, no sir,' but to say 'yes sir, captain no sir, captain.' I worked through the afternoon. I lost my watch that afternoon. He wouldn't let me go back to look for it."

The next afternoon Richman "ran into a nest of yellow jackets. I slapped at 'em to knock 'em off me and cut my hand on the kaiser blade. I told the captain my hand was cut and he said, 'Keep n working.' I continued to work. They burnt out

*Most Mississippi justices of the peace have little legal knowledge or training, often little formal education of any kind, and they hold court wherever they happen to be—in filling stations, stores, and schools. No trial record is kept.

the yellow-jacket nest." In the process the guards poured a trail of gasoline down the trench to the nest and then set it on fire. The flames roared toward Eddie Richman and shot up his shoes and pants. "They told me to go back in and put out the fire," to stamp it out with his feet. Later that afternoon, another guard "took me in the pasture and beat me on the behind. My beating bled in my bedclothes."

Richman's hands got steadily worse as the blisters broke. His face and mouth were swollen and blistered from fever sores and exposure (several weeks later, when I talked to him in Jackson, the marks were still clearly visible and he could not shake hands). And he was steadily beaten.

Convinced that he would not survive the sixty days, Richman took a chance and got word out. The message was passed on to the lawyers in Jackson, who called the FBI. An agent went up to the farm. "I told him everything," Richman said. But the agent returned to Jackson and claimed there was nothing the FBI could do.

"The next morning," Eddie Richman told me, "the guard who whipped me twice called me a lying black son-of-a-bitch and every other thing. Both guards told me they would get me before the day was over."

But in Jackson, Dick Tuttle, former chief counsel to the California Public Utilities Commission, who had just arrived to head the President's Committee's operations, moved fast. He filed a writ of habeas corpus, and after seventeen days on the county farm Eddie Richman was released.

Tuttle went further than getting Richman released. He met with the Lowndes County authorities, who decided to drop all charges. Then he began looking into a possible suit against the state.

Eddie Richman, however, went back to his work in Lowndes. "I'm willing to give all I have in this fight," he told me just before he left. "There isn't any hope in Mississippi unless people are willing to go through this. After all, what most of us have gone through is nothing compared with Goodman and Schwerner and Chaney."

"I've Got to Live Here"

Why do the Otis Browns and the Eddie Richmans have to rely on Northern lawyers when they are native Mississippians and their trouble are with Mississippi authorities? Where are the Mississippi lawyers?

There are, first of all, not enough Negro lawyers to go around. With only a handful in the whole

state, the four in Jackson who will handle civil-rights cases are so jammed with work, including the necessary but tedious details of signing papers for the out-of-state lawyers, that they simply don't have time. Nor are they able to handle cases without fee. They have to earn a living.

There are practically no white lawyers in Mississippi who will handle a civil-rights case. The few who do find their effectiveness with juries almost nil. If the cases were pure felonies with no civil-rights implications, white lawyers might handle them—and many do. They even defend Negroes well, though paternalistically. They would not, for example, extend even the minimal courtesy of addressing a Negro client as mister, missus, or miss. And they would probably advise a plea of guilty to avoid trouble. Most important, however, they will not raise constitutional issues in defense of Negroes, such as exclusion from juries and voting lists. This failure was given judicial recognition by the U. S. Fifth Circuit Court, thus today permitting appeals even though the constitutional issues were not raised at the original trial.

For some members of the Mississippi bar, not unexpectedly, there is fear. A Greenville attorney told me, "I've got to live here. If I took a civil-rights case, I'd be tagged as a civil-rights lawyer. A lot of my clients, maybe all of them, would go to somebody else. Whenever I got up in front of a jury, my client would face prejudice because I'd handled a civil-rights defense. No, I wouldn't take a civil-rights case now, not if I expect to stay here

and go on living and working with these people. Maybe someday, but not now. I won't be the first lawyer here to do it; when everybody else does, then I will, too."

In various forms I heard this—and everyone has heard it—from lawyers all over the state. The leaders of the bar, such as John Satterfield of Yazoo City (a former president of the American Bar Association who also was a founder and president of the White Citizens Council and a close adviser to Ross Barnett), deny that Mississippi lawyers turn down any cases. But Satterfield and the others know full well that this claim—to the press and the ABA—simply isn't so when it comes to civil rights.

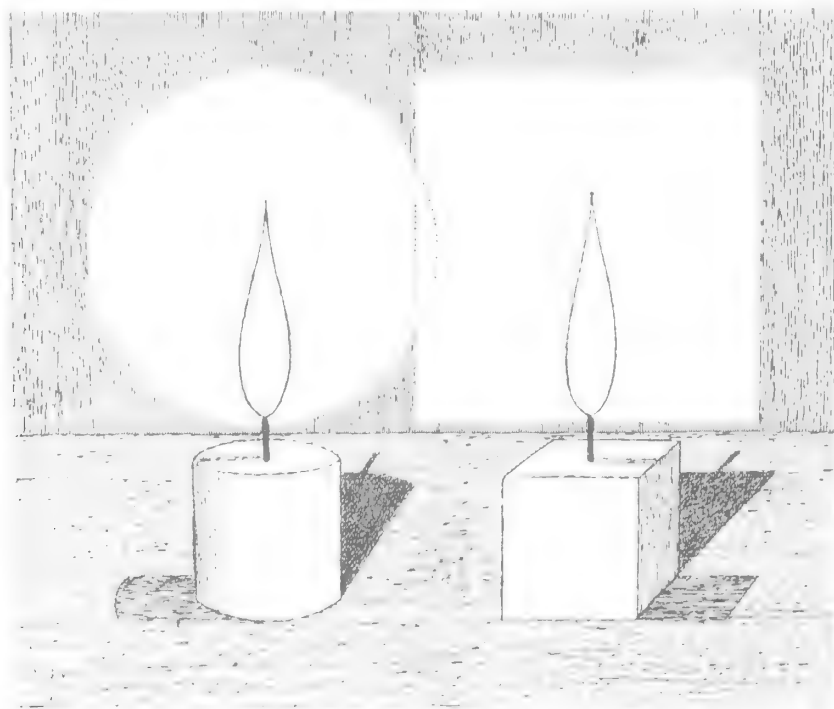
Some lawyers make no pretense that they would take a civil-rights case if other lawyers did. One afternoon in Jackson, the Washington lawyer Daniel Singer and I were talking with a lawyer from Meridian who wanted to know why Singer and the others had invaded his state to make trouble. "You got plenty of trouble up there," the Meridian lawyer said. "Why don't you stay home and take care of that instead of coming down here creating a fuss?"

"We've got plenty of trouble, granted," Singer said. "But one of the troubles we haven't got is finding lawyers."

"We got plenty of lawyers down here. We don't need nobody coming down. We don't turn clients away."

"You handle civil-rights cases?"

"Not me!"



"All right," Singer said, "let me pose something hypothetical to you. Suppose I've got a client in Washington. She was drinking a bottle of cola when a mouse jumped out and bit her on the lip. Say the cola was bottled in Meridian. You'd file papers in court there for me, wouldn't you, just as a matter of courtesy, something any lawyer does for another lawyer?"

"Sure, I'd file the papers."

"If I sent witnesses around, you'd let me use your office to take depositions, wouldn't you? You'd let me use your notary? That's just a courtesy. It doesn't mean that you agree with the case or even have anything to do with it, right?"

"Sure, that's right. You could use my office."

"Okay. Would you sign papers for me in a civil-rights case?"

"I couldn't do that!"

"Would you let me use your office to take depositions? Have your notary notarize them?"

"Hell no!"

"That's why we're down here," Singer said.

Two Different Approaches

This legal journey to Mississippi began in the East Room of the White House in the summer of 1963 when President Kennedy, during one of a series of meetings with national leaders to rally support for his pending civil-rights bill, told some 250 leaders of the American bar that they had a special responsibility to see that lawyers were available for civil-rights workers in the South.

The Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law was organized in time for the Mississippi invasion of 1964. But because of its orientation—ABA-backed, conservative, cautious, Establishment—civil-rights leaders were suspicious of just how much it would do. Their suspicions seemed justified when the President's Committee's policy began to emerge. It would, its leaders said, attempt to work through and engage the Mississippi bar (a nearly fruitless effort, though it still continues, and its only real dividend has been the acceptance of out-of-state lawyers in Mississippi courts). Later the President's Committee decided that it would not be a part of the civil-rights movement and would not represent the movement as such. It would handle only cases of individuals charged with crimes while attempting to obtain their civil rights. And, finally, just before the 1964 summer began, it announced it would only defend *ministers* who got into trouble. (This policy was dropped by the end of the summer.)

These decisions led to bitter outcries. A num-

ber of lawyers, civil-rights and civil-liberties groups, and religious organizations, including the National Council of Churches, decided their only out was to set up a second legal group—the Lawyers Constitutional Defense Committee (the LCDC), now part of the American Civil Liberties Union. It declared itself morally committed to the civil-rights movement and announced that it would operate all over the South—and elsewhere if necessary. It has set up offices in Selma, Jacksonville, Bogalusa, and other cities in the South, and the Watts area of Los Angeles, as well as in Mississippi.

The decisions of policy, and the bitter arguments which ensued in the North between LCDC and the President's Committee, were ignored by the lawyers once they traveled South. The lawyers volunteering for both groups were the same kind of people, and sometimes two lawyers from the same office went South for different groups. And they cooperated. Some President's Committee lawyers that first summer, when the Northern restrictions grew too galling, moonlighted for LCDC, and all the President's Committee lawyers made it a practice to defend everyone arrested with ministers. For LCDC, with few restrictions, the going was easier. By the time the lawyers returned in 1965, things were smoother—particularly for the President's Committee, whose Northern policy had been taken over by a young and ambitious lawyer, Berl Bernhard, former staff director to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission and a close associate of President Johnson.*

There is a real physical danger involved in practicing civil-rights law in Mississippi. One LCDC attorney, Marvin Braiterman of Baltimore, was abducted as he left a meeting with Negro clients in Glen Allen, driven around for hours, threatened with killing by men who held guns to his head, and finally released when, with a kind of courage he never thought he had, he told his abductors, "If you're going to kill me, you'll have to do it right here, but you'd better not do it and you'd better get out."

*One of the basic differences in the two operations has been in the kind of clients, particularly from the cities, handled by the two offices. LCDC has been closely allied with the more militant and activist elements, especially the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. The President's Committee, with its Establishment viewpoint, has been tied to the more middle-class NAACP. This is not so true in rural counties, where a lawyer is a lawyer and it doesn't make much difference where he comes from, and where the only civil-rights movement of any note is the MFDP.

What happened to Braiterman is rare. But physical violence, while also an exception, is not so rare. Alvin Bronstein, who headed LCDC's Mississippi operations, was beaten in the county jail in Magnolia; another lawyer was beaten in Philadelphia. Both were visiting clients. And there are threats. They range from the implied but unspoken: a rural judge ordering a middle-aged Northern corporation lawyer to swear that he is not a Communist; to the drawled, matter-of-fact: a county prosecutor telling a Harvard law professor and a Boston lawyer over lunch, "I could have you both killed if I was a mind to, but I ain't gonna do it."

And there is, particularly, a kind of constant fear on the lonely dark roads which every lawyer travels from one end of the state to the other. Almost every lawyer—and anyone else who goes to Mississippi—is warned that the quickest way to get a beating is to stop for gas at a rural filling station late at night.

The worst part of the whole experience may be the actual practice in rural courtrooms before uneducated justices of the peace. A day after he arrived in the state, I went with one Northern lawyer to Durant in Holmes County to defend four young Negro boys who had been arrested for use of obscene language and released on \$25 bond after they objected to a Ku Klux Klansman (a "Kluxer," they called him) hammering notices of a Klan rally on trees in their neighborhood late one night. The Klansman claimed he had only been cruising in his car looking for girls—a statement at the trial that brought howls from his friends.

When we arrived at the sheriff's office that afternoon, there were several men lounging about. As we parked, two of them drove off, returning later accompanied by several other cars filled with more men. The others stood silently in front of the office watching as we entered. The lawyer talked briefly with the sheriff, the prosecutor, and then his clients. Then we all left for the JP's court. As we were leaving, the lawyer noticed one of the Klan posters on a tree outside the office. He turned to the sheriff. "Would you take that down? I think we might want to use it as evidence."

The sheriff looked at him, then at the men lounging about. "You want that poster, take it down yourself." We walked away. The poster may still be on the tree.

Both the white friends of the Klansman and a small group of Negroes sat, segregated, on opposite sides of the room, during the trial. The whites were silent and unmoving. The Negroes reacted with satisfaction and glee to the sharp question-

ing by the Northern lawyer. He forced the complaining Klansman to admit that he was not certain what words had been used, which defendant had said what or when; he was not even sure that he could even identify at least three of the Negro boys.

The lawyer turned to the JP. "I move for dismissal."

The JP looked back at him blankly. Then quoting chapter and sections of the law, citing precedents, the lawyer told him that the complaint had, in essence, been withdrawn since the Klansman could not testify to any part of it.

The JP looked at him again. It was evident that he had not understood the technicalities, and that they did not overly concern him. "I ain't heard all the witnesses yet," he said.

"What?"

"Ain't heard all the witnesses yet."

"How can there be any more witnesses? The complainant has withdrawn his complaint. The trial is over."

"Now you just sit down there, young fella. We ain't heard all the witnesses yet. I don't know what they're gonna bring out."

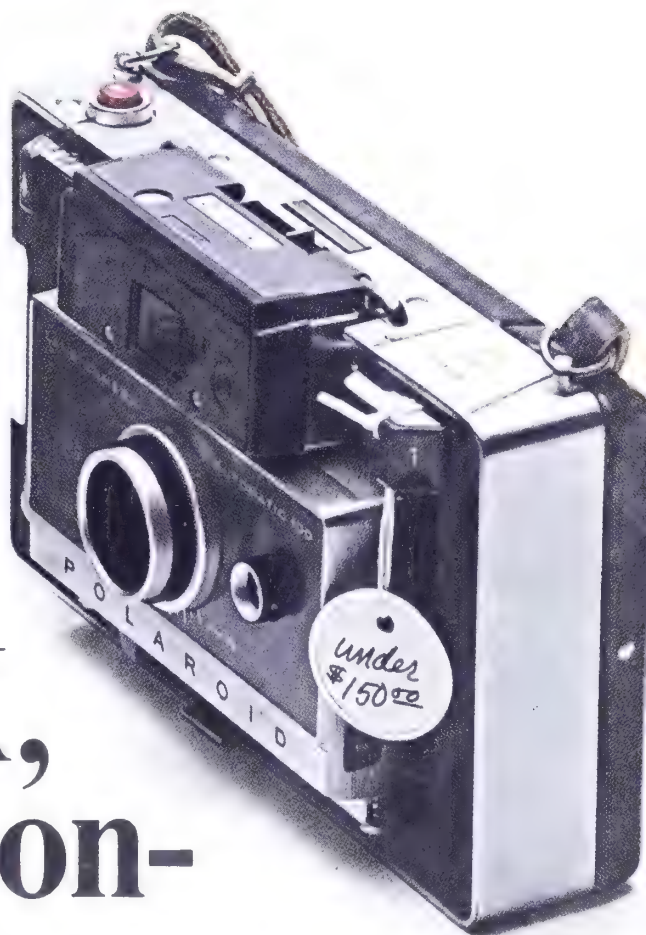
The other witnesses were policemen who had arrived after the "crime" had been committed. But the four defendants were found guilty, and after a conference between the prosecutor and the JP they were fined their bond.

As we left the room, followed by the silent whites, the Northern lawyer was mumbling about justice and law. Outside, the whites gathered wordlessly about us. A few went to their cars, started the motors, and then sat, waiting. At that moment a Mississippi Highway Patrol car roared down the highway, pulled in, and waved us to our car. We got in and drove back toward Jackson, followed for a few miles by the Highway Patrol.

"Agitatin', Breakin' the Law"

Courts are only part of the lawyer's job in Mississippi. He is also called upon to solve minor problems that might not arise in other places. In Indianola, Dick Tuttle was forced to deal with one among the many of these impromptu situations. Otis Brown was having another of his periodic disputes with local authorities, this time over his efforts to get a permit for construction of a community center in the Negro area, and he called Tuttle to ask him to come and find out just what was going on with the board of aldermen.

At Freedom House in Indianola the next day, Tuttle and Brown were reviewing the status of



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the community center when suddenly the door opened. Two older Negroes came in—one a small, neatly dressed storekeeper and the other a minister. Tuttle found himself in the middle of a bitter dispute. The storekeeper and minister, claiming they represented the Baptist Church Association (there are forty-two churches in Sunflower County), told Brown they were going to block his application for a building permit. During the summer of 1964, the association had lent an abandoned church school to civil-rights workers for use as a freedom school. The property had been threatened, its insurance immediately canceled (the almost inevitable result of a threat in Mississippi), and then the school was burned to the ground. Now the association was trying to get a permit to rebuild on the same spot, even though the state had condemned the property right after the burning, offered the association \$16,000 for the five acres (six or more times the going price in the county), and claimed it intended to turn the area into a park. These proceedings had been removed to the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court in New Orleans by LCDC lawyers, and the case was still pending trial. But the leaders of the church association were worried that if Brown got his permit, they would never get one. And they were worried about just how money being sent from the North would be split between them and Brown.

In the midst of all this arguing, an old Negro wearing on his lapel a button reading, "I am a registered voter, are you?" who had been listening with growing impatience, stepped forward. "Gather round Otis," he appealed to the other Negroes in the room in a hellfire voice quivering with emotion. "He's young, just startin' out, makin' his mark. Stop this jabberin'. Let's get this one goin' and then we'll worry about t'others." He was ignored.

Tuttle then stepped in. He carefully explained the litigation. He said that if Otis Brown got his permit, this would possibly help the church association later. Then he proposed a written agreement providing for an equal sharing of the Northern money. After some hedging, this plan was agreed to.

Then Tuttle and I got into the car with two Negro women and the old Negro with his lapel button to drive to City Hall. Otis remained behind. "They know me there," he said. "It'll just make things harder if I'm around."

When we walked into the council chamber, the conversation stopped as everyone turned to watch two white men and three Negroes take seats together near the front of the room. Tuttle went to the aldermen's table.

He asked whether plans for the Negro community center, which had been prepared by a Memphis architect, were in order and just where matters stood. Mayor Pitts asked what would be the purpose of the community center. Tuttle read from the prospectus that it would benefit the Negro community by providing facilities for individual and group activities.

Mayor Pitts asked if Otis Brown was connected with the center. "We know Otis Brown's activities; we know what they've been in the past," he said. "We're not goin' to get somethin' down there that's goin' to make trouble—agitatin' and political activities. This is a peace-lovin' community and we want to keep it that way."

Was the potential use the critical issue, Tuttle asked?

"Yes," the Mayor said.

If the building weren't used for politics, would the permit be granted?

"We are all aware of Otis Brown. We don't want it."

"The nature of the activity is what disturbs you?"

"Yes," the Mayor declared. "You're tryin' to bring in somethin' that will downgrade the neighborhood. I would object if I lived down there to bringin' in an organization that was goin' to be holdin' meetin's, makin' a lot of noise, and disturbin' the neighborhood. You would be destroyin' a quiet neighborhood."

Round and round the discussion went, although Tuttle managed to emphasize that there was no zoning regulation barring such a building in the Negro area.

At last Mayor Pitts closed the meeting. "We know Otis Brown's activities, stirrin' things up, makin' trouble, gettin' arrested, agitatin', breakin' the law. We're stayin' within the law up here, and that's the way we're goin' to keep operatin'."

That night Tuttle returned to Jackson, and the next day set in motion procedures to remove the building permit issue to federal jurisdiction. A permit for such facilities, he held, could not be denied merely because the city fathers did not like the nature of political activities that might be held there.

The Law and the Movement

There are not many massive demonstrations—like Jackson and Natchez last year and the Meredith march this year—where lawyers with flair and imagination can sometimes gain immediate and spectacular results. The real work—and the

work that may in the long run force the greatest legal change in Mississippi—is in the JP and police courts, the petty hearing, the mediation of intramural disputes, the day-to-day trivia.

It is the long trips to county jails to argue over high bail after wasted hours trying to find where a prisoner is held—and then, occasionally, finding that the high bail has already been raised and posted. It is the strange and often horrible problems—what should a lawyer advise a woman who has been threatened with jail for child abandonment if she does not return to the white man's plantation and to a husband who beats her every night? It is the attempts to discuss violation of federal law with sheriffs who openly brag of the "niggers" they have killed. It is the constant oppression of traffic violations and violations of contract and dispossession. It is the bitter and usually unavailing struggle to force white authorities to treat Negroes with minimum human decency.

For some of the lawyers, the President's Committee's Berl Bernhard says, "This is the first socially useful thing they've done in years." Almost every lawyer who has been to Mississippi intends to return. Al Bronstein of LCDC, who has won a grudging respect from white authorities for his knowledge of the law and his ability to use it for his clients, says, "We're poking the needle into the guilt of white Mississippi and you can't measure the value of that."

"We are teaching the state of Mississippi some law," Henry Schwarzschild, the executive director of LCDC, says. Federal laws and Supreme Court decisions can no longer be blatantly ignored. Local law-enforcement officials now give some thought, and a pause, before they use their fists, cattle prods, and guns—although they still use them. The courts hesitate before they hand down jail sentences, and frequently use fines instead—fines of the amount of the bail.

Both LCDC and the President's Committee have realized that the lack of continuity in staff in the past was a source of trouble. Both are doing something to solve this. Bronstein is with LCDC in Jackson permanently, with permanent assistants as well as volunteers. Tuttle, and now Dennison Ray, are following a similar pattern with the President's Committee.

LCDC has made no pretense of where it stands. It is dedicated not only to the law—which is the narrower position of the President's Committee—but also to the movement. A high Justice Department official told me, "They've done a hell of a job. They're aggressive; they've got a lot of credit with the civil-rights kids; they get a lot of work;

they're freewheeling." But LCDC is also broke. Both Schwarzschild and Bronstein must pay considerable attention not only to the cases they handle, but to raising the money to handle them. They can feel considerable satisfaction every time they win a major case, such as recently forcing the Holmes County Sheriff to pay \$1,500 in damages to a Negro woman as a settlement for beating her in jail, or getting the federal court to order redistricting in the Mississippi legislature. But they also have an uneasy feeling when they compare the number of cases on the docket with their almost nonexistent bank balance.

Money is less of a problem with the President's Committee. It is favored by the legal Establishment and by the federal government—its director, Bernhard, is close to the President and ran last spring's White House Conference on Civil Rights. The Department of Justice has recently given it a grant to move some of its activities into Northern ghettos. But this very element of respectability has made things harder for the President's Committee in Mississippi—and may not help it in the Northern ghettos when it sets up shop there.

The avenue to the Negro masses in Mississippi is obviously not just through the NAACP's Charles Evers, though he has now emerged as the state's leading civil-rights spokesman and has broadened his following. It is more through the mass-oriented Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party. And today the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party looks to the LCDC lawyers for legal advice. True or not, Lawrence Guyot, the MFDP leader, believes that "the President's Committee has lined up with the NAACP in a partisan manner and practice. I have tried to look for areas of agreement with the President's Committee and I haven't been able to find them." But Guyot admits that the lawyers have done a remarkable job in the state.

"If the lawyers weren't here," he said, "almost everything would be impossible."

Recently Dan Singer talked with a Negro laborer in Jackson. The Negro had stopped for gas at a station on the outskirts of the city. His companion had been barred from the rest room by the owner, who pointed a gun at both of them and shouted, "We got no nigger rest rooms! You get your black asses outa here!"

The Negro decided to do something when he heard that Northern lawyers had come to Jackson. "How far are you willing to go?" Singer asked him.

"I started and I'm willing to go as far as I has to," the man said. "I heard you is going to get us the justice."



COUNTRY HOUSE

by Maxine Kumin



Osborn

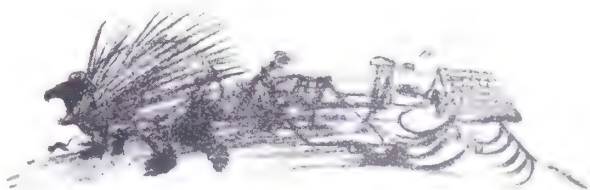
After a long presence of people,
after the emptying out,
the laying bare,
the walls break into conversation.
Their little hairlines ripple
and an old smile
crosses the chimney's face.

The same flies
endlessly drawn to the windowpanes
hum of thirst and spiders.
Fieldmice coast down
a forgotten can of bacon fat.
Two clocks tick themselves witless.
October, clutching its blankets,
sidles from room to room
where the exhausted doors
now speak to their stops,
four scrubbed stones of common quartz.

They are gone,
those hearty moderns who came in
with their plastic cups and spoons
and restorative kits
for stripping the woodwork,
torn between making over
and making do.
At their leavetaking
the thin beds exhale.
The toilet bowl blinks,
its eye full of purple antifreeze.

As after a great drought
the earth opens its holes
to raise the water table,
the stairs undo their buttons.
The risers, each an individual,
slip out of plumb.
Seams, pores, and crazings unpucker
making ready for frost.
A tongue of water
circles the cellar wall
and locks itself in.

Soon the raccoon will come
with his four wise hands
to pick the carcass
and the salt-worshipping porcupine
will chew sweat from the porch swing.
The red squirrels will decamp,
the last litter of mice go under.
Caught and fastened, this house
will lean into the January blizzard
letting its breath go sour,
its rib cage stiffen.



Eric Hoffer

COMMENTS ON THE HUMAN CONDITION

*Aphorisms from the San Francisco philosopher
and longshoreman . . . author of "The True Believer"
and (to come in 1967) "The Temper of Our Time"*

There has been a gradual narrowing of the range of predictability during the past five hundred years. In the heyday of Christianity predictability reached the utmost limit—the life beyond. In the idea of progress, which took the place of millennial prognostication, the range of predictability was narrowed down to a century or so. With the end of the first world war predictability shrank further: the craving for security took the place of hope, and people were satisfied if they could foresee the course of a single lifetime. If the shrinking continues, we shall be satisfied if we can predict in the evening the eventualities of the next morning. This has already happened in some totalitarian countries where a man considers himself fortunate if he can be certain that he will not be imprisoned, exiled, or liquidated between going to bed and getting up.

A nation declines when its people become too serious and reasonable, and refuse to set their hearts on toys.

There is some evidence that a change in occupation or preoccupation is often accompanied by a release of energy. One wonders whether the more or less sudden emergence of the classical Greeks and Renaissance Italians was not connected with some sudden change in aims and pursuits. When warriors turn into merchants, or merchants into scholars and artists; when peasants begin to wield brush and chisel—things begin to happen. There is nothing more explosive than an idealist turned into a practical man of affairs and vice versa.

The explosive release of energy in America in

the second half of the nineteenth century was partly due to the mass conversion of immigrant peasants into industrial workers, and to the diversion of potential scholars, writers, and artists (the sons of New England divines, scholars, and philosophers) into mining, railroading, and manufacturing. Much of the turmoil of our time may be due to the fact that in many parts of the world intellectuals have become men of action—industrialists, generals, empire builders.

He who proselytizes in the cause of unbelief is basically a man in need of belief.

The oppressed and injured do have an advantage over the fortunate and the free. They need not grope for a purpose in life, nor eat their heart out over wasted opportunities and unrealized talents. Grievance and extravagant hope are meat and drink to their souls, and there is a hero's garment to fit any size, and fairy-tale dreams of the future, and an imperishable alibi to justify individual failure.

We find it difficult to apply the knowledge of ourselves to our judgment of others. The fact that we are never of one kind, that we never love without reservations, and never hate with all our being, cannot prevent us from seeing others wholly white or black.

So true is it that the path of desire once trodden remains frequented, that we not only keep wanting what we cannot have but we also go on wanting what we no longer really want.

A man's heart is a grave long before he is buried. Youth dies, and beauty, and desire, and hope. A grave is buried within a grave when a man is buried.

We need not only a purpose in life to give meaning to our existence, but also something to give meaning to our suffering. We need as much something to suffer for as something to live for.

It is not sheer malice that pricks our ears to evil reports about our fellowmen. For there are frequent moments when we feel lower than the lowest of mankind, and this opinion of ourselves isolates us. Hence the rumor that all flesh is base comes almost as a message of hope. It breaks down the wall that has kept us apart, and we feel one with humanity.

Our achievements speak for themselves. What we have to keep track of are our difficulties, failures, discouragements, and doubts. We tend to forget completely the many false starts and the painful gropings. We see our past achievements as the end result of a clean forward thrust, and our present difficulties as a sign of decay and decline.

Retribution often means that we eventually do to ourselves what we have done unto others.

There is perhaps an element of malice in our readiness to overestimate people. We are as it were laying up for ourselves the pleasure of later cutting them down to size.

The feeling of being hurried and of having no time is not usually the result of living a full, busy life but, on the contrary, of a vague fear that we are wasting our lives.

When we do not do the one thing we ought to do we have no time for anything else—we are the busiest people in the world.

It is loneliness that makes the loudest noise. This is as true of men as of dogs.

The end comes when we no longer talk with ourselves. It is the end of genuine thinking and the beginning of the final loneliness. The remarkable thing is that the cessation of the inner dialogue marks also the end of our concern with the life around us. It is as if we note the world and think about it only when we have to report to ourselves.

How frighteningly few are the persons whose death would spoil our appetite and make the world seem empty.

Man is the only young thing in this world. A deadly seriousness emanates from all other forms of life. The cry of pain and of fear man has in common with other living things, but he alone can smile and laugh.

The indisputable fact that we do not recognize our own voice indicates how eternally strange we are to ourselves.

People who eat you up and pick your bones are not monsters. Actually it is your task to see to it that as you are swallowed bite by bite you ennoble the eater so that he becomes as much part of you as you of him. Perhaps all mutual devotion is mutual devouring.

Every passionate search is in some degree a search for something lost. Even the search for the wholly new often starts out as a search for a substitute for something lost. The voyages of discovery and exploration which marked the birth of the modern Occident were to some extent a corollary of loss of faith, and the paling vision of a heavenly kingdom. The explorers who searched for new continents, fabulous empires, and magic islands were constantly on the lookout for signs of paradise—a heaven on earth to take the place of the heavenly kingdom. Columbus was convinced the Orinoco was the river Gihon which issues from Eden.



"Why don't we knock off for today?"

Harper's Magazine, November 1966

Richard Schickel

NEW YORK'S BEST NEW THEATER GROUP?

The American Place Theatre has made a home for the literary Establishment, found an audience, and produced a couple of smash hits. What makes it run?

The achievements of The American Place Theatre, in the slightly more than two years of its existence, are easily summarized. In each of those years it has mounted a play (*The Old Glory* by Robert Lowell and *Hogan's Goat* by William Alfred) that by fairly common public and critical consent, was the best new American work of its season. In addition, The Place produced plays or plays-in-the-making by such literate strangers to the theater as Robert Penn Warren, Philip Roth, Paul Goodman, May Swenson, Bruce Jay Friedman, and William Goyen. It also found some young playwrights—Ronald Ribman, Mary Lou Settle—whose voices are more distinctive than the average youthful recruit to dramatic writing of recent years.

As a result, The Place has collected a large shelf of awards, an impressive sheaf of critical commendations, and, most important, it has caught the eyes of all the right people in New York's cultural life, including some—members of the literary Establishment—whose relationship with the theater has always been peripheral and more than a little condescending. Solid names stud its boards of trustees and advisers, it has received significant support from foundations like Ford and Rockefeller, and its list of subscribers has grown from 1,800 to a point very close to its self-imposed limit of 4,000. In short, it has established itself with extraordinary quickness on the shifting sands of our theatrical life and it has done so without compromising its original purposes which are (1) to attract writers—novelists, poets, even philosophers—who have done important work in the other forms but have found no congenial bridge into the theater and, (2) to act as a forum for serious

young playwrights unwilling, unable, or uninvited to endure the customary Broadway trial by fire. In the words of one of its resident idealists, actor Michael Tolan, who serves as its associate director, The Place "is exactly what it was intended to be. It is one of the few ideas I've ever encountered that has worked out right in practice."

Why, in the light of all this, does one have so much trouble in fully accepting the accomplishments—and the spirit—of The Place at face value? Why does the admiring, indeed enthusiastic writer begin to suspect every word he uses to describe this institution? Two factors, I think, account for the inability to totally suspend disbelief in The Place. The first is history. It makes one wary—and weary. So many intelligent and idealistic man-hours, so many fervent years, have been poured into the struggle to save our theater from itself, then to reconstruct it; yet it remains now, as it has throughout living memory, unchanged in any basic way. So many good, reformist, even revolutionary beginnings have been made; yet so few theatrical institutions—none, really—have survived to achieve stable, productive maturity. One thinks of the Group Theatre and the Phoenix and the Living Theatre. Though their aims and audiences were different, these ventures had similarly depressing life cycles—the hopeful, struggling start when only those who really cared rallied round, the brief flare of achievement when they were "in" with the wider circle of tastemakers, then the quick downward slide into inactivity when New York, as is its cruel custom, refused to extend them the right of honorable artistic failure. Though times have changed and its management is uncommonly shrewd, there is always

the possibility that The American Place will find itself caught in a similar cycle, that it, too, will fade from the scene as quickly as it appeared.

Guest of St. Clement's

The other problem The Place presents is one of differentiating it from all the other interesting stirrings that constantly agitate the New York theatrical scene. The city harbors far more theatrical talent than it can employ and if the idle theatrical mind is not exactly the devil's workshop, it is certainly a fertile breeding ground for drama workshops. At this moment, in some loft somewhere, a gang of young actors, directors, and would-be producers is passing the Chianti around and working on a manifesto or drawing up a list of potential backers or discussing a disused ballroom that could be converted into a theater for just a few hundred bucks. The Place has passed beyond that stage, but in its physical aspects it reminds the observer that its beginnings were recent and humble—uncomfortably similar to all those other ventures in theatrical idealism which last little longer than the time it takes to mount one ambitious, underfinanced failure. Moreover, much of the talk one hears around The Place has that earnest, self-conscious, right-thinking ring that is bound to create skepticism in anyone who has listened too much to the inspirations and aspirations of serious show folks—even though its tomorrow-the-world atmosphere is decently tempered by a sense of bustling practicality about the ways and means of achieving the theater's lofty ambitions.

The American Place Theatre is a nonpaying guest in St. Clement's Protestant Episcopal Church, a grimy brick structure that huddles midway in the long block between Ninth and Tenth Avenues on West 46th Street in Manhattan. It is the kind of neighborhood that is endlessly attractive to people who need to hire a hall cheaply. (Just two blocks away, for instance, the Actors Studio occupies another church, this one deconsecrated—at least in the formally religious sense.)

The red-painted side door that serves as the entrance to The Place opens onto a broad flight of stairs, which leads past posters and portraits of actors and writers to the auditorium (seats on risers supplied by a foundation, a handsome stained-glass window, theatrical lights attached to the wooden beams supporting a gracefully vaulting ceiling). Narrower stairs carry one up another flight to the warren of offices where intense, corduroy-clad young men and intense, black-

stockinged girls come and go, talking the foreign language of their art. At first glance, very little-theater-ish, the kind of place which surely keeps a cat which will surely throw a little of kittens on an important preview night (as it did this year).

Fittingly, the St. Clement's headquarters was the personal discovery of Sidney Lanier, cofounder and now president of The Place. For some time he and Wyn Handman, its artistic director, had been plotting what they call, borrowing from the jargon of the foundations, "a strategic intervention" in the life of the theater. By 1963 their plans covered many scrawled pages of yellow legal-size notepaper and they felt ready to test them. At the time Lanier was himself an Episcopal clergyman (he has since resigned from the ministry) who had spent a great deal of time hanging around the theater, a self-confessed "stranger in both worlds." He claims that he came upon St. Clement's quite by accident one day when he was out looking for a home for The Place, and that he did not even know it was of his faith until he ventured inside.

The parish then had perhaps a dozen regular, mostly aged communicants and was served only part-time by a semiretired minister. The Right Reverend Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of New York, proved receptive to Lanier's notion of reorganizing the church as an experimental parish that, as a recent brochure put it, "looks out from the church to the world of the arts . . . attempting to minister to its people, to encourage promising ideas and projects, and to support authenticity from whatever source it may arise." The Bishop had heard no better ideas about what to do with the church (some diocesan officials were recommending closing it) and Lanier is, as many have since discovered, a very persuasive fellow.

As a clergyman he must have seemed like a character out of Peter de Vries, for he is an exponent of middle-brow modernism in thought ("all good theater is essentially a religious experience") and breezy locutions ("the church should be more than a sacramental filling station"). He is brusquely entrepreneurial on the phone, smokes aromatic cigars, and keeps *Playboy* on his desk, near the Tillich sermons—in brief, a go-getter of the new style.

Richard Schickel is the author of four books, among them "The Stars" and "Movies: The History of an Art and an Institution." He regularly reviews films for "Life" and is currently at work on a study of Walt Disney.

If Lanier is the theater's fast-rolling financial wheel, Wyn Handman is, by common consent the heart and soul of The Place. A graduate of City College and of Teachers College of Columbia University, he is typical of a postwar theatrical generation more literate than its predecessors and therefore more restive with the illiterate status quo on Broadway. Handman's early career was a fairly standard one for his type—the Neighborhood Playhouse, directing in stock and off-Broadway, work with the directors' and writers' units at the Actors Studio, management of his own one-room acting studio.

"By 1961," he says, "I was convinced there ought to be a junta of actors, writers, directors to wrest control of the theater from the Broadway mob." That year he actually formed, along with Michael Tolan and novelist-playwright William Goyen, a small cadre with that goal in mind. In the end they decided that a full-scale revolution was beyond their means, but that a new theater was not. Handman was also convinced that their new theater must have both a sense of higher purpose and economic acumen going for it.

Avoiding the \$150,000 Down

The search for purpose led them past the more commonly cited cause for the decline of the theater—the price of Broadway real estate, rising ticket costs, unreasonable union demands, theater parties, the inner life of Walter Kerr—to the heart of the matter. "When we started looking around," Handman recalls, "we found that serious writers had a sense of alienation from the theater. There is no appreciation in the commercial theater for literary insights and understanding. As for the writers, their first experience of the theater was often the crushing one of responsibility for a \$150,000 investment. As a result they were withdrawing from it entirely."


At about this time, the late George Devine, founder of the English Stage Company, creative center of the postwar revival of contemporary drama in London, delivered a talk in New York. He made two points that stuck in Handman's mind. The first was that there was nothing natural or inevitable about the separation of dramatic literature from the rest of literature. "In France," Devine said, "there is hardly an author of any stature or intellect who does not at some time or other write for the theater. The leading spirits in France, the leading minds in France—Sartre, Camus—they wrote for the theater because the theater was a place where they felt they

belonged and where they felt they had something to say." Devine's second point was, if anything, even more inspirational. "Don't worry about geniuses," he said, "because they will take care of themselves. We are not geniuses. We are working people of the theater and it is up to us to create the conditions in which these things we believe in our hearts will take place. If you want an alive theater, you will get it. But you will have to pay for it."

Lanier had joined the original group by this time and, in concert, they began deciding on exactly the sort of organization they wanted. There was some urgency in their discussions; they all felt that maintaining the momentum of their initial enthusiasm was important. They decided to construct a middle-ground sort of institution, one that had the managerial continuity of a repertory operation, the talent-developing facilities of a good workshop, and the capability of mounting various kinds of performances—rehearsed readings, in-progress production (fully rehearsed, but without elaborate sets and costumes), and ultimately full-scale, off-Broadway-type productions that might, in a better world, be suitable candidates for a commercial manager's attention. They decided that a non-profit theater of this kind could succeed only on a membership basis, providing a guaranteed audience and income for each presentation and, of course, freeing it from the need to score hits in order to keep going. From the start, however, The American Place has encouraged outside producers to take over any production they wanted to gamble on for a regular commercial run (which is what happened with *The Old Glory*, *Hogan's Goat*, and a less successful play, Ronald Ribman's *Harry, Noon and Night*).

As it turned out, this program almost precisely duplicated that of Devine's company in London. There are, however, differences of emphasis that are distinctly Handman's—or, perhaps, distinctly American, since they fit within a long tradition of radical artistic innovation in this country.

The most important of these is an insistence on the need for a room of one's own, the achievement of which has traditionally meant, to the dreaming artist, an opportunity for a purity of purpose unavailable in endeavors controlled by nonartist entrepreneurs. Implicitly he has felt that these middlemen distort communication between him and the community, creating mutual alienation and preventing art from being the instrument for social change—or at least the encouragement of the good life—that it might be. The people of The Place are well aware of the long,



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The intent
 10. *And* wherein it is written, *and*
 11. *shall* fall upon thee,
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CHAPTER 18.

1 **H**EAR ye thus, O house of
Israel, which are called
by the name of Jehovah, and
ye come forth out of the waters
of Jordan, which swear by the
name of the God of Israel,
not in truth, nor in right-
eousness.

2 For they call themselves
holy city, and say them-
selves upon the God of Israel;
the Lord declared the former.

3 I have declared the former
things from the beginning, and
they went forth out of my

mouth, and I shewed them. I came to pass, and they

of obstinates, I knew that there
an iron shew, and thy neck

6. Then have I
ginnin' declared from the be-
fore it came to pass to them,
say, Man, I'd then I shouldst
and my woeen hath done them,
mitten mite, hath I commended
them.

6. Their heart heard, but they did not understand, for all things from their eyes were hid-
den things, and their understanding
did not know them.

not from the created now, and before the day when they heardst them not, lest thou shouldst say, Behold, I

year, one, that I heard, not, I
from that time that I know
was not opened, that I know
that they would not deal
mercifully, and would not
be angry, and from the

For my name sake will I defer mine anger, and for my peace will I refrain for thine sake, that I vent thee not off to Behead.

but not with silver, I have afflicted thee in the furnace of affliction.

for mine own sake, and
for how should ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~mine~~ ^{mine} ~~glory~~ ^{glory} ~~unto~~ ^{unto} ~~another~~ ^{another}

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am the last

59653

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mostly unhappy history of attempts by American artists to solve this problem, but from the start they were convinced that they had learned something from that history and that past failures did not necessarily invalidate old ideals.

This sense of history is, indeed, one of the most attractive things about *The Place*, a reassuring omen that its directors may at least be able to avoid some of the mistakes of the past. The Place is also very much devoted to its primary constituency—the writers. Its head has not been turned by the attention that has been lavished on it. There is no doubt that in the minds of *The Place*'s leaders, particularly Handman, the play remains the thing.

"The Old Glory" at Home

Discussing the production that put *The Place* on the map, Lowell's *The Old Glory* (an adaptation of Melville's novella, *Benito Cereno*), Handman says, "To find a play like that is worth five years of our existence. Here was a play by a man who is probably our greatest living poet and he had been unable to get a commercial production for it—not even at Lincoln Center, which I thought surely would take it. It gives you some idea of how ready the theater was for something like *The Place*."

Mike Tolan gives some idea of how ready, on his part, Lowell was for *The Place*. "We asked him to come down and see the theater," he recalls, "and as we showed him around we talked about poetry and literature and the theater in general. When we finally asked him if we could do *The Old Glory* he said, 'You mean do it right here in this room, with you?' and when we said, 'Yes, of course,' I thought I detected a feeling of relief, of safety—at last on his part."

As for Lowell himself, he was to say that *The Place* gave him "a director, actors, and a setting that were not only all I could have wished for, but more than I could have imagined—an unforeseen rightness." It was Lowell who was directly responsible for bringing *The Place* its second great success, William Alfred's *Hogan's Goat*, and this fact is almost as pleasing to Handman as its reviews turned out to be, indicating that he has created exactly the atmosphere of trust and ease that they originally intended. Alfred, a Harvard professor whose taste is for classic tragedy, whose style is poetic realism, and whose play is based on stories his grandmother told him about life among the nineteenth-century Irish immigrants to New York, says that he will give his

plays to *The Place* as long as it wants them. ("I don't like to be mean, but these other people say such silly things to you.") He thinks he might have gone on nesting on his play, afraid to expose it to production, for the rest of his life, if he had not found Handman and *The Place*.

He also thinks that, in time, *The Place* could well teach the Broadway people "that it won't cost them money to keep their minds open," perhaps even give them "a sense of style instead of a sense of fad."

Certainly that is its ultimate purpose. Handman, who is a great man for tags, affixed to his first prospectus a quotation from Garcia Lorca which speaks of the theater as the barometer which registers a nation's greatness or decline. "A theater which in every branch, from tragedy to vaudeville, is sensitive and well-oriented, can in a few years change the sensibility of a people, and a broken-down theater, where wings have given way to cloven hoofs, can coarsen and benumb a whole nation."

Such a theater can certainly benumb those who work in it. Says Handman, "People go into the theater with so much to give, but what is there to give it to? That original spirit of idealism gets distorted, soured, stagnant, and pretty soon they're spending their time looking back on their fervent years, trying to find again the serious issues that occupied them then."

One emerges from a long reportorial season at *The American Place* desperately wanting to believe one's eyes and ears, wanting to believe that this time practicality and idealism have been properly blended and that this new theater will not only endure but prevail. But then you leave St. Clement's and walk eastward into the Broadway district as I did one night last winter and you are not so sure. The confident idealism of *The Place*'s people, the feeling that they are the right men at the right place at the right time with the right idea evaporates quickly under the harsh lights of a Broadway that last year offered not one interesting, let alone distinguished, American play. In a climate of paltry ambition and small hope, can something like *The American Place* really expect to take root and flourish? What will happen this season to its plans, which include a first play by Roland Milner, *Who's Got His Own*, as well as Niccolo Tucci's comedy *Posterity for Sale* and Cecil Dawkins' adaptation of Flannery O'Connor's short stories, *The Displaced Persons*? Will one of them—or all of them—strike fire as the Lowell and Alfred plays did? Or will they suffer the discouraging fate of *The Place*'s major effort of last spring, *The Journey of the Fifth Horse*, a

new play by a young discovery of The Place, Ronald Ribman? I saw it at a preview and it seemed to me quite the best thing I had seen all season. Here was sure and subtle theatrical craftsmanship, far above the usual average of our theater, serving an intelligently stated theme and using language with a grace and suppleness one does not often encounter in a theater where the inflated poesy of *J. B.* or *The Devils* is usually the standard of seriousness. Such craftsmanship was, after all, what The Place was born to breed and it succeeded in bringing to life a play about alienation that did not alienate, a play that illuminated the problems of profound ennui without inducing it.

But once again, reality intruded. Stanley Kauffmann, then drama critic of the *New York Times*, enthusiast for *Superman* and *Auntie Mame*, propagandist for a sterile off-Broadway *Phèdre*, apologist for Lincoln Center's inept revival of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, dismissed the play contemptuously. Mr. Ribman's additions to Turgenev's *Diary of a Superfluous Man*, on which the play was loosely based, contributed nothing to the evening, he said, and Walter Kerr in the *Herald Tribune* was even less kind, even though what Ribman did was to give the play both a theatricality and a universality that were not present in the original novella.

Despite the fact that some of the weekly reviews were more perceptive and that the play received

an "Obie" Award as the best off-Broadway presentation of the season, the question sticks: What is the point of attempting anything in the New York theater when the city's most influential critics cannot recognize value when it is placed before them?

The Hermetic Playpen

Nor was I reassured recently to hear a young producer take vulgar pride in *not* having seen Dustin Hoffmann's superb performance as the clerk, Zoditch, in Ribman's play. The man claimed that ventures like The American Place are not worth his time and that he would, if he could, recruit all his actors and plays abroad. Broadway has always been the last to recognize its own best achievements, the first to fall for its own shoddy pretentiousness. It remains a hermetically sealed, cork-lined playpen, the inmates of which are chronically insecure in their taste, ignorant of the best contemporary achievements of their own art, and, worst of all, appear to have neither knowledge of nor interest in a larger world undergoing revolutionary change. Even allowing for the American literary world's historic snobbishness toward the drama, the truth is that a theater in which history is last season, a new play by Edward Albee is a cultural revelation, and Arthur Miller a writer of world stature probably deserves the condescending contempt in which it is held, by an intellectual and artistic community that long ago sued for separate maintenance.

All of which only deepens the irony involved in considering the special case of The American Place. It was precisely to attack this illiteracy problem that it was founded. It is precisely because The Place proceeded against it with such a fine sense of strategy that it has attracted the writers, the support, and the attention it has. Undoubtedly, it has won its preliminary battles most encouragingly, but realistically, given the enormity of the problem under attack, one must remain dubious about the ultimate victory.

Still, Handman has yet another tag with which to challenge that kind of doubt. This one is from Gertrude Stein: "If anything is done and something is done then somebody has to do it. Or somebody has to have done it." He adds, "The idea is that you can't just sit around and talk. There comes a time when activity has to take place, because by doing one thing you find that other things you didn't even plan on start to happen."

Maybe so. In any case, he and his associates are making a good try—one of the best in years.



Lucy Eisenberg

SCIENTISTS vs. ANIMAL LOVERS

THE CONFLICT THAT NEVER ENDS

Real concern for the welfare of dogs and monkeys used in laboratories has stirred emotions—and may produce laws that will hamstring research for the benefit of human beings.

Anyone who reads the morning papers has probably seen shocking advertisements about cruelty to laboratory animals. One ad shows hundreds of rabbits with their necks clamped into wooden stocks. Another warns of terrible experiments in which animals are burned, cut, and killed. But, say the ads, there is a way to bring these cruelties to an end. The remedy is a bill before Congress, which will curb the inhumanity of science. If we will only write to our Congressmen, the humane societies promise that thousands of animals will be spared unnecessary pain.

What are the facts about these so-called animal-care bills? Are the humane societies' claims really true? Or is it true, as the scientists maintain, that the real purpose of the bills is not to improve care but to put limits on experimentation? As I looked at these questions I made some disturbing discoveries. I found that some laboratory animals do not get adequate care. I also found that humane organizations are not always mindful of the truth. Finally, I found that their bills are riddled with defects. They will do very little for animal welfare but they could seriously cripple scientific research.

Pet lovers encompass a broad spectrum of feeling. Some sensitive ladies refuse to eat meat. Others eat meat but won't buy alligator bags. Still others campaign against hunting. Vivisection is only one of many cruelties that they oppose. In recent months, however, it has become an obsession with animal lovers all over the country.

The popularity of the animal-care bills with so many pet lovers is itself a peculiar fact. Why are

so many people preoccupied with the alleged cruelty of research? Why do they praise Dr. Jonas Salk in one breath and condemn experimentation in another? There is no simple answer to this question. One doctor suggested to me that this, like other outbreaks of antiscientific feeling, is simply an expression of nostalgia—a wish for the good old days when life was uncomplicated by things like LSD and the hydrogen bomb. Psychiatrists, unquestionably, have their own explanations. Whatever the reason, there is no doubt that sentiment against vivisection is stronger today than at any other time in this century.

This revival of antivivisection sentiment, and the agitation to control experimentation is due largely to an organization called the Animal Welfare Institute, and to its director, Mrs. Roger L. Stevens. Mrs. Stevens is not the dumpy old lady in tweeds that one pictures as a professional animal lover.* Instead, she is a member of New York social circles; an elegant and superbly dressed woman (as her pictures in *Vogue* attest). She is married to Roger Stevens, a Democratic party bigwig and Special Assistant to the President on the Arts, as well as Chairman of the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts. She is intelligent; she has pull; and, though she is not an antivivisectionist, she has very firm convictions about the need for humane legislation. In her opinion science is unnecessarily cruel, and the way to eliminate this barbarism is to put the federal government in control of animal research.

* See "That Mrs. Stevens, the Animals' Best Friend," by Faubion Bowers (*Harper's*, July 1962).

In 1960 Mrs. Stevens drafted a bill and had it introduced in Congress by Senator John Sherman Cooper. (A similar bill was introduced in the 88th Congress by Representative James C. Cleveland and Senator Joseph S. Clark.) The purpose of both bills is "To provide humane treatment for animals used in experiments and tests." Under their provisions, every research scientist must procure a license from the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Before he performs any specific experiment, the scientist must file a project plan with the Secretary and receive permission to proceed. In addition, he must file an annual report specifying the number of animals he used, procedures employed, and a copy of his research proposals. The Secretary is empowered to turn down research proposals, to revoke a scientist's license, and to stop his research altogether by terminating his government grants.

This proposal created a sensation. Animal lovers all over the country began to clamor for federal legislation. Although the prestigious American Humane Association put off taking a stand, the National Catholic Society for Animal Welfare began fighting for a bill right away. The Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) joined battle too, with gratifying results as far as its membership rolls were concerned. The Society now claims close to a million members and its president, Oliver Evans, attributes its growth to the antiresearch campaign. "The 'Movement' was dying out," he says, "until we finally discovered that this was the angle to take."

Evans himself is a newcomer to the Movement, and in some ways he seems out of place. He has a sense of humor, for one thing, and he does not take moral stands. In fact he readily admitted to me that hunting causes much more pain than science; but the Society does not campaign against hunting because, as he put it, "If we tried to stamp out hunting they'd just stamp us out instead." He has a pragmatic approach to the campaign for an animal-care bill. When Mrs. Stevens' bill ran into trouble because of certain overstrict provisions, he drafted an alternate piece of legislation.

Evans believed that his bill would pass Congress this year. It did not, for a variety of reasons. One was dissension in the Movement (the National Catholic Society wanted something stronger; the

ASPCA thought the bill too strict). Another reason was the dognapping issue, which suddenly came to a head. The HSUS diverted its efforts to controlling animal dealers and outlawing the stealing of pets.* The bill to control vivisection has been put off for yet another year. There is no question, however, that the fight will continue, and when the Ninetieth Congress convenes, more stringent bills are sure to be reintroduced.

Pain with a Purpose

Is there a need for such legislation? Is science really inhumane? I could not stifle the feeling that most animal lovers start off with affirmative answers and then go out to gather their facts. In any case, a great many people are devoting their time to exposing the cruelties of science. Some of them work with Mrs. Stevens, others for the HSUS and some for small organizations or on their own. They tour laboratories all over the country. They interview students who are disillusioned with research. If deception is necessary, they sneak into buildings after dark or take jobs as animal handlers.** In this way they have gathered a good deal of evidence and built up a case against research.

An example of what they find is this quotation from Mrs. Stevens. Testifying before Congress in 1962, she described the conditions in a "well-known" New York City hospital (otherwise unnamed): "The dogs," she said, "were kept in small, dirty mesh-bottom cages with no bedding. They were in a dark, dirty, smelly little room that was so infested that the animals, the floor, and the walls were alive and crawling with vermin. These vermin were breeding in a heap of excrement; they were so thick on the floor that they were crawling over my feet." Later at that hearing an HSUS inspector described a hospital in Cincinnati where monkeys were kept in wire-mesh cages with heavy

*In August, President Johnson signed this bill (HR 13881) which also sets standards for animal care. It does not, however, provide for federal regulation of actual experimentation on animals.

†For example, in 1959, HSUS brought a complaint against Linda Loma University (formerly the College of Medical Evangelists) in California. The case was based on evidence gathered by Thomas O. Hammond, an investigator for HSUS, who took a job as an animal caretaker at the college. When the State Department of Health looked into the case, it found that the facts did not warrant disciplinary action. HSUS challenged the Board in the courts, but both the lower court and the appeal court upheld the Board of Health.

Lucy Eisenberg confesses interest in animal care on two counts; she has done physiological research in the U. S. and in Britain, and she comes from a large family of poodle lovers and owners. Mrs. Eisenberg is now a resident of Pasadena, and her husband is a chemist at Cal Tech.



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Ev started his GM career in 1925 with Cadillac Division as a draftsman, with emphasis on camshaft and crankshaft design. During World War II, he specialized on structural analysis for aircraft engines with GM's Allison

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chains dangling from their necks. He too saw evidence of filth but even worse, he said, were the technicians who cleaned cages with hoses, turning hot and cold water on animals too sick to rise.

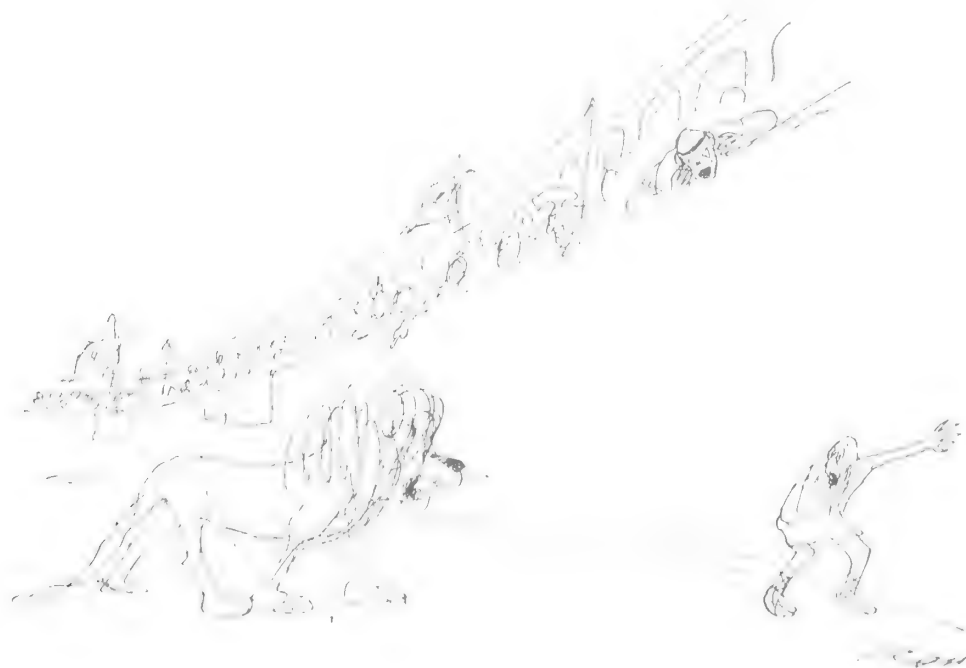
Such conditions are indeed revolting. They cry out for immediate reform. But dirty cages and vermin have nothing to do with vivisection as such. Since the humane societies believe that experimentation itself should be restricted, they also have to prove to Congress that scientists are unnecessarily cruel. This they have tried to do by reading through professional journals and clipping reports of experiments that sound as if they caused pain. The societies cite these experiments in their publications and at Congressional hearings. It is very doubtful to my mind, however, whether any one of the hundreds they have quoted is really an example of "unnecessary" or "avoidable" pain.

What, for instance, are we to make of testimony from the late Fred Myers, the past president of HSUS? At the 1962 hearing Mr. Myers described an experiment at Walter Reed Army Institute of Research which, he whispered with horror, "was deliberately designed to cause pain." The experiment consisted of implanting wire electrodes in the head of a monkey and then passing currents through its brain. The pain was so intense, said Mr. Myers, that the monkey screamed and grimaced and tried vainly to escape. He implies, of course, that this is "unnecessary" pain. But what he does not say is that the recent discovery that there are "pain" and "pleasure" centers in the

brain is a milestone in neurological research. (Nor does he say that there is no other way to locate the pain center than by the procedure described.) The experiment may have sounded unnecessarily cruel, but someday neurosurgeons will utilize that knowledge to treat thousands of people who suffer from intractable pain.


There are two other types of experiments which the animal lovers quote as examples of "unnecessary" pain. One is research on burns, and the other is stress. "Stress," in the technical sense, is an important clinical syndrome; shock (which is related to stress) causes thousands of deaths every year among burn victims, women in childbirth, and patients who have had "successful" operations but die in the recovery room. Burns, too, claim thousands of victims. Doctors are searching desperately for better ways to treat burns; for ways to prevent infection and to halt the onset of shock. Why then do the advocates of an animal-care law continually emphasize the fact that animals are "scalded" and "burned"? Do they want to stop research in this field altogether? Or are they simply resorting to demagoguery and, by appealing to our emotions, helping to complicate an issue which is already sufficiently complex?

My own feeling is that the testimony that emphasizes "burning" and "scalding" is simply and deliberately misleading. This research will continue whether or not the animal-care law is passed. Advocates of the bills claim they will not stop vital research. But what they will surely do (as a similar law now does in Britain) is to smother research



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in a mass of bureaucratic red tape. The dispenser of this red tape, called the Coordinator of Animal Welfare, will sit in his office in Washington and pass on proposals for research. He will not approve experiments that have already been done. He may suggest to the experimenter that he use fewer animals, or a different species from the one that he wants. The coordinator *could* bring research to a halt. What is far more likely, however, is that he will prevent one or two scientists from being cruel and, in the process, seriously hamper all the rest.

Every scientific society in the country has gone on record against such a law, including the American Heart Association, the College of Physicians, and the College of Surgeons. Animal lovers assume that any scientist who opposes their bills enjoys being cruel. But there are good reasons for the scientists' determined stand.

By way of an example, one scientist told me this story. Two years ago, he said, the Humane Society of the U.S. published an article in its *Newsletter* about the laboratories at New York University Medical Center. To illustrate how bad conditions were, they included a picture, albeit a fuzzy one, of a Dalmatian-type dog lying prostrate on the floor of its cage. According to the article, the dog had had severe abdominal surgery and had been lying for eighteen hours without postoperative care. In fact, said my informant (who was in charge of the NYU laboratories at the time), the dog was easy to identify because of its markings. It turned out that this particular dog had had two small stainless-steel valves implanted in its chest twelve months before the picture was taken. On the day of the humane inspector's visit, the dog had been X-rayed and doctors had sedated it to make sure it would lie still on the machine. It had not been operated on that day; it had *never* had abdominal surgery, and it did not lie for eighteen hours before an attendant checked it.

The dishonesty of some humane groups has disgusted many scientists and led them to oppose their political positions. The animal lovers are also given to making accusations without naming the laboratory in question or the journal in which an experiment was reported. When the facts are finally tracked down, it often turns out that the report has been misquoted or an important fact (*e.g.*, that the animal was anesthetized) has been completely overlooked. So many scientists have found this to be true that they no longer listen to anything the humane societies say.

Scientists also object to specific provisions of the animal-care laws, particularly the requirement that proposals be submitted to Washington. As one scientist put it, "All the best things I've ever

done were done just on a hunch and usually in the middle of the night."

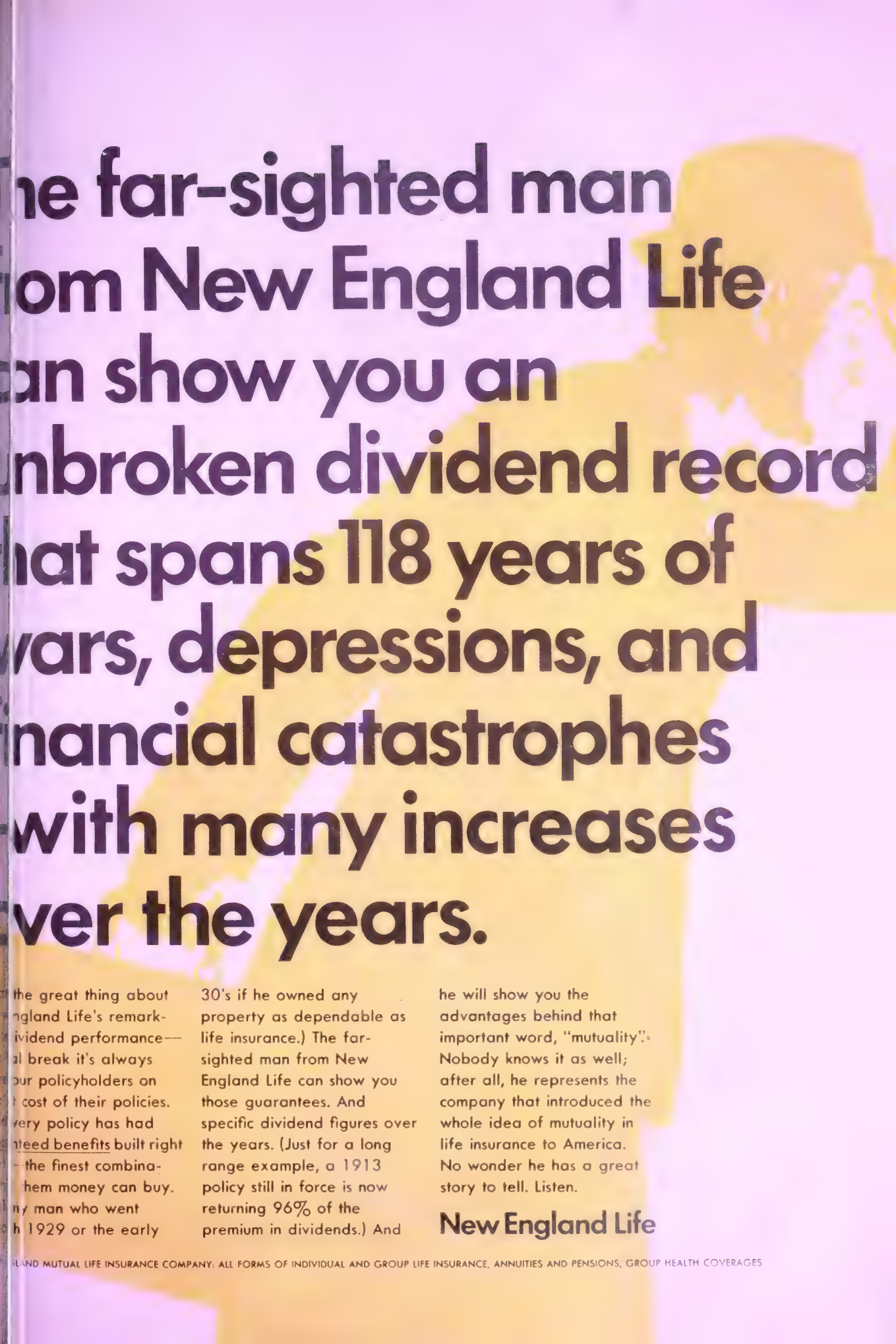
The bills are supposed to prevent duplication of work. It is well known to scientists, however, that many important discoveries were made when one skeptical scientist decided to try to duplicate another man's work. Finally, scientists object to the idea that a "coordinator" inside the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare is supposed to redesign experiments and limit the number of animals used. This measure alone could cripple research, as one scientist testified to Congress. "It is a fantasy," he said, "to suppose that a Washington coordinator could appropriately determine the number and species of animals to be used. Tens of thousands of scientists try to discover new knowledge, and this bill would make the intellectual competence of these thousands futile by imposing the judgment of a coordinator upon them."

Who Is "Qualified"?

The scientific societies are determined to fight these restrictions and so are scientists in government research institutions ("Over my dead body," an official at the National Institutes of Health told me). This does not mean, however, that doctors and scientists don't worry about laboratory animals. Many of them are revolted by reports of substandard conditions and would like to see animal care improved.

"Why don't they provide better care then?" an animal lover might ask. The answer is that the scientists who carry out research often have nothing to do with animal care. In fact, many of them have never seen the inside of an animal room. When a scientist needs two cats or fifty rats for an experiment, he calls up the animal "facility" in his hospital and orders them over the phone. When the experiment is finished, the animals go back where they came from.

Then who is responsible for animal care? This varies from one place to another. In some hospitals and universities there is a central animal facility and it is run by a professional veterinarian. In others, there is an administrator in charge of animals who has no medical training at all. In still others there is a separate animal room for each department (*e.g.*, medicine, biochemistry, microbiology). Often, responsibility for animal care is badly defined. Fortunately, however, the trend in new research centers is to build a centralized facility and, if money is available, to hire a professional veterinarian to run it.



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One of the popular misconceptions about our country is that there is a shortage of good hotels.

Good heavens, nothing could be further from the truth. India offers the visitor, not only a wealth of scenic wonders—the Taj Mahal, the Caves of Ellora, the great Himalayas, to list but a few—but some excellent places to spend the night.

Pictured above is the Lake Palace in Udaipur, once the home of a Maharana, and now—forgive our boast—one of the world's great hotels. Situated in the middle of Lake Pichola, it has spacious, air-conditioned suites, a lovely dining room, a swimming pool, and a cozy bar.

Up north in Srinagar, another converted palace awaits the visitor. The Oberoi Palace Hotel, with 76 magnificent rooms, original Bokhara carpets, and a private golf course.

In Bombay, there are several fine hotels, the best of which is the Sun-n-Sand, on Juhu Beach, and the splendid Taj Mahal. (Interestingly enough, the back of the Taj faces the Bay, and the front faces a back street. So don't ask for a front room!)

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So you see, India is more than just a feast for the eye. It is a place to stop, stretch your legs, and be comfortable in. In every major tourist area—from Kashmir to Kerala—there are first-rate, reasonably-priced hotels offering good food and friendly service.

If you have any other questions concerning travel in our country, the Government of India Tourist Office will be happy to answer them. There is an office in New York City, 10 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Also in Canada.

India

This is a laudable idea, assuming that there are veterinarians available and that they are qualified to take charge of a lab. But both these assumptions are false. The fact is that there are too few veterinarians in the country and even they do not know how to treat monkeys and mice. They don't know how to give a rat an injection or cure a chimpanzee of diarrhea. The administration of an animal laboratory raises manifold problems that do not appear in textbooks or in any veterinary course.

Lack of training for laboratory directors is one reason why animal care is not better. Another is lack of training for animal technicians. The Animal Care Panel, which is a society of veterinarians, laboratory directors, and commercial breeders, has tried to tackle this problem by providing courses in animal handling. (One humane group, the ASPCA in New York City, also sponsors such a course; so does the Ralston Purina Company.) But these courses are expensive to run and they don't reach nearly enough people. The majority of laboratory-animal technicians are still totally untrained. They may not even like animals. "They just come in off the street," as one professor at Princeton University put it. When this is the case, it is hardly surprising that animals do not get proper care.

There is a third reason why animal care is inadequate, why cages are crowded and laboratories badly understaffed. This, not surprisingly, is lack of money. The animal lovers maintain that research grants are generous enough. But what they do not understand is that there are administrative restrictions on these grants so they can't be used for improving animal facilities. Some institutions get unrestricted grants, but these don't get used for animals either. As one administrator told me, "It is a rare president or dean who will use money for animal facilities when he could hire a Nobel Prize winner or build a flashy new lab" with the funds.

Agouti on the East River

It is ironic that money is the key problem; that the Anti-Vivisection League spends half a million dollars every year while hospitals don't build better kennels because they can't raise private funds to match government grants. But this does not justify the implication in so many humane publications that when animal care is inadequate, the reason is deliberate neglect. Running a laboratory is a difficult job that requires specialized knowledge, a competent staff, and adequate funds.

Given enough money and a well-trained director,

animal care can be good. I saw this on a tour of the animal rooms at New York University Medical Center. I chose NYU for my visit because the animals there are housed in a single central unit (called the Berg Institute), and because Dr. L. R. Christensen, the director, is an expert on animal care.

The Institute rises six stories above the East River, and as we waited for the elevator Dr. Christensen sketched in some facts. He said that more than 90 per cent of the animals used at NYU are kept in the Institute. The rest include a few monkeys who live out on Long Island, some mice that are being inbred to produce a pure genetic strain, and some other small rodents that are infected with human pathogens and therefore kept in isolation. How many animals are in the Institute now? About 5,000 mice, 1,250 rats, 1,100 guinea pigs, 700 rabbits, 130 dogs, 45 cats, and a few other assorted mammals. Is this unusually large for an animal unit? By no means. It is just about average: smaller than some, larger than others.

When we looked at the animals themselves, I was amazed. I had expected to see overcrowding and at least some dogs and cats who were mangy and underfed. (Since hospitals buy unclaimed dogs from city pounds, one would expect to find animals who still showed the effects of wandering homeless through the streets.) But in the first room we visited I saw forty-five healthy-looking dogs, which barked lustily when I came in, thumped their tails against the sides of their cages and happily licked at my hand. In the postoperative room there were eight or nine animals, some lying quietly in their cages, others up and walking around. I saw no open wounds, and no signs of distress—in fact, no signs at all that experiments had been done except for cards on each of the cages that noted what had taken place. (On each of these cards there is also a number that corresponds to a card in the office downstairs; except for the mice, the office keeps individual records for every animal including the date of its arrival, the place from which it came, and the investigator who is using it.)

After leaving the dog rooms, we saw rabbits (regular and lop-eared), woodchucks, squirrels, monkeys, guinea pigs, rats, and mice. We also saw creatures called Agouti that look like the offspring of an unfortunate cross between a tapir and a miniature poodle. I realized then the difficulties that a laboratory director faces with large numbers of animals, limited space, and new species he has never seen before. The laboratory director must be architect, veterinarian, and research director rolled into one; it is a difficult job.

When the tour was over, I asked Dr. Christensen about conditions in the other laboratories he has seen. How do they compare to NYU? His answer was that some laboratories provide excellent care but others, unfortunately, do not. There are too many laboratories, he said, which are understaffed, overcrowded, and badly designed. There are even some places with shiny equipment and new country kennels where the animals are still in poor condition. But, he added, he has never seen conditions as horrible as those the humane inspectors describe. Nor, he said, is there anything in this country as bad as the breeding farms he saw in England, or laboratories elsewhere in Europe. Dr. Christensen attended an international conference this spring on laboratory-animal care, and in his opinion we are much further along in this field than most of the countries in Europe.

A Matter of Money

The laboratories at New York University convinced me of the need for "new" or "additional" legislation to help improve animal care. If more hospitals could afford such facilities, if there were more courses for animal technicians and more directors with Dr. Christensen's training, then care would be immeasurably improved. If Congress would provide money for physical improvements and grants to the veterinary schools, then care would improve. Without money from federal

grants, there will still be overcrowded cages, ill-equipped kennels, and undertrained staff.

I do not believe, however, that there is a need for restrictions on research. I am not persuaded that scientists are needlessly cruel. And I think it is not feasible to license every scientist in this country and make him write for permission before he starts a new piece of work. (There is such a law in Britain, but ours is a much larger country and our research is on a much larger scale.) Finally, I do not agree with the basic assumption that legislation can make a scientist humane. Could a government committee really have this effect? Surely what a scientist does in his laboratory is determined partly by his technical competence and partly by his reverence for life. If a scientist is careless or inhumane, his colleagues can restrain him far more effectively than can an inspector in Washington who reads over the proposals he submits.

It is comforting to think that a single piece of legislation could save innocent animals from pain. But the antivivisectionists live in an imaginary world. They accept the benefits of modern medicine, as do we all, but they refuse to face the consequence that animals have to suffer pain. Modern medicine would not be possible without animal research, and without inflicting some pain on the animals involved. I do not like the idea of painful experiments—on a monkey or even a mouse. But I am not willing to restrict vivisection and give up the benefits that come from medical research.

DROUGHT IN LONDON

by C. Garrett-Jones

Shouldn't I, writing, sitting, now she is gone,
Sow, if only a few,
Tears across my paper?
Twice she was sweet, twice sober.

They'd be the last tears shed
Before I shed the shells and moths of this house
And go, I too,
To sow some oats in good ground, oats for good horses.

But tears will not come in this house.
On the field the weeds win,
And the blue cloud is dry with pity.
Where is the sweet, or the bitter water?
All the water is gone.

S. L. A. Marshall

THE FIGHT AT MONKEY

*How the Montagnards—a force of native mercenaries—
fought an unexpected battle alongside their American allies.
And what turned it into a victory, of sorts.*

Far more than in fighting operations between formally arrayed armies, luck, chance, and sheer coincidence determine the course of events in irregular warfare.

It is so in South Vietnam. Finding the enemy is more of a problem than fighting him. Of intelligence flow, there is a plethora; less than 10 per cent of it leads to anything worthwhile. In the exceptional case, when a piece of information prompts the launching of a strike force where the enemy swarms, what is found there is wholly different from what was expected.

The Battle of Vinh Thanh Valley—officially called Operation Crazy Horse—perfectly illustrates this situation. It was fought by the First Cavalry Division Air Mobile in the eastern Central Highlands from May 15 to June 5, 1966, and by the end the great part of five enemy battalions had been wiped out.

Yet it was not, in the beginning, of the Cavalry Division's making. At the head of Vinh Thanh Valley lies the ruin of an old French fort which in March 1966 was given a rude overhauling and armed with a few modern weapons, barricades, and outworks. Shortly after, two fighting companies of Montagnards—Vietnamese mountain tribesmen—were based there under the training instruction and operational guidance of a U. S. Special Force "A" Team.

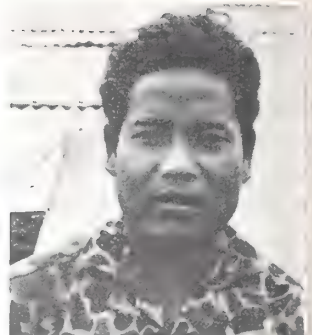
Early in the morning of May 15 one of these companies—Son Hai—ran a patrol across the Song on River and up the tall mountain that directly confronts the fort. By rare luck the patrol jumped North Vietnamese patrol that had fallen out for lunch. The five enemy leaders were killed. On them were found the information and implements which, thanks to the diligence and common sense of two Special Force sergeants, became the solid

proof of enemy presence. This information stimulated Major General John Norton into immediately launching his cavalymen over a vast sweep of the mountain range.

For ten days the battle went on, with the cavalymen bearing the brunt. The Montagnards who had started it sat in the works of the CIDG (Civilian Irregular Defense Group) camp at the old French fort watching the winged chariots fly by, but playing no active part. By then the battle seemed over. The battalions of the Cavalry Division had worked and fought their way to the outer limits of the mountain area, leaving the central zone a vacuum. The enemy was supposed to be broken, with his few remnants fleeing for the exits from the high ground.

So it was arranged that four Montagnard companies would be lifted by helicopter and set down on landing zones in the center. They were expected to establish a unit base with each company, and then using squad-size groups, work the streams and trails within a thousand meters of their perimeters, and rig ambushes at night. They were specifically told not to launch upon any big brawls. That is what the planners in dead earnest proposed, while the gods of war prepared to dispose. To the four companies committed, this was both good news and bad. They were glad to be working with regular forces for the first time. They were chagrined that the call came after the battle had petered out. For these men love to fight. One thing they ask—if they are killed in action their bodies be returned to home soil for burial.

Of what happened to three of the companies, there is nothing to report. Their experiences were sufficiently routine to indicate that the planners were not wrong. But the golden ring once again came up for Son Hai Company, the same unit, un-

*Dimh Ghim**Sergeant Freeman**Dinh Tach*

der the same leader, Commander Dimh Ghim, that had brought home trophies from the long patrol to start the battle. The same two Special Force sergeants attended him.

Though the words "civilian" and "irregular" are used, CIDG units are in fact composed of warrior mercenaries regularly paid by the United States. There are 110 of them in Son Hai Company. In the action about to unfold, these mountain men were far from their native heath. Members of the H Re tribe, they come from Quang Hai village. The youngest among them was a fifteen-year-old medic. The adult males are stalwart, keen of mind, given to sobriety. They are extremely good at scouting and tracking. Wholly friendly to people they like, utterly rude to those they do not, they have thrown in with the Americans unreservedly.

The women and children live with them at base camp, and during any attack upon it, help them when possible. As a people, they are cleanly and cheerful; even in a fighting environment the family life seems to radiate an inner content. However, there was no happiness in Son Hai Company when after being lifted from the Vinh Thanh redoubt at eight-thirty in the morning on May 26, they were set down on Landing Zone Monkey and saw it for the first time.

Operating in a Straitjacket

Sergeant David C. Freeman was the first American, the first man, to step from the lead Huey onto the ugly surface of Landing Zone Monkey. He turned to his friend, Sergeant Burton R. Adams, and said, "I don't like the look of this place."

For Freeman, of Baltimore, twenty-two years of age, RA13800034, that was quite a long speech. Strikingly blond and handsome enough, he impresses most of all by his manner. Some early training must have given him a high regard for silence and self-control as tactical weapons. The voice is low-toned, the face immobile except when

he smiles, and rarely is a word wasted. By training, he is a medic. In his first service to the Caval Division, he functioned like an intelligence specialist. Now as he viewed the frowning face of Monkey, he was thinking like a tactician with little prospect that he would have to act like one. Ranked fourth among the American advisers who would be present, and the two Montagnard officers were nominally his superiors.

Monkey was a horizonless hollow, hemmed in by jungle-clad heights that pressed in too close. Worse still, its rumpled surface was strewn with monstrous boulders, rock slabs, blown stumps, and fallen trees. It was a clearing only in the sense that here the litter of basaltic debris lay so thick as to forbid growth by the surrounding forest. There was just enough flat, fairly clear space to serve as a pad for the landing of two choppers at a time.

The cramping effect on operations of this straitjacket was quickly evident. The third Huey to arrive over Monkey crashed from 50 feet up when its tail rotor caught in the limb of a tree. In the fall the pilot broke his hip and the copilot smashed his jaw. So any movement outward from Monkey had to be delayed for ninety minutes.

Freeman doctored the two men. The two doo gunners, who had escaped injury, stripped the chopper of everything that could be salvaged, and the Montagnards piled these parts in the center of the landing zone. Then the helicopter had to be blown up by Sergeant Adams and Sergeant Turner Lawhorn, Jr. Lawhorn, age thirty-four, home of Bainbridge, Georgia, had brought along a squad from Alpha Company of the 8th Engineer Battalion, supposedly to clear Monkey of stumps and rocks, which was a proper labor for Hercules. Last with the wreckage cleared and more choppers coming in, the casualties had to be flown out. During the prolonged delay, which killed half the morning, the Montagnards had outguarded the position. But not a shot had been fired nor a suspicious sound heard, which allayed the earlier worries about the unsuitability of Monkey. They

had made enough noise to jar the ridgetops and an enemy not given to attacking in the full heat of day had failed to respond.

At ten o'clock they started up the mountain and were glad of it. They were in patrol formation—a point of one squad, followed at 40 yards by the main body, all moving single file. It would have been so even had the jungle trail been wide enough to permit two men walking abreast. After the clangor in the valley, all was now strangely silent, as from the intense sunlight of the landing zone they moved into the semi-gloom cast by the canopy. The march was north-northwest. Fifty minutes later they were atop the first ridge, 300 meters higher than where they started. There the whole company went into defensive perimeter, from which Freeman and Adams were able to get in radio contact with their own base camp for the first time.

Under the Montagnard Assistant Commander, Dinh Tach, the Intelligence and Reconnaissance Platoon moved out to scout along the ridge crest for another 600 yards. Within fifteen minutes they were back, and Dinh Tach had a story to tell. "Not more than three hundred meters out," he said, "I see one VC carrying six canteens."

"For just once," Adams wryly remarked to Freeman, "they did what they were told. Instead of shooting, they looked."

Immediately, Adams and Freeman and the two Montagnard chiefs fell to bickering over what to do about it. The six canteens bespoke the presence of an enemy group, and the trail atop the ridge was wider and looked well beaten down. Dimh Ghim was all for throwing the whole company forward. Adams, who had been with Dinh Tach on the point, was dead against it. Tempers flared. Adams said, "No, absolutely not."

He put his counterproposal this way: "Give me twenty of your men and Freeman and I will recon with them. If we find anything big enough for a company, then we'll decide what to do about it." Dimh Ghim was willing to compromise, provided he could go along too. So they agreed on the unorthodox arrangement—three leaders forward with a patrol, one rearward with the main body.

Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, who served overseas in World War I and was Pacific Theater Historian of World War II, has written "Pork Chop Hill" and many other books. His "Harper's" series of Vietnam reports will be part of his next book, "Battles in the Monsoon," to be published by Morrow in February. His first article, "Men Facing Death: The Destruction of an American Platoon," appeared in the September issue.

It was time to get off the trail and move through the bamboo forest that enfolded it. They split in three parties, Adams' group advancing along the trail edge, Freeman's being on the slope to the right of it, and Dimh Ghim taking the left flank.

Just ten minutes and 50 yards further along, still far short of the spot where the guerrilla with six canteens had been sighted, Adams' group came under intense automatic fire at close range. A first bullet hit Adams in the rucksack and spun him around. He reached back with his right arm to see what damage had been done. A second bullet hit the arm, shattering it, severing the ulna nerve, and knocking him flat. The bone thrust out.

Curtailed off by the bamboo thicket, Freeman had not seen his friend fall. That first fire had hit no one else, and the movement perforce continued, for the Montagnards charged right on. They were going against a strong position—a tier of three bunkers extending for 30 yards in depth going up on both sides of the trail. They maneuvered as the Americans had trained them to do, half of them firing while the other half bounded 10 yards or so, there to resume fire while the first half came forward.

Failure at Noon

Done according to the book, the reduction of these works took one half-hour. By the end, three of the Montagnards were dead and eight had been wounded in action. What grieved Freeman most was that out of a small Vietnamese interpreter detachment accompanying the Montagnards, he had lost by death his most prized soldier. But there was one compensation. Of the fifteen VC bodies counted, his own M-16 had downed four. The loot was seven AK-47 rifles and one 7.62 light machine gun.

Even as they were getting away and Freeman, after patching the Montagnard wounded, was doing what he could to help Adams, he realized they had not finished the job. For more than 100 yards, as they back-trailed, rifle fire, in impressive volume, followed them out. Most of the Company had moved up to support the patrol from the flanks at some time during the thirty-minute fight, though fewer than fifteen men had borne the brunt of it.

They returned to the old perimeter atop the ridge. Adams was mobile, but in such pain that Freeman had taken over. He still doubted that he had left behind any formidable concentration of strength. But to be on the safe side he asked the Tactical Operations Center at Landing Zone Savoy

to lay on a tactical air strike according to the coordinates he read from the map. He preferred that damper because the Montagnards always got rattled by friendly artillery and would break, if it got anywhere close. Most of the bombs came in on the right spot but one 500-pounder blew within 50 yards of them, shaking their earth much, but shaking the mountain men more. Freeman could hear much yakking and teeth-chattering. Still, no more fire came from the slope where they had been, and he judged that the resisters had been wiped out.

It was now high noon. Freeman called Savoy asking that choppers be sent to evacuate his casualties. Then on radio he asked Lawhorn to bring up his squad of engineers from the hollow. When they arrived, they set about blasting a hasty landing zone amid the bamboo atop the mountain. It took them about one hour to clear enough space for a Chinook to settle. Above all, Freeman did not want to return to Monkey. At last the Chinook came over, but vainly. It could not find the clearing. As these ridges folded, with so many forest-clad knobs, switches, and cutbacks, such small spots can be easily missed.

With that failure, the company was directed from Savoy to return to Monkey. Freeman and Adams both stoutly protested, Freeman saying, "Anywhere but Monkey; that's no place for a fight." It was no go. So they packed up and moved downhill.

At the landing zone in the hollow, a security force had been trying to bring off a little military order out of a scene of topographical chaos. There was one platoon of Montagnards; then there was Sergeant First Class Cecil Broome, the senior among the Special Forces people present. It was not a happy combination. Broome, though an older head, was new in the country, awkward with the mountain men, and unacquainted with their folkways. Little had been done to straighten out this inefficient, tangled warren.

It was still noontide when the Company resettled among the boulders to take a break for a lunch of rice and canned cold chicken, flavored with hot sauce. Shortly after, Hueys came in to evacuate the wounded and dead. Incoming, one of the choppers had two passengers who intended to stay. The first was Sergeant Alan M. Arrowsmith of Headquarters Company, First Brigade, the Cavalry Division. A twenty-five-year-old citizen of Fort Charlotte, Florida, but calling himself a "service brat," Arrowsmith had come along only because he burned with curiosity about how Special Force soldiers performed. He had his camera and his notebook and was ready to make himself useful in any other way. Second was Lieutenant

Walker of Special Forces who, since he ranked all others present, quite naturally took charge, if only for a brief span.

Thereafter for a piece things went, if not smoothly, at least more so than before. At about 2:00 P.M., on Walker's order, Broome took one platoon of the mountain men and posted them 150 meters up the same trail they had walked that morning. There they rigged an ambush for the further protection of the force on Monkey. That done, he rejoined Freeman on the landing zone where the latter had just shown Dimh Ghim how to place the security guard.

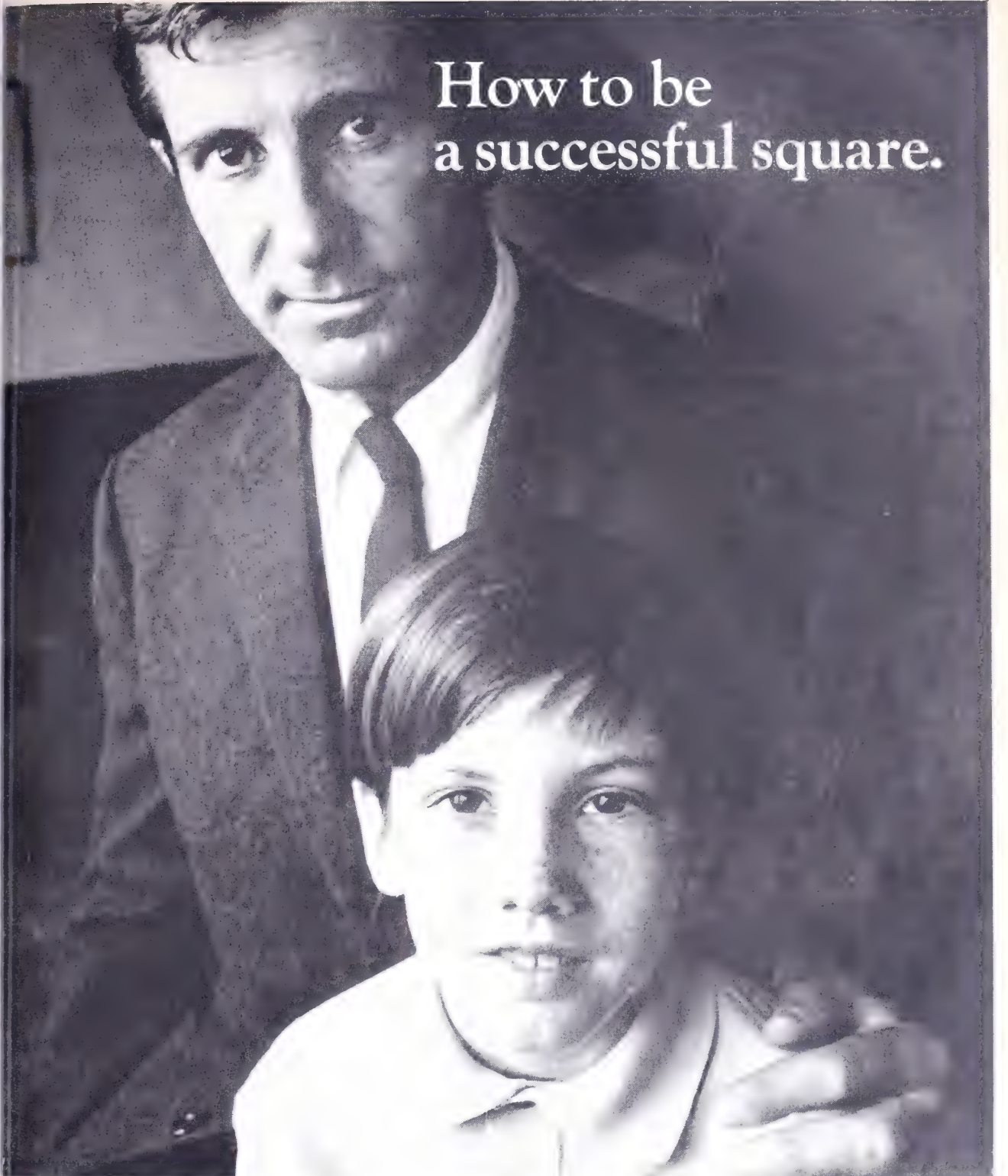
The slippage started when at 4:30 another Huey arrived with ammunition resupply that was not really needed. Though this is a complaint virtually without precedent among fighting forces afield, it was the peg from which large confusions became suspended. The natural condition of Monkey, and the burning desire of the force to get away from that fell spot and stay mobile in order to live longer, made it so. Too much ammunition tied the force to the unwanted base; either stay, or use it up, even if wastefully.

One hundred additional rounds had come in for the only 60-mm mortar present. Two hundred additional cartridges had been unloaded for every Montagnard rifleman—not a great abundance, but still seeming an overburden to small men confronted by large hills. At least the mortar supply seemed easy to liquidate. The logical thing was to shoot it off against the enemy position which had been braced that morning. That's what they started to do, and straight off they ran into trouble.

Of the first twenty rounds, twelve misfired, which is to say that they wouldn't eject from the tube, though a test showed that the mortar itself was in working order. Shaking a sensitive mortar round out of a tube is a very delicate, devilish, and time-consuming business, and hardly a task for amateurs. But somehow, though slowly, they made it, and decided to fire no more.

The still larger problem then arose—how to dispose of the useless and dangerous ammunition. If left behind, it might be carted off by the Vietcong and used for booby traps and mines. Lawhorn and his engineers dug a very large hole just off the landing zone. They then filled it with the bad ammunition and prepared the pit with a blasting charge for demolition.

That's when the mountain men bucked. If the mortar shells were to be blown, so must their overload of rifle ammunition. They began to toss their magazines into the pit. Lawhorn held off the blast while the argument rose to high pitch. Dimh Ghim



How to be a successful square.

If you happen to think there's something wrong with making money and putting it to work providing a better life for you and your family, you're what some people would call a square. Consider it a compliment. You're the kind of man. A Responsible Man. The kind who has kept this

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Lieutenant Walker (on telephone) and Sergeant Broome, about five seconds before Broome was killed and Walker was wounded. (Photo by Sergeant Arrowsmith.)

supported what his men were doing. Walker stormed at him, "We'll get no resupply till Saturday; if you refuse to take that ammo, I want no squawking if your men get killed."

Dimh Ghim answered, "That's okay. I say blow it."

Suddenly Dinh Tach entered the row to break with his chief and support Freeman and Walker. Such a large man physically that he stands more than a head above his people, who are scarcely smaller than Americans, he spoke no words. He began grabbing men by the neck, walking them to the pit and forcing them to pick up the magazines. He was effective while he lasted, which wasn't long.

A volley of rifle and automatic fire crackled somewhere above and echoed through the hollow, returning them to reality. The sound was unmistakable, but was so diffused by the jungle growth that no one could tell its direction.

Broome went at a dead run up the jungle trail where he had posted the ambush. The others still figured the shooting might come from a few stray Vietcong or possibly their own men. In three minutes Broome was back, shouting, "The ambush is attacked from three sides; they must fight their way back."

Lawhorn still squatted, demolition lever in hand. Walker yelled, "Don't blow that ammunition!"

With that, fire in large volume swept across Monkey from three sides of the perimeter. All had happened in a matter of seconds. There followed a total silence of two minutes. Montagnards and Americans, who had flattened and begun working weapons, though they saw no targets, broke off when they heard nothing coming in.

Then came a heavy fusillade of rifle and automatic fire from the ambush side. Tracers bounced like fireflies amid the boulders and machine-gun bursts cut swaths in the elephant grass just beyond. Then bullets came in from all sides and the force knew for the first time that it was surrounded.

Arrowsmith had squeezed into a small hole next to a large boulder, wholly astonished that he had come to a fight.

Another lull lasted four minutes. The defenders had thrown out a heavy counterfire all around the circle, and confidence rose that the repulse was complete. A few Montagnards rose and walked about. Walker called the Tactical Operations Center at Landing Zone Savoy, asking that a strike by the rocketeers of the air artillery be put on the bush all around Monkey.

Then a few random bullets came in. Arrowsmith stood to look about for a possible target. Broome said to him, "Sarge, you crawl back in your hole." Arrowsmith said, "Yes, sir," and jumped for it.

Yet Broome still stood there, moving uncertainly as if about to change his position. Walker also was in the open. Arrowsmith thought this so odd that he pointed his camera and snapped both men in the two seconds while they stayed hearty and whole.

There came from the bush just one bullet. It got Broome in the back right under the left shoulder blade. He clutched at his heart, screamed, "Mother—," tottered for a second or two, then pitched forward and rolled over.

Starting to crawl to him, Arrowsmith pulled out his aid pack.

Freeman yelled, "Get back!"

Walker yelled, "You get back in your hole!" Arrowsmith did.

Walker's mouth was still open from yelling. The second bullet hit him in the right cheek and came out of the lower jaw. Otherwise the shot might have killed him.

Freeman, the medic, having started moving to Broome, at once deviated to Walker. One glance told him Broome was dead. He saw wide eyes staring up.

Both bullets had whined directly past Freeman's ear, so he knew they came from one marksman who



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was still out there. Still, he knelt in the open, bandaging Walker and giving him an injection of morphine, which took him ten minutes. Slugs continued to kick up rocks around him, but he was wearing a lot of horseshoes.

Freeman Takes Over

The lieutenant was in bad shape, not that he was likely to die, but with the shattered jaw and flow of blood, he could no longer talk. The result of trying was an unintelligible mumble. So Freeman knew now that he had to take over command, though there were two lieutenants present, including the artillery forward observer, Lieutenant Wade W. Hathaway, and even Lawhorn ranked him.

While he was bandaging Walker, Arrowsmith had grabbed the radio and called Savoy to ask for help. Before he could get through, Freeman had finished and taken over from him. First, however, together they carried Walker and the radio over to the right of the perimeter where several logs provided them a dubious revetment. The fire around the circle had continued to build up steadily. Freeman described what had happened to the people at the Savoy Tactical Operations Center. He said, "I must have reinforcements. I estimate this as a two-company attack."

At that point, Arrowsmith, by his own account, took three precautions. He checked his rifle ammunition, straightened the cotter pins on his four grenades, and said his prayers. Feeling positive that otherwise he would not survive the night, though the prospect did not too greatly alarm him, he could not put at discount the possibility of Divine intervention.

Freeman was not troubled in the same way. Another sort of worry pressed on him, though for the moment he was keeping it in the back of his mind. As for the chances of life or death, the few Americans with him had responded so wholeheartedly that he felt more confidence than his situation warranted.

Hathaway, who hails from Charleston, South Carolina, was about 25 meters to Arrowsmith's right. Freeman called, "Where's the FO?" (The forward observer.)

Arrowsmith pointed.

"You get him!"

When Hathaway crawled over, Freeman said, "You bring that air artillery!"

Hathaway did. The rocket Hueys swooped down on the hollow just about dusk and plastered the walls all around it. But the most prolonged stage

of the close-in fire fight had lasted all that time—just about thirty minutes.

Well before the respite came, it was self-evident that the tumult of the small fight had reverberated in the First Cavalry Division command. General Jack Norton and Colonel John J. Hennessey kept their word. Before the latest inning of the fire fight had closed off, the promised reinforcements began to arrive and the view from above which convinced them that Monkey stayed combustible did not deter them.

The men on perimeter saw the Hueys circling and intensified their defensive fires. All of Bravo Company, 1/8th Cavalry, was scheduled to come in. The first ship came in and dropped its men—five riflemen under a sergeant who scampered to position under fire—then was away and aloft in a trice with its door machine guns blazing.

The second ship was five feet off the ground and going away, having dropped its riflemen passengers during a hover—when it was shot down. There was a tremendous puff audible—well audible above the small-arms exchange which resounded like the rhythmic drone of a highly vocal bee swarm.

That was how it looked and sounded to Arrowsmith and others from ground level. The fact was the Huey had been stricken, while making a steep descent 100 feet in air, by a burst which riddled its power structure, coming in off the left side and rupturing the hydraulics system. The Huey pilot, Chief Warrant Officer Francisco G. Moreno, twenty-seven, of Dos Cabezas, Arizona, who had been "shot up" three times in earlier flights but never shot down before, said gently over the intercom to his people, "The panel says we are losing power; so I will set down." Not wishing to make things sound too final, he alone sweated out, for the rest of the descent, the certainty that he was about to lose directional control. Luck certainly smiled on this high heart, for it was only five feet above ground that she went out. The bump was gentle, the landing missing by a hair one of the largest boulders. The five riflemen aboard had jumped clear before the Huey settled.

Arrowsmith saw Morenc pulling frantically at all switches during the last-stage of the drop so there would be no fire. Next morning Moreno could recall nothing of that; he had responded automatically. What he did remember vividly was the impeccable conduct of his crew. The two gunners, Staff Sergeant Herbert R. McDuffy, Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and Specialist 4 Angel L. Cumba, from Hato Rey, Puerto Rico, kept their M-60s blazing till the last moment, then jumped out with their weapons and ran to ground positions. But that was only after McDuffy had whipped around

and opened Moreno's panel and Cumba had stood to cover him with fire as he popped out.

Moreno got over to Freeman, who was bandaging some of his Montagnard wounded. The Warrant Officer did not understand at first that he was talking to the soldier in charge. The mountain men were calling him "Doc." Freeman had turned to rebandage Walker when Moreno asked, "What's your situation?"

To his surprise it was Freeman who answered, "Just look about you."

"How much force have you got?"

"Mainly what is left of a CIDG company."

His calm fascinated Moreno: "He was acting as if he did the same thing every day of his life."

Then Freeman said, "You and your crew are stuck here for the night; be sure to make yourselves comfortable."

His medical work done, he led them to the positions where they could do the most good for this oddly assorted garrison. Moreno had come armed only with a .38 revolver, and was now presented with an M-16, which made him feel a little better.

Grouping Together in the Dark

For ten minutes following Moreno's crash, the fire from outside beat against the boulders on Monkey—some mortar, one machine gun, several automatic pistols, and numerous rifles. Then suddenly again, the crunch and crackle and the whining of the ricochets ceased. Freeman took this opening to check the Montagnard positions on the north and west flanks of the landing zone. Counting the men he had just worked upon, the Montagnards now had another five killed and eleven wounded. Most of the wounded had been hit by grenade fragments.

Taking stock of how the Americans were distributed and armed, Freeman took away one of Sergeant McDuffy's M-60 machine guns and gave it to the infantry squad led by Sergeant Kenneth L. Wells, of Kansas City, Kansas. It was while he was checking the numbers that the air artillery strike came in beautifully, the rocket salvos pounding at the jungle on all four sides of the landing zone, the closest rounds falling not 200 feet away. As the strike lifted, from the base at Landing Zone Cobra the battery of 155s put fifty rounds on the slope north-northwest.

There were now twenty-two armed Americans under Freeman's charge, along with the wounded Walker; and Freeman was junior in age and grade to almost half of them. They were with him all the way, irrespective of that, for as had happened to

Arrowsmith, he had won them swiftly with his poise and self-confidence. But now that the heat was off momentarily, what weighed heaviest with this Special Force soldier was not the problem of directing the defense as a whole but that he was responsible for the lives of more than a score of his countrymen, most of them strangers to him.

No Special Force soldier had a higher esteem for the mountain men. Days earlier he had said to me, "This is the happiest bunch of people I have ever known. They stay well-groomed, keep themselves clean. They are well-disciplined, and keep their rifles the same way. I enjoy serving with them."

The one dark thought he had harbored now came forward again. It fretted him sorely, obscuring all other considerations. When the two bullets that killed Sergeant Broome and felled Lieutenant Walker had zinged past his ear, the sound had followed too quickly the cracks of the rifle. The firer had to be only a few feet away. Probably a VC sniper had worked right in among the boulders of the sector defended by the mountain men. But then, there was an uglier alternative possibility, and about that he dared not take chances.

This reflection he would keep to himself. He would still have to call the Americans together and give them a logical explanation of why he was regrouping the defenders. The sun had dropped below the westernmost ridge, the hollow was darkening, and the thing must be done at once.

Arrowsmith helped him round up the others and is the best witness as to what he said to them. It went something like this: "The VC may come on in greater numbers. Our position could get worse. I think that for now one thing helping us is that they overrate our strength, and the chance we may be reinforced tonight, which can't happen."

"This fight could go wrong. If it does, the VC might offer to let the CIDGs go free if they will kill or surrender the Americans. I have confidence in these men but I want nothing like that to happen because it would make confusion."

So he outlined his plan. The Americans would group together in a closed circle, forming a perimeter within a perimeter, but holding to one side of the landing zone. Next to that side, a deep creek bed ran directly past the flank. Should any crisis impose threatening the integrity of the force as a whole, the Americans would shoot their way to the creek bed and make for the high ground.

Then he added, "In any case, if we seem about to be overrun, I would choose to pull out with the whole force and fight from the woods higher up. We are holding the worst possible ground." There was no argument. The Americans drew together



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as the dark became full and a large quiet filled the hollow.

With that came another assault lasting twenty minutes. The fire was high and seemed to be ranging from greater distance. There were no casualties. The night wore on, bringing only a few halfhearted probes by small groups of snipers.

Freeman sent out the word: "No more defensive firing unless you see live targets." He was worrying about ammo supply and the possibility of full-scale attack after dawn. Hathaway had already set it that as soon as possible after first light the rocket ships and the 155s at Cobra would work over the slopes on all sides of them, bringing their fires in just as close as possible.

Freeman and Arrowsmith took turns at the radio. No one slept. The moon rose but cast only a thin shaft of light within the hollow. Smokey the Bear and Puff the Magic Dragon stayed on call all night and periodically circled above Monkey to drop their flares and illuminate the scene.

A Decision Made Early

Moreno, from his position in between a fallen tree and a rock outcropping on the downslope next the creek bed, saw Freeman move only twice during the night. Both times it was to put fresh dressings on Walker. He and his crew members said nothing to one another; they had nothing to discuss. Long before, they had agreed that they would never be taken alive by the enemy, which is how most American fighters in Vietnam feel on that subject. As Moreno said, "It gives one a bit of comfort to come to such a decision early and stick with it."

Long before their sweated jungle suits had dried, a heavy dew descended, the air chilled markedly, and they shivered. The tree leeches

working on them only intensified that misery.

Almost before they were aware that the night had ended, so deep was the shadow from the eastward ridge, the air artillery was over them. The strikes were precise beyond fault, the nearest rockets rocking the timber less than 100 yards from where they lay. With that, Freeman for the first time felt a great relief, saying to himself, "They will not come now."

Then the sun came over the hill, bathing the hollow and washing them. Dull, bone-ache wakefulness gave way to the feeling of being freshened. They arose and stretched and no fire came against them. At first it was hardly believable. A few hands began breaking out rations; they had not eaten since the previous noon.

Patrols were sent out for short distances on all four sides, this maneuver being done without abruptness. There was no sign of a live enemy. The bodies of thirty-seven North Vietnamese regulars were counted scattered around the immediate foreground. How many others had been dragged off was beyond telling, though there were well-spattered blood trails in many directions.

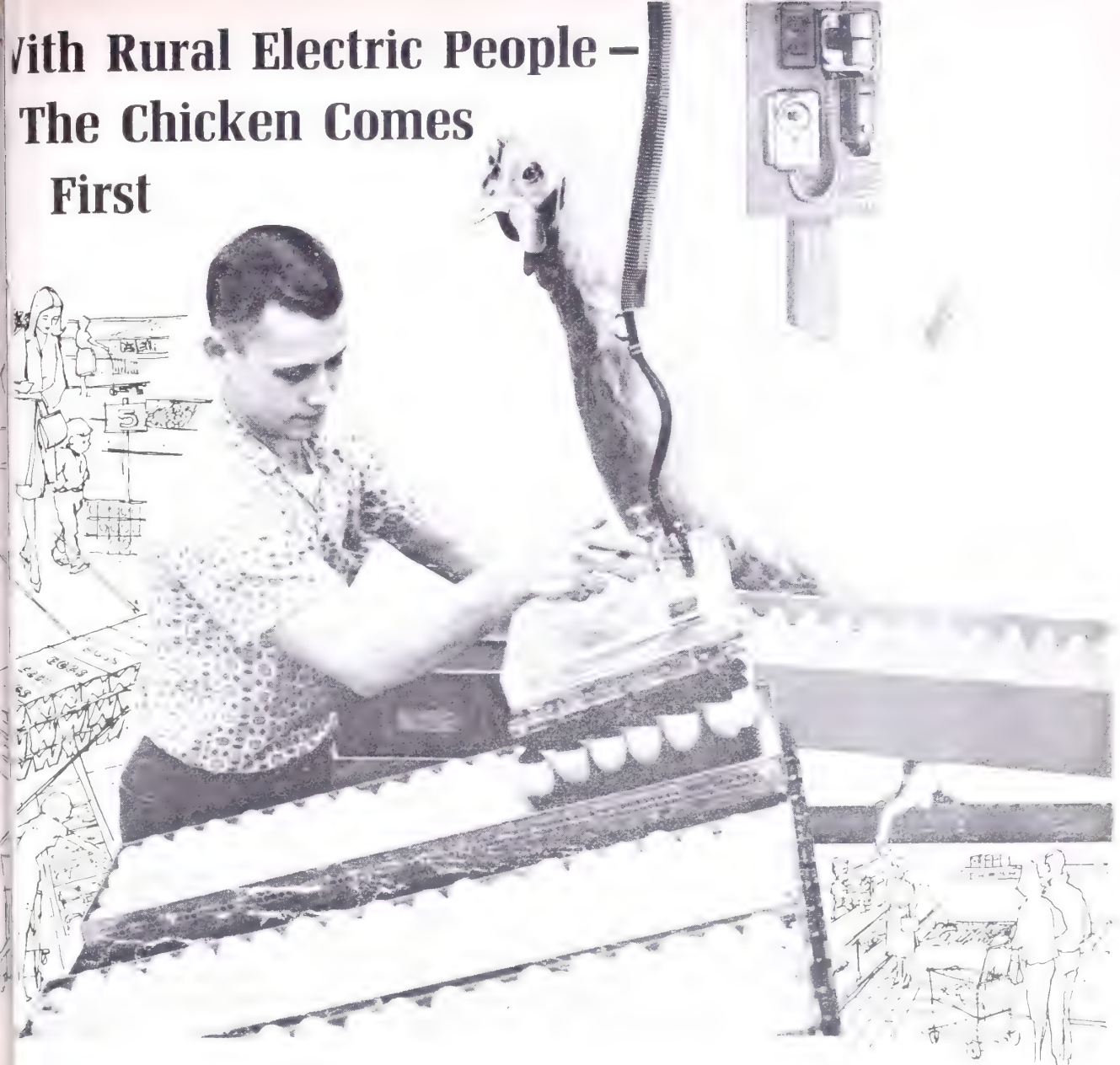
The first medevac Huey arrived at 7:00 A.M. Shortly, there was another Huey coming into the only pad to make adjustments on Moreno's downed chopper so that the Flying Crane could lift it out some hours later, to be patched for further use. Arrowsmith rode out on the Huey that had come to do the prep job. So did Moreno, McDuffy, and other members of that crew. The surcease from pressure had made them suddenly vocal. They confessed to each other that they had not expected to live through the night.

Freeman stayed on in the despised hollow for a few hours longer. He felt a little more content with how things had worked out at Monkey. There was no protest from the mountain men when he told them the adventure was over.



The medevac taking out casualties on the second morning.

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Washington Insight by Clayton Fritchey

THE VIEW FROM AFRICA

Why we seem to be the bloodiest people on earth . . . When the CIA gets blamed . . . Why they call our aid "conscience money" . . . And a few other oddities . . .

Returning to Washington after a month in Africa, one is impressed by the way the so-called developed countries, as well as the lesser-developed ones, still rely on old-fashioned magic and sorcery, although in fairness to the Dark Continent it must be acknowledged that most of the governments do not depend on their witch doctors for guidance on high policy. It is true that Kwame Nkrumah did before he was deposed as president-dictator of Ghana, but he was the exception.

In Washington, however, the most distinguished financial medicine men the President can find are closeted with him day after day, working on the very vitals of the Republic. They have come—wearing different robes and equipped with different nostrums, crystal balls, and magic potions—from the Treasury, the Budget Bureau, the Council of Economic Advisers, and the Federal Reserve Board, among others, to tell the Paramount Chief how to exorcise the evil spirits that afflict our economy.

This is far too radical for Africa, where witchcraft is largely confined to individual problems. While I was in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, Dr. Peter Becker, an authority on African ways, told the *East African Standard* that witch doctors, medicine men, and especially herbalists, are thriving in towns and country areas throughout South Africa. Far from being an evil influence, he said, most of them per-

form a worthwhile service. "They banish fears from the minds of Africans," he said. "The formidable influence of black magic and witchcraft govern the habits and beliefs of most African men, women, and children."

Nevertheless, most of the new leaders, such as Nyerere, Kaunda, Kenyatta, Obote, do not patronize these specialists, and certainly Nkrumah would have been better off if he had followed suit. But Ghana's "redeemer" gradually succumbed to the vice of most tyrants: as their ego-mania reaches an advanced stage they no longer can tolerate independent, rational advisers, and so call in personal soothsayers to advise them to do what they are determined to do in any case. Nkrumah's "spiritual" adviser told him that the way to protect his back from his enemies was to turn it, so off he went to Communist China, and that, of course, was the end of his regime. Ghana, however, still has its share of medicine men, and recently an American stationed in Accra took a visiting friend to see the city's most prominent practitioner. Unfortunately, he was away, but there was a sign on the front door which said, "Sorry. Out of town on a house call. Please come back tomorrow."

Horror—American-style

The newcomer to Africa is always impressed by the courtesy and kindness of the people, their gentleness and unaggressive good humor. It is true that once in a while, when old tribal troubles break out, panic prompts momentary massacres, but these are rare, and have little to do

with individual violence or personal cruelty. The ordinary African simply does not understand Western crime, although he watches the shoot-'em-up American television films with fascinated interest. The average African possesses no firearms at all, but after watching the U. S. television westerns and who-done-its, he thinks every man, woman, and child in America has at least one gun, and this impression is fortified by the sensational U. S. crimes that have been so widely reported in recent times. Aimless, pointless crime, which has no obvious motivation, leaves Africans bewildered, so they are eager to talk with Americans about this in the hope of clearing up their confusion.

The assassination of President Kennedy is a case in point; it is still much discussed and still arouses grief, and the old question of why, why. On the other hand, the recent stabbing of South Africa's white-supremacy prime minister does not puzzle Africans at all, for obvious reasons. But they were horrified by the shooting of forty innocent people by Charles Whitman, the one-man firing squad, in Austin, Texas. The African press also headlined the mass slaying of the young nurses in Chicago. For days on end, I hardly picked up an African paper without encountering headlines such as

Mr. Fritchey was a newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher in Cleveland, New Orleans, and other cities, and a special assistant to President Truman and UN Ambassador Adlai Stevenson. He is now "Harper's" Washington Correspondent and columnist for the "Newsday" syndicate.

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a message from dairy farmer members of
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these: "Another U. S. Mass Slaying," "Mafia Syndicate Biggest Business in U. S.," "Berserk Father Kills Four Children and Self." One editorial noted that there had been 72 homicides in Chicago alone in July, as against 36 for all of England during the entire year of 1965. If there is one type of crime that puzzles foreigners above all others it is the homicidal-suicidal blowing up of airplanes, which appears to be peculiar to the U. S.

Americans tend to think of themselves as a peaceful, law-abiding people, but that's not the way they look to the rest of the world. The foreigner can hardly believe it when he hears (through the Senate hearings) that over 100 million guns are in private hands. The kind of riots that have terrorized many American cities recently are bigger than the outbreaks that have toppled a half-dozen African countries. In fact, Whitman alone shot more people than were killed or wounded in several coups that overthrew African governments this year.

Not the "Voice" That Fails

Much of the violence abroad seems to center on the libraries operated by the U. S. Information Service. It is only natural for some governments to encourage hoodlums to burn and stone them, for these libraries are a threat to authoritarian regimes. The shelves are full of literature on democracy, free speech, liberty, and other subversive ideas. I made a point of visiting our libraries at all hours in a dozen African countries, and they were invariably crowded with students and other young people who soon will be running these nations. They are so popular, indeed, that there is a standard joke to explain the large attendance—air conditioning. Americans have for so long taken free libraries for granted that it is not easy to imagine how much this service means to a country where general literacy is just getting under way. The USIS films, especially the ones on John F. Kennedy and Adlai Stevenson, are also very popular.

There have been stories that the Voice of America is neither reliable nor widely listened to in Africa, but there is little evidence to support this view. It is true that the BBC probably has the largest audience in the Eng-

lish-speaking countries, but that is only natural since England has been so intimately identified with the African continent for so many years. The BBC subject matter and the style and accent of the delivery are well-suited to the area, but VOA also has a large following, and its reputation for veracity is excellent. The new director of USIS, Leonard Marks, and the equally new VOA director, John Chancellor, have strongly reaffirmed the policy of objectivity on which the late Edward R. Murrow laid such stress when he was the boss of USIS.

As the United States has become ever more involved in Vietnam, both our Embassies and Information Services have been under increasing pressure from the State Department to explain and (to put it more crudely) to try to sell to Africans the American policy in Southeast Asia. It has not been an easy task, for the opinion makers in these nations have their own opinions about Vietnam, and their views seldom coincide with the official U. S. line, especially since that line is likely to change from week to week as circumstance requires the Administration to invent new reasons for escalating the war. African officials, many of them sophisticated in the ways of the West, tend to be indulgent, even gently humorous, over the efforts to propagandize them, and much of this friendliness stems from the fact that they see a lot of the American Public Affairs officers, socially as well as officially, with an ensuing rapport that makes communication easy and comfortable.

The chief fly in the ointment, as might be expected, is the Central Intelligence Agency, which is suspected of every dark deed known to man, although no agency could be guilty of all the subversive actions for which the CIA is blamed. It has become the pet whipping boy for almost every foreign government, and it is probable that these denunciations will increase as long as there is such a ready market for them. The most common suspicion revolves around bribery: foreign officials are well aware of the huge, secret funds available to the CIA and they fear, or pretend to fear, that this unlimited cash is being used to buy, rent, or otherwise subvert, political leaders, the armed forces, and the local press, among other things.

Vietnam Wins in D

In Africa, the most damaging specter of the Vietnam war is not that it has inspired criticism of the American intervention, but that it has confirmed the feeling that the U. S. has only a shallow interest in the continent and future of this giant continent. There is a growing tendency to dismiss American aid as "conscience money." The leaders note that American economic aid for Vietnam alone is \$600 million this year, while the total for all of Africa (with nearly forty nations) is around \$20 million, or about one-third of that poured into one small corner of the continent. It is a little difficult for even the most broad-minded Africans to believe that this desolate Asia terrain, whose principal product is opium, is more important than all of Africa put together. They eye about the Pentagon budget rising to \$58 billion, and, with supplementary appropriations, probably exceeding \$70 billion; and then comes the staggering news that the U. S. military expenditure in Vietnam is now at the level of about \$25 billion a year. It is not hard to imagine what a fraction of this would do for young countries trying to pull themselves up by their bootstraps. As America, the conscience of the world, the superpower of the time, more and more concentrates its interest, its energy, its money, on the cul-de-sac of Vietnam, the economic development declines in Africa and the Alliance for Progress with Latin America. In both continents military dictatorships are rapidly replacing young and fragile democracies, and one reason for this is that American support is more rhetoric than real. The White House may say there is a new Johnson Doctrine for the Far East; it may insist that it has no Asia First policy; but Africa and the rest of the world know where the money and effort are going, and that's that.

In *My African Journey* (published in 1908), Winston Churchill told the West how best to help Africa. His advice is still worth listening to. He said, "It is no good trying to lay out of tropical Africa with naked financial Civilization must be armed with machinery if she is to subdue these regions to her authority. Iron re-

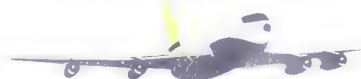
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CONTINENTAL



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gging porters; tireless engines, weary men; cheap power, not labor; steam and skill, not and fumbling: there lies the way to tame the jungle—more than one."

The Kennedy Image

reaction to President Johnson in Africa is uniform and not unlike that in the U. S., which is to say—no great surprise. He seems big, even imperial, and remote. Also, as in the U. S., the image of President Kennedy grows rather than diminishes with time. There is no good logical reason to explain this magnification, but then there is seldom the basis for legends. It is hard to exaggerate the excitement that Senator Robert Kennedy generated during his brief tour of Africa earlier this year. It didn't make much difference what he did or said for his audiences were ready to cheer before he opened his mouth. They even forgave him for his comparatively bland comments on South Africa and apartheid. The Senator's dim view of sanctions against Africa on the grounds that they hurt the black majority more than the white minority. This is certainly not the view of most African leaders; nor, for that matter, is it the view of most American Negro leaders. They believe that aggressive action, corrective of immediate hardships, is the answer to racial oppression, and they also believe that recent African history bears this out. Yet there was little or no complaint over Senator Kennedy's moderate comments. Another politician might have been called an Uncle Tom, but the Africans don't have to worry—they are deep in the heart of Africa.

Toppled in One Year

African Cassandras have always predicted that, once the newly independent countries had passed through the "George Washington" phase, the continent would be wracked by tribal wars, civil wars, revolts, and coups. The succession of military coups in the last year is grim proof that the George Washington era is over and that there is to be coming to an unhappy

close, at least in western and central Africa. Recent developments in the east are more encouraging.

When in 1960 so many new African nations suddenly emerged from colonial rule, it was hoped that they could find temporary political stability through the unifying leadership of the men who became national heroes by leading the fight for independence. It was also hoped that they could hold their countries together while progressing from colonialism to self-sustaining independence, and at the

same time pave the way for political parties to manage the parliamentary system. Alas, few of these leaders turned out to be George Washingtons. Worse, not many of the new nations turned out to be ready for self-government. In the last year, seven governments have been toppled, and the end is not in sight. The latest to fall are Nigeria, Ghana, Upper Volta, the Central African Republic, Dahomey, and the Congo. The situation varies to some extent in each of these countries, but there are common elements.

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING AND CRIED

by Joseph B. Cumming, Jr.

He loved road maps and clocks, the pipe rack
In the study and to fit the steely bit attachment
Into that fat chuck of Black &
Decker's fine electric drill. On weekends golf and God.

And Monday: the feeling of the tan attaché case laid
Flat on a clean desk—then (while
Miss Laughinghouse came in the door
to walk across the carpet with the mail)

to reach each thumb to press a shiny latch
and hear the sound—snapsnap—who could ask for more?

"And yet," he told the doctor with a furrowed laugh,
"I feel depressed. I seem to want to cry . . .
and cannot puzzle out the reason.

Tell me why."

The doctor heard the tale: how well
The children did in school; how Kodak
Had gone up and split and started up again.
The doctor smiled and, nodding, said to his old friend:

"Richard, listen. This is one of those strange
Things that happens in the chemistry—some
Unexplained imbalance and it seems to plague
Men just about our age. So, though tears come, rest assured:

Life is quite the same assembled set of truths
That you and I were raised to know and love. Come,
We will hunt this afternoon across the tawny
Fields of old Judge Applegate's estate."

But Richard did not hunt that field. He could not go.

He took his tilted chemistry instead,
Struck out
And fell
To find the golden meadows he's been taught
To long for long ago.

For instance, all the coups have been military, and most of them have been comparatively bloodless.

Some of the former leaders actually seem relieved at being deposed. When the Army Chief of Staff seized Upper Volta, President Yaméogo, the founding father, said, "Contrary to what one would think, my ministers and I are the first to rejoice at the way things were settled." Upper Volta, the Central African Republic (CAR), and Dahomey are all former French territories. The new military leaders talk about foiling Red Chinese subversion, but that is not taken very seriously. Rather, they seemed to have capitalized on widespread public disillusionment. Independence has ushered in, not Utopia, but unemployment, low wages, inflation, and, above all, an incompetent and often corrupt bureaucracy.

The 1965-66 coups were triggered by the ease with which General Mobutu took over the huge Congo (the former Belgian Congo), ousting the head of state, President Kasavubu, who had reigned since the founding of the country in June 1960,

and who appeared unshakable. The restless generals in the neighboring nations quickly got the message. In Dahomey, late in 1965 General Soglo, without firing a shot, took over from President Apithy—a repeat of his coup in 1963 when he had ousted Hubert Maga, the first president. Maga's contribution to the new country's welfare was to build himself a \$3 million palace with a golden balcony. In the Central African Republic, Colonel Bokassa, Army Chief of Staff, seized power and deposed President Dacko. Only two persons were killed. Dacko, too, had been his country's first president.

Even if the former French colonies had first-class leadership, it is nevertheless questionable whether they are viable as nations. Their boundaries, drawn originally for colonial administrative convenience, make little ethnic or economic sense. This is not true of the mineral-rich Congo, or of Nigeria, the most populous African country with over sixty million inhabitants. But what is true is that neither Kasavubu in the Congo, or Prime Minister Balewa of Nigeria,

although founding fathers both, were able to unify their countries. African leaders enjoyed more prestige than Kasavubu, Balewa, and Bella of Algeria, but all are gone. Also, since independence swept Africa in 1960, militarists have struck in Togo, Zanzibar, and the formerly French Congo. There have been many mutinies in Tanzania, Uganda, and Kenya, and attempted coups and assassinations in Ghana, Guinea, the Ivory Coast, Ethiopia, Niger, Chad, Senegal, and Burundi. In short, much of Africa is in turmoil; and the white-run areas—South Africa, Rhodesia, Angola—are locked in a desperate struggle to maintain their threatened racial ascendancy.

As against this, some hopeful winds are now blowing in East Africa, generated by the increasingly strong and able leadership of Nyerere in Tanzania, Kenyatta in Kenya, Kaunda in Zambia, and, lately, Obote in Uganda. The outlook in all of these countries is encouraging, and it is just possible that they may show their western neighbors how to achieve a measure of stability.

"A Funny Thing"

My visit to Africa was not intended as a sentimental journey, but there was a nostalgic moment in Ethiopia when my arrival at the Addis Ababa airport coincided with the landing of President de Gaulle on his state visit to Emperor Haile Selassie. This I called a similar coincidence some years ago when General de Gaulle paid a visit to General Eisenhower while he occupied the White House. Adlai Stevenson, then the titular leader of the Democratic party, had been invited to speak in Washington at the annual luncheon meeting of the American Society of Newspaper Editors. His plane arrived over the National Airport just as the French general was coming in, which meant that all other planes, including Stevenson's, were kept aloft until official welcoming ceremonies were completed. By the time Stevenson got to the editors' luncheon, he was an hour late. His apology was passed to Stevenson: "I hope you will forgive me," he said, "but it seems to be my fate to run into generals on their way to the White House."



"Unfortunately, I understand they represent only a small, non-significant minority."

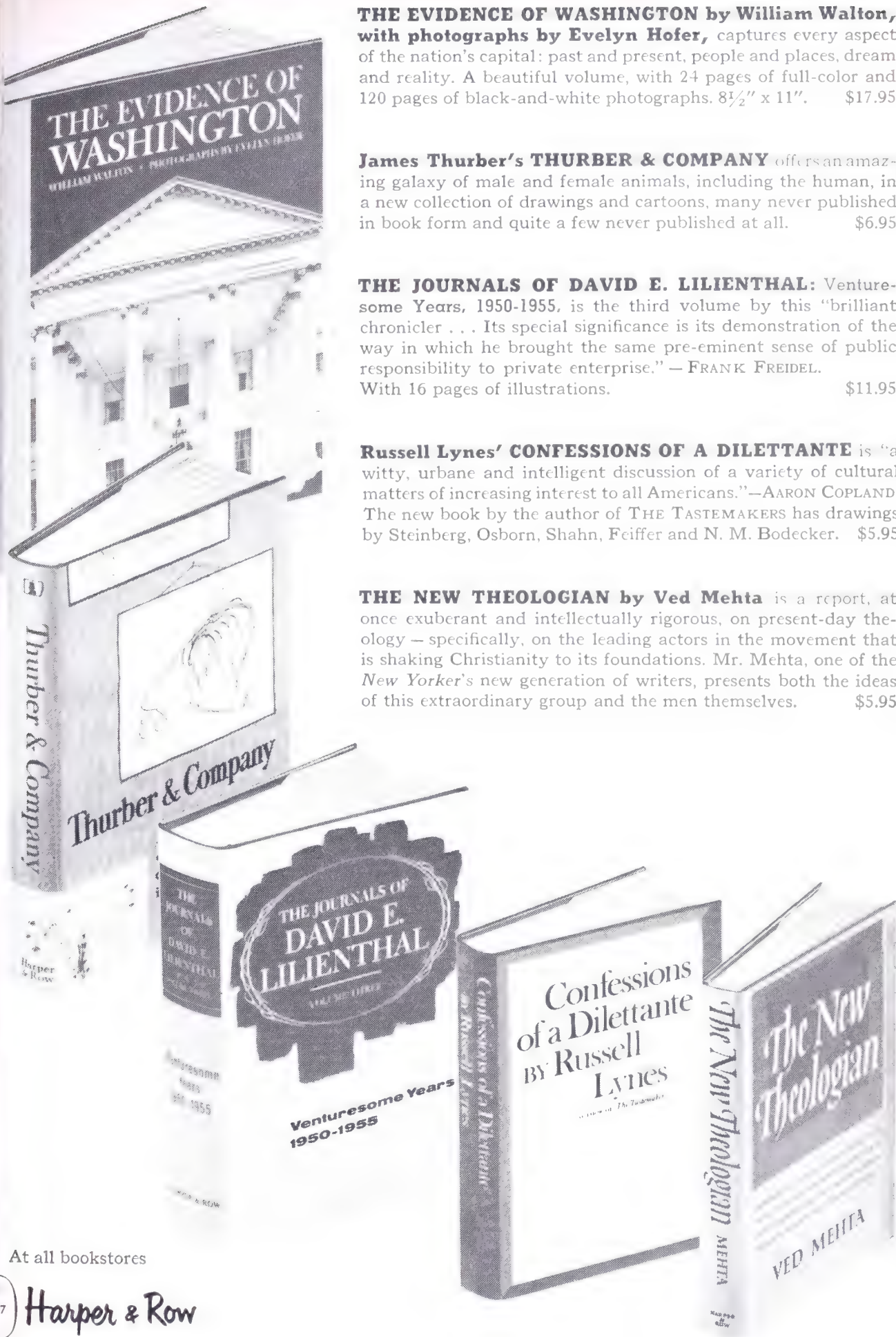
THE EVIDENCE OF WASHINGTON by William Walton, with photographs by Evelyn Hofer, captures every aspect of the nation's capital: past and present, people and places, dream and reality. A beautiful volume, with 24 pages of full-color and 120 pages of black-and-white photographs. 8½" x 11". \$17.95

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THE NEW THEOLOGIAN by Ved Mehta is a report, at once exuberant and intellectually rigorous, on present-day theology — specifically, on the leading actors in the movement that is shaking Christianity to its foundations. Mr. Mehta, one of the *New Yorker's* new generation of writers, presents both the ideas of this extraordinary group and the men themselves. \$5.95



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America Appreciated, Especially New England

by Conrad Richter

New England Revisited. Color Photographs by Arthur Griffin. Descriptions Chosen and Edited by David McCord. Houghton Mifflin, \$19.95.

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America and Americans. Text by John Steinbeck. Photographs by the Editors of Viking Press. Viking, \$12.50.

New England Gallery. Drawings and Text by Philip Kappel. Introduction by Walter Muir Whitehall. Little, Brown, \$15.

I saw the altruist first from a boat on Fourth Lake in the Adirondacks. It was in the 'twenties. Among the bathers and summer people on the beach he stood out incongruously in a stiff white Sunday shirt and colored elastic sleeve holders. My curiosity sought him out. He told me he was the driver of a fire truck in a heavily congested section of Pittsburgh.

"I never knew there was anything like this in the world," he said, indicating the blue water and tall pines. "It makes me mad. I sit here and think of all the people around my firehouse who'll never get a chance to see it."

A year or two later a realist spoke on the same subject, a New Mexican rancher. He was talking of people.

"They're not too much different from stock," he told me. "Take my cows. You can find them most any place on the range that's got grass. Feed is what they're after. Now horses are different. When we're looking for our horses, we go to the prettiest places first. That's where we're likely to find them."

As a young man I felt strong sym-

pathy for the altruist and still do, but in the forty years since, it's been beaten into me to respect the heresy of the realist, that there are very roughly two strains of man, strains which have little to do with education. One is born with inner hunger for beauty, elemental beauty, the sources of our inner strength from which modern man is fast becoming alienated. The other strain owns to no such instincts, scarcely recognizes beauty when it sees it, is unrepelled by the ugly creations of modern man which, unlike the stricken tree, animal, or wooden ship that melt with time and God's blessing into the earth, virtually cannot die but go on to inherit the hideous immortality of old cars, farm machinery, and tin cans.

All this is preparatory to telling of four new books that came to my desk. I found *New England Revisited* one of the most quickly satisfying for those who hunger for the old gods. It takes one bodily to the fields of Eden. A New Hampshireman said to me only the other day, "Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Massachusetts aren't New England any more. They're gone, lost to mammon and the rest of the country. We've got only Maine, Vermont, and my own state left." But Arthur Griffin shows us indubitable New England loveliness in each of the states my New Hampshireman threw out, and David McCord's worthy selection of accompanying quotations would be bankrupt without Emily Dickinson, Thoreau, Henry Beston, and other authors from the rejected states. The pity of it all is the inexorable price tag that makes this beautiful book more an ornament for the library tables of the rich than for the

hands and eyes of many who would treasure it most.

Open the foregoing book anywhere and the browser is hooked. Not only with *Winter Beach* by Charlton Ogburn, Jr. The reader must persist a page or two, when he will find himself in a physical and intellectual adventure he will not willingly extricate himself from—travels with a companion, part-time geologist, botanist, ornithologist, historian, philosopher, and always a brilliant writer. The book celebrates solitude, wildness, the whole Northeastern rim of shore and sea when summer visitors are gone, from the granite cliffs of Maine to Cape Cod, Long Island, the sands of Hatteras, and a final, moving, significant scene. It is filled with maps, a trove of beaches and dunes, washes and headlands, the sea in front and the immediate country behind, of the plants that grow there, the birds that fly overhead, the lore of seafarers, fishermen, interspersed with the philosophy of a richly thought mind. I found it a kind of bible for the lover of seawater, rewarding anyone who grows weary of the land of the bulldozer and would take refuge, if only vicariously, within sight and sound of one of the few gifts of the gods that man has not yet been able to spoil, the virginal and primeval sea.

It's stepping out of the distinctiveness of New England in more ways than

Mr. Richter's distinguished trilogy of novels of the American frontier—"The Trees," "The Fields," and "The Town"—has just been reissued by Knopf in a single volume called "The Awakening Land."



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one to come to *America and Americans*. There is almost a confusion of photographs, of which some emerge memorably from the mill run. Perhaps the latter must be expected when choice lies in the hands of a committee or panel able to agree most equably on a common denominator. Steinbeck's text, while not of the quality of Charlton Ogburn's, stands clear of the panel, is individual and independent as it can well afford to be, one man's responsibility and to hell with the blame. He declares at the outset that his writing is opinionated. He is most convincing in his judgments on civilization, politics, despoliation, and lack of principle today as well as in the past. But it's in telling a story that we get the best glimpse of him, the account of his Great-Aunt Carrie, his Faulkner-like tale of a miser in Salinas, that of a piano in a sod shanty ("Professor, could you play the Maiden's Prayer?"), and the meaningful incident of Jimmy, the Indian, and the mermaid. Reading these, even the dullest reader should feel that here is the hand of an accomplished storyteller.

In Philip Kappel's *New England Gallery* of drawings we return to the graces of the region beloved by so many men and women of the arts, letters, and teaching profession. The delicate scenes look like etchings to this reviewer, all executed by a master hand. Pictures and text take us on a quietly charming tour. We stop to look at a street scene in Nantucket, talk with a lobster fisherman, and examine the English handmade diamond panes of a preRevolutionary farmhouse, all without the distraction of crowds and traffic but with the benefit of an uncommon guide and commentator in the person of the artist himself, who tells us the historical background and connected anecdotes. It is a big book. Perhaps the most frequent portraits in the *Gallery* are those of New England's old houses, in Salem, Stonington, Providence, Deerfield, indeed wherever a Palladian window or columned portico caught the artist's eye. The old Congregational churches, the covered bridges and sugaring off scenes are here, too, typically regional enough but made fresh and authoritative by the Connecticut artist, who himself lives in one of the historic houses pictured in the volume.

Two on Stage

by Henry Butler

The Naked Image: Observations on the Modern Theatre, by Harold Clurman. Macmillan, \$6.50.

Opera: Grand and Not so Grand, by Mary Jane Matz. Morrow, \$5.95.

Only a few men of the theater think deeply enough and write well enough to produce good criticism; Harold Clurman, director and producer, is one of that select company. This collection of reviews and essays, all previously seen in various newspapers and magazines, demonstrates again that Mr. Clurman brings a clear head and a literate hand into the foggy muddle of most contemporary writing about the theater. He devotes much space to the playwrights, and it is refreshing to find the work of Brecht, Beckett, Ionesco, Albee, Genet, Pinter, *et al*, discussed and analyzed in handsome, lucid English.

The author takes deliberate pains to deny himself the rank of undisputed authority: "I do not believe it to be the function of criticism, even

theater criticism, to issue stop-orders." But his comments command respect because he knows the theater and has studied his subjects at considerable length and depth. In an essay (covering no more than 10 pages) he actually manages to do his title: "One Hundred Years in the American Theatre, 1865-1965." His style is easy and conversational; he footnotes his comments of three years ago about satire in the English theater: "These are hasty generalizations—H. C."), but he reveals, even in views written under the pressure of a deadline, a sobriety of thought and a sense of responsibility which give weight and importance to everything he has to say. In short, he is up to one of his most telling comments: "One does not gush over

Mr. Butler, a director of operas, is also librettist for "Mourning comes Electra," which will have its premiere at the Metropolitan in 1967.



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Wilson rarely threw anything away. In consequence, the record he left of his own life is probably more complete than that of any other twentieth-century statesman. Yet much of this material has been previously unavail-

able, even to scholars. Perhaps the most revealing of the previously inaccessible papers are the shorthand notes Wilson kept throughout his career, now painstakingly transcribed for the *Papers*. Wilson's most important speeches, published books, and articles—generally unavailable today—will also be included, most notably his *Congressional Government* and *Constitutional Government in the United States*.

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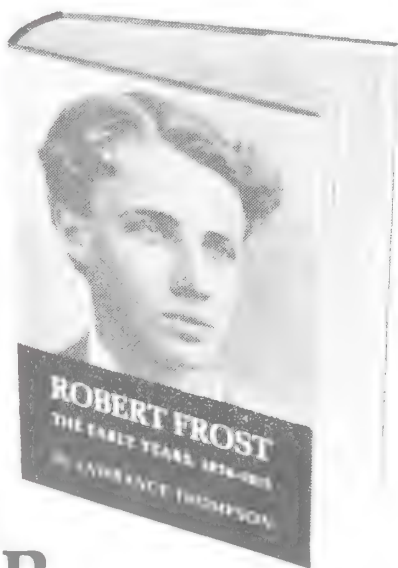
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THE NEW BOOKS

one contemplates or ponders it as an event in one's life."

The author of *Opera: Grand and Not so Grand* could have profited from Clurman's advice. A well-informed writer seriously interested in her subject, she has produced an awkward book that seems to suffer from her decision to strike a chatty pose. The resultant text is gossipy without guts and many of its good points get lost in a flutter of anecdotes.

Opera producing today is beset with many problems (when is it not?), and Miss Matz's concern about them is detectable, but only if one gives her text the kind of industrious reading which her style does not encourage. She tends to gush over certain favored projects, and harps at length on her nostalgia for the days when opera stars threw glorious fits of temperament and reveled in the madness of grandeur; she even contends that these antics produced great singers beside which the better-behaved artists of today are dull sparrows. No one can forbid the author her admiration for the New York City Opera,

the Festival of Two Worlds at (on whose staff she has served) the Santa Fe Opera in New Mexico. These projects are deserving of attention and praise. Nor can we deny that some prima donnas of the past made fine press copy. What can be argued is that her praise does not always serve its object well (her admiring portrait of Menotti is an unattractive report on a gifted artist and that her hunger for ill-mannered artists is not shared by many in the operatic profession).

The book analyzes cogently the problems facing artists and managers in the jet age: singers exhaust their voices by whirlwind tours and too many trips to the bank; conscientious managers are demoralized in their attempts to provide rehearsed, ensemble performances. Yet even these sections of the book are weakened by curious repetitions from chapter to chapter, as though they might have been conceived separately for publication elsewhere. Like guests at a poorly managed party, the chapters seem not to have

The Constitution as Hero

by Carl N. Degler

Miracle at Philadelphia, by Catherine Drinker Bowen. Little, Brown, \$7.50.

1787: The Grand Convention, by Clinton Rossiter. Macmillan, \$7.95.

If anyone still doubts that the historian is guided by the dominant concerns of his times, let him review the interpretations of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that have appeared over the last century. In the nationalistic years after the Civil War, John Fiske published his influential *Critical Period, 1783-1789*, in which the Convention was depicted as a godsend to a people about to be overwhelmed by disunion and economic adversity. During the early twentieth century, when Progressives regarded the government as dominated by the

rich and unresponsive to the people's needs, Charles Beard produced a popular sensation and a scholarly landmark with his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*. As the Civil War got under way in the late 1860s, Carl Van Doren wrote *The Great Rehearsal*, in which the Convention became a lesson for the present in how to bring nations into a harmonious union. In the 1960s, Americans turned their Constitution from still another angle. For today the glory of the Framers is that their handiwork survives and that under it America

*Mr. Degler is Professor of History at Vassar College and author of **Of Our Past: The Forces That Shape Modern America**.*

THE NEW BOOKS

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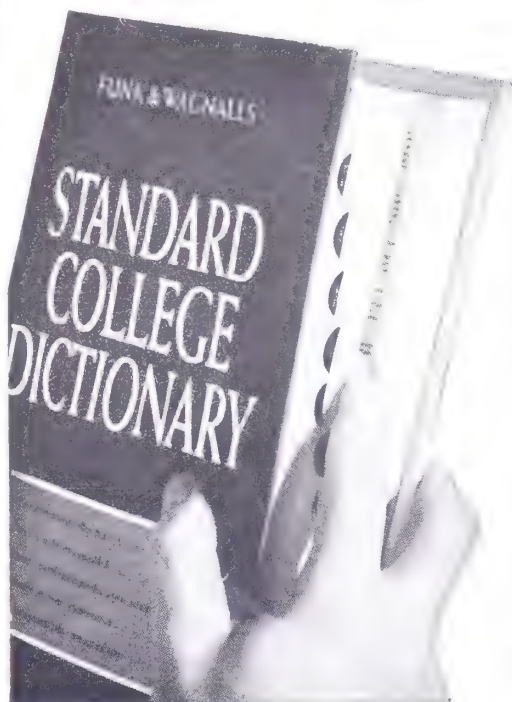
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The Children of the South

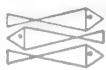
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THE NEW BOOKS

the focus of her book is surprisingly narrow, beginning virtually with the first day and concluding with the last. Thus, the broader implications of the decisions taken at Philadelphia are easily overlooked. She misses, for example, the enormous significance of the prohibition on religious tests for officeholding, naming it as no more than a worthy example of the Framers' religious tolerance. Actually, it was an unprecedented and courageous break with a long and theretofore unquestioned history of mutual support by state and church. In 1787 no other country, and not even radical Rhode Island, which never came to the Convention anyway, was yet ready to agree with the Framers that the religion of an officeholder was no one else's business. Many American voters could not bring themselves to say so much as recently as 1960.

Neither book explains the one lingering mystery of the Convention: why the small states were so fearful of the large. Their anxiety, of course, came near to sending the delegates home empty-handed. Yet, as James Madison and other nationalists pointed out at the time, the reason for that fear was not at all clear. In retrospect the question is even more intriguing since the states have never divided along lines of size on any issue of substance.

Like all recent historians of the Convention, Mr. Rossiter and Mrs. Bowen encounter two ghosts at the feast. One is Charles Beard's imputation that the Framers acted from motives of potential financial gain in producing the Constitution they did. To this rather earthy accounting, both Rossiter and Bowen give the back of their hand, as most historians have done in recent years. Rossiter boldly cuts through a jungle of scholarly literature to conclude that the essential division over ratification was between back-country bumpkins and more worldly planter-mercantile groups, but he does not try to account for the nationalism of the Convention; he simply assumes it. The other ghost is the Abolitionist indictment against the Convention for failing to abolish slavery at a time when that would have been easier than it was later. Here, too, both authors rightfully find the Framers justified, primarily on the ground that a strong Union required the inclusion of the

South, and neither Georgia nor South Carolina would have joined if they had been restricted internally.

In the national tradition the Framers and their work appear more than life. Even in their lifetime a person called the members of the Convention "demigods"; a later Gladstone described the institution as the "most wonderful ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." Such evaluations are consonant with the tone of both of these books. Yet, conceding the enormous achievement of the Convention, I would have liked more critical appraisals. I wonder, for example, how long the Convention would have lasted if the parties had not sprung up to solicit rigid separation of powers? Would political parties to bring the President and Congress into cooperation by deadlock would have been the rule. The men who wrote the Constitution, it has been remembered, wanted to avoid "factions," as they contemptuously referred to political parties. Here the dangers inherent in their near-avoidance of constitutional structure are avoided not by foresight, but by the behavior of a politically sophisticated people. That, too, is a part of the "miracle" of American constitutionalism, though it did not take place in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Of course, all of this is by design. Mr. Brown is out to transport the reader, if need be, into a new mode of sensibility. In *Life Against Death*, published in 1959, Brown maintained that to free man from his repressions we must go beyond Freud, infuse Freudianism with what he labels "body mysticism." Now he has a new vision, part of which is a somewhat parochial God-absent, Christ-centered Christianity, complete with mystery, and to transmit this vision requires the language not of premise and conclusion but of illusion, symbolism, and paradox.

It appears that in Mr. Brown's scheme of things time is unreal and social phenomena are mere shadows. In less dramatic language, Mr. Brown seems not merely to be denying the naive view that history is a story of steady growth and progress but to be affirming that man has not progressed at all. It may be possible to agree with the limited thesis (limited because it does not account for scientific achievement) that man has improved little on the political and social organization of his ancestors, if only because it is not evident how we can compare cultures.

For Brown, though, this difficulty is of little consequence. Brown is looking not for comparative change or growth but for the basic, underlying patterns of political and social organizations—the archetypes—which Freud did so much to elucidate. Archetypes, the unconscious themes symbolized in myths, the "primal scene" of son killing father, for example, reflect our deepest wants and desires, and the archetypes are in turn reflected in the political structure of our society. Thus we move from the Body to the Body Politic, from the Oedipus complex to regicide. Brown's attempt to formulate these patterns and to apply them to diverse historical and anthropological data is truly impressive, but it is based more on solid reading than on solid fact.

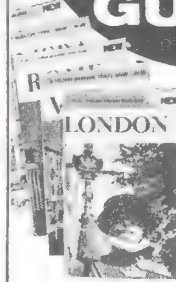
His style and method are capable of at least two interpretations, which I shall call the expressive and the metaphysical. The former identifies Mr. Brown with that growing group of intellectuals who insist that the nor-

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THE NEW BOOKS

rules of logic are for "squares" that thought should not be con- by logic but should be allowed to express its symbolic con- This position falsely assumes we are at liberty to reason as we to believe that there are square or that all green things are red. more seriously, the entire posi- does not distinguish between m of action or thought and the action of impulse. It is based on a debatable assumption that ex- ve or play behavior cannot be over- nerved. But, for example, not o children have fun when play- ording to rules, they often have ecause they have learned the and are following them. To seek and to act in accord with them to be part of the human quest der and understanding.

The second possible interpretation metaphysical—suggests that a is not opposed to all rules of ut is seeking new rules or a new n that will liberate mankind. i demands a new way of think- new way of viewing the world ically—the way of the "body ." To the body mystic, every- that is, is body. There are no abstract or spiritual entities. most important, bodies are not distinct and separate sub- s but are part of one all-encom- g whole, a brotherhood without tyrannical hierarchy. Brown is convinced that mankind will be ned when each human body can

see itself as a body symbolic of others and part of one great human body.

Abstract as this may all be, some concrete and radical consequences fol- low from Brown's theses. Brown thinks, for instance, that body mysti- cism is ultimately incompatible with such institutions as the state and pri- vate property, which tend to divide men. However, it is difficult to see what Brown would have us do to im- prove the world as we know it, for he does not offer us criteria to distin- guish between the good and the bad among contemporary institutions and men; rather he seems to characterize all institutions as equally bad and all men as equally divided, sinful, and murderous.

It is here that I must make the most strenuous objection. In a deep, pro- found sense all men may be murder- ers, but in a straightforward one, they are not. And it is the straight- forward one that is of special impor- tance for all who not merely want to express themselves but also want to find out how to use intelligence in the affairs of men. Such men need not dismiss Mr. Brown's body mysticism as nonsense but can view it as a dra- matic, mythical articulation of men's real wishes and men's real need for wholeness. But Mr. Brown wants to go further and relate real wishes to the real, to present us with an inter- connected metaphysical and apocalyp- tic vision that will somehow save us from death. I find his quest unneces- sary and his metaphysic faulty.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Doderick Cook

Fiction

Time of the Angels, by Iris Mur-

is Murdoch is back with her old : trappings. This time, the e is set in a locked rectory, next bombed-out church, totally sur- ed by fog. There is even a return e Sleeping Beauty figure, this smoking cigars and engrossed in

a jumbo-size jigsaw puzzle. Once again, Miss Murdoch composes her main characters into (without wish- ing to be rude) the same old emo- tional acrostic. But it is a tribute to her total self-confidence, and, above all, to the sterling-silver quality of her writing, that once again, one is teased and fascinated by the whole thing. As her publishers say, rather nervously, "Her devotees will love it."



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is to make his tours of
and Aeschylus sound like
-day actor going the rounds
summer tents. This is all very
"in"—though it is surely
mighty to have someone de-
hero of *The Bacchae* as "an
Young Man" (capitals in-
The hero also gets involved
itics in Syracuse and the
of Plato. The former leads
sound and fury, and the lat-
to a lot of high thinking and
glances. It is all very re-
done, and quite exciting in
t in retelling a historical
ss Renault doesn't seem to
same spark she does when
ramping a legend, as in *The
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l first novel. It is very much
outh, but there isn't a bit of
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A strange little novel by the distin-
guished British writer. It has some-
thing to do with a prisoner of war
who is confined alone in a dilapidated
greenhouse and encouraged to culti-
vate a little garden. The general feel
of the book is mildly Kafka-ish—with
mysterious military tribunals asking
a lot of stupid questions. But the real
strength of it is in the writing of the
love expressed by the hero for the
tending and growing of little plants.
No truly amateur gardener will be
able to resist this book—nor admirers
of good, crisp narrative, either.

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**The Sun King. Louis XIV at Ver-
sailles**, by Nancy Mitford.

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ters of the mistresses, great and
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about halfway, even Miss Mitford
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Harper & Row, \$15

Our Children Are Dying, by Nat
Hentoff.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

New York teacher Elliott Shapiro and his *Miracle on 133rd Street*. (The once rat-infested PS 119 is now a brand-new PS 92, a few blocks away.) Shapiro has an astonishing reputation up there in Harlem ("You ain't just the principal of the school," one man says. "You're the principal of this neighborhood") and thanks to Nat Hentoff's excellent reporting, he should get better known everywhere. His theories and practice of teaching the underprivileged are totally admirable—in fact, a lot of rich kids would be lucky to be taught so well. He is constantly baffled that so much lip service can be paid to the sacred name of Education, when so many people in charge don't seem to know what it is really for, let alone how to promote it. After some of Shapiro's reported skirmishes with members of the Board of Education, one wonders who taught them *their* job.

Viking, \$4

Remembering Mr. Maugham, by Garson Kanin. Foreword by Noël Coward.

An inimitably chatty book—being the table-talk of Somerset Maugham. Playwright Kanin reports his conversations with the late Mr. Maugham over the last twenty years of his life, and does a first-rate job of it, having (as Noël Coward remarks in a pithy foreword) "a perceptive mind and the common sense to keep a diary." It is not fun all the way because, as Maugham says at one point, "I have always enjoyed writing and . . . I have never enjoyed living," and some of the anecdotes are characteristically wanton and depressing.

But there is one particular story that, alone, is worth the price of admission. There is no room here to transcribe the whole thing, so you will have to read it for yourself. Brilliantly told by Mr. Kanin, mainly against himself, it concerns Somerset Maugham's famous stammer, a gaffe by Mr. Kanin, the reticence of his wife (Ruth Gordon), and the aplomb of Vivien Leigh, who, on the strength of one diplomatic remark alone, should obviously be in charge of the United Nations.

Atheneum, \$5.95

Mr. Cook, a regular reviewer in these columns, also writes for television and the theater.

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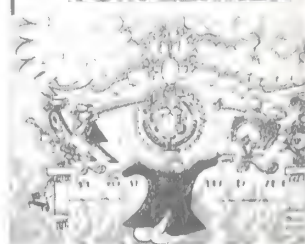
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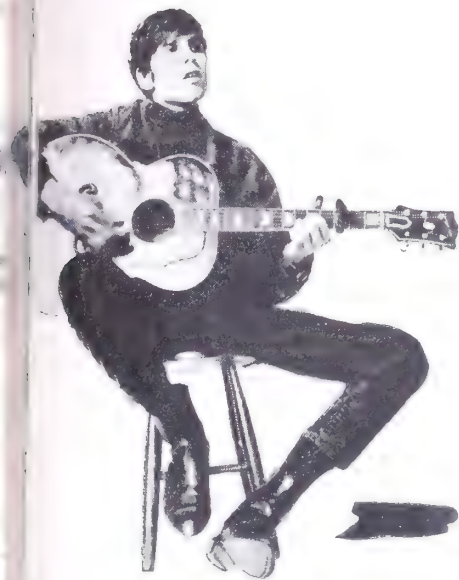
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Performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz



"WAKIN' UP IN AN EMPTY BED"

Report on the teen-agers of Greenwich Village, where they gather, what they do, and who they listen to.

Greenwich Village is one of the places where teen-agers go on New York nights, there to hang around a three-block area that is packed with red-brick to white, with coffeehouses, and a handful of bars. The area consists of two blocks of MacDougal Street, running north and south, and one block of Bleecker Street, running east and west. Where they meet, they form an area swarmed with young people that takes more than a dozen cops to control it.

MacDougal and Bleecker, however narrow, are main Village arteries in terms of traffic, tourists, and history. Tourists from out-of-town make prolonged forays into this heart of the village on Gray Line buses which board in Times Square, while New Yorkers from other parts of the city periodically come in looking for a shock. Both streets bear witness redolent of free verse and unconventional love, of anarchical political movements and experiments with drugs, all the painful attempts at liberation made by previous generations of young Americans on the

run from social sobriety. They make a proper setting for today's rebels who, unlike their predecessors from the provinces, merely pour in for the evening from other boroughs in the city and from New Jersey, Connecticut, Long Island, and Westchester.

Mainly, they stand on the pavements of MacDougal and Bleecker, shoulder to shoulder, trying to meet other teen-agers. When they do, they usually go off together. Meanwhile, the talk is loud and the laughter well-rehearsed. Jokes pass from one group to another; so does gossip. By midnight, fatigue sets in and some of the more vulnerable girls begin to come apart: sullen, slack, disappointed, all budding little Emma Bovarys from Levittown and the Bronx. Once the evening is over, most of the girls and boys go home to shed the tight chinos, the white ducks, or the miniskirts, the op-art blouses, the pale makeup, Ben Franklin specs, sandals or boots, and comb out the long hair or the sideburns that trail down to the jaws. But while they hang around, and if they have a few extra dollars on them, they may pay to listen to the endless

round of entertainers and performers who do their highly specialized stuff in the theaters and coffeehouses of the neighborhood.

Of both there is no end, many of them with perpetual licensing problems. Are they really cabarets offering entertainment, the city asks, or simply coffeehouses? The Village residents who live in the apartments above them know the answer to that one as the music, most of it electronically amplified, reverberates each night up through five or six floors. They complain to each other and the city, then form neighborhood associations; and periodically the operators of these coffeehouses are served with summonses for providing musical entertainment without licenses (which most of them cannot get anyway under existing zoning regulations). It is a slowly turning daisy chain in which the neighborhood people, harassed by coffeehouse

Mr. Kotlowitz, who began this monthly column last April, devoted one earlier report to teen-agers: "The World of Murray the K" (July). He is a New Yorker (although not from the Village), and an editor of "Harper's."

noises, harass Joel J. Tyler, New York's Commissioner of Licenses, and Mr. Tyler, doing a slow burn, harasses the coffeehouse proprietors.

The action on MacDougal and Bleecker goes on in the Cafe Slam, the Cafe Wha?, the Cock-n-Bull, Miteras, Granados, Minetta's, the San Remo, the Players Theater (where a singing group called The Fugs hangs out), the Derby, the Rienzi, the Cafe Feenjon, Cafe Borgia, Cafe Figaro, Cafe Rafio, the Hep Bagel, and the Cafe Gaslight. There is also the Village Gate and the Top of the Gate, Jacques, the Surfmaid, Showboat (banjos only), as well as the Night Owl, Cafe au Go Go, the Cinderella, and the Tenth of Always (Ice Cream Shoppe). At all times of the evening, winter and summer, these small or large rooms, some basements, others holes in a street-level wall, suck in handfuls of teen-agers, pump them out again exhausted, absorb others, then still others, most of them keyed high and expectant.

One evening this summer I dropped in on a couple of these landmarks, starting with the Cafe Gaslight, which had been recommended to me by a young friend who is a professional folk singer. ("The street," he had said, "is a hustle. But you might try the Gaslight. That one's a little different.") It had rained hard early on, had stopped and started again; young people were jammed under the awnings that lead from the coffeehouses to the curb of MacDougal Street. The street itself was steaming; it was the first rain in a month. Two young men carrying sleeping bags walked barefoot in the middle of the street, heading for Washington Square, their hair streaming water.

The Cafe Gaslight is a long, thin basement down a half-dozen steps from the street a footpick of a room with whitewashed walls. Overhead, heating pipes ran along the ceiling. From the whitewashed walls, huge old photographs of a turn-of-the-century New York family stared out at the audience; the family was unidentified. Groups of "teeny-boppers" with intellectual faces sat around the room at community tables waiting for the folk singing to begin. Some of the girls sat together; so did the boys, one or two of whom were carefully combing their damp hair

with their fingers. A few were with dates, drinking coffee or tea or eating ice cream. (No alcohol was served.) Hovering over everything was the Gaslight's manager, a stout, soft-spoken gentleman with a tired manner and a Southern accent. Every now and then he would walk up to a raised platform at the inside end of the room, climb up, and flick a standing microphone with his finger, calling out sleepily, "Tistin'. Tistin'. Tistin'."

Two young girls, looking shy, were seated at my table. Thin hoops made of gold hung from their ears like wedding bands; their hair was cut short. They began to talk about their parents. A pregnant lady arrived, wearing a wet kerchief. After sitting down at her table, she kept turning to her husband, whose face she would study carefully for a moment and then attack with an ostentatious kiss. The teen-agers looked either superior or disgusted.

At last, a young man appeared in the spotlight on the platform and the room slowly quieted down. His name was Tom Gent he said. He was somewhat short, with a grave, inexpressive, but amiable face. While he tuned his guitar, which was decorated with small enameled flowers, he told throw-away one-line jokes, keeping his eyes on the floor and shrugging his shoulders mildly when the jokes brought no laughs. "Blues," he said, "ain't nothing but a masochist feeling good." Silence. Shrug. Then he mumbled something into the microphone about a sad-dist. Finally, he began to sing about The Need for Love in This World, about Laughter and Shared Joy, Brotherhood and all the unarguable sweet subjects that make up much of the canon of folk music. As for his voice and his singing, both rested uneasily on that borderline between attractive amateurism and the sort of promising elementary professionalism that badly needs serious guidance.

When he finished, the audience applauded politely. Looking relieved, he climbed down from the platform as another young man walked into the room and up front. In his hand was a guitar. "I guess you thought I wasn't going to make it," he said to no one in particular. The manager of the Gaslight introduced him to the audience as David Fisher, Columbia

Recording Artist, then vanished. Fisher climbed up on the platform, pulled up a stool, sat down, and without a word began to tune his guitar. "Should I go over to the Players Theater to see The Fugs?" I asked one of the girls at my table. She looked at her friend, fingered an earring, looked at me. "Maybe it will be an experience," she finally said, asked her what she meant by it. Again she hesitated. "Well, I mean The Fugs do things whose subject matter is of a sexual nature."

At that point, David Fisher's reedy tenor cut in with a song about how he liked to go roaming, notwithstanding that nine-to-five routine for him. As he sang, he stared at the ceiling, far wall, his eyes glinting in the light, looking soft and soulful and focused. Initially, he had a certain amount of trouble reconciling the way he was singing in with the sound he was getting from his guitar but a dissonant chord changes soon brought that problem in hand. His best came in a song called "Hide Your Heart, Little Hippie," which was a neat satire on the susceptibility of young girls to the question of What's In and What's Out; it got some self-conscious laughs, which seemed to increase Fisher's confidence. At an early stage in his career, this young man perhaps a little too calculated in his effects; a certain insincerity comes through his work. Of course, he is young, so young that he still seems to have some of his baby fat. (For most of his audience, he also showed the fairly fresh effects of superior orthodontic work.)

As Fisher concluded his set, he stepped down, a half-dozen people in their middle twenties or so came through the room, which by now was completely filled. They strode quickly up front, exuding self-assurance, a perfume, and out through a doorway leading behind the platform. One of them was left in the room, caught at a table of girls who wanted his autograph. "Thass Eric Andersen and group," one of the girls at my table whispered sibilantly.

Eric Andersen was the Gaslight's main attraction. At the age of twenty-three he is one of the mainsprings of the folk world, moving through gracefully as both performer and composer. Tall, thin as one of his o-

PERFORMING ARTS

strings, with a high cheek-
 ead like Rudolf Nureyev's, he
 very image of the romantic,
 c, and casual soul that always
 o be totally at liberty. His
 as covered with a design of
 flowers, his hair was long,
 and floppy, and his jeans
 ght; he was what everybody
 eighteen in the Village wants
 like.

on the platform, Andersen
 ned by two instrumentalists,
 ass guitar, the other carrying
 tric piano. Andersen swung
 guitar over his neck, got his
 arp independently set on its
 strut, and began the long
 of tuning up. To pass the
 e told a few jokes, adding a
 rmon about the evils of drop-
 t of school. "What do we have
 corner here?" he then said
 to a table of four young peo-
 little bit of White Plains?"
 ought a mild local uproar as
 on the other side of the room,
 ually were from White Plains,
 o cheer.

tuning done, the amenities
 Andersen almost without warn-
 gan to sing a song called
 'Up in an Empty Bed." The
 (and sometimes four) instru-
 ounded like a chamber orches-
 e small room; but the rhythm
 ous and the beat very strong.
 ately, a charge of nervous en-
 me out from the platform to
 ience, doubly potent after the
 ive performers who had pre-
 Andersen. It filled the room,
 like a benign physical force,
 some people to sit up straight,
 o sway, others to bounce in
 hairs. A few began to clap
 nds quietly. Andersen's voice
 light and intense and there is
 ny question of its conviction;
 ld swim through the sound he
 group were making. There
 sudden, strict attention in the
 omething like affection mov-
 k and forth between Andersen
 audience, which quite will-
 ad given itself up into the
 f a stranger who could sing
 y two instruments at once.

ongs rolled on, most of them
 yrical, about love disappear-
 riends turning up after travel-
 road, or ambitiously whimsi-
 ke me to the night I'm tippin'

topsy turvy turnin' upside down," he
 sang. There were no protest songs, no
 mention of Vietnam, Poverty, or the
 Great Society; the rebellion at the
 Gaslight was all easygoing forbear-
 ance. By the time Andersen finished
 (moving off the platform to the shouts
 of an audience unwilling to relinquish
 him) the Gaslight was jammed to its
 doors. Young people stood on the
 basement steps, spilling up into Mac-
 Dougal Street; some would wait there
 for the second and last show.

Across the street from the Gaslight
 stands the long, thin Players Theater:
 a coffin of a room at street level. There
 Julius Orlovsky and Aleister Crowley,
 in association with the Hydrogen
 Foot Fetish Society of America, Inc.,
 were presenting *An Evening with
 The Fugs!* The Fugs, who drowsily
 perform ten shows a week, are actu-
 ally six gentlemen suspended in mid-
 pubescence who came together sever-
 al years ago in another part of the
 Village, decided that dirty talk might
 have a liberating effect on a waiting
 audience, and prepared an act to
 prove its case.

They found the audience and they
 have the dirty talk, at which they are
 true adepts by now, but I think the
 question of liberation remains un-
 resolved. It was true that the group
 daringly made fun of homosexuality
 at one point. It was also true that the
 group's leader, Ed Sanders, who de-
 livers the endless patter between the
 songs, had all the verve of a child who
 has just learned an obscenity and can-
 not resist repeating it in public. And
 sometimes the combination of the
 rock beat and a song like "Slum God-
 dess of the Lower East Side" was
 funny for a moment or two. But
 Sanders' fellow Fugs looked bored to
 me and so finally did their young
 audience. Is it because people are
 eventually dulled by the noisy pub-
 licizing of matters that are really
 private? And is it because The Fugs
 indulge in a kind of abuse of their
 audience (and themselves) which re-
 mains unredeemed by even a sugges-
 tion of talent? Old-time burlesque
 comedians used to do this particular
 routine with a sharper point of view;
 they dropped their dirty words like
 time bombs which, when they finally
 detonated, often brought on explo-
 sions of surprising therapeutic laugh-
 ter.



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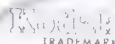
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Music in the Round *by Discus*

BIG GUNS AT THE PIANO

Lewenthal revives two glittering curiosities of the romantic age. . . . Gilels and Ashkenazy take on Tchaikovsky and Schumann—and prove themselves glorious, though not infallible.

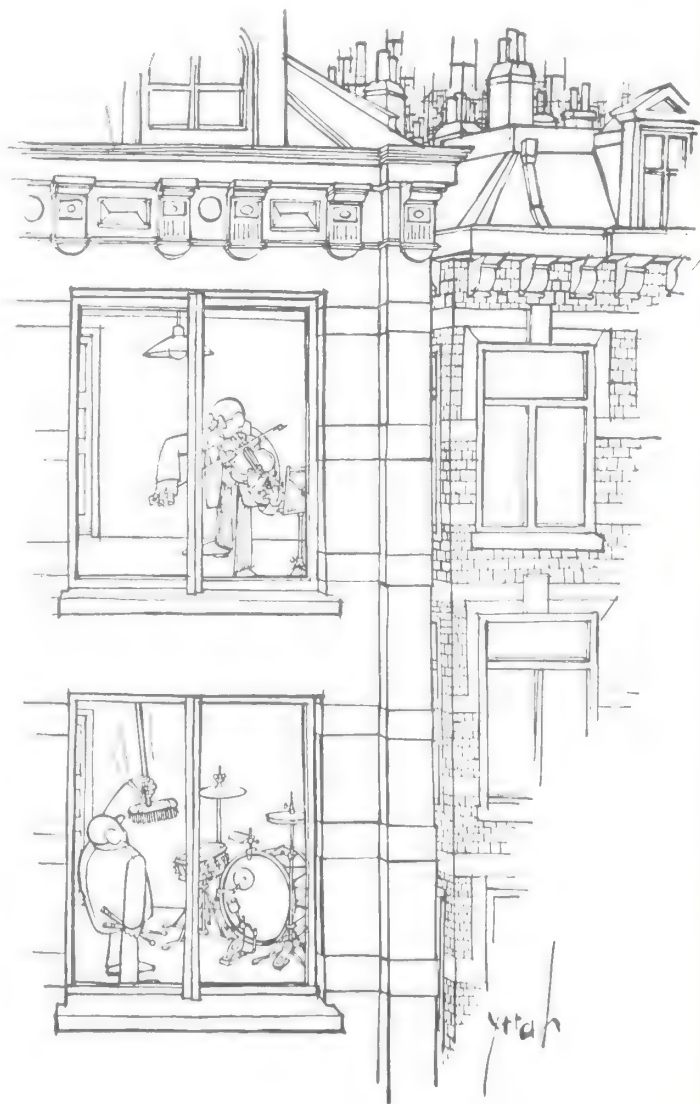
Anybody who has done any reading about the romantic school of piano playing has come across references to the *Hexameron*, one of the curiosities of the literature. In 1837, so the story goes, the Princess Belgioioso (sometimes spelled Belgiojoso) decided to give a benefit concert for the poor of Paris. Previously she had scored the greatest social and musical coup of the decade by bringing together in her salon, at a competition concert, the two greatest pianists of the time—Franz Liszt and Sigismond Thalberg. And so her busy little wheels started turning. Why not go that famous event one better by bringing together *six* of the greatest pianists of the time? Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, Carl Czerny, Peter Pixis, Henri Herz—what a galaxy!

Liszt, who was Belgioioso's boy friend (when the Countess Marie d'Agoult was not looking), tried to get the six of them together. He also arranged for the six to show off in a single piece of music. That is how the *Hexameron* came into being. The idea was that each of the six pianist-composers write a variation on a theme from Bellini's *I Puritani* and then step up to the piano to play it. History books suggest that the event finally came off to great acclaim. Certainly the music was published, and Liszt himself played the entire set of variations all over Europe. It was one of his *chevaux de bataille*.

Raymond Lewenthal has just recorded the *Hexameron*, along with Liszt's long operatic paraphrase, *Réminiscences de Norma*, and has also written the long program notes for the album (RCA Victor LM 2895, mono; LSC 2895, stereo). Lewenthal is a pianistic anachronism. Greatly

attracted to the romantic and bravura aspects of the repertoire, he specializes in the music of Liszt, Alkan, Chopin, and any other mid-nineteenth-century composer whose music represents dash, flair, excitement, and romance. In that, Lewenthal is virtu-

ally alone among his ultraserious generation, who have devoted themselves to Schubert and the late Beethoven sonatas. Lewenthal is entirely unabashed about his predilection; and being a first-class scholar and a lively writer in addition to being a superb



IC IN THE ROUND

pianist, he puts up a good is chosen field. (In his album identally, he maintains that pianists never did give that concert. All that happened, after much trouble, the and Liszt finally got the six bute their sections of the on for publication.)

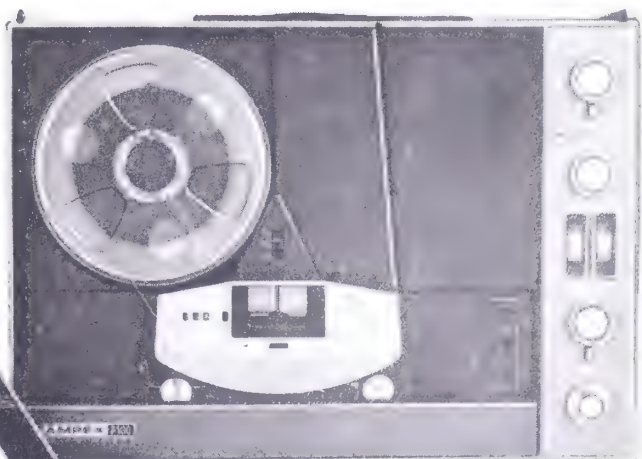
we have the chance to hear meron as delivered by Lew- agile fingers. It is entranc- of the most charming, eriod pieces anybody is ever ncounter. It is fluff, as might ted; there are no great no deep probings. The six vere out to outdo each other. usic is remarkably evocative attling, empty-headed but ly effective way. It suggests ring, sophisticated world it ed, a world of crystal chan- salons and soirees, of great d bemedaled noblemen, of ntings, of Byronic postures, mage of Virtuoso-as-King. the sections of the *Hexam-* its profile. The Thalberg suggests a pianist with three at was Thalberg's stock-in- che Chopin is dreamy and e Herz is a delightful piece It pianistic nonsense; the v, surprisingly large-thewed, n. Linking the sections to- lus introduction and finale, e Thunderer himself—Liszt, i and banging, all over the a. One can see his eagle profile eray he would shake the locks eyes.

miniscences de Norma en- the Bellini opera. This is a pianists avoid as an empty ie. But it isn't. It is daring, and full of ideas. Was it ernard Shaw who referred szzt operatic paraphrases as es which few pianists played fewer understood? In addi- eeing a fascinating transla- e Bellini opera in terms of eard, such Liszt works as re especially needed in to- ert life, if only to provide a repertoire. One hopes that ill look into them. But a spe- of mind is needed. The music e played in a condescending It needs belief, the big line, ashed bravura—all of which l has. He is an interesting



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

pianist, and has both the temperament and equipment to make a major career.

Did Gilels Fulfill

Emil Gilels, the great Russian pianist, is represented on a disc of **Piano Concerto No. 2 in G** by Tchaikovsky (Baroque Records 1865, 1867, 2865, stereo), and the disc is most unusual, though for reasons that Gilels will not like. Baroque Records is one of the Everest labels, and apparently the company purchases records from a mysterious source and makes records of them. This version of Tchaikovsky seems to be from a live performance; at least, there is a pause at the end. The recording is low-fi: dull and without punch, though not low-fi enough to detract from Gilels' utterly magnificent, peppy, hearted playing. The Tchaikovsky major is a gorgeous work, and Gilels makes the most of it.

But something strange happens in the last movement. The initial Gilels is going nobly along when suddenly he has a memory lapse and fumbles. The orchestra falters, a complete breakdown threatens. Gilels picks up the thread, and the concerto goes on to a triumphant conclusion. In this day of superlative recordings—recordings that are as much the result of the engineer's art as of the musicians concerned—it is somehow heartening to discover that musicians are still flesh and blood. The presence of the inhumanly perfect recordings from the major companies, one had begun to doubt it. Gilels, though, will probably have a fitting conclusion. In this day of superlative recordings—recordings that are as much the result of the engineer's art as of the musicians concerned—it is somehow heartening to discover that musicians are still flesh and blood. The presence of the inhumanly perfect recordings from the major companies, one had begun to doubt it. Gilels, though, will probably have a fitting conclusion. In this day of superlative recordings—recordings that are as much the result of the engineer's art as of the musicians concerned—it is somehow heartening to discover that musicians are still flesh and blood.

Another Baroque disc, also from a tape of a live performance (one can hear coughs and noises from the audience), also low-fi, is devoted to a rarity—the Dussek **Concerto for Two Pianos in B flat** (Op. 63), played by Michael and Anna Galperin (whatever they are) and the Pro Musica Orchestra (whatever that is) conducted by Adolphe Schwartz (whatever he is) (Baroque 1867, 1867, 2867, stereo). Jan Ladislaw Dussek (1761-1812) was one of the earliest piano virtuosos in history, and a composer who is seldom played but whose music seems to have been a remarkable anticipation of the later romantic style.



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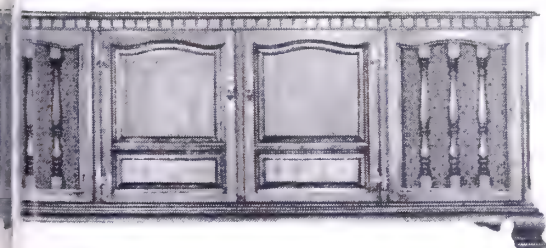
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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

school. This Two-piano Concerto work that, it is safe to say, is unknown even to specialists, is interesting. Far in advance of almost anything written at the time, it is a broadly conceived work that is full of anticipations of Beethoven (assuming it was written before 1800; the liner notes give no indication at all about the score), but prefigures the romantic movement. The piano writing is ingenious, and there is a feeling for modulation that puts Dussek infinitely above most of the tonic-dominant composers of the time.

Of the Year 20

One other piano disc: Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* and Chopin's *Fantasy*, played by Vladimir Ashkenazy (London CM 9471, CS 6471, stereo). The *Etudes* are unusual in that Ashkenazy plays most of the posthumous variations in addition to the work as published. It is at home here, playing with color and style and extraordinary detail. But the *Fantasy* throws him off; he has thrown so many pianists off, seems uncertain about the work, bridging the different sections of the first movement, and tinkers around in an artificial manner. In the last movement he will overinterpret, pulling the line to pieces. One hopes this is a passing phase. Ashkenazy has a great potential to adopt a more direct mannerisms. He has it in him to be the Rubinstein of the year 2000; a greater talent is around. But his interpretations never had the musical quality that they now occasionally have.

Let's keep our fingers crossed

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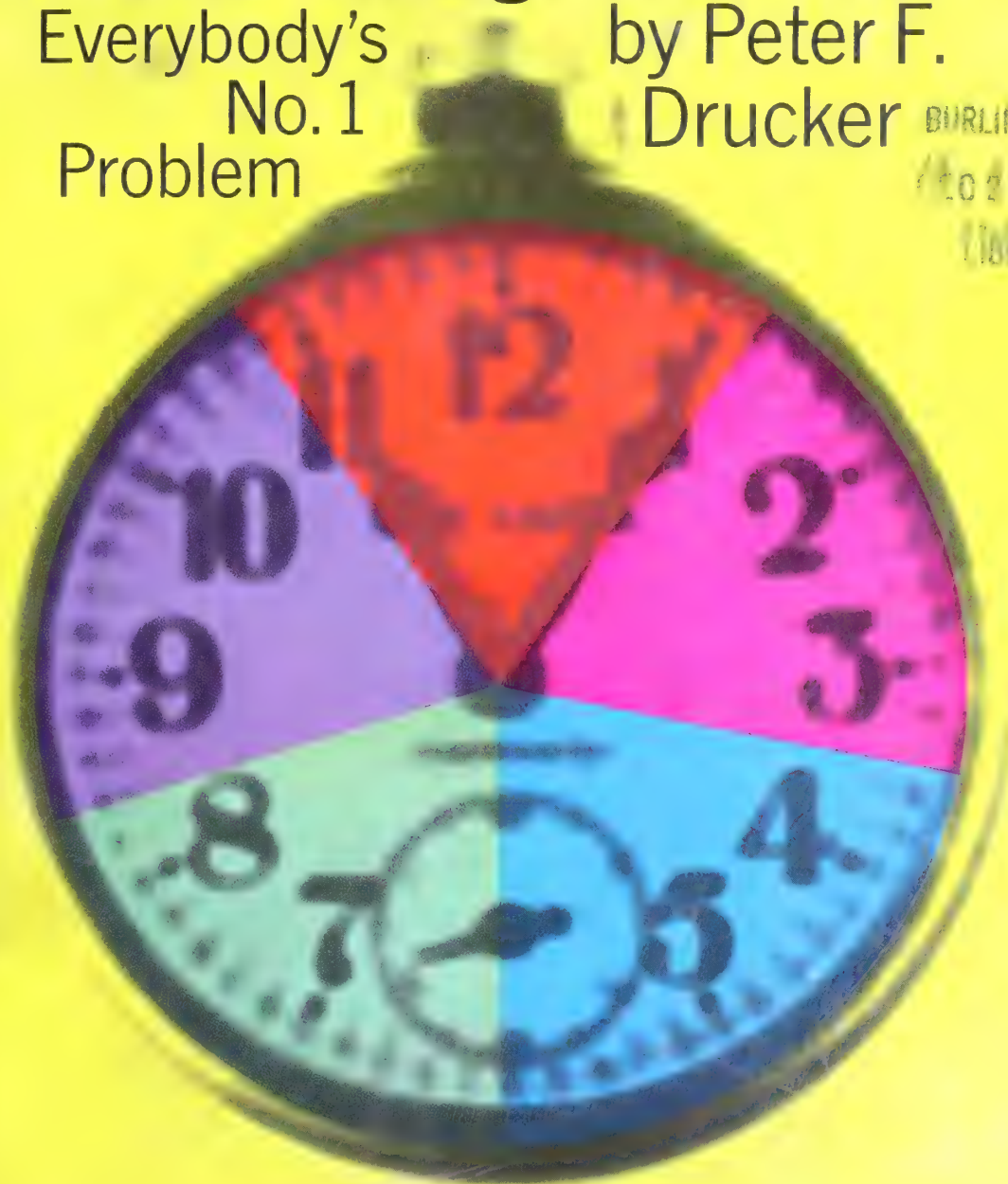
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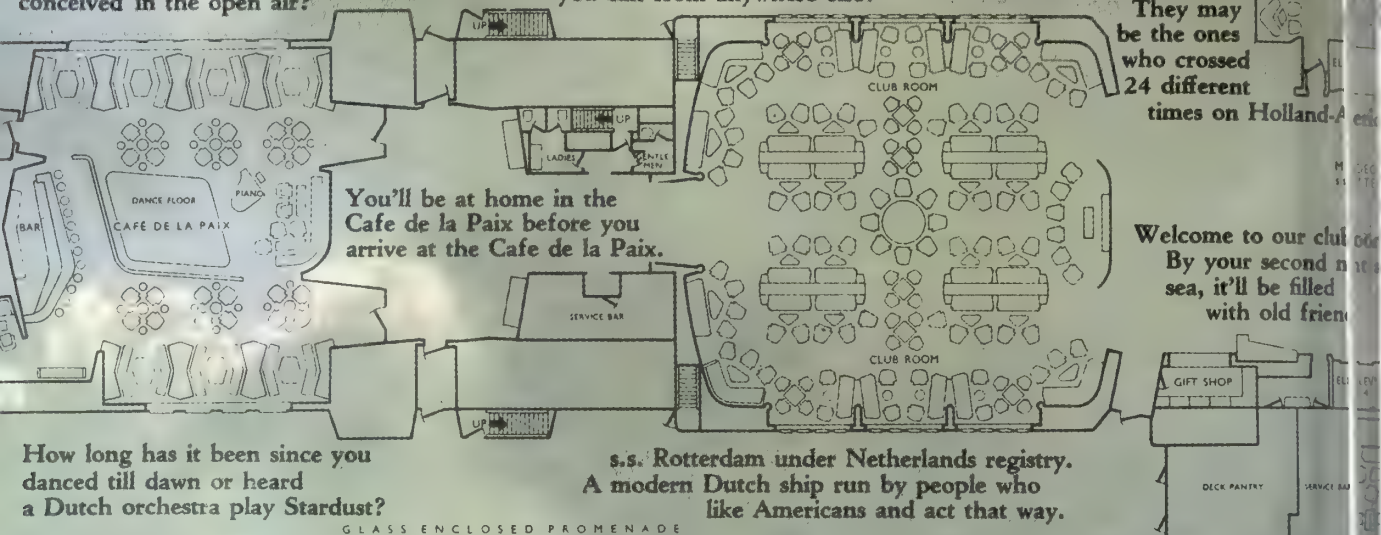
GLASS ENCLOSED PROMENADE

Who was it who said all heroic deeds
and all great books were
conceived in the open air?

Why is it you can see more stars
from the deck of a good ship than
you can from anywhere else?

Strike up a conversation
with the attractive couple
at the next table.

They may
be the ones
who crossed
24 different
times on Holland-A



You'll be at home in the
Cafe de la Paix before you
arrive at the Cafe de la Paix.

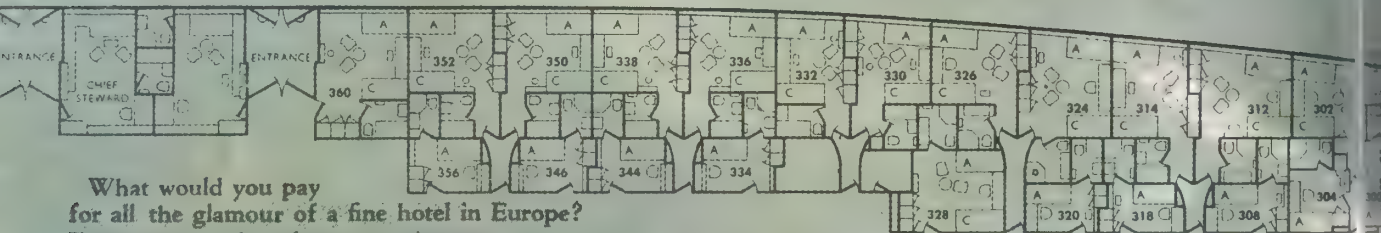
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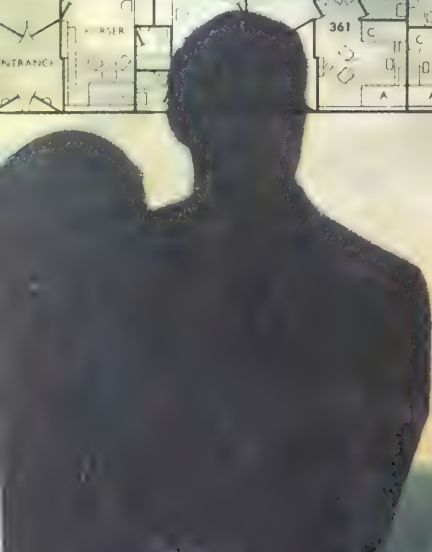
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CIRCULATION INFORMATION

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 75¢ per copy, \$8.50 one year; \$21.00 three years. Foreign postage—except Canada and Pan-America—\$1.50 per year additional.

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PRODUCTION MANAGER: ALVIN PLOFSKY
 Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
 Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710

HARPER-ATLANTIC SALES, INC.
 535 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017
 Telephone Area Code 212 YUkon 6-3344
 Other offices in Boston, Chicago, and Los Angeles

REPRINTS AND REPRINT RIGHTS

Lucy Mattimore, Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

PUBLISHING INFORMATION

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine, Inc., Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Telephone Area Code 212 686-8710. **Directors:** Raymond C. Harwood, Chairman; Cass Canfield, John Cowles, Jr., John Fischer, Otto A. Silha, Evan Thomas, Philip Von Blon. **Officers:** John Cowles, Jr., President; John Fischer, Executive Vice-President; Daniel J. Brooks, Vice-President; Howard Mithun, Secretary; C. B. McCue, Treasurer; Richard E. Kenny, Assistant Treasurer.

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Printed in the U.S.A. by union labor by the Blanchard Press, Roosevelt Field, Garden City, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing office.

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 No. 1399

Harper's[®]

magazine

December
 1966

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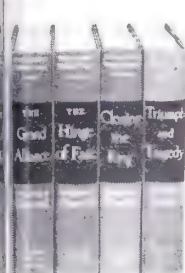
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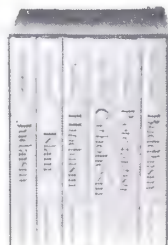
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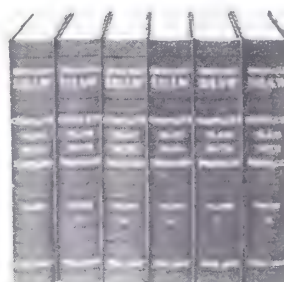
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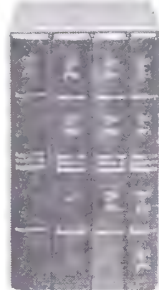
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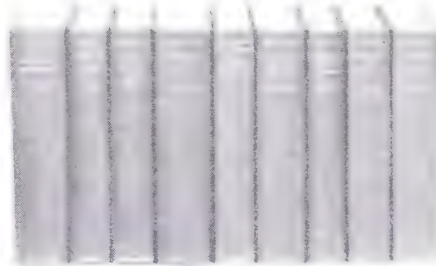


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Letters

Whose Hero?

I was shocked to read the article "My Hero LBJ" [Larry L. King, October]. The language used is filthy and dirty and I don't believe it was ever uttered by the President. The author must really be an opponent of the President instead of regarding him as a hero. Perhaps the title was intended to be sarcastic.

RICHARD P. DANIEL
Jacksonville, Fla.

In "My Hero LBJ" Larry King attacks President Lyndon B. Johnson, former Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and the credentials committee of the 1956 Texas Democratic Convention.

Author King writes as though he ate too many screw beans from the mesquite trees on his poor pappy's farm. . . .

I was a member of the credentials committee at the 1956 Texas Democratic Convention at Fort Worth. . . . The true issue at the convention was whether to follow Governor Price Daniels or Senator Ralph Yarborough in the selection of members on the State Executive Committee. The credentials committee agreed with Senator Johnson that the Governor's choice should prevail.

The El Paso delegation seemed confused, they emotionally believed it was a fight between "Labor Unions and Loyal Democrats" whom they supported and what they called "Shiverncrats" whom they demonized in every speech. Many of us credentials-committee members had attended a meeting the night before where the "Loyal Democrats" were making emotional speeches advocating using guns to force their way into the convention since they had held no authorized credentials for entrance. Senator Johnson brought order out of chaos at the convention. . . .

FRAZER EDMONDS
Commerce, Tex.

Larry King's recollection of Dudley T. Dougherty's campaign against Lyndon Johnson is egregiously mis-

taken . . . Mr. Dougherty and I both means see eye to eye politically, his views are far more level-headed and rational than Mr. King's. Moreover, if Mr. Dougherty is open criticism for "making deep kinks bends to King Oil," a prerequisite for political survival in Texas, Mr. King's hero is hardly exempt from criticism.

ALAN M. L. IFF
Harrisville, N.C.

I usually cut out all pictures of LBJ, stab them full of holes, and let them over a slow fire, but by the time I reached page 63 of the October Harper's I was exhausted so I cut the whole magazine.

(MRS.) BILLIE DAFST
San Bernardino, Cal.

Larry King has dipped his pen in bile and painted his own picture of President Johnson. That picture certainly never hang in the White House, though Bertrand Russell even Eric Goldman might take it for it. . . .

I have a different picture of President Johnson. As a human being and as a President I am sure that he falls well short of perfection. . . . It is no secret that he often resents criticism, that he is a hard man to work for, and that he blows his top from time to time. I can think of very few hard-working and effective executives to whom he wouldn't apply.

The first President to whom he would apply was George Washington. Yes, George Washington was the first President to blow his staff of press attacks. In 1793 Jefferson described . . . him at a Cabinet meeting.

"The President was much injured by getting into one of those passions which he cannot command himself, much on the personal abuse which has been bestowed on him" and said "by god he had rather be in his present situation than in his present situation." On an earlier occasion Jefferson reported Madison that Washington "is extremely affected by the attack & kept up on him in the public eye. I think he feels these things more than any person I ever yet met."

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LETTERS

But of course Jefferson had not met LBJ.

In 1962 two American historians wrote of another President: "It is the smart thing . . . for intellectuals in general and writers in particular to hold the President up to ridicule thereby proving that they themselves were sophisticated." That President was Abraham Lincoln. . . .

Every President has been called a scoundrel and worse by his enemies . . . It seems to me both woefully unfair and a national misfortune that many committed liberals and intellectuals such as Mr. King don't like LBJ. They admit that he has done a tremendous job on his domestic program, but they don't like the way with which he has won his victories . . . The same people who detest LBJ because he didn't go to Harvard or because his wife can't speak French to Albert Malraux would have detested Lincoln for about the same reasons. . . .

The thing that really counts is LBJ's overall record as President. I think that it has been outstanding, far, by any unbiased appraisal. . . . It is right that we should see our President painted with his warts on, but it is not right that the warts should be blown up till they obscure the man. Here's one strong vote for LBJ to offset Larry King's.

STEPHEN J. SPINGARN
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Spingarn was formerly Commissioner and Acting Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, Administrative Assistant to President Truman.

Bobby and his Bandwagon

With William V. Shannon, I risk picking a few bones ["The Making of President Robert Kennedy," October]. . . . If Senator Kennedy's soaring popularity continues to mount at even its present pace he very soon could be in a position so strong by the summer of 1968 that Lyndon Johnson might be forced, in all his political sagacity, to forgo the burdens of more years in the Presidency, choosing instead retirement. . . . There he could inherit the Democratic mantle from that grand old man Harry Truman, a not unattractive prospect for a man like Lyndon Johnson. I think Mr. Shannon underestimates both



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guessed the one standing between
t and Mr. Toad, you're right.
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t and Mr. Toad) cast in solid
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LETTERS

political perception of Mr. J. . . . and the real acceleration of the Kennedy movement even at this moment. . . .

PAUL PAVIN

Southeast Editor, *Southern*
Birmingham A

Though I voted for the late FK the rest of his family has no a for me whatsoever. This goes for Robert and his brother, both of are running all over the country building up an organization, and other members of the family who somehow manage to get their time in the newspapers and magazine virtually every day.

SAMUEL L. C. DON
New York, N. Y.

Rebels at Berkeley

So Mario Savio considers the California State Legislature's appropriations for the University niggardly. ["The Uncertain Future of the University," October]. And he wants instruction in small seminars, written criticism of each student's work. Maybe Savio wouldn't be paying tuition for all this seminar consideration. California's taxpayers have a lot of other things to pay for besides coddling its University students. If Savio thinks the University is going to be run by the kids and not by the taxpayers, he has another think coming.

O. L. BRANNAN
Sacramento, Calif.

Mario Savio's . . . objections to the Berkeley system and the Muscatine Report raise questions which I, one, would wish to see answered. It is right that there should have been student representation on this committee.

MARY N. GUNN
Newport Beach, Calif.

Perhaps Mr. Savio's absence from the Berkeley campus in the academic year 1965-66 permitted him the ignorance of attributing the mediocrity of the Muscatine Report entirely to the Academic Senate.

When the "revolution" was over, left behind only a string of able hell-raisers. The former Free Speech Movement leadership had shown itself incapable of anything but perpetual revolt. It created a still greater rift between itself and the faculty, continuous infantile tantrums. With its repeated disruptions of



SPEAKING OF CANADA

As a country on a map, we lie sprawled across the top half of North America—nearly four million square miles—a land singularly blessed by nature. As a people, we plan to celebrate our 100th Birthday in 1967 by inviting the world to share in our Centennial festivities. In the beginning, our forefathers came seeking wealth and a new way of life. First the French, then the British. Separately they began to explore and chart this vast and unknown land. Then, across a conference table, they combined their strengths. That was 100 years ago—on July 1, 1867. Now we possess this land in common under the maple leaf, symbol of the great forests we have hewn down together. An equal welcome is extended to all who come—and millions have, from many parts of the world, from many racial origins. They have brought us hands and brains, skills and ideas. They have helped us spread out over this enormous territory—blessed with most varieties of climate and almost every natural resource. Joined now by railways, highways, airlines and waterways ... and linked by radio, television and telephone networks. We are bound together, too, by the knowledge—gained from men and women of many races—that harmony need not mean assimilation. Today, we are twenty million Canadians, half of us less than twenty-five years old. We are friends and next-door neighbours of the United States. Our roots run back to overseas motherlands but our loyalties are inseparably linked with Canada. A partner in the Commonwealth, we are also a member of the United Nations, sharing its burdens and aspirations. A land abundantly endowed—four thousand miles wide—we believe in the wisdom of sharing our blessings with other members of the human family. We are grateful to the past, invigorated by our current progress, and inspired by the challenge of the years that lie ahead. Already, Canada ranks as the third country to have a satellite in orbit. Certainly 1967 finds us with much to celebrate. Centennial Year will be a great and glowing festival. Nowhere will the lights shine so brightly or so many people gather as at Montreal, where a host of buildings and spectacles are rising to form a new-made city of islands and lagoons. Here, from late April through October, with 70 nations assisting us, we hope to make our INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—EXPO 67—the largest, finest WORLD'S FAIR ever held, and a true mirror of man's achievements. Everywhere for our cross-country Centennial we are readying new events, adventures, sights and sounds and places. Things are happening in Canada...for us, and for you. We hope you will come to share them.



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LETTERS

alienated what had formerly awakened student body. The returned to just "get school 1." No one was left to think od of the students except the ration and the faculty. There far more vested interests at ie politics of the "Movement" he faculty. That is why the ent" is dead! . . .

DANIEL E. TEODORU
Berkeley student, 1965-66)
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

ve that your readers would now something of recent de- nts at Berkeley in educational particularly since many of o's assumptions are evidently misreadings or ignorance of s been going on.

anted an end to the system e courses, grades, and course be replaced by instruction in minars and tutorials . . ." hink, is the key to Mr. Savio's t against the campus. Un- ely for his argument, but for the campus . . . this re- ded being put into effect . . . first note that the Muscatine surprisingly so disappointing Savio, not only called for a proportion of small classes on dialogue and cooperative self-instruction," but also ome considerable space to iate teaching methods and the f making a conversion to such s of instruction.

over, since November 1965, upus administration has been r sponsoring a tutorial pro- with the aims of providing tudent with some tutorial ex- e, and giving those students sh it a maximum of one tu- er quarter. This program has ch a great deal of success. . . . Savio accepts without question entially authoritarian notion small group of *illuminati* shall to the rest of the university s classes should be taught. . . . ttitudes are now termed here ve progressivism" and are not very seriously. The new plan is different methods compete for the support of faculty and ts. Nor are those of us who t tutorials necessarily against rms of teaching; if students t lectures and are getting bene-



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LETTERS

fit from them, why abolish
The real problem is to determine
right balance of different factors
instruction, a decision that we
wish taken by any administrative
reformer, but rather by the staff
himself. . . .

PAUL PILL

Asst. Prof. of Education

Coordinator of Berkeley Tutoring

Programs, U. of California

Berkeley, California

Men Facing

S. L. A. Marshall hasn't lost his
touch. "Men Facing Death: The Destruction of an American Platoon" [September] was as well done as any book on the Normandy operation. *Night Drop*. . . . There are war correspondents and there are war correspondents, some good, some bad, some in between, and I'd place Marshall in the small but happy band that know what they're writing about.

CHARLES J. COLE

Sidney Daily News

Sidney, New York

I have just read Marshall's article on the destruction of a platoon of twenty-two men. The twenty-third man in that platoon was my husband. Look Senior Editor Sam Castan.

Unfortunately, we cannot know what Sam would have written about his experiences with this platoon. Instead we have to contend with a version of what happened by a former military man *who was not there* who subsequently interviewed other military men who were understandably irked by the presence and questions of a reporter.

Even details of minor importance were erroneously reported. None of Sam's cameras were retrieved; at least none were reported or returned to either *Look* or myself. Also, he died from a wound entering his cheek and not his left temple. But I say, these are minor details. . . .

One comes away from this article with a series of false impressions about Sam. He is presented as a person eager to see men die so he can record their feelings as they face death. He is reported as "enjoying himself hugely" during the interview but after the battle had begun. After the soldier he was interviewed got killed "all curiosity about thoughts of men facing death"

HOW DO SWEDISH GIRLS KEEP WARM IN THE WINTER?

There's a place where people from the cold countries of Europe go to warm up.

Where the sun shines almost every day of the year, and it hardly ever rains, and the temperature dances around 75°, even in the dead of winter.

It's the city of Eilat, right there at the southern tip of Israel, on the Red Sea. (And because not many people know about it, it's becoming very popular.)

A person can lie around on an uncrowded beach. And when too much peace and quiet gets on his nerves, he can always get dressed and tour Israel.

Besides the Red Sea, there's the Dead Sea to see, and the Mediterranean Sea, and the Sea of Galilee.

And there'll be the Negev to drive through, and Jerusalem to walk through, and Tel Aviv to shop through.

El Al flies people to Tel Aviv from New York for \$535 round trip, on a special group fare. And we'll also help you get to Eilat and a suntan.

So warm up in Israel this winter. And don't be surprised if somebody asks, "How would you like to meet a nice Swedish girl?"

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The smart set was almost 500 years behind Columbus in discovering Trinidad. But now that Trinidad is "in", things are happening much faster. It takes no time at all to discover that what you see and experience in Trinidad is the **real** thing. It's not imported from some other island or country. Here is where Calypso was born. Here is where steel drums first beat out their irresistible rhythms. Here is where the torrid limbo was first performed by unbelievably supple dancers. Yes, song, music and dance come natural to the gay Trinidadians whose lovely island is blessed with year-round Carnival spirit.



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LETTERS

gone from Castan. . . . That sudden death was his first shock contact with the realities which mark his quest."

Shepherd's death was hardly my first contact with sudden and horrible death. Sam Castan saw men die suddenly and horribly many times. I saw this in Santo Domingo, on Cuba, and in Vietnam during his previous trips there, the first of which won him the Sigma Delta Chi award for the best magazine reporting of 1966. Time and again he returned to the scene of battle and attempted to face back the realities of battle in the hope something could be done to its continuation. And Sam did not enjoy it. Too many nights he cried in his sleep and too many times told me tearfully of cradling his soldiers in his arms. . . .

Too few correspondents have the courage to get out of Saigon to see what's really happening. His free excursions made Sam an educated guesser and a disillusioned observer of one thing in the battlefield and another in the Saigon briefing room.

In a cable to the Overseas Club of America, which unveiled a memorial plaque in my husband's honor on July 5, 1966, President Johnson said, "He joins a distinguished legion of correspondents whose names illuminate the ethical creed of freedom. . . ."

I weep for the men in that place and I weep that Sam could not record their feelings and his own in the face of death. I weep for all the reports he would have written which might have brought home to the American people the horrors of battle before too many of them find it firsthand—as I did and as our young daughter Jane will.

FRANCES ELAINE CASTAN
New York, N.Y.

GENERAL MARSHALL REPLIES:

If I may extend my sympathies to Mrs. Castan through your column, I would deem it a great favor. Her letter is very moving. Its every line speaks a devotion rare in this world.

I thought I made it clear that I honored the late Mr. Castan for his moral courage under terrible pressure, the depth and sincerity of his commitment to do a war reporter's job the hard way. . . .

Sergeant Kirby told me he was

A copy of this ad is going into every Avis pay envelope.

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Hours 40	2	50
Rate 4	3	75

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ed Withhold Tax	17	10
ate Withhold Tax	2	50
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LLS. BONDS	5	00

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IT IS YOUR RECEIPT
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FORM 9

People in this country don't believe everything they read in ads any more. And with good reason.

Most advertising these days is long on the big promise—a promise that the product doesn't always deliver.

And at times Avis is no exception.

A shiny new Plymouth with mud in the trunk or a spare tire with no air in it makes a liar out of Avis ads.

We can't police all the other advertising in this country. But we can live up to our own. In our next ad we're going to promise customers that you'll get the rental form filled out within 2 minutes. You can do it, girls. You've been trained to. Let's see if we can keep Avis ads honest.

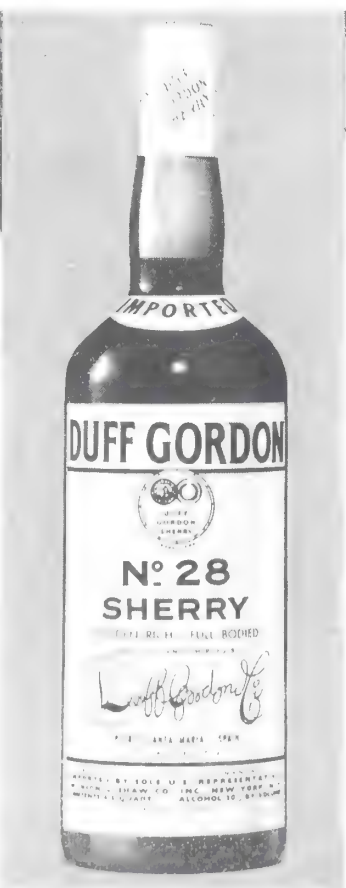
There's a

Moment of Truth

when you serve your Sherry...



...that moment when your guests taste it. If it's imported Spanish Sherry, it tells them so much about you and your judgment. There is a difference! Because if it isn't Spanish, it isn't true Sherry. If it isn't Duff Gordon, it isn't the best.



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in the left temple. Kirby was a hospital case when I talked to him; he erred I share the error with him. The wounds of the dead, when there are so many, are rarely carefully checked. About the return of the cameraman simply went by what was told me.

The main question is whether I am trying to make of the late Mr. Castan, in death, something that he was not in life. To do so would be unpardonable. The story had nothing to do with his prior background or past experience in war. It dealt only with what was relevant to his role in the death of the platoon on Lanchester Zone Hereford. Even as I described what led to the platoon being there, I had to account for his presence in death having doubled the shock of the incident to all concerned. That brought me to Major Siler, his host, and an unusually objective Public Information Officer who knew him as a friend which I did not. He repeated the words of the conversation, told me about the quest after thoughts of "men facing death". . . I could not dream up such an exchange. My words do not work that way. . .

There is always the question of taste in writing of such episodes. If, in trying to write combat history so that we may know more about it under pressure, I were to use that which is good and comfortable and strike whatever may be slightly invidious, I would be writing fiction in another form. Holding that rule when I write of soldiers could hardly break it in writing of men who share danger with them.

I truly regret that I have to make any reply inasmuch as I share some of the feelings about the late Mr. Castan evidenced in Mrs. Castan's letter. She must be an extraordinary woman and the late Mr. Castan must have had greater rewards out of life than attend most men. —S. L. A.

I want to express my deepest appreciation to General Marshall for giving the names of the men who were killed. One of them was our beloved son, David S. Crocker. We had been informed by the Army about his death. . . It didn't make us feel better to finally learn the truth. We would have always wondered. I'm very thankful that he didn't suffer.

MRS. L. P. CROCKER
Medford, Ore.



Gee, is it wrong to keep the gift you planned to give?

Not that I ever would, mind you.

Still, it's hard to part with a gift as practical as the new IBM 224 Dictating Unit.

With this 28-ounce unit, I don't have to trust important things to memory. Like who gets a football. And who gets a diamond necklace.

All I do is talk to it. Names and places and gift lists are

recorded on magnetic belts. Quickly and smoothly. (Along with my famous collection of chimney dimensions.)

The IBM 224 is small enough to fit in a Christmas stocking. And so handy that it works anywhere. (From the North Pole to a chic Fifth Avenue shop to a lively toy department.)

Good grief, everyone gets a gift except me.

But maybe if I casually mention the IBM 224 to Mrs. Claus...

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For shopping information on the New IBM 224 Dictating Unit, check the Yellow Pages under Dictation Equipment.

The Editor's Easy Chair *by John Fischer*



CHRISTMAS LIST

A special holiday greeting to the following people, who have done something during the past year to make their fellow men a little more civilized, comfortable, or lighthearted:

1. To Father Brendan Fox, parish priest of a Catholic church in Brockley, a suburb of London, for producing one of the best race-track tip sheets in England.

The parish magazine he edits has become a favorite of British gamblers, because each month he predicts the winners of two forthcoming horse races—and his forecasts have proved remarkably accurate. In addition he offers a mail service, providing private tips for a fee of five shillings each. The proceeds go into the parish development fund.

Aside from any divine guidance he may get, Father Fox has an experienced eye for horseflesh and a wide acquaintance among people who raise and race thoroughbreds. Ordinarily when they talk about the condition and chances of their entries, such characters are notoriously uncandid; but maybe they hesitate to lie to a priest.

2. To his fellow clergy of Salzburg, Austria, for operating what may well

be the most agreeable beer garden in Europe.

As an adjunct to their monastery, the Franciscans run a brewery and an odd sort of food-and-drinkery, known locally as the *Franziskanerkeller*. It consists of a tree-shaded garden, dotted with a couple of hundred tables; a big hall, furnished with refectory tables and benches; a half dozen smaller halls and porches, for family parties; and, flanking the big hall, two rows of tiny food shops. Each of these deals in a single specialty—one in cheeses of wondrous variety; another in pork, smoked, cooked, or raw; next door a salad shop, ladling out coleslaw, pickled herring with onions, and sliced beets; a bagel-and-pretzel emporium; a booth offering a range of bread running from darkest pumpernickel to white rolls; another stall festooned with strings of wurst; and so on. Much of it supplied by peasants from the near countryside, the food is uniformly fresh, clean, tasty, and cheap.

A customer wanders from counter to counter, as if he were in a cafeteria, but he gets no tray, china, or silverware; the shopkeepers wrap each purchase in butcher's paper or a sack, throwing in a wooden spoon for items such as slaw or *Schmierkäse* which

are too messy for finger-handling. His pockets loaded with such parcels the customer then picks a beer mug (liter or half-liter) off a shelf and moves on to the barrel room. There the bartenders rarely close their taps, since they work with both hands, flipping an empty stein under the flowing spigot as they lift a full one away. (Naturally a little beer sloshes onto the stone floor, so they wear rubber boots.

When he has collected all he needs to renew both body and spirit, the customer then looks for an empty chair, usually at a table of friends or family. But if he happens to sit down with strangers, they are likely to be friendly before he finishes his first stein, for the Salzburgers who come here are an easy and gregarious people. Unfortunately American visitors rarely find that out, because the *Franziskanerkeller* is well away from the tourist track of medieval Salzburg and (unlike many European restaurants) it caters primarily to the local working people. They are made to feel welcome there, however grimy their overalls—and if a man should take a drop too much, or pick up a pretty girl, he is in no danger of monkish frowns.

The Franciscans see nothing incon-

January



February



March



April



May



June



July



August



September



It takes nine months to make a Bulova watch.
It's our baby and nothing, not even fancy new machines,
can rush us. We find the more time we put
into a watch the less trouble you have afterwards.
When you know what makes a watch tick,
you'll buy a Bulova.



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If you want to
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put him on your
Black list.

(Over 40 expensive Scotch whiskies
blended into 1)

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

in their enterprise. As they keeps them close to the people; s may have something to do e fact that Austria is the most e country of central Europe.

Joseph E. Davis of White New York, for a unique—and virtually unrecognized—effort er the lives of American Ne-

teen years ago Mr. Davis the Carver Federal Savings an Association in Harlem, a e which, in the view of most ork financiers, was doomed to ailure. For Mr. Davis and his tes in the firm set out to do ing which was supposed to be ely risky: that is, to loan on homes and business build- those sections of the metrop- rlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, the and Puerto Rican areas of ronx and Westchester—where tional financial institutions n't put up a dime.

ay Mr. Davis's business not s flourishing; it has a financial t that the country's biggest sav- and loan associations might In spite of the tight money sit-, which has been draining de- away from many such firms, r continued to grow this year— l, faster than in 1965. It now s 34 million in assets, and the ate on its loans has been phe- nally low. On September 1, for le, it had 2,150 mortgages out-

standing, and payments were in ar- rears on only eighteen. In his entire experience, Mr. Davis told me, he has had to foreclose only eight mortgages, and in none of these cases did the association lose money.

Once a one-man operation, Carver now has sixty employees in his Har- lem Headquarters and two branches in Brooklyn and downtown Manhat- tan. And it carries on its books 46,000 deposits, earning up to 5 per cent— many of them from people who never had any kind of bank account before coming to Carver.

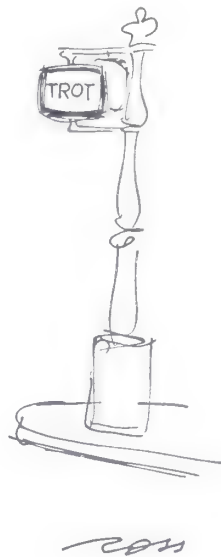
Mr. Davis not only has disproved the ancient and damaging legend that Negro homeowners are poor credit risks. He also has helped thousands of poor people (including some whites, since he doesn't believe in discrimination) to climb up in the world to ownership of their own homes and businesses. Perhaps most important, he offers a living model of what Ne- groes can accomplish for themselves, in spite of all handicaps and preju- dices, to build their own economic strong points: an example of "black power" at its best. There is no ap- parent reason why his achievement cannot be repeated in every city in America.

Incidentally, Mr. Davis is doing something important for whites, too. He is giving them a chance to make an individual contribution to the im- provement of Negro opportunities and living conditions—and to make money at the same time. Every few

months he runs a small ad in the *New York Times*, with the headline "What can I do about Harlem?" It invites investors to place some of their funds in Carver Savings and Loan, to "make it possible for more frugal families to help themselves." Such invest- ments earn the going rate of inter- est, and are protected by the usual federal guarantee. The ad has drawn responses from as far as Minnesota and Wisconsin, in amounts as large as \$5,000. (Anyone interested in such an investment can write to Mr. Joseph E. Davis at his head office, 75 West 125th Street, New York, N. Y. 10027.)

4. For a different kind of excel- lence, to Mr. W. D. Randall, Jr. of Orlando, Florida, who probably makes the best knives in the world.

This is not just a personal opinion; it is the considered judgment of every one I know who is interested in fine blades. Randall knives are in the Smithsonian and in the Museum of Special Warfare at Fort Bragg. One was also displayed in Moscow as part of the equipment carried by Francis G. Powers when his U-2 plane was shot down over Russia in 1960. The seven astronauts who took part in Project Mercury used a special model, with survival items such as fishhooks, line, and matches in the hollow handle. In World War II, Korea, and Vietnam, innumerable fighting men have purchased Randall knives with their own money, at prices up to \$36, because they are so much better than



In the century we've been making champagne, we've learned what separates the great from the good and the ordinary.

Since 1860, we've been making champagne from American grapes native to the Finger Lakes district in New York State. They have a taste and character like no other grapes in the world. Only the finest and most characteristic of these grapes are used to make our champagne. By fermenting and aging it in the bottle, we bring this unique native taste to its fullest.

More than a hundred years of expert winemaking have gone into perfecting Great Western Champagne—considered by many to be one of the finest champagnes in the world. It has a difference you can taste. It's subtle to some people, obvious to others. But it's in every bottle of Great Western you buy. And in every glass of Great Western you drink.



GREAT WESTERN NEW YORK STATE BRUT, EXTRA DRY, SPECIAL RESERVE, PINK CHAMPAGNE AND SPARKLING BURGUNDY HAVE BEEN PRODUCED CONTINUOUSLY SINCE 1860 BY THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE COMPANY OF HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK.

THE EDITOR'S EASY CA

the mass-produced weapons is the government. (Mr. Randall believes that his knives have "patched more adversaries" than the famous Bowie knife, favorite of the frontier and of the Confederates during the Civil War. One old man wrote that his Randall "accounted for a large percentage of the 364 men that I received credit for killing individual arms" in World War I and others have used them for battlefield surgery, for cutting through the skin of a downed helicopter, and to hack open oil drums.) Most of Randall's output, however, is sold to hunters, sailors, and fishermen for peaceful purposes; he even makes a few carving knives.

Mr. Randall is a citrus grover and sportsman who began to make knives as a hobby in 1937, in a backyard shed. His son, Gary, and fewer than 10 skilled craftsmen now help him; each blade is still made of the highest-quality high-carbon steel, forged, quenched, tempered, and fitted to the user's hand by hand. Although the work is heavy—his shop often has to take log orders for more than a year—no body has ever tried to compete with him by mass-production methods. For, as warriors and metalworkers have known for centuries, a superb blade can be created only through painstaking, tedious, and (at the stages) dangerous hand craftsmanship.

The Randall shop, in turn, tries to compete with the greatest makers of history: the forgers of Japanese samurai swords. They make a very different weapon, for a purpose which has now disappeared: a blade keen enough to hack through armor, but resilient enough to snap on impact. This required a pound blade, with carbon steel on the cutting edge, a mild steel in the center, and relatively soft but unbreakable iron on the back. The skill needed to make such a complex instrument accumulated only over centuries, beginning about 700 A.D., and by the 16th century it was already in decline. The best examples of these were never equaled, even by the makers of Damascus and Toledo. Those samurai swords which—practically all in museums and private collections—are worth going of your way to see. Their elegant functional curves, bevels, and



1. Don't you think Freddie's a little young to be selling lemonade?

It's high time he learned the economic facts of life.



2. He's only 2.

But big for his age.



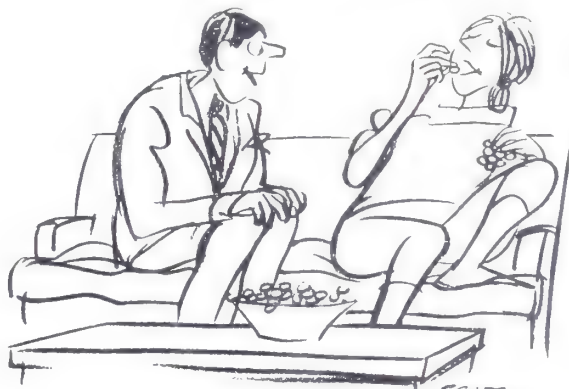
3. And what's that mess Jane is making in the kitchen?

Baking is a useful skill. She's past 3, you know.



4. Wouldn't they be better off making mudpies?

We have to have something to fall back on should something happen to you. I myself am taking up tailoring—I shortened all your trousers today.



5. Wait a minute! If I died, my Equitable Living Insurance would provide for you and the kids. You'd have money to live on, to pay off the mortgage, even educate the kids.

I wonder how you'll look with your ankles showing?



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World-Famous Sherries From Spain
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Let this seal be your guide to quality



THE EDITOR'S EASY CA

secting planes, plus the shades of the three alloys, the strangely beautiful artifact: of early abstract sculpture.

(During the postwar occupation American souvenir hunters a heavy demand for such sword since genuine examples seldom on the market, the Japanese began manufacture modern imitations. These can still be seen in many American home and Tokyo shops. They are decorative, but the blades are about as closely related to the originals as, say, pop art is to a Hollywood block.)

5. To the citizens of Los Angeles; California; their high-school librarian, Mrs. Roberta Blake; and the architectural firms of Kress and Weston and Frank C. Treseder for a noteworthy achievement in community aesthetics.

Their recently completed high-school library has been acclaimed by architectural critics as "the most successful high-school library to date... a totally successful layout that reeks of intelligence." Students find it easy to work in, and its exterior enhances an already lovely city. Since high-school boards are still putting up libraries with all the charm of a lighted jail, the Los Gatos building deserves the attention of taxpayers and educators everywhere.

6. To James Boylan, editor, and his associates in publishing the Columbia Journalism Review, for a bold but significant step toward making journalism a real profession.

The key characteristic of a good profession is its ability to discipline its members for malpractice. A doctor can be suspended by his medical association; a heretical lawyer can be defrocked; a scandalously lawyer can be disbarred. It is true that such discipline is administered all too seldom and sometimes for the wrong reasons—as in cases where the AMA has harassed physicians who experimented with group practice and prepaid medical care. But at least in these occupations professional standards are well defined, and machinery exists for punishing their infringement.

In journalism this has never been so. A writer can be punished for invasion of privacy, or obscenity



Bill sparked his school football team...
Now he calls signals on a GM assembly line.



Bill Geshwiler is a Methods Engineer, quarterback of the engine assembly line for Buick at Flint, Michigan. He works with miniature men and machines on a three-dimensional board, an actual facsimile of the plant. By moving, changing, arranging and rearranging, he coordinates and balances men and equipment for

peak efficiency and productivity. He evens the individual work load so that a smooth, orderly production flow is maintained all the way along the assembly line.

Bill has always been a quarterback—in grade school and high school at Beech Grove, Indiana, near Indianapolis. The fact is, he made the All-

State football team in 1954. Passing up scholarships at two universities and an appointment to a service academy, he decided instead on the General Motors Institute in Flint, and was graduated with an engineering degree.

He's the kind that could make any team, but we're glad Bill Geshwiler is in the General Motor's lineup.

General Motors is people making better things for you.





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Sumptuous idea! Opulent stemware in Gorham's heavy silverplate. Italian Provincial design. A mere \$10.00 each. For gifts. For you. Forever. Water goblet, 6¾" tall. Sherbet, 4¾". Wine goblet, 5¼". Cocktail cup, 4½". Only to be found at finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.



These dice are loaded . . . with FUN!

SPILL and SPELL* . . . the only word game tough enough for the crossword buff, yet fun for youngsters, too. You spill out 15 lettered dice and create crosswords — the longer, the better! Makes a great gift. Can be played alone, with a partner, or in a group, anywhere, anytime. Wherever games are sold.

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Manufactured in Canada by Parker Brothers Games, Limited



THE EDITOR'S EASY CH

only by the courts, not by his professional peers. Indeed, the extreme penalty of disbarring an editor or writer from the practice of his profession is both impossible, under our Constitutional guarantees of a free press and highly undesirable. The only feasible punishment, therefore, would seem to be public condemnation of journalistic malpractice by the "profession" itself.

Even this mild discipline, however, has been extremely rare. Since the death of A. J. Liebling, who wrote a notable series of articles on The New York Times for *The New Yorker*, no journalists have attempted any systematic, informed criticism of their colleagues. (Exceptions are the case of Bagdikian and a few other writers whose appraisals of newspapers in press associations have appeared in *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, and elsewhere.)

For the past five years, however, the *Columbia Journalism Review* has been gradually developing a program of systematic scrutiny, not of the press but of broadcasting as well. In its issues for 1966, its criticism has reached a high level—serious but never shrill, carefully researched, broad in range, and well-balanced in praise and blame. There is abundant evidence that it is beginning to have some effect; I know a few editors and reporters who have winced under its paddle, and even a couple of publishers who read every issue with a certain nervous eagerness.

The Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University probably is the only school capable of attempting such assessments. In most state universities, the journalism faculty is dependent on the state's newspapers for financial support that it avoids any offensive comment; typically it serves the role as serving the local press, criticizing it. But the *Review* is independent that it has felt free to criticize even its parent university specifically, for the questionable procedures it follows in awarding Pulitzer Prizes.

For a prime example of British academic humor, to Sir Eric Ash, Master of Clare College, Cambridge.

He tells the story of a Cambridge tutor who had to send a letter of condolence to the parents of one of his students who died a few months



(Order the wine first; be a food snob)

There's a great deal to be said for ordering the wine first, especially if you have never been to a restaurant before. You don't know *it*, but you do know Paul Masson. So you pick one in the mood for (our 4 California champagnes and 16 table wines cover a lot of moods)

and then you say: "Now what fish would you recommend go with this Paul Masson Chablis (or whichever)?"



Model 647 French Provincial in Cherry, \$298.50

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Astro-Sonic Stereo brings you the full beauty of music with unequaled tonal dimension and fidelity from records, stereo FM, and FM/AM radio. Advanced solid-state circuitry replaces tubes for far greater efficiency and lasting reliability. Select from a variety of magnificent styles sold *direct* through Magnavox dealers (Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs.

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THE EDITOR'S EASY CH

fore his final examinations. "In an hour of sorrow," the tutor wrote, "should comfort you to know that Robin had survived, he would not have taken only a third-class degree."

8. For pioneering in the teaching of American literature in a Communist country, in a scholarly rather than a propagandistic fashion, to Dr. Jaroslav Schejbal of Palacky University, Czechoslovakia.

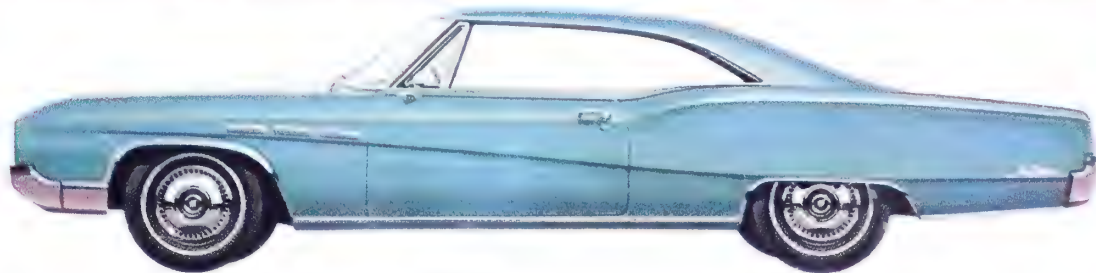
In Russia and in most of Eastern Europe, American literature is taught (if at all) to serve strictly party purposes: to demonstrate the decadence of American life, and the superiority of the Soviet system. (I once knew a Ukrainian professor who used Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age* to prove that capitalism was on the trembling verge of collapse.) But Dr. Schejbal teaches it straight, simply to give his students an appreciation of literature as literature. And he does it very ably, since he has himself translated some of the leading American writers, and has written dozens of critical books and articles which any English department would be proud of.

He is handicapped, however, because Czech currency restrictions make it almost impossible for him to buy American texts. He is particularly in need of copies of the series of pamphlets on American writers published by the University of Minnesota; the paperback critical editions of Hawthorne, Crane, James, and Twain published by W. W. Norton Company; any editions, including paperback, of the writings of Faulkner, Ellison, Capote, James Baldwin, John Cheever, James Gould Cozzens, Peter De Vries, and Randall Jarrell. He also could make good use of back issues of *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*, *Pittsburgh Courier*, *Sewanee Review*, and *Kenyon Review*.

If, in thinning out your own crowded library shelves, you should happen to find a spare copy of any of the items listed, you might send it to Dr. Jaroslav Schejbal, 22 Baranova Street, Prague 3, Czechoslovakia. Such a gift would be a service to scholarship, and to international understanding. A fair exchange, too, for our Santa Claus legend, which quite likely originated in Bohemia—not part of Dr. Schejbal's academic domain.



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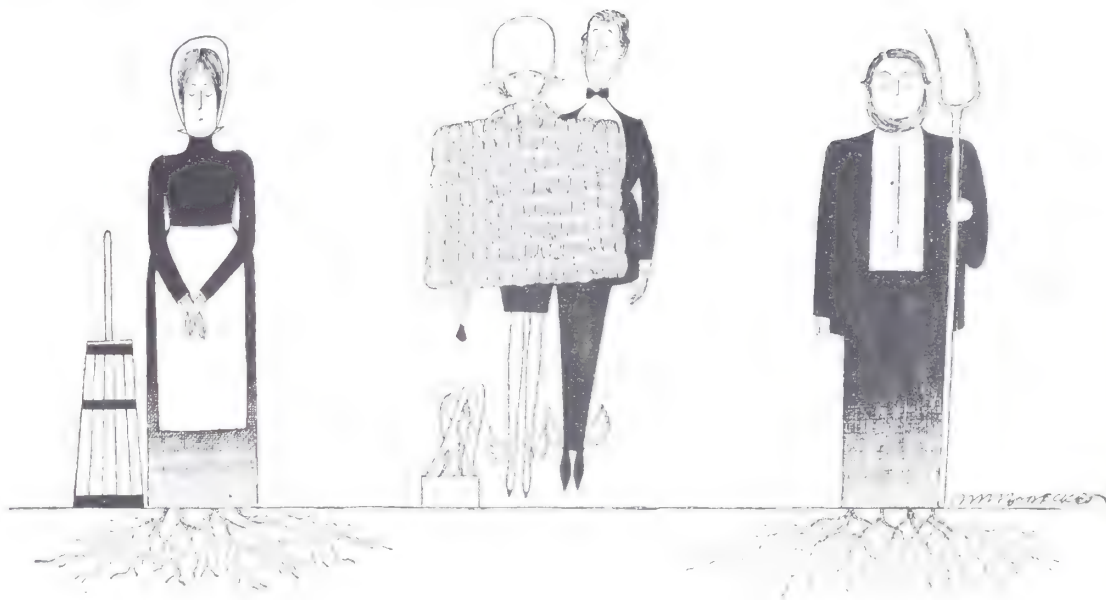
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After Hours by Russell Lynes



LOVERS AND SHAKERS

Lovers

g with five thousand other seek-
ter-truth I went in the rain to
ening opening of the new Whit-
Museum of American Art in
York late in September. A re-
for the *New York Times*, a
n, referred to us as a "crush-
chic crowd of first nighters,"
is an odd thing to call such a
minded gathering of art lovers,
of whom struggled but never
eyond the sidewalk where the
graphers gathered. Once photo-
ed, they gave up. What else
they to do? Getting five thou-
people across the little stone
e over the moat, in which there
sculpture, and into the inverted
nid or upside-down ziggurat (as
papers called Marcel Breuer's
ing) was like pushing a paste of
onds, dinner jackets, umbrellas,
minks through a pastry cone.
hing that came out of the other
was crushed. It was a classic ex-
e of the chic crushing the chic, an
wn version of what has been go-
n further downtown at the Mu-
of Modern Art for thirty years.
e opening, in other words, was a

total success. Everybody saw every-
body else; the building is spacious
enough so that the art didn't obstruct
the view of the people, and those of
us who actually got in but never got
beyond the lobby found a few friends
with whom to go elsewhere for a
drink.

On maturer reflection, however, it
seemed only fair to go back to the
Whitney for a quieter, less cluttered,
and more innocent view not only of its
structure but of the treasures which
had been assembled for its natal day.
To rinse my mind and prepare myself
for this, I visited the Junior Museum
of the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
where, I had heard, there was a new
exhibition designed to explain the
basic technique of the graphic arts to
school-age children.

There is something not only re-
freshing but sobering about exposing
oneself to a dose of primary educa-
tion and being forced to return to the
discovery of basic knowledge, espe-
cially, perhaps, about the arts. The
exhibition in the Junior Museum (it
opened the day before I got there
with a party attended by two thou-
sand children, the offspring of mu-
seum members) is called "The Art-

ist's Workshop—Tools and Tech-
niques." It is a most lively combina-
tion of movies, peepshows, pictures,
moving objects, and buttons-to-push.
It contains real works of art in many
techniques, (tempera, oil, fresco, en-
graving, tapestry, and others) and it
produces sounds as well as sights.
Next to the watercolor display, for
example, which has in it a real Wins-
low Homer and a real Demuth,
along with brushes, pigments, media,
papers, and so on, there is a button to
push and a sort of earphone to listen
to. In response to pushing the button
a voice explains some basics about
the watercolorist's technique and a
few sound truths about how pictures
are meant to be looked at. There is a
papier-mâché mock-up of a cave with
cave paintings on its wall and at one
side the tools and pigments presumed
to have been used by cave painters,
and a dozen other eminently real, if
stylized, exhibits.

About a thousand schoolchildren
come by bus each day and line up in
front of the exhibits, push the but-
tons, squeal delightedly, and behave
with every bit as much dignity as (if
somewhat more ebullience than) their
elders who go to museum openings. A

tremendous amount of ingenuity, discretion, and humor has gone into making this introductory exhibit for the young, and I know few adults who consider themselves sophisticated in the graphic arts who wouldn't benefit from an hour in it.

Having had my sights realigned, I went from there back to the Whitney. It was a bright autumn Monday morning and the culturesses had deserted their hives and were buzzing like bees around the new cultural bouquet.

If the building has a brutish look on the outside (in a short time, I expect, its now strange aspect will become pleasingly familiar) it is as agreeable a gallery within as I can remember ever having visited. I did as a guard suggested, and took the elevator to the fourth floor and found myself in a gallery that was at once spacious, light, and beckoning, and it flowed into other smaller areas with inviting ease. None of the walls are permanent and the exhibition areas have been planned with elegant respect for the size and nature of what is hung in them. The opening exhibition, a remarkable overview of American painting and sculpture, gives way on November 28 to a group of works

from the museum's own collection, and on December 21 the "Whitney Annual" of American sculpture, drawings, and prints will open. I suggest that you avoid Saturday and Sunday if you can get there on any other day. A friend who tried to get in on Sunday said, "We had to give up. There was such a crowd around the outside of the place, you'd have thought there had been an accident."

As I walked down from floor to floor looking at the exhibits on each, I was reminded of what the earphone at the Junior Museum had told me about looking at paintings. It was something to the effect that a picture is an ultimate statement and that nothing anyone says about it alters it and that the only way to understand it and what it says is to look and look and look at it. The earphone said it better than that, but it is a truth that the new Whitney Museum and its architect understand. Whatever the building may say outside, the works of art speak entirely for themselves and without hindrance inside.

Except, that is, when the people shout the pictures, which is not likely to happen except on opening night.

2. Shakers

"Williamsburg," a historian said to me recently, "is always going to look as though it had been built in the 1930s. In fact it is going to look more and more that way as time goes on."

I asked him to explain.

"It is a 1930s concept of eighteenth-century architecture," he said. "It emphasizes broad, simple planes when in fact the eighteenth century was usually fussy and cluttered."

It is true, of course, that even the most meticulous reconstructions, reproductions, or outright forgeries of ancient styles of art—whether architecture or painting or sculpture—eventually look like the time in which they are reproduced and not the time they are imitating and are meant to look like. It is one reason why forgeries made in one's own time, and therefore in one's own manner of seeing the world, are difficult to detect but old forgeries are far easier to spot for what they are. It takes no great skill, for example, to identify the nine-

teenth-century copies of Gothic palaces on the Grand Canal in Venice, and there is no question that Carcassonne looks like a nineteenth-century architect's romantic notion of a medieval walled city. It might have been designed by the novelist Walter Scott rather than reconstructed by the architect Viollet-le-Duc, a man of sound principles and one of the fathers of modern architectural thought. But, though he fancied himself an archaeologist, he was a creature of a romantic era, and it shows.

My conversation with the historian mentioned above, who has written extensively on the arts of our earliest years, came about because I had recently spent several days looking at an attempt to preserve and reconstruct a community which had thrived in the past but had died. It was the Shaker Community at Hancock, Massachusetts, which sits foursquare and prim in a cheerful and tidy bucolic setting approached by winding roads

over rolling hills. In its way this community is a model for preserving the social history of America, though there is no method, it seems, of avoiding in small ways the trap that Williamsburg fell into headlong.

If you should go looking for the Hancock Shaker Village in the Berkshires you will find several diversions which may prevent your getting there at all. One is a sign to a Shaker Museum, tempting but not Hancock. The other is a Shaker village in Lebanon, New York, just a few miles from Hancock. I went there late in September and found it "closed for the season," peered through the windows of some of the clapboard buildings, and, if I hadn't happened on a man walking along the dirt road which leads into it, and of whom I inquired, I would have thought I'd strayed to the right place at the wrong time and given up. He directed me to Hancock, four or five miles away, a very different community indeed. The main road, Route 20, from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, to Albany, New York, runs right through it.

Once there were several Shaker communities scattered around the Berkshire Hills. Hancock was not the first of them; before its establishment in 1790 there had been two others, one at Mt. Lebanon, where I had stopped, and one at Watervliet, a town near Albany. The leader of the movement was a dour woman called Mother Ann Lee, once a millhand and a cook in Manchester, England, who came with seven followers to America in 1774. She was regarded by other Shakers as "the female element of Christ," and like Him a performer of miracles.

The Shakers were an offshoot of the Quakers and they left the Society of Friends to practice the forms and beliefs of a group of French radical Calvinists called Camisards. They became known, for good reasons, as the Shaking Quakers; their curious rituals consisted of "first meditation then trembling, shaking, shouting, pacing, and singing." They believed in (and practiced) the strictest celibacy; the men and women lived and worked separately, though they came together and worshiped in their common manner together. They believed, since they would not propagate their membership, that their communities could perpetuate themselves by making o-



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AFTER HOURS

verts and by adopting orphans of whom were brought to them days before the establishment of organized orphanages. During the revolution they were suspected because of their pacifist convictions of being British sympathizers, and in some cases they were persecuted. Mary Ann Lee and some of her tribe were confined for five months in a Poughkeepsie jail as the result of complaints heard by the Commissioners for Detecting and Defeating Conspiracies in the State of New York.

The peak of Shaker membership was achieved just before the Civil War when they numbered about sixty thousand in eighteen communities, the farthest west of which was in Ohio and the farthest south in Kentucky. They were looked upon with a mixture of awe, amusement, disgust, and respect. They were respected for their skill in bargaining and their honesty. Dickens remarked in his *American Notes* they even resisted international trading "those thievish tendencies which would seem, for some unexplained reason, to be almost inseparable from that branch of traffic." As farmers they were widely known for maintaining their fields and their stock barns as models of neatness and efficiency; "world people," as the neighbors called everyone not of their faith, were willing to pay high prices for the product of their fields and gardens because of the quality of their products and manufacture.

Dickens found them "grateful in every respect. When he visited the Shaker Village at Mt. Lebanon, he said, "...we walked into a grim hall where several grim hats were hanging on grim pegs, and the time was marked by a grim clock, which was struck every tick with a kind of strong as if it broke the grim silence reluctantly, and under protest." Nathaniel Hawthorne, who lived at the time not far from Hancock in a rented cottage in Lenox, found "nothing so neat that it was a painful constraint to look at it; especially it did not imply any real delicate moral purity in the occupants of the house." He deplored "their utter systematic lack of privacy; the confusion of man with man, and the vision of one man over another." He added, "It is hateful and disgusting to think of; and the sooner the sect is extinct the better."



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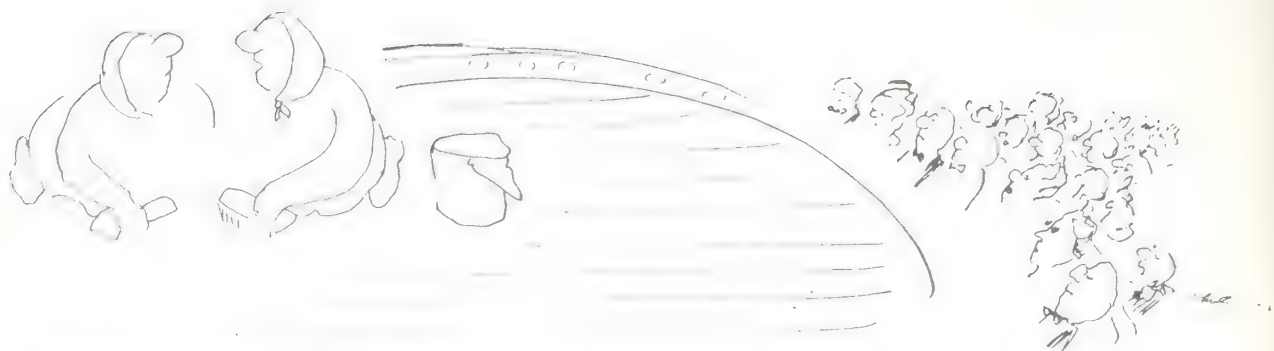
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"Shouldn't we tell them the play's been over for an hour and a half?"

There is nothing hateful now about the Hancock Shaker Village, a bright scattering of yellow and red and white houses and barns, a meetinghouse, a number of buildings which once served as shops for the manufacture of brooms, furniture, medicine, and the packaging of seeds, a large brick "dwelling" which was a dormitory, and an architecturally famous circular stone barn.

I parked my car and sought out Eugene M. Dodd, the curator of this "museum," if it can be called that, and he kindly took me on a tour of the premises. Mr. Dodd is a young refugee from teaching architectural history at Berkeley, California, and is an enthusiastic, well-informed, but not unamused partisan of the Shakers. I found him in the kitchen of the brick dwelling talking with a photographer who was working on a picture story, and whom Mr. Dodd turned over to a "volunteer." The Village is staffed largely by volunteers, mostly women from the neighborhood who believe in the place.

He took me first to look at a garden laid out as precisely as a bowling alley, in which the only blossoms were bright orange calendulas.

"Over against the fence," Mr. Dodd said, "is a very old kind of rose. The Shakers grew them to make rosewater for medicinal uses. The calendulas were also grown for medicinal purposes, don't ask me what.* They grew no flower for the sake of ornament."

He explained, "This garden is just a very small sample. There used to be

acres and acres of herbs and medicinal plants. They packed seeds; in fact the Shakers had a monopoly on seeds and herbs from about 1800 to 1850. The place was three thousand acres in its heyday. Now we have about a thousand."

The most interesting building at Hancock and the most famous is the circular stone barn 270 feet around that is in the process of collapsing. I had driven by the barn twenty years or so ago and had stopped in to look at it. In those days it was filled with cows and in sound condition. Later, Mr. Dodd told me, a sanitary law was passed in Massachusetts prohibiting cows from being housed on wooden floors, and the barn was deserted for a complex of three modern ones. The surprising result of this was that in winter (the temperature there can go to 30 degrees below), without the body heat of the cows in the barn, frost got into the masonry and split it. Now it is shored up with a scaffolding inside and planks and timbers outside.

"We're going to have to tear it down and rebuild the masonry and then put the rest of the structure back," Mr. Dodd said. "It was the first round barn in the world, I believe, and it was widely copied."

This is not surprising; it was a characteristic model of Shaker efficiency, beautiful in its simplicity and the sophistication of its concept and structure. Next to a sentence in his copy of *A History of Berkshire County* which said, "For simply laying the stone of this building the masons were paid 500 dollars and boarded," Herman Melville, who lived in nearby Pittsfield, had written the word, "Amazing." The Shakers, though shrewd, were not pinchpennies.

They were gadget-minded, but only

when gadgets increased the efficiency of their farms and shops and the maintenance of their buildings. They invented the flat broom, now the household standard, to replace the round gathering of broom straw. They heated their rooms with the most efficient and simplest wood stoves, elegantly functional, but as soon as central heating was developed they immediately adopted it and sold the stoves to farmers in the vicinity.

"What's that?" I asked Mr. Dodd, pointing to a wooden and metal construction a few feet high that sat on the floor of the buildings in which the "sisters" of the community worked.

"It's a self-acting cheese press," he said. "I haven't yet found out how it worked."

The Shakers were credited with the invention of the common clothespin, the circular saw, a pea sheller, looms for weaving palm leaves into bonnets, and a host of other devices, a great many of which are to be seen in the "Brethren Shop," the "Sister Shop," and the "Brick Dwelling," neatly displayed in the rooms in which they were originally used. The Shakers were weavers and coopers and tanners and harness makers. They dried fruits and sweet corn and sold applesauce, and of course they made furniture. Shaker chairs were famous in the middle of the last century, and they were sold at high prices, as high, indeed, as \$17. Shaker chairs, like their cupboard, tables, and stools are very light in construction but very strong and completely without ornament. It is not difficult to understand why they are popular in our era of purism in design (functionalism, if you prefer), but it seems odd that they should have been popular in Victorian days when rose-

* I discovered later that the flower of the marigold family was used "in folk medicine against menstrual disorder." (*Webster's Third New International Dictionary*).

AFTER HOURS

chairs were little baroque monu-
same elegant simplicity which
terizes the Shakers' furniture
marks their buildings—four-
symmetrical, and unadorned
nitectural devices. Their sense
portion surely did not stem
ny aesthetic theorizing or de-
provide pleasure; it came en-
from a sense of fitness and
ay and accommodation of struc-
practical use. In the "Brick
og," which was a dormitory,
ory, and meeting room, there is
of spaciousness which the ex-
scarcely suggests. Women lived
side of the building and men
other, and so it is divided by
corridors separating the sexes;
es an airiness about these cor-
which belies Dickens' descrip-
grimness, and the delicately
banisters on the wide stairs
only seem grim to a lover of
t, like Hawthorne.

all of the buildings which con-
the Hancock village have been
d, but eventually all of them
. One of those which is now
or exhibit, the meetinghouse,
oved to Hancock from a Shaker
Shirley, Massachusetts. It is
al with the original Hancock
ghouse which was taken down
Shakers not very many years
hen their numbers no longer
nted its maintenance. In the
f Dickens' visit and later, New
s used to make overnight ex-
s up the Hudson by side-
er and across country for the
e of watching the Shakers at
strange religious gyrations. It
tly was quite a show, a sort of
eased and disciplined mass ec-
Unfortunately, Dickens did not
for himself, but he wrote: "The
is said to be unspeakably ab-
and if I may judge from a print
ceremony which I have in my
sion; and which, I am informed
se who have visited the chapel,
ectly accurate; it must be in-
er grotesque."

lock is now the site of a race
and if it had not been for a
that the Shaker Village and
lling acres might be turned
o developers for motels and
isions and roadside honky-
he Village might just have dis-

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integrated. The few remaining Shakers who lived and farmed there put the place on the market at an asking price of \$250,000. Mrs. Lawrence K. Miller, the wife of the editor of the *Berkshire Eagle*, an excellent daily published in Pittsfield, rallied the support of thirty-three citizens of the vicinity. They convinced the Shakers, as she explained it to me on the telephone after my visit to the Village, "to agree to hear all offers and recommendations" for the property. "They agreed to sell to us for \$125,000," she said, and when I suggested that seemed quite a drop in price, she said, "They regarded this as their contribution to the project which is a memorial to the Shakers."

The group organized an educational, nonprofit (and therefore untaxed) corporation and borrowed \$125,000 from banks. This took place early in 1960. Since then they have had help from a number of individuals and foundations (most especially the Stern Family Fund and the late Mrs. Bruce Sanborn, who underwrote moving the meetinghouse). The local residents of the area, who used to dis-

parage "those crazy Shakers," now, according to Mrs. Miller, are proud of the Village and come and bring their friends.

Last summer there were about 22,000 visitors at the Village, an increase of 40 per cent over the year before. The peak of the Village's season coincides with the music festival at Tanglewood in Lenox about a dozen miles away. The village costs about \$70,000 a year to operate, and admissions at a dollar each (and less for school groups) come nowhere near meeting the running expenses, much less providing funds to reduce the debt at the bank or paying for the restorations which are far from completed. There are still buildings to be renovated on the site—the tannery, the icehouse, herb house, and several others, and some to be "acquired, moved, and restored." Fortunately, there seem to be no plans for trying to build "authentic reproductions" of Shaker buildings, make-believes like so much of the construction at Williamsburg, though it is the hope of the trustees to have someday "a new building in the Shaker manner, to in-

clude a sales area, offices, auditorium, improved facilities for visitors, lunches. . . ." If there is any attempt to have this building serviced by a lot of local folk phonied-up in Shaker bonnets and flat hats, I will personally lead a band of vandals to burn the place down! One of the remarkable things about the Hancock Shaker Village is its success in escaping the loss of quaintness at the same time that it maintains a sense of reality about the past.

One of the reasons why the Shaker Village is successful, I believe, is that those who run it recognize that the history of a community is a narrative of progress and change and not a static image interpreted at Williamsburg, the image of an isolated segment of time.

Unlike many communities that have been devastated by highways, "progress" is about to give this Village a remarkable break. Mr. Dodd stands on the edge of the highway that divides most of the Village from the meetinghouse.

"They are going to put a new bany-Pittsfield highway over beyond the edge of our property, beyond the trees," he said, pointing across the wide meadow. "From the new road you'll be able to look down on the Village from a hill. It's wonderful from there. The Shakers made a great point of having the places look like models of peaceful, prosperous farming. They hoped to make proselytes that way, and evidently they did."

I allowed that I had become a convert myself—not to Shakerism, of course, but to another sort of revelation. I have long been a staunch supporter of saving significant buildings of the past especially when it is possible to put them to some good use. One use, as museums, of course, though too many museums can become a public burden. It was, I think, the Shaker simplicity with its built-in elegance that I became a convert. Happily the lack of pretentiousness that characterized the Shakers and their Village has also characterized the effort of those like Mrs. Miller and Mr. Dodd who have turned the Shakers' presence to the public. It may be, though I cannot object to it, that they have taken a historical liberty with the Hancock. They have made the community that Dickens found so grim, smile

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Michael Harrington

MAKING THE GREAT SOCIETY SERIOUSLY

Leading spokesman for the New Left shows why it would be a mistake to poke fun at LBJ's rhetoric about making American life . . . and how young radicals might use his words for their own purposes.

In the first half of the 1960s, important people proposed that the United States make a social revolution, but without the inconvenience of changing any basic institutions.

The President declared "unconditional war" on poverty, and the Congress obligingly proclaimed that it was the public policy "to eliminate the paradox of poverty in the midst of plenty." President Johnson declared that this goal, and the abolition of racial injustice as well, were "just the beginning." He looked toward nothing less than a Great Society, "a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods," where leisure would mean "a welcome chance to build and reflect, not the feared cause of boredom and restlessness," where the city would serve "the desire for beauty and the hunger for community."

An excellent case can be made for dismissing all this talk as windy futurism.

For one thing, America has not even bothered to fulfill the hopes of the last generation of reformers. In 1944, for instance, Franklin Roosevelt

advocated a genuine, legally guaranteed right to work; if the private sector failed to provide a man with a job, the public sector would be obliged to create useful employment for him. By the time a conservative Congress got through with this fine affirmation in the Employment Act of 1946, FDR's binding promise of work was little more than a pious wish. In the next two decades, scandalous rates of unemployment were chronic. In the late 'forties, Harry S Truman advocated a health insurance plan to cover every citizen. It then took twenty years of bitter struggle to gain this protection, under Medicare, for the 10 per cent of the population over sixty-five years old.

Perhaps the most ironic disappointment is that the United States in 1966 had not yet constructed the number of low-cost housing units which Senator Robert Taft, the leading conservative of his time, had targeted for 1955.

If old-fashioned reforms have been so half-hearted, there is good reason to suspect new utopias. This is particularly true when President Johnson suggests that fundamental transitions in

American life and values are to be achieved almost effortlessly. The corporations and the unions, the racial majority and the minorities, the religious believers and the atheists, the political machines and the reformers, are all supposed to unite in making a reasonable upheaval without a trace of conflict. And in a country where the making of money has traditionally been the most revered pursuit, spiritual considerations are suddenly going to come first.

In short, it is easy enough to make fun of the Great Society. And it is wrong. For the new rhetoric is an admission of how deeply troubled this land is, of how much remains to be done, even if that rhetoric is inexcusably vague about how to solve the problems which it recognizes. It is an enormous gain that the leaders of the nation have admitted they are confronted with a situation which requires nothing less than new principles. That is a crucial point of departure for social theory and social innovation. And the next step is to start talking about the actual, specific details of the transition to a humane future.

It is, for instance, of the greatest significance that the government now freely admits that every big city in America is in a financial, racial, and social crisis. The present condition of our cities touches the very intangibles of the quality of our life, for here old age is lonelier, youth more rootless, the streets more chaotic.

It should be obvious that a program like the Demonstration Cities proposal fails utterly to deal with these realities. The President originally asked for \$400 to \$500 million a year over five or six years. Senators Robert Kennedy and Abraham Ribicoff rightly implied that this was not enough—whereupon Mayor Lindsay noted that the city of New York could easily spend \$50 billion to become livable. Kennedy, adding the various estimates from American mayors of the urban need for federal funds, concluded they would total a trillion dollars. He apparently believed this figure constituted a *reductio ad absurdum*, not realizing that, since the Gross National Product should add up to well over \$20 trillion during the next twenty years, this sum would not be too much more than

the 3 per cent of the National Product asked for by Harry Truman in 1947 in order to rebuild Europe. There is little point, however, in arguing over figures, for Congress is clearly intent on disappointing Mayor Lindsay and Senators Kennedy and Ribicoff, not to mention President Johnson.

A New Way to Keep Books

But instead of mocking the contrast between Presidential rhetoric and Congressional action, there is a more subversive strategy—to take the Great Society seriously.

A living precedent will illuminate the meaning of such an attitude. In recent years the American Negro outrageously demanded that this society live up to its own pieties. Words about equality and justice which had been as ceremonial as a Fourth of July speech suddenly became the programs and slogans of a militant mass movement. And all of this was not accomplished, let it be emphasized, by conciliation and good will. The dynamic was conflict and the actual involvement of dedicated fighters who were willing to die for the literal-minded idea of freedom.

The Great Society is not going to be handed down from on high any more than the Negro has been graciously conceded his democratic rights by the white majority. A crucial paradox explains why it is necessary to expect bitter American resistance to American greatness: it is impossible really to do anything about the "quality of our goals" without a profound rearrangement in the way we order the "quantity of our goods." At times, the Presidential rhetoric seems to imply that greatness is a genteel aspiration, like planting more flowers or having more ballet. In fact, to liberate the nation's spirit will require challenging some of its most powerful material interests. And that is the political rub if one proposes to take Lyndon B. Johnson at his fine words.

In 1966 a sober government commission, composed of businessmen, scholars, civil-rights leaders, and trade unionists, proposed that the United States take specific and concrete public action to place human considerations above mere money-making. Perhaps it is a measure of the extent of the present crisis that it drives practical men to visions.

The report, *Technology and the American Economy*—prepared by the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress—called on the government "to explore the creation of a 'system of social accounts' which would indicate the social benefits and social costs

Michael Harrington's book, "The Other America" (1962), is often credited with having sparked the War on Poverty. He is active in civil rights (mainly with Bayard Rustin and the A. Philip Randolph Institute) and in trying to bring activists and theorists together (in the League for Industrial Democracy). A member of the Socialist party since 1953, he has also written "The Accidental Century" and is working on a new book, "Toward a Democratic Left."

investments and services and thus reflect the true cost of a product. In such an approach, production and innovation would be measured, not simply in terms of its profitability to an individual or a corporation, but in relation to how it affects the society—of its profitability from the standpoint of the common good. There would be overviews of entire areas of social need, like housing and education, and analyses of the Gross National Product from the point of view of economic opportunity and social mobility.” This information, the Commission said, would help us to calculate the “utilization of human resources in our society. . . .”*

This is one of the most radical suggestions put forth by a responsible body in our recent history. The idea of social costs is not, of course, a new one. But the notion of putting the government behind it, of translating it from social science into politics, is a threat to some of our most cherished injustices.

Social accounting, for instance, would inevitably attack the power of both the automobile and the real-estate industries. It would probably force the country to consider putting an effective end to both cities and states as its fundamental subdivisions. And it would most certainly promote bitter conflict between the partisans of the private interest and the defenders of the public good.

It is striking how vague government documents become when the social cost of the automobile is at issue. The Highway Cost Allocation Study presented to Congress in 1960-61 was most precise in adding up all the dollar values which federally subsidized roads added to the economy. Then, in a casual aside, the Study noted that the expressway program had also promoted the decline of the central cities of America, a deterioration in mass transit, and possibly the shoddiness of the passenger rail system as well. These enormous social costs were borne, of course, primarily by poor people, Negroes, the aged—all those who stayed behind. But they were not even considered when Congress was computing the price the nation pays for its highways.

This indifference to social costs was one of the reasons why the Council of Economic Advisers

somberly warned, in its 1966 Report, that “the central core cities . . . have experienced a gradual process of physical and economic deterioration. Partly as a result of people’s desire for more space and home ownership, and made possible by the development of the automobile, central cities have been losing middle- and upper-income families to the suburbs. This movement accelerated when cities became caught in a vicious spiral of spreading slums, rising crime, and worsening congestion. . . . This process created an almost impossible financial situation for many cities.”

All of this is depressingly familiar. So is the Council’s description of the way in which these new patterns of living have strained the urban transportation systems almost to the breaking point—and exacted a high price from the commuter in terms of wasted time and frayed nerves.* Then comes the point at issue in any system of social cost accounting: “From the point of view of efficiency,” the Council affirms, “. . . investments should have been made in facilities for mass transit. Instead, *for many reasons*, they have been made primarily in automobile expressways, which only increase the congestion at the center.” (Emphasis added.)

It is no accident that the Council becomes so imprecise when it assigns the responsibility for the antisocial allocation of transportation funds we have made. For among the “many reasons” behind this irrational decision, the automobile industry looms large. Given the fact that seven of the ten largest corporations in the world are involved (three car makers, four oil companies) our actions are not so mysterious.

Socializing the Highways

All this has come about, not simply through the irresponsible self-seeking of huge corporations, but with the aid of enormous public subsidies. Governmental action at the federal, state, and local level has helped in creating all this social havoc. Roads are, after all, among the few things Republican Congressmen are hellbent to socialize. The total cost of the Interstate system initiated by President Eisenhower is \$46.8 billion. As of June 1966, some \$14 billion of projects were currently under way or approved, a sum beyond the wildest dream of the antipoverty planners.

There is, of course, the hoax that most of this is paid for by a “user” charge on the car owners

*The report was submitted early in 1966 and is available from the Government Printing Office in Washington, D.C. Members of the Commission were Howard R. Bowen, president of Grinnell College (Chairman), Benjamin Aaron, Joseph A. Beirne, Daniel Bell, Patrick E. Haggerty, Albert J. Hayes, Anna Rosenberg Hoffman, Edwin H. Land, Walter P. Reuther, Robert H. Ryan, Robert M. Solow, Philip Sporn, Thomas J. Watson, Jr., and Whitney M. Young, Jr.

*Senator Claiborne Pell has estimated that the time lost in traffic is worth over \$13 billion a year if the hours are charged off at the modest rate of \$1.50.

and the truckers. Only the "users" don't pay for the decline of the central cities; they don't even cover the costs for highway patrolmen, traffic systems, congestion, and parking problems. The public dollar intensifies the urban crisis which the Council of Economic Advisers—and everybody else in government—publicly deplores. The care and feeding of the automobile often receives more vigorous federal support than the care and feeding of people.

The automobile industry has a simple, and predictable, answer to all of these problems—build more freeways. As the Automobile Manufacturers Association told Congress in 1963, such roads would "provide the framework for comprehensive public and private transportation systems in our large metropolitan areas." The city which has taken this advice most to heart is, of course, Los Angeles, with its vast system of freeways. One side effect of this approach, as the 1966 White House Conference on Civil Rights suggested, was the Watts riot of 1965. For by making the kind of investment proposed by the automobile makers, Los Angeles isolated Negroes to the point that they had to travel two hours, transfer to several bus lines, and pay half a dollar each way in order to work or even look for a job. This was a major factor in the despairing violence which broke out in Watts.

When the President proposed a Department of Transportation to Congress, he recognized at least some of these problems. The new Secretary was to rationalize transit the way McNamara had transformed defense; Mr. Johnson even wanted to instruct him to develop "investment criteria and standards" for federal action. As Representative Chet Holifield of California described what then happened on the floor of the House, "in my twenty-four years in Congress I have never before encountered such an atmosphere of pressure from lobbyists, such a barrage of distortion of the truth. . . ." If, the Congress said after being prodded by the various interest groups involved, there is going to be a Secretary of Transportation, he must certainly be forbidden to have, or even suggest, a national transportation policy.

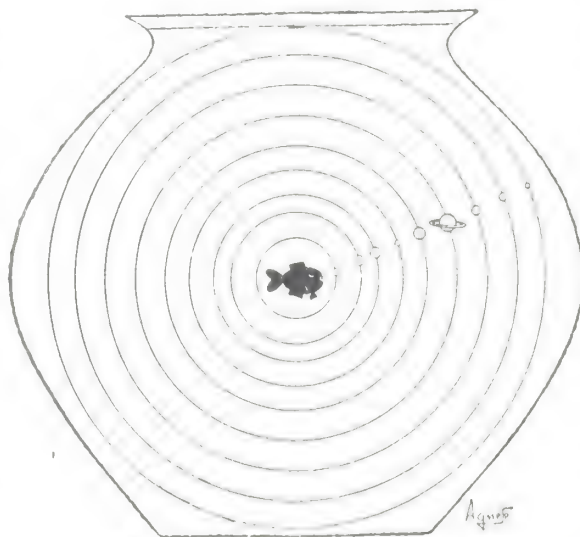
But if the government ever told the public—through a system of social cost accounting—how much the automobile *really* cost, it is possible that the voters would refuse to allow tax funds to be used to subsidize metropolitan chaos. It is certain that the automobile industry would fight with all its great power in defense of a future which will be, like Los Angeles, paved. And one can also be sure that the car makers would have a powerful ally from another industry which has vested interest in the continuation of the present urban crisis, the real-estate business.

Handout for the Middle Class

At the White House Civil Rights Conference last summer it was publicly admitted that the overwhelming bulk of federal support for housing has gone to the middle class and the rich. The poor get a highly visible, and wholly inadequate, subsidy in the form of segregated, bureaucratic high-rise projects. The well-off get an invisible and princely subsidy in the form of federal credit and tax policy, as well as through urban renewal. This system helps the middle class to maintain a certain sense of moral superiority and a loyalty to the Protestant ethic.

The federal government generously provided much of the credit for suburbia (through the Housing and the Veterans Administrations, the Federal National Mortgage Association, and other agencies) during the very period it was supposed to be enticing the middle class back into the central city through urban renewal. There were cases, like the Title One scandal, in which speculators

simply robbed the public. More often, the real-estate interests stamped the public programs with their private purposes in the full, legal light of day. As Professor James Q. Wilson of Harvard describes it, urban renewal at the local level was used "in some places to get Negroes out of white neighborhoods, in others to bring middle-class people closer to downtown department stores, in still other places to build dramatic civic monuments, and in a few places to rehabili-



the declining neighborhoods and add to the supply of moderately priced housing."

Tax policy also has aided the better-off. In 1962 the value of the tax deduction on mortgage payments was roughly double the sum spent on public housing—a ratio of about \$1.5 billion to \$835 million. The poor got a cheap, inadequate, but highly visible subsidy; the self-reliant and virtuous middle class received a much more munificent, but socially invisible handout.

If there were social cost accounting, however, and the public moneys were actually used to redeem the official pledges about ending poverty and building a Great Society, many of these postwar policies would have to be reversed. Public housing would no longer mean piling poor people on top of each other in segregated high-rise projects. The White House Conference on Civil Rights made a "conservative" estimate that the country needs 10 million new housing units a year, instead of the 1.4 million now being built, and recommended that "at least half, preferably more" of the new units should be made available to low- and moderate-income families. The Conference also computed the cost of putting the poor in the private housing market through subsidies: to get all of the present families with incomes under \$3,000 into decent housing would take \$10 billion.

Here again, if there were social cost accounting, Philip Randolph's "Freedom Budget" for ending poverty, creating full employment, and housing every citizen decently would likely be viewed as plain common sense. Randolph and his economic advisers have worked out the precise details of how these priorities could be attained. They would require, among other things, the expenditure of \$100 to \$150 billion over ten years; public aid could be directed to those who needed it most, and the process of planning the extension of existing cities, creating new towns for public purposes, and creating housing for all, there would be a powerful impetus toward integration.

It is, of course, possible to argue that the changes in public policy involved in all this are too sweeping, the sums so astronomical, that such reform is out of the question. This kind of rebuttal, however, would clearly mean a rejection of any pretense of building a Great Society; it would mean a continuation of the present system of anti-social allocations: massive financing for the cars, roads, and housing of the suburban middle class; further rotting of the central cities; an intensification of poverty and racial discrimination; pollution, congestion, ugliness. If these current, and every quantitative, priorities continue in force, then the quality of American goals will increas-

ingly become corrupt, not great. Even some of the most intimate aspects of the individual life will be affected, and youth will be more rootless, racial prejudice harsher, old age lonelier. If, on the other hand, there were social cost accounting, there would be genuine democratic conflict, not consensus, and at least a hope of redeeming Mr. Johnson's vision.

I strongly urge a Council for the Great Society, to be established as part of the Executive branch. It should be charged by law with the preparation of an annual social accounting, a report on the quality of life in the United States and what can be done to improve it.

In making this recommendation, I do not mean to imply that social accounting is a simple matter. There has been sharp, acrimonious debate over the statistics and quantities which are the province of the Council of Economic Advisers. When human values and needs are at stake, as well as the tangibles of a Gross National Product, disagreement is inevitable.* But even admitting all the difficulties, the arguments pro and con have to be taken out of the academies and made public.

Even if there were excellent social accounts and the corporate obstacles to the common good were overcome, there is still another status quo which must be dealt with—the Balkanized political map of the United States, which has more to do with the accidents of our history and the desire of the white middle class to shirk its responsibilities than with the needs of the nation.

The economy, the housing market, the transportation problems of an urban complex constitute a whole; the political jurisdictions in the same area are in fragments. Yet it is of the very essence of that "systems approach" which has succeeded so admirably for big business and the Department of Defense that these issues be dealt with in their entirety, as part of a total system. In the course of the flight to the suburbs, the middle class feudalized the metropolitan areas. It liked to have the economic and cultural advantages of the big cities, but in pleasant little single-class baronies. Thus, as the government has now admitted, getting effective economic and social action on a question like civil rights is going to require area-wide planning and action—one of the conclusions of the White House Conference on Civil Rights.

In 1966, the United States Conference of Mayors saw this approach as a practical necessity.

*There are, to take but a single instance, responsible and independent scholars who are much more optimistic about the automobile than I. See *The Urban Transportation Problem* by John Meyer, John Kain, and Martin Wohl.

The mayors urged the federal government to withhold grants for community facilities, such as water and sewer systems, unless the recipient would agree to provide a "reasonable share" of low-income housing in the area. This was a reference to the suburban practice of enthusiastically taking federal grants and devoting them to the exclusive use of their middle-class constituents. The mayors also demanded that federal aid to education be made contingent upon an agreement by local authorities to accept pupils from poor districts, and to have government agencies promote the building of low-cost housing in *all* sections of the metropolitan area.

For years now, the United States government has recognized the justice of this point when it is applied to Europe or Latin America. Washington has been an international champion of regional integration and planning from the Marshall Plan to the Alliance for Progress. When, however, a similar need becomes desperately apparent within the United States, our policy is not so forthright. There have been halfhearted attempts to tie some federal funds to regional planning but, as the Mayors' Conference demonstrated, the suburbs still manage to divert most of the federal funds from the urban crisis.

Revising the Profit Motive

Finally, if the quality of our goals is to be placed over the quantity of our goods, then President Johnson has, perhaps unwittingly, attacked the profit motive. This may sound like a radical, even an impolite, interpretation of the premises of his Great Society; yet, paradoxically, such a recognition has an enormous political potential for national leaders in the future. The best, the most intelligent, of the American youth today are already rejecting the national idealization of personal gain. And they are the vanguard of the largest and most restless generation in American history.

Yet the mythology of profit still officially oppresses the nation; it is wantonly taught to innocent schoolchildren. An almost pathetic illustration of this devotion has been provided by the emergence of modified market principles ("Libermanism") in Russia and East Europe. The President was cheered that "Profits are coming to be understood as a better measure of productivity—and personal incentive as a better spur to effective action on behalf of the national economy." Neither Mr. Johnson, nor the editorialists who shared his jubilation, seemed to care that their free-enterprise

methods were being used by totalitarian bureaucracies to make controlled economies more efficient.

Perhaps the most authoritative testimonial on the possibilities of being done with the profit motive comes from a successful businessman, a brilliant stock speculator, and a theorist who helped to save capitalism from itself—John Maynard Keynes.

In 1925 Keynes wrote, "... the moral problem of our age is concerned with the love of money, with the habitual appeal to the money motive in nine-tenths of the activities of life, with the universal striking after individual security as the prime object of endeavor, with the social approbation of money as the measure of constructive success, and with the social appeal to the hoarding instinct as the foundation of the necessary provision for the family and for the future." How this statement came from the pen of such a brilliant theoretical and practical entrepreneur is a fascinating puzzle in intellectual history; it is also quite relevant to the antiprofit implications of the Great Society.

Two years after this attack on the love of money, Keynes made a paradoxical distinction. There were two separate issues, he said; one concerned the efficiency of capitalism, the other the desirability of the system. "For my part," Keynes wrote, "I think that capitalism, wisely managed, can probably be made more efficient for obtaining economic ends than any alternative system yet in sight; but that in itself it is in many ways extremely objectionable." Eventually, Keynes believed, the economy would become so productive (he even imagined a zero rate of interest for capital) that society would no longer need to be immoral in order to be efficient. At that point, "The love of money—as distinguished from the love of money as a means to the enjoyments and realities of life—will be recognized for what it is, a somewhat disgusting morbidity, one of those semicriminal, semipathological propensities which one hands over with a shudder to the specialists in mental disease."

This distinction between money as means and money as end is crucial if the issues are not to be muddled. For the immediate future, and even in the visionary middle distance, almost everyone is going to devote himself to raising his standard of life and even pursuing luxuries. One accepts a modicum of self-interest and antineighborliness. But it is another question entirely that these aspects of personality should be taken as the dominant principle of a society. That, in essence, is the argument of the unalloyed profit motive.

Once upon a time there was a savage ethical

theory to justify the making of money as money. It was said that profiteering—outwitting one's fellow man, getting a special advantage, buying cheap and selling dear—was necessary to evoke the extremes of entrepreneurial ingenuity and dedication. Those were the heroic, dog-eat-dog days of the business civilization. Whether this morality was really ever needed, it certainly no longer holds. Research and development are government-supported, largely carried out by scientific pieceworkers; corporations are more and more "rational" and bureaucratic—private civil services rather than robber baronies. We are at that point foreseen by Keynes where the love of money need not be acknowledged as the arbiter of society's destiny.

For the Best of the Young

The very best of the American young are rejecting, as Keynes did forty years ago, the "money-making morbidity." In 1964, the *Wall Street Journal* reported that 14 per cent of Harvard's senior class entered business, as contrasted with 49 per cent in 1960. In 1966 the Harris Poll surveyed college seniors for *Newsweek* and found that this trend was deepening. Only 12 per cent of the sample were looking forward to business careers—and twice as many wanted to be teachers. Harris further reported that the acceptance of business as an institution in American society declined as education increased; that those students with the most advantages were also the most alienated from the ruling economic ideology.

There was a humorous documentation of this pattern in a recent article by Roger Rapoport in the *Wall Street Journal*. A student who graduated with "the highest honors" at Michigan State University picketed his own commencement because of the presence of Vice President Humphrey, a supporter of the Administration's policy in Vietnam. This event, Rapoport wrote, was not an isolated one. Michigan State had gone out to recruit genius as it once had assembled only football teams. Because of this activist approach and generous scholarships, the University had managed to attract 560 National Merit Scholars to East Lansing. (Harvard, with the second-highest Merit Scholar total, had 425.)

But it turned out that it was precisely this intellectual elite which provided much of the impetus for campus dissidence and protest. The Merit Scholars were involved in publishing a newspaper critical of the University administration, attacking self-service laundry prices, and helping

to document their own University's relations with the CIA in Vietnam. As Rapoport concluded, "the ironic situation in East Lansing points up a dilemma confronting a growing number of quality-minded universities these days."

The Michigan State experience had, of course, been presaged at Berkeley, where the student militants of the Free Speech Movement in 1965 were among the very best students on campus. All over the country one can recognize a deep current of antimaterialism and antibureaucracy among the most educated youth of the 'sixties. The brightest children of the affluent society have volunteered for dangerous civil-rights projects in the South, for community organizing in the slums of the cities, for the Peace Corps, and for VISTA.

It could be that all this is only a youthful phase. I think not. John Kennedy was among the first to understand that the youth of the 'sixties were much more readily moved by an appeal to sacrifice for the common good than by a call to scramble for private gain. In the vicious, competitive capitalist economy of the nineteenth century, it was at least possible to idealize a social Darwinist ethic. In the conglomerate enterprise of the mid-twentieth century, that is becoming infinitely more difficult.

In Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, the tough-minded merchants of the first generation were succeeded by ambiguous sons and ineffective, aesthetic grandchildren. In this country, a different case might be made: the educated grandchildren of our immigrants are becoming increasingly idealistic. If this is the trend, then facing up to the fact that a Great Society cannot be built on a profit motive is an act of politics. Such clarity will have a profound appeal to the best of the young.

There must be specific and concrete proposals to show that quality is being made sovereign over quantity. Perhaps the easiest proposal to adopt in this area is that of Kingman Brewster, who said in his inaugural address as president of Yale that social service should be given the same status in our schools now accorded to military training. The student preparing to be an officer receives allowances for schooling and for summer training. The youth who wants to be a civil-rights organizer or a Peace Corpsman, or to volunteer for any similarly useful activity, should have at least as much support.

It is not enough, in other words, to sermonize the young that they should favor a Great Society. There should be new institutions to help those who want to build a new and exciting nation. The patriotism of life should be worth at least as much to America as the patriotism of death.

Howard E. Evans

THE INTELLECTUAL AND EMOTIONAL WORLD OF THE COCKROACH

Why man has much to learn from the most adaptable if least-loved species on earth. A report by a witty biologist.

Ever since archy stopped jumping on the keys of Don Marquis' typewriter in the offices of the New York *Sun*, cockroaches have passed from the ken of most of us. It is a pity. Ours is a world of insecticides, rodenticides, herbicides, and etcetides. As archy complained, on reading an advertisement for a roach exterminator:

the human race little knows
all the sadness it
causes in the insect world . . .*

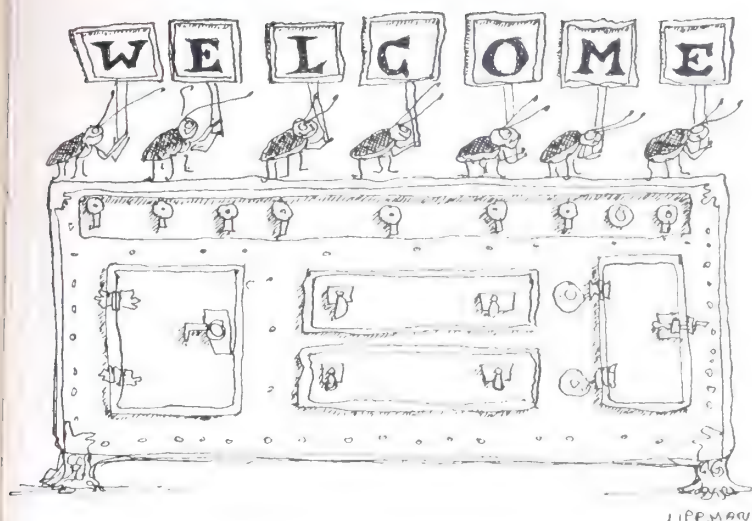
Of course, a biologist will tell you that insects are unlikely to experience sadness. But the human species is bereaved when it is unable to appreciate the world of small and creeping things. I heartily recommend cockroaches. Unlike archy, the average roach has little or no poetry in his soul. But he is a marvelous beast nonetheless. He must, of course, be met on his own terms, in his own world. He has been inhabiting that world successfully for somewhat more than 250 million years. The earliest fossil cockroaches look so much like contemporary species that one can almost imagine them freshly crushed by some irate housewife. But the first housewife was still more than 249 million years in the future. Any creature so adept at survival would seem to be worth our attention; survival is a subject we can stand to learn a lot more about.

Cockroaches are primarily creatures of the tropics and subtropics; in temperate regions we know them mainly from a few species that have found an easy living in our homes, stores, and restaurants. These domestic species include among others the American, German, Oriental, Surinam,

and Cuban cockroach (a house my family once rented in Florida was a veritable United Nations of roachdom). A few years ago a cockroach was served to me in an order of beefsteak and onions, in Texas (I believe it was American, but accurate identification of fried specimens is difficult). I was, ravenously hungry after a day in the desert, so I ate everything except the cockroach, which I spread out neatly in the center of the empty plate, arranging his antennae and legs as best I could. The expression on the waiter's face when he cleared the table was ample compensation for the health risk I took. Although cockroaches are basically clean animals, they do track about a good deal of human filth; some carry bacteria responsible for various intestinal disorders, as well as polio virus and even hookworm.

The names of our domestic roaches are largely the result of chance. When the Swedish naturalist Linnaeus received a roach from America he called it *americana*, while a roach from Asia he called *orientalis*. Even by that time (1758) most domestic cockroaches had spread over much of the globe, and modern transportation has finished the job. The late James A. G. Rehn, of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, revealed that the American roach and its close relative the Australian roach belong to a group which occurs in the wild, primarily in tropical Africa. He felt that these species, along with the Madeira roach and several others, came to America at an early date on slave ships. The Oriental roach also has wild relatives in Africa, but it arrived in Europe very long ago, perhaps on Phoenician vessels. Later it apparently traveled to South America on Spanish galleons and to North America on English ships.

*From *archy and mehitabel*, by Don Marquis, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.



The German roach, according to Rehn, came from North Africa. As it spread across Europe it was called the "Prussian roach" by the Russians, the "Russian roach" by the Prussians, thus paralleling the history of syphilis, which was known as the "French disease" throughout much of Europe, but as the "Italian disease" in France. The first outbreak of syphilis in the British colonies, by the way, occurred in Boston twenty-six years after the landing of the *Mayflower*. Evidently that noble ship and its immediate followers carried a good many things besides bluebloods, including, no doubt, the German roach, long an inhabitant of Boston slums but now fighting a rearguard action against urban renewal and the more recently arrived brown-banded cockroach.

America does, of course, have native roaches, but few of them have become domesticated, perhaps a reflection of the fact that man himself had his origins in Africa, thus giving the African roaches a big head start. The so-called Surinam roach apparently did not come originally from that Dutch colony in South America; Rehn found its closest relatives in the Orient, whence the species apparently spread into Africa and then joined several other species in slave ships traveling to that brave new world, America. Only one species, the so-called pale-bordered cockroach, has reversed the usual direction of immigration (may I say encroachment?) and reached the Canary Islands from its home in the West Indies.

Biologists are always on the lookout for animals easy to rear in the laboratory, and what could be easier than cockroaches, which are usually there to start with anyway. Most species require no more than a warm and cozy cage, a little water,

and an occasional dog biscuit. Best of all, cockroaches—whom no one seems to love greatly—are exempt from most if not all of the bills pending in Congress which attempt to regulate and restrict the use of laboratory animals.

Scientists have used cockroaches in basic studies of animal behavior, nutrition, and metabolism, and even in cancer research. Dr. Berta Scharrer of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine found that when she cut certain nerves in the Madeira roach they developed tumors in some of the organs supplied by those nerves. Other workers have found tumors resulting from hormonal imbalance after transplanting endocrine glands in roaches. The application of these findings to the understanding of cancer in humans remains to be seen.

Behavior studies suggest that roaches are among the "brighter" insects. This was demonstrated in 1912, by C. H. Turner of Sumner Teachers College in Saint Louis, whose ingenious studies of animal behavior, often with homemade equipment, earned him a reputation as one of the leading Negro biologists of his time. Turner, for example, tried "teaching machines" on cockroaches long before they came to be used for humans. He put roaches in cages containing two compartments, one lighted and one dark. True to their well-known preference, Turner's roaches

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regularly headed for the dark compartment. However, when he wired it in such a way that they received an electric shock upon entering, they soon learned to go straight into the lighted compartment. (The males, he found, learned somewhat more quickly than the females.)

Turner also taught his cockroaches to run mazes successfully, a trick few insects can master. He rigged up a complex pattern of pathways made of copper strips supported over a pan of water. At the end of one runway was an inclined plane leading to the jelly glass that was "home" to that particular roach. After only five or six trials at half-hour intervals, most roaches reached their jars faster and faster and made fewer errors en route. In the course of a day the number of errors declined to almost zero. Turner's Oriental roaches had short memories and had to be retrained every day, but another worker found that American roaches remembered and even improved from day to day. Another researcher tried running two or three roaches together to see if they could solve a maze more rapidly in company—as certain fishes can. Exactly the opposite occurred. Apparently extracurricular distractions conflict with serious training even among roaches.

Lest anyone be inclined to dub the roaches "eggheads," I hasten to add that roaches *without* their heads are able to learn some things well. Recently Professor G. A. Horridge, of St. Andrews University in Scotland, arranged a decapitated roach in such a way that the legs received electric shocks every time they fell below a certain level. After about thirty minutes the roach changed its behavior in such a way that the legs were raised and few shocks were received. A decapitated roach, by the way, often lives for several days, although it eventually starves to death.

The Mechanics of Cowardice

Doubtless the learning abilities of roaches have something to do with their success in putting up with the shenanigans of mankind. Other reasons for their success are to be found in their ability to scuttle off rapidly into crevices where they remain remarkably alert to peril. The roach's alarm system consists of long and active antennae on his head, and a pair of similar but shorter structures at the other end of the body, called *cerci* (from the Greek word for tails). These cerci are highly sensitive structures, and a light puff of air directed at one will send the roach scurrying. The cerci are covered with tiny hairs that bend when a current of air strikes them. Deflection of the hairs stimu-

lates some of the many nerves in the cerci, which send a message to two clusters of nerve cells at their base. Here the message is transferred to giant fibers many times larger than ordinary nerve fibers, which carry nerve impulses more than ten times as fast as ordinary nerves (the rate is more than 15 feet per second which means that an impulse can traverse a giant fiber of the American roach in less than .003 seconds). These fibers carry the impulse directly to the nerves and muscles of the legs and produce the immediate escape response so characteristic of roaches.

To study the evasive behavior of the cockroach Professor Kenneth Roeder of Tufts University rigged up a treadmill attached to a very sensitive recording device. Behind the roach on the treadmill, he placed a small tube through which a jet of air could be blown at the cerci. At the same time the air jet would strike a small paper flag, also connected to the recording device, such that the interval between air jet and leg movement was registered. The cockroaches were fairly uncooperative, as experimental animals often are, and frequently cleaned themselves or made other unscheduled movements. But eventually Roeder obtained twenty-three good measurements which averaged out to about .05 seconds from air puff to leg movements. In subsequent experiments he found out why, although transmission over the giant fibers requires only about .003 seconds, another .047 seconds, more or less, are required for the final response. Some of the difference was caused by "synaptic delays," that is, the time taken for the impulse to cross from one nerve to another.

Synapses are the switchboards of the nervous system and provide the major means of sorting and directing messages. They do slow things down. Because giant fibers bypass many synapses, they speed up the response. A number of ordinary nerve fibers might handle more information than one giant fiber but at the cost of several thousandths of a second. In the course of evolution, this small gain in speed of escape from enemies outweighed the importance of carrying more detailed messages.

Our own human warning systems operate on much the same principle: emphasis is on rapid transmission of simple messages ("missile approaching") rather than much slower transmission of analytical reports. Such a system may have enhanced the survival of roaches as a group by millions of years, for their response is quick escape, and if the source of stimulation is in fact harmless, nothing is lost. *Our* problem, since we have no place to escape to, is to avoid an inappropriate response to meaningless information.

In addition to their gift for speedy retreat some roaches have developed effective defense mechanisms. They can spray would-be predators with repellent chemicals. Dr. Thomas Eisner of Cornell University has found that one spray—known as a quinone—caused attacking ants and beetles to retreat and to undergo “a series of abnormal seizures, during which leg movements became dis-coordinated and ineffectual.” (Quinones similar to those produced by certain cockroaches have bactericidal properties, and may some day conceivably find a role as medical antibiotics.)

At least one roach has wholly abandoned cowardice in favor of aggression. This roach, with the suitably frightening name *Gromphadorhina portentosa*, not only produces an odor but makes a loud, hissing sound when disturbed. The males are sometimes as much as four inches long and have a pair of thick horns just behind their heads. When males chance upon one another they charge and push each other back and forth with their horns, all the while hissing loudly. This roach is a native of Madagascar and has not become domesticated, thank God; it is not the sort of thing one would want to encounter on his kitchen shelf.

The lives of cockroaches are remarkably automated. Apparently they don't even have to rely on their senses to decide when to go out on their nightly prowls. This was demonstrated by Dr. Janet Harker of Cambridge University, England, who found that American roaches kept in constant darkness nevertheless became more active when it was night outside, at least for a period of several days. Apparently a hormone is released from a group of cells in the head every twenty-four hours and “tells” the roach to bestir itself. A beheaded cockroach can't tell the time of day—not because he has no eyes but because he has lost the glands which produce this hormone. When Dr. Harker implanted a gland that was producing hormone

rhythmically, she could restore the rhythm of activity in the headless roach. By subjecting the gland to temperatures close to freezing she was able to “reset the clock.” However, this could be done only with a transplanted gland; when left in the original roach, the gland resets itself. It isn't quite clear why cockroaches need a system for “instrument takeoffs” when they can tell when it is dark simply by looking out of their crevices.

The Chemistry of Love

Like other insects, roaches have no hormones produced by their sex organs. They hardly need them, adult insects being designed for reproduction and not much else. They do have certain built-in inhibiting devices, however; insects cannot afford to spend all their waking hours in sex, phonetics notwithstanding. We know that certain endocrine glands in the head of a female roach have much influence on the formation of her eggs. In some species, if these glands are removed soon after the female becomes sexually mature, she fails to produce a chemical—known as a pheromone—which attracts males, and is therefore very likely doomed to spinsterhood. But if she is doused with sex attractant taken from normal females, she can attract males and mates in the usual manner. When a female Surinam roach is pregnant, pressure of the developing eggs sends a nervous impulse to the head which suppresses these same glands and thus stops production of the sex attractant until the eggs are laid.

Many other insects produce pheromones, and the study of their chemistry and effects is currently a very active field of biology. In some cockroaches, the male must actually contact the female before being stimulated, while in other cases the pheromone attracts males from a distance.



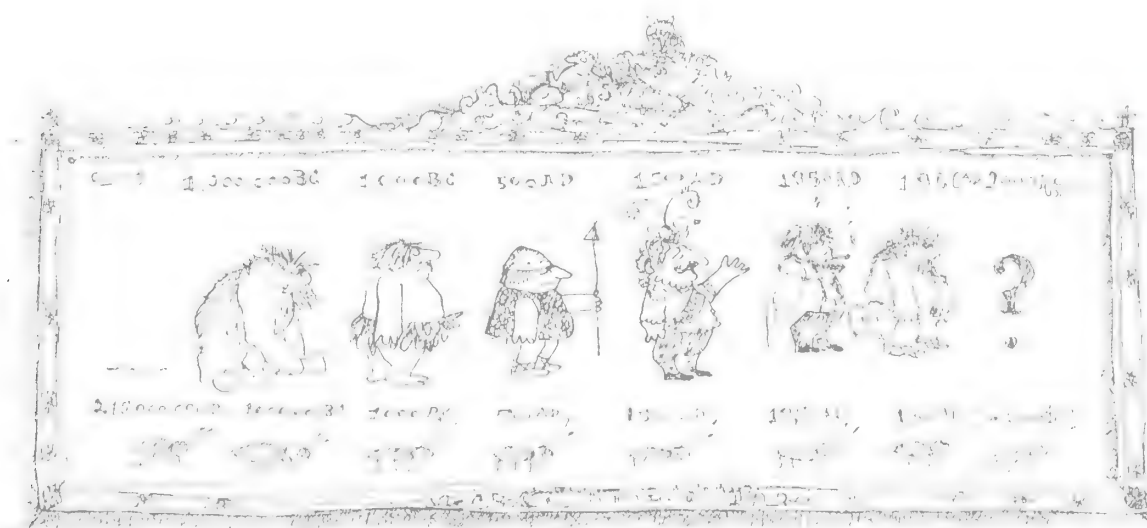
The German roach has paid for its intimacy with man by having its sex life analyzed in great detail. When a male detects the pheromone of a female, he faces his intended spouse and the pair begin to "fence" with their antennae. Shortly thereafter he turns completely around and faces away from her, at the same time raising his wings at about a 90-degree angle. Through this gesture he is offering her his own chemical attractants, which exude from glands on his back. If courtship is proceeding well, the female climbs upon his back and begins to feed on these exudates, which lure her into copulating position. After a few seconds the male begins to push himself farther back beneath the female, at the same time extruding his genital organs. These are extraordinary structures, resembling nothing so much as a Boy Scout jackknife, with its various blades and bottle and can openers. With the longest of these hooks the male clamps onto a small crescent-shaped plate at the tail end of the female. Then he moves out from under her and turns about facing away from her. Other, smaller hooks are then attached to other structures on the female, who is literally "hooked" for the hour or two required for copulation.

Dr. Louis Roth, of the U. S. Army Laboratories in Natick, Massachusetts, has found important differences in the reproductive behavior of various species. The American roach is more direct than the German, the male pushing himself beneath the

female with hardly any preliminaries. In this species and in many others, males are greatly stimulated by female sex pheromone even in the absence of females. If filter paper is taken from the bottom of a cage of females and placed in a cage of males, the latter become greatly excited, flutter their wings, and attempt to mate with the paper. Workers at the United States Department of Agriculture have succeeded in isolating the sex attractant of the American roach by passing a stream of air through jars containing thousands of females, collecting the vapor by freezing it with dry ice. In nine months, they obtained 12.2 milligrams (about .0004 ounces) of this substance, which proved to be intensely exciting to males.

Dr. Robert Barth of the University of Texas, who has become something of a Sigmund Freud to the roach world, finds that homosexuality is rare among roaches. However, he reports that when female pheromone is introduced into a cage of male Cuban roaches, they tear about their cage and proceed to court one another furiously. All steps in heterosexual courtship can be seen, except of course for the final hooking together of the genitalia. We still know very little about the actual nature of these potent sex attractants. Perhaps it is just as well.

The eggs of roaches are produced in neat little packets which, in our homes and laboratory cages, are simply dropped on the floor, to hatch some time later if they do not dry up or become food for



another roach. But we now know that this behavior is the result of an abnormal environment. In their natural habitats most roaches safeguard the next generation by concealing their eggs.

I watched one method in a Florida state park on a warm spring evening several years ago. Around me were several female giant Florida roaches—a brown, wingless, and rather odorous species that has not become domesticated to any extent. Each had an egg case protruding from the end of her body, and each was digging a hole in the sand or at least looking for a place to dig. When she had selected a suitable spot she made a series of backward strokes with her head, piling the sand beneath and behind her. After the hole was about a third of an inch deep, she dribbled saliva into it, picked up the moistened sand grains with her mouth and eventually molded a trough-shaped cavity of proper size and shape to fit the egg capsule. Next she straddled the pit, released the egg case, and slid it into the hole with movements of her abdomen, turning around and making final adjustments with her mandibles. Then she plastered moistened sand over the top of the egg case and smoothed it over. Finally after more than an hour of hard work, she wandered off into the darkness, having effectively protected against predators, parasites, and desiccation offspring she would never see herself.

In laboratory cages, this same roach, like other species, merely drops her egg cases on the floor. But if she is provided with sand, she will act out her normal egg-burying behavior (to a bleary-eyed audience, sometime in the middle of the night).

Worth Lifetimes of Study

Other roaches have quite different methods of protecting their eggs. The German roach, for example, carries her egg case around, projecting from the end of her body, and even transfers water to it. She drops it when the eggs are ready to hatch. The female Madeira and Surinam roaches, after extruding the egg case, draw it back into the body, where it occupies a special brood sac until hatching occurs. These roaches are unique in being "born twice," since the eggs first leave the body of the female and are then drawn back in, to emerge a second time as young roaches. In the brood sac, the eggs are thoroughly protected and are supplied with water and, in at least one case, with nutriment. The Surinam roach has even dispensed with the nuisance of having a male sex; one strain of this species consists entirely of fe-

FABRICATION

by John L'Heureux

When I woke the morning
at a sunless and uncivil hour
(4:45 A.M.)

those crazy birds
had not yet tuned
for matins.

I gave them pitch
warned the dewy worms go under
spied death gliding

back to his bone orchard.
I gave you this first time
the morning.

I made it. I woke it.
That bird singing
is my soul's surprise.

Sunrise is a lovelong
giving
to learn our selves.

males which produce live female young, which grow up to produce live female young, and so on *ad infinitum*. If there is a more efficient reproductive mechanism, the roaches will undoubtedly find it.

When a scientist is asked what good his research is, the classic answer (and a good one) is a shrug of the shoulders. To a student of roaches, it is self-evident that any creature so beautifully adapted and adaptable is worth lifetimes of study. If there are any underlying principles of long-term survival, surely they are evidenced by the roaches. Of the 3,500 species now living fewer than 5 per cent have been studied in any detail. What we do know suggests that every species is a story in itself, and that even our best-known species have still to yield final answers on many details of body function. The study of roaches may lack the aesthetic values of bird-watching and the glamour of space flight, but nonetheless it would seem to be one of the more worthwhile human activities. In fact, as I scan the evening paper, I wonder if it may not be more worthwhile than most of them.



Peter F. Drucker

HOW TO MANAGE YOUR TIME

EVERYBODY'S NO. 1 PROBLEM

Most businessmen actually control less than 25 per cent of their working hours. A leading management consultant suggests an effective way to increase "discretionary time" and make better use of it. (It works equally well for housewives.)

Whenver a senior executive—whether in business, government, or the academic world—tells me that he controls more than half of his work hours, I am reasonably certain that he actually has no idea where his time goes. For "discretionary time" is one of the scarcest and most precious of commodities. It is the time which an executive has at his own disposal, to spend according to his own judgment on matters that are truly important. In working with dozens of businessmen, I have seldom found a senior officer who controls as much as 25 per cent of his time. And the higher up in the organization an executive is, the larger the share of his time which is *not* under his control, and is not spent productively.

Most executives don't know this. One company chairman, for example, was absolutely certain that he divided his working hours into three roughly equal parts—one-third spent with his senior officers, another with his important customers, and the rest devoted to community activities. But when a secretary was assigned to make a detailed record of what he actually did during a six-week period, he discovered that he spent almost no time on any of these areas. In fact, the record showed that he spent most of his time as a kind of auxiliary dispatcher, keeping track of orders from customers he knew personally and bothering the plant with phone calls about them. (Most of these orders were going through all right anyhow, and his intervention merely wasted the plant's time as well as his own.) When he first saw the time log he refused

to believe it, and called the girl a liar. It took two more logs to convince him that memory cannot be trusted when it comes to the use of time.

This case is by no means unusual. I am constantly surprised to find executives deceiving themselves about the way they budget their time, even though it obviously is their most important resource. Time is altogether unique because its supply is totally inelastic. For most large organizations, money is usually fairly plentiful, manpower can be hired, raw materials and plant space can be increased somehow—but time is the one thing that no manager can rent, hire, buy, or store.

Moreover, much of the working day of every executive is inevitably wasted. He is under constant pressure to use his time in unproductive ways—and these pressures increase with the size of the organization. Many of them are irresistible. When a company's best customer calls up, the sales manager can't say, "I'm busy." He has to listen, even if the customer wants to talk about nothing more than last night's bridge game or his daughter's chances of getting into the right college. Unless a hospital administrator attends the meetings of every one of his staff committees, the physicians, the nurses, or the technicians may feel slighted. And every government administrator has to pay attention when a Congressman calls to ask for information that he could get more quickly out of a standard reference book. Such time wasters consume a large part of every manager's life.

The truly effective executive understands this; consequently he is notable for his tender loving care of that part of his working day which he can control himself. He will have discovered that there are only three things he can do to make sure that his disposable time is used to the best advantage. These three devices sound simple, but they are not easy to apply. When they are used properly, however, they are immensely effective—in any kind of enterprise, from a bank to a civic organization, a law firm, a government agency, or a factory. This holds true, incidentally, not only in our capitalist society, but in a socialist state—or for that matter in the Cosa Nostra.

The first step is for the executive to make sure that he knows *from a written record* how his time is actually used. Some executives keep such a time log themselves. Others have secretaries do it for them. The important thing is that the record must be made throughout the working day, noting each activity at the time it actually takes place, rather than later on from memory.

A good many executives keep such a log all the time and examine it critically every month. Others make a record for three or four weeks at a stretch at regular six-month intervals. After each sampling of their time use, they reappraise and rework their schedules. But six months later they invariably find that they have drifted, once again, into wasting more time than they had realized.

Once he has got into the habit of recording and appraising his use of time, the executive is then ready for the second step: the systematic management of his working hours. He can best approach this by asking himself a series of diagnostic questions:

(a) "*What am I doing that really does not need to be done at all—by me or anyone else?*" He should look at every single activity on his time log and figure out what would happen if he dropped it and nobody else picked it up. It is amazing how many things busy people are doing that never will be missed. The head of a very large company once told me that in two years as chief executive officer he had eaten out every evening except on Christmas Day and New Year's Day. All the dinners were "official" functions—called to honor an employee

retiring after fifty years of service or the Governor of one of the states in which the company was doing business—and he felt he had to be there and dine graciously. When he analyzed these dinners, however, he found that at least one-third would proceed just as well without anyone from the company's senior management. In fact, he discovered somewhat to his chagrin that many of his hosts had invited him as a polite gesture, fully expecting him to decline. They did not know quite what to do with him when he turned up.

(b) "*Which of the activities on my time log could be handled by somebody else just as well, if not better?*" The dinner-eating executive found, for instance, that another third of the dinners could be delegated to any senior executive of the company; all the occasion demanded was the company's name on the guest list.

Every manager, whatever his organization, has been exhorted for years to be a better "delegator." Most have themselves given this sermon, and more than once. I have yet to see any results from all the preaching, however, and the reason no one listens is simple: as it is usually presented, delegation makes little sense. If it means that somebody else ought to do part of "*my work*," it is wrong. And if it implies that the laziest manager is the best manager, it is not only nonsense; it is *immoral nonsense*.

But the first look at the time log makes it abundantly clear that the only way an executive can get to the important things is by pushing on others anything that can be done by them at all. For example, a great many trips have to be made; but a junior can make most of them. Travel is still a novelty for him. He is still young enough to get a good night's rest in a hotel bed and he will therefore do a better job than the more experienced, perhaps better-trained, but tired superior. Unloading whatever can be done by somebody else so that one can really get to one's own work—that means a major improvement in effectiveness.

(c) "*What do I do that wastes the time of others?*" Effective executives ask this question systematically and without coyness. The senior administrator of a large government agency learned from his subordinates that meetings in his office wasted a lot of their time. This man asked all his direct subordinates to every meeting—whatever the topic. As a result, the meetings were far too large. And because everyone felt that he had to "show interest," everybody asked at least one question—usually irrelevant. The meetings stretched on endlessly. The administrator had feared that any uninvited men would feel slighted, but when he found out that everyone felt the meet-

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ings a waste, he began sending out a printed form which reads:

I have asked (Messrs. Smith, Jones, and Robinson) to meet with me (Wednesday at 3:00) to discuss (next year's capital appropriations budget). Please come if you think that you need the information or want to take part in the discussion. In any event, you will immediately receive a full summary of the discussion and of any decisions reached, together with a request for your comments.

Where formerly two dozen people met all afternoon, four men and a secretary now get the matter over with in an hour or so.

Diagnosing the Calendar

Many executives know all about the unproductive time demands I have discussed here. Yet they don't prune them because they are afraid of cutting out something important, by mistake. If one prunes too harshly one finds out soon enough to make speedy corrections. But, in fact, we tend to overrate our importance. Even very effective executives still think far too many things can be done only by them. The best proof that overpruning is not a real danger is the extraordinary effectiveness so often attained by severely handicapped people. Harry Hopkins, President Roosevelt's confidential adviser in World War II, was a dying man for whom every step was an intolerable strain. He could only work a few hours every other day or so. As a result, he became—in Churchill's words—"Lord Heart of the Matter," and he accomplished more than almost anyone else in wartime Washington.

These three diagnostic questions should be considered by every executive. Managers must be concerned, in addition, with time wasting that results from poor management and deficient organization. Their first task is to identify the time wasters which follow from lack of system or foresight. The symptom to look for is the recurrent "crisis." Such a crisis can be prevented or reduced to a routine which clerks can manage, for a routine makes unskilled people with no judgment at all capable of doing what it took near-genius to do before.

A fairly large company I once studied ran into a crisis every year around the first of December. In a highly seasonal business, with the last quarter usually the year's low, fourth-quarter sales and profits were not easily predictable. Management, however, made an earnings prediction at the end of the second quarter. Three months later, there

were company-wide emergency actions to live up to management's forecast. It took only one stroke of the pen to prevent this crisis; instead of predicting a definite year-end figure, top management is now predicting results within a range.

Prior to Robert McNamara's appointment as Secretary of Defense, a similar crisis always shook the entire American defense establishment toward the end of the government's year. Every bureau chief tried desperately to find ways to spend what was left of the money appropriated by Congress for that year. Otherwise, he was afraid, he would have to give the money back. This crisis was totally unnecessary, as Mr. McNamara immediately saw. The law had always permitted placing unspent, but needed, sums in an interim account.

Are All Those Meetings Necessary?

Years ago, when I started work as a consultant, I had to learn how to tell a well-managed industrial plant from a poorly managed one—without any production knowledge. A well-managed plant, I learned, is dull. Nothing exciting happens in it because the "crises" have been anticipated and converted into routines.

The recurrent crisis is by far the most common symptom of poor management, but overstaffing also wastes a great deal of time. My first-grade arithmetic primer asked, "If it takes two ditchdiggers two days to dig a ditch, how long would it take four ditchdiggers?" In the first grade, the correct answer is "One day." In executives' work, however, the right answer is probably "Four days," if not "Forever."

There is a fairly reliable symptom of overstaffing. If the senior people in the group spend more than about one-tenth of their time on problems of "human relations," then the work force is almost certainly too large. People have become an impediment to performance rather than a means thereto. The excuse for overstaffing is always, "But we have to have a thermodynamicist (or a patent lawyer or an economist) on the staff." He is not used much. He may not be used at all. But he always has to be "familiar with our problem" and "part of the group from the start." Specialists who may be needed once in a while should always remain outside. It is infinitely cheaper to consult them on a fee basis than to have them in the group—both in terms of money and in terms of the impact an underemployed but overskilled man will have on the group's effectiveness.

A third common managerial time waster is mal-organization. Its symptom is an excess of meetings. One cannot meet and work at the same time. Organizations will always require meetings because the knowledge and experience needed in specific situations are never available in one head; they have to be pieced together out of the knowledge and experience of several people. But wherever a time log shows the fatty degeneration of meetings—wherever, for instance, people find themselves in meetings a quarter of the time or more—the system needs to be corrected. Work spread over several jobs or components should be in one job or component. Responsibility should be consolidated and information should be addressed only to the people who need it.

The last managerial time problem has to do with malfunction in information. The administrator of a large hospital was plagued for years by phone calls from doctors asking him to find beds for patients who had to be hospitalized. The admissions people “knew” there were no empty beds. Yet the administrator almost invariably found a few. The floor nurse was aware of them and so were the people in the front office who presented departing patients with their bills. The admissions people, however, were relying on a “bed count” made every morning at five o’clock—while the great majority of the patients were sent home in midmorning after doctors had made rounds. All that was needed to put this right was an extra carbon copy of the chit the floor nurse sent the front office.

Even more wasteful, but equally common, is information in the wrong form. Manufacturing businesses typically suffer because production figures have to be “translated” before operating people can use them. They report “averages”—which the accountants use. Operating people, however, usually need ranges and extremes. To get them, they either spend hours each day adapting the figures or they build their own secret accounting organizations. The accountant has all the figures they need, only no one has thought of asking him for them.

Using Time in Large Chunks

The executive who has recorded and analyzed all his time and attempted to prune time wasters can then turn to his discretionary time. Unfortunately he is never going to have a great deal. One of the most accomplished time managers I ever met was the president of a big bank. I saw him once a month for two years. My appointment was always for an hour and a half, and there was never more

than one item on the agenda. When I had been with him for an hour and twenty minutes, the president would turn to me and say, “Mr. Drucker, I believe you’d better sum up now and outline what we should do next.” And an hour and thirty minutes after I had been ushered into his office, he was at the door saying goodbye to me. I finally asked him why conferences always took an hour and a half. He answered, “That’s easy. I have found that my attention span is about an hour and a half. If I work on any one topic longer than this, I begin to repeat myself. But I have also found that nothing of importance can really be tackled in much less time.”

While I was in his office, the telephone never rang and his secretary never stuck her head through the doorway to announce that an important man wanted to see him urgently. One day I asked him about this. He said, “My secretary has strict instructions not to put anyone through except the President of the United States and my wife. The President very rarely calls and my wife knows better. When we have finished our conference, I take half an hour to return every call. I have yet to come across a crisis which could not wait ninety minutes.” But even this disciplined man had to resign himself to having at least half his working time taken up by things of minor importance and dubious value.

The effective executive, however, knows that as



little as one quarter of the day, if consolidated in large time units, is usually enough to get the important things done. There are a good many ways of consolidating time. Some people, usually very senior men, work at home one day a week; this method is particularly popular with editors and research scientists. Other men schedule all operating work—meetings, reviews, problem sessions, and so on—on two days a week and set aside the mornings of the remaining days for consistent, continuing work on major issues. Another fairly common method is to schedule a daily work period at home in the morning. Even if this means waking very early so as to get to the office on time, it is preferable to the more popular way of getting to important work—taking it home in the evening. By that time, most executives are too tired to do a good job. And the reason working at home at night is so popular is actually its worst feature: it enables an executive to avoid tackling his time and its management during the day.

The method one uses to consolidate discretionary time is far less important than the approach. Most people try to push the secondary matters together, thus clearing a free space between them. This way, one still gives priority in one's mind and in one's schedule to the less important things. As a result, each new time pressure is likely to be satisfied at the expense of the discretionary time.

Effective executives start out by estimating how much time they can realistically call their own. Then they put aside continuous blocks of time and set appropriate deadlines for themselves. Most of their tasks require fairly large quantum of time for minimum effectiveness. To write a report may, for instance, require six to eight hours. It is pointless to give seven hours to the task by spending fifteen minutes on it twice a day for three weeks. But if one can lock the door, disconnect the telephone, and wrestle with the report for five or six hours without interruption, one may come up with what I call a "zero draft"—the one before the first. Then one can rewrite section by section in small blocks of time.

Similarly, working with people demands large segments of time. The more people there are in an organization, the more often a decision about them arises. But fast personnel decisions are likely to be wrong. Among the effective executives I have observed are some who generally make decisions relatively quickly and some who make decisions rather slowly. Without exception, both groups make *personnel* decisions slowly, and they make them several times before they commit themselves. Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., former head of General Motors, always made a tentative decision the first

time a personnel question came up, and even that took several hours, although Sloan was not normally a patient man. A few days later, he tackled the problem again as if he had never seen it before. Only when he came up with the same name two or three times in a row was he willing to go ahead. Sloan had a deserved reputation for the winners he picked. General George C. Marshall, U. S. Army Chief of Staff in World War II, otherwise very different from Sloan in the way he operated, followed exactly the same procedure. He too was known as a great judge of men.

Planning Time, Not Work

Few executives make personnel decisions as important as these. But all effective executives I have observed have learned that they have to give several hours of uninterrupted thought to decisions on people if they hope to come up with the right ones. The director of a medium-sized government research institute found this out when one of his senior administrators had to be removed. The man was in his fifties and had been with the institute all his working life. Suddenly, he had begun to deteriorate. He could not be dismissed or demoted; the institute owed him consideration and loyalty. Yet his shortcomings were sapping the whole organization. The director and his deputy had been over this situation many times without seeing a way out. But when they sat down for a quiet evening of uninterrupted discussion, the "obvious" solution finally emerged. It was so simple that neither man could explain why he had not seen it before. It got the employee into another job which needed to be done, but which did not require the administrative abilities he no longer had.

Executives are forever being exhorted to plan their work. This sounds eminently plausible—the only thing wrong with it is that it rarely works. The plans tend to remain on paper, tend to remain good intentions. Those executives who really get things done don't start with their work. They start with their time. Executives are also forever being urged to acquire new skills, to learn new things—from mathematics to art appreciation—and to work on developing themselves, their knowledge, and their methods. But the executives who show the most startling growth in effectiveness are the ones who work on acquiring a little more discretionary time. Time management takes perseverance and self-discipline. But no other investment on the market pays higher dividends in terms of achievement and performance.



TREPLEFF

A Story by MacDonald Harris

The theater where the rehearsals were held was a little building that had been a cabinet shop before it was acquired by the Players. It had no ceiling and if you looked up into the roof you saw a labyrinth of beams and wooden props, rather amateurishly fitted with lights from which festoons of wiring hung down. Perhaps because it had been a cabinet shop the building always smelled of freshly cut wood. The rehearsals took place in the afternoon, after the students who were taking classes were out of school. At precisely three o'clock Egon would burst into the theater exuding energy, his corduroy jacket unbuttoned to display his waistcoat. Odor of cologne, bass voice, ears with small black tufts of hair growing out of them. Amethyst on third finger of perfectly manicured hand.

"Stage, stage. Places, everybody. Where's Trepleff? Nina . . . Pauline . . . over here. Where's Mme. Arkadina?" Mme. Arkadina, in real life the wife of an Ann Arbor dentist, was in the bathroom, which served for both sexes. "Irina Nikolaevna, get the hell out of the can." His voice could be heard all over the building, through walls and inside the deepest closets. He always called us by our stage names and sometimes I wondered whether he knew our real names. At first we were

Trepleff, Sorin, or Mme. Arkadina and then when we got on more intimate terms he began addressing us in the Russian fashion with first name and patronymic: I was Konstantin Gavrilovich, Sorin was Pyotr Nikolaevich, and so on. The Stanislavsky method as practiced by Egon was incredibly demanding and took all our concentration. He made us live the parts, not only in the theater but down the street in the café drinking coffee, at home, on our dates, on weekends.

I had just come out of the hospital, where I had spent six weeks recovering from infectious hepatitis and reading Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*, and in my weakened condition I was probably more susceptible to this kind of suggestion than the others. Somebody told me the Orchard Players were going to do *The Seagull* and still hadn't cast several parts, and I thought it would be good mental hygiene, which was about as wrong as you could get. It wasn't long before Egon had us all in a state of semi-delusion about our identities. For instance he set us to writing essays on what we (our Russian selves) were like as children. I (as Trepleff) wrote a schoolboy theme which I had allegedly composed in a lycée at the age of sixteen. In its juvenile style it rather ingeniously anticipated certain things that were

later to recur in the poem Trepleff writes for Nina in Act I, for example the solitude of the universe and the struggle between spirit and matter. Egon was quite pleased with it. There was a good deal of this kind of homework. But mostly it was a matter of Egon cajoling and brow-beating us until we were harried into our Chekhovian selves. For instance he would turn to Nina, in real life a grave and somewhat prim girl named Syd who always rehearsed in leotards and a heavy white ski sweater. "Nina—what is Nina?" he would growl at her, holding out his hairy hands, palms turned upward, elbows against his stomach. "Innocence. Grace. Not intelligence but intuition. A longing for—what? She doesn't know. Something here." He would lay the palms of his hands flat on his chest. "Nina—feel, feel!" He made Nina put her own hands on the same place on the white ski sweater. "There's something there—a desire—a melancholy, graceful, very feminine, elusive longing. Nina is a seagull. Something in her soars, floats over the world, but she never finds what she is looking for. Trepleff brings her a dead seagull which he has shot. She says, 'This seagull, I suppose that's a symbol. Forgive me, but I don't understand it.' That's the essence of Nina. She doesn't understand—she feels *here*." Again the two hairy palms on the pectoral region. "And Nina—that day after Trepleff offers you the seagull—what do you do when you go home?"

"It isn't in the play."

"Of course it isn't in the play. But what do you do? You're Nina. Only you know what you do. What do you feel like doing?"

"I don't know. Some sewing perhaps. Or read a book."

"Sewing." He raised his clenched hands and made a goatlike sound of contempt. "No, no no no. Listen. You open the window. You look out. What do you see?"

She hesitated. "Birches. Fields. The water beyond. And—over the lake, gulls."

"Exactly!" Finally he drove us into understanding what we would do even in the parts of our lives that Chekhov hadn't written. "The gulls over the lake. Sunset, a voice calling, music from the other shore. A melancholy, a faintly pleasant melancholy. Now you are Nina, now you are feeling it, fine."

Striding up and down the stage, he would turn suddenly on me. "Trepleff! What are you? A visionary. But the thing you see is not God but the gulf of human loneliness. You love and pity others because you love and pity yourself. You kill a seagull, you murder it and bring it to Nina,

but you say, 'Today I was low enough to kill this seagull. I lay it at your feet.' You are a criminal in order to lay your crime at the feet of others, out of compassion for them. Essentially you are a weak character, and yet there's a saintly streak in you. The Doomed Saint. This is very Russian! You are not only out of Chekhov, you are also out of Dostoevski. Trepleff! What have you read of Dostoevski?"

"*Crime and Punishment. Karamazov.*"

"But you must read the rest of it!" he would bellow, thrusting his arms toward me with palms up, trembling as though he were holding a heavy log. "Read it all, read everything in the library! On Monday bring me a list of what you've read!"

I would spend the weekend staying up until four in the morning, reading Dostoevski until my eyes were red. On Monday Egon would have forgotten all about Dostoevski. He would point one hairy hand in my direction and demand, "Trepleff. Where did you go to the university?"

I was damned if I knew. I decided that since I was a citizen of Kiev I would have gone to the University of Kiev. None of us knew whether there was a University of Kiev, but Egon succeeded in convincing me I had gone to it.

"And what did you study at the University of Kiev?"

I was getting the hang of it now. I had studied German philosophy, literature, and a little medicine. Mostly, however, I had read Dostoevski.

"Ah, Dostoevski. And what character in Dostoevski are you most like?"

I pondered for a moment. "Prince Myshkin."

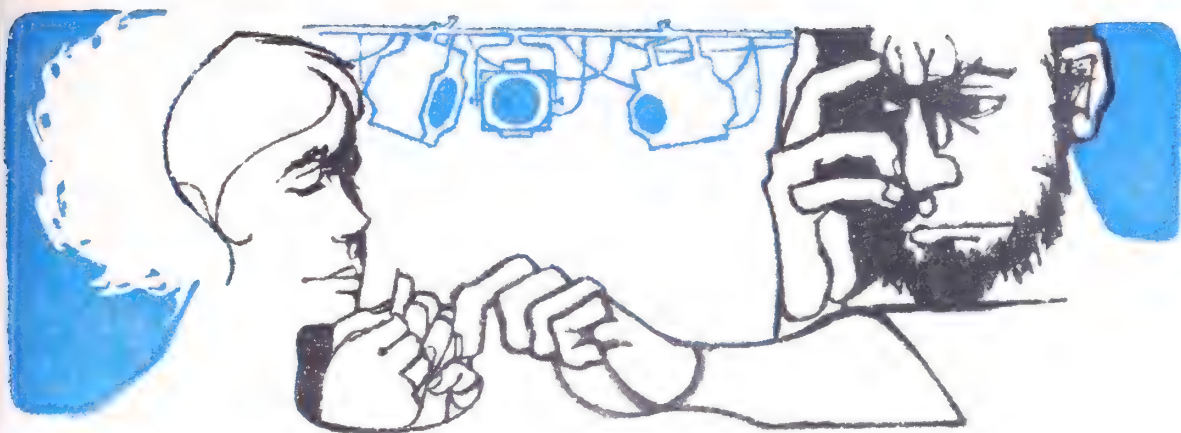
"Right! Wonderful! Myshkin, the saint, but also a little of the criminal in him. He too could kill a bird and say, 'Today I was low enough to kill this seagull.' He too is capable of laughing with his face wet with tears. And Trepleff—my friend, please allow me to call you Konstantin Gavrilovich. Konstantin Gavrilovich, my friend, please tell me." His voice dropped to a confidential rumble. "Please tell me, when you were a little boy, how did you think of your mother?"

"My mother?"

"Your mother, Mme. Arkadina. How would a little boy think of a mother who was a famous actress?"

"Well." I hadn't expected this. I had to grope a little. "How old am I?"

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"Three."

"Well, uh. She seemed to me—a strange angel. Glitters, sequins—smelling good—but distant, unattainable—where I couldn't reach her."

"Splendid! A little boy whose mother is always away, traveling, appearing before audiences in Moscow and Petersburg—and when she comes home!"

"She passes through the nursery—" As I spoke I began to see the scene clearly now, as clearly as though it had been my real childhood: "She bends over my crib, there is a glitter of jewels and a scent of patchouli—she says, 'My Kostya, little prince, my angel, don't cry now, ah look, he has porridge on his face, how disgusting—nurse, Avdotya! take him off and wash him—Kostya, my star, angel of my heart, farewell, I'm off to'—where the hell is she off to?"

"Yaroslavl. Splendid, but patchouli is for old ladies, Konstantin Gavrilovich. Mme. Arkadina would wear—" he raised his arms and didn't know himself. "Irina Nikolaevna! what would you wear?"

The dentist's wife was brought forth and decided she would wear jasmine. There was a pause while we all imagined her bending over my crib and smelling of jasmine. Egon went on stalking back and forth on the stage.

"So your mother is always in Yaroslavl, in Moscow, in Petersburg, playing in theaters. You grow up longing for a human touch, an affection to replace that of your mother. And gradually you learn to pity others who long for a human touch, and because you pity them you love them. And yet, and yet—you love them not as ordinary men love, but with the love of a criminal, who is also a kind of a saint—h'm?"—our eyes met and I nodded, a little wildly—"a saint who lies under a special curse, that for him the souls of others are transparent."

I looked around me and it was true, the souls of

all those students and dentists' wives were transparent. At that moment I must really have looked doomed, because Egon stared at me with a strange smile and exulted, "Splendid, splendid!" The hairy arms spread in an expansive gesture and then swung back together until he embraced himself. "Konstantin Gavrilovich, I congratulate you! You are becoming yourself!"

Egon, of course, was Trigorin. Nina and Trepieff were one thing. Ah, but Trigorin! Trigorin was a famous author, his name in the papers every day, his books translated into foreign languages. The darling of the public, beloved of a million sentimental women, and what was he interested in? Work! Only in work! And what was his work? To create people, characters, human beings! And for this, of course, it was necessary for him to live, to have experiences. He was capable of shooting a seagull, but not to lay it at the feet of someone out of pity. Merely to see what it felt like to kill a seagull, in order to put it in a story. But what a man! Not a human being at all but a machine for work, a machine for living, lust, feeling, knowing, in order that it could all go into his art! Egon really dug into the part, the character of Trigorin touched something in him that released a flood of energy. Or else he had practiced the Stanislavsky method for so long that he really became Trigorin even to himself, as he wanted us to do.

His voice took on a Russian intonation, the way Chaliapin would perhaps talk if he spoke English. He strode up and down the stage with hands thrust out and his elbows on his stomach, a gorilla but an elegant gorilla in a checked shirt and burgundy waistcoat, exhorting, pleading, chastising, wheedling, browbeating us in his hairy bass. "Please, everybody. Places! Let's start from the beginning, since nobody with the possible exception of myself seems to have grasped yet what this play is about. It's about the Russian soul,

melancholy, flowers, poetry, loneliness, death!" He held out his fierce hand, the bass voice shook and there was a catch in it almost like a tear. "Soul! Flowers! Loneliness! Everybody think soul, flowers, and loneliness. Everybody! Act one, scene one. Masha, Masha. Little turtledove, listen. I love you with all my heart and soul, but please. When they ask you why you're wearing black and you say, 'I'm in mourning for my life. I'm unhappy.' You know that line? You haven't forgotten your lines? Good. If you can't learn to act, at least try to focus your tiny little brain on learning your part. But you can learn to act, little turtledove, my sweet. When you say that line, please, for me, for the sake of my rather delicate nerves, do not say it as though somebody had stuck a hatpin into your behind. Say it quite simply. Yet with tremendous emotion! But the emotion is underneath! It does not consist in making little trills and screeches."

Masha was a pretty sophomore girl with brown eyes who was not used to being treated this way. "First you want more emotion, then less emotion," she quavered. "How can you say something quite simply and yet with emotion?"

"It is necessary to distinguish between emotion and hysteria. First, however, it is necessary not to be a half-wit. In this respect I admit you have a certain handicap. I do not ask of you anything beyond your powers. All I ask is that you do your best, and that means DOING EXACTLY AS I SAY!"

Masha collapsed in tears and it was some time before anybody could calm her down. Egon took no part in her consolation. He turned his back contemptuously on her and made another of his gestures: he cupped his hands and moved them slowly up and down in front of his chest, as though he were holding two grapefruit and trying to decide which was the larger. When he looked around they were mopping up Masha's tears with a handkerchief and patting her on the back. He rubbed his short stiff beard and sighed. Finally she got up, they pushed her onto the stage, and Medvedenko asked her, "Why do you always wear black?" "I'm in mourning for my life. I'm unhappy," she intoned monotonously like a sleep-walker. But with terrific emotion underneath. It was exactly what Egon wanted. He could be heard rumbling softly to himself, "Ah. Ah."

I was unhappy too but in a different way from Masha. It was a beatific, poignant, philosophical kind of unhappiness that consisted of loving Syd or did I mean Nina? I was a little confused on this point but in any case loving the creature

with slender legs, boyish manner, cool elfin grace whose life was so intimately intertwined with mine on the stage as well as off and yet who managed to elude me in some mysterious way in both realms. My love was hopeless, purified, and utterly devoid of selfishness. It would be wrong to say it was devoid of fleshly desire, but it was an odd fleshly desire, passive and resigned, that lingered like a sadness in the bones. It made me an excellent Trepleff. She wasn't cold or unfriendly toward me, in fact we were together frequently and there was even a certain intimacy between us but she was the same with the others and it was only the easy and superficial camaraderie of the theater that would end when the play was over, or so I concluded in my pessimism. My Russian, Trepleffian pessimism. I had never been pessimistic before but now it seemed a part of my nature. I had dug into my part too, I had dug into it tooth and nail until the dirt was over my head and I had forgotten my way out into the air again. Trepleff was my grave. The funny thing was that in some goofy spiritual self-exacerbating way I liked it down there under the ground. It fitted me, it was restful.

Anyhow there we were, Trepleff and Nina, walking back to the women's dorm on a frosty Michigan night. It was December now and so cold it made your teeth ache. I walked at a distance of five feet from her down the tree-lined paths of the campus, never daring to touch her or say anything of what I felt. It was enough to be with her, and I even liked the bitter cold because it provided an appropriate physical misery to go with the misery of my soul. When she left the theater she still wore the heavy white sweater and leotard but she added a black scarf that went two or three times around her neck and was still long enough to reach almost to her knees. Once I asked her if she was cold and she said, "All that's relative, I think." I was unable to find out even the most innocent physical fact about her. Perhaps she had learned to talk this way at Wellesley where she had gone before she came to Ann Arbor or perhaps she merely preferred not to discuss her physical sensations with a member of the opposite sex. Because she did think of me as a male, that was apparent from various small signs. And so? What next? Nothing. I was totally blissful in my misery as it was.

Sometimes I even had a kind of a date with her, so to speak, that is, after rehearsal we would go to one of the student cafés on the edge of campus and drink coffee. We dutifully called each other Trepleff and Nina, as per instructions. But it didn't seem to me that Syd, or Nina, had dug

quite as far into her part as I had. For one thing she hadn't been sick. And then she was a drama major and thought of herself more consciously as an actress. But it seemed to me also that she had got interested in the theater for the wrong reason, like most college students who get interested in the theater. She liked the paraphernalia of it, the slightly risqué camaraderie, the rehearsing late at night in leotards and ski sweaters, the feeling of thinking of yourself as an actress. Whereas according to the Stanislavsky method she wasn't supposed to be an actress, she was supposed to be Nina. And Nina was quite simple, an intelligent, lonely, and unhappy girl, a victim. We discussed this several times when we went out for coffee, but she said of Nina, "She's an idiot." This sounded almost like sacrilege to me. She *was* Nina. I was Trepleff. Should I tell Egon? What was I talking about? I was really getting unhinged.

Perhaps the trouble was that she was badly cast for the part. I had thought it was a good piece of casting at first but now I wasn't sure. Above all Nina was unhappy, and considering her background and general attributes it would have been very difficult for Syd to be unhappy. It might have made her unhappy if Egon had browbeaten her as he did the others, Masha for instance, but he never did. He might criticize the way she delivered a line but he never told her she was a half-wit or accused her of chewing gum. The two of them seemed to communicate without talking very much; in fact she seemed to have some kind of a special relation with him that excused her from being barked at like the rest of us. Sometimes after rehearsal it was Egon who took her to coffee at the student joints, or at least he took her somewhere. He would come out with a little twisted smile over his beard, looking like Henry VIII in the well-known portrait by Holbein. "Nina, pigeon, am I wrong or are you mine this evening?" She would smile her own little Wellesley smile and follow him silently out the door. Through the thin walls of the theater we would hear the boogie-boogie of his Jaguar starting, then a long whir as it pulled away.

On those nights when she went to drink coffee with Egon I would walk home alone to my boardinghouse, my hands deep in my pockets, wrapped to the nose in scarves and mufflers, the cold like a knife pain in my lungs, miserable in body and soul and loving my misery. I was drunk on cold, love, poetry, and unhappiness. Overhead the bare branches of the trees were distorted and a little wild against the starry sky: a landscape of Edward Munch. Ann Arbor was Moscow, Petersburg,

Stockholm, a city of white nights and frozen abstract demons; the campus lanes were the Nevsky Prospekt. White nights! I had finally thought of a name for my insomnia. It was the title of a novel by Dostoevski. The world of artifice was real, the real world flimsy and contemptible. Through the artifice of Egon, that genius we loved and hated, I was in love not with some Connie or Martha but with a girl named Nina Mikhailovna Zarychny.

Sometimes I would walk through the frozen campus until four o'clock in the morning. It was very bad for someone who was recovering from hepatitis. The infrequent people I passed, milkmen, students going home from dates, probably didn't even know who I was. I was Trepleff, crushed under the weight of his solitude, all-pitying and all-loving, the Doomed Saint. The stars overhead winked indifferently, the cold too bit my face without understanding who I was. Finally I would go back to my rented room. Standing half-undressed in the middle of the floor I would say, "Today I was low enough to kill this seagull. I lay it at your feet." Then, smiling, I would get into bed and go to sleep.

With the possible exception of Nina, we all dug into our parts in this way and the play was a tremendous success. We played for nine nights and every night we were left exhausted, emotionally drained, unable even to talk to each other, bumping into each other clumsily and silently on our way to the dressing rooms. The audience was as hypnotized as we were. When the curtain came down there was a strange numb pause of perhaps thirty seconds and then they began to clap, a scattered fusillade that soon rose to a roar. It went on for ten minutes.

When we took the curtain calls Egon didn't even bother to smile at the audience. He detested audiences. Over the applause he could be heard growling "Yah. Yah," to himself like a gorilla. Egon took no pleasure in success. It was *making* the thing, wrenching all these students and dentists' wives and bright little coeds out of their miserable personalities and making them do as he wanted, that interested him. It didn't interest him, it obsessed him. He was addicted to manipulating other human beings the way some people are addicted to alcohol. This had been apparent before, but I only grasped the full force of it that night after the play was over.

There was a cast party, but Syd and I didn't go to it. When I came out after ungluing the wispy little Trepleff-beard and changing into my street clothes I found her still sitting on a stool

on the darkened stage. In the play she wore a simple cotton dress with a wide skirt, but now she had changed back into her leotard and ski sweater. When she saw me she smiled, faintly, one side of her mouth lifting so that it made a small hard crease in her cheek.

"Waiting for somebody?"

"No."

"Going to the party?"

"No."

"Then?"

Without answering she sighed, got up off the stool, wandered around the darkened stage for a while, and finally stopped in front of me and gave me a strange look. Then I became aware that she was bending her head slowly until at last it was resting on my shoulder. It was very unlike her. There she stood with her head on my shoulder and I found that in some manner my arms were around her. Not knowing what to do, I patted her awkwardly, consolingly, in the middle of the back. The sweater was rough under my fingers but inside it her form was slight, almost unbelievably fragile.

After a moment of this she broke away and turned her head, not looking at me. "Take me somewhere."

I feverishly put on my overcoat, she wound the black scarf three times around her neck, and we went out. I didn't know what was wrong with her but I was filled with a terrific sense of impending joy, a joy that was a melancholy kind of joy on the surface because she was melancholy, but at a deeper level was exultant because in her melan-

choly she had for some reason, inexplicably, needed me. I realized now she had been waiting for me.

We went down the street and turned in the first place we came to and ordered coffee and pastry. As it happened it was a place called the Pit because it was supposed to specialize in barbecue, but the ventilation was so bad that everybody called it the Armpit. The barbecue was terrible but the pastry came from a Danish bakery across the street and it was the one thing in the place that was good. She took a bite of her pastry, chewed it once or twice, and then unexpectedly bent forward and propped her forehead in her hands. Great tears welled in her eyes and trickled down her cheeks and fell onto the table. After a few moments she mastered herself, got out a handkerchief and dried her cheeks, and then began mechanically mopping up the tears on the table.

All this without a sound. Finally she made a little sigh that was almost half-humorous. "Masha, that half-wit. That Kewpie-doll. I never thought it would be Masha. I knew it would be someone because that's the way he is. It lasted even longer than I thought. But Masha. That little idiot with her turned-up nose and her two eyes like raisins in a rice pudding." The tears still welled in her eyes but her teeth were clenched now in a fierce small expression of determination. "I wish I could go off quietly and die somewhere. No I don't, I want to stay around until he realizes she's a little plaster Betty Boop, the kind you win by knocking down milk bottles at carnivals."

It was characteristic that even with her throat



so tight she could hardly speak, she called Masha by her name in the play, as Egon had made us all do.

"It isn't as though I didn't know it would happen," she went on, exhaling and talking a little more calmly. "I knew he was selfish, egotistical, cold. No, that's wrong, he's not cold. He's like a huge big locomotive full of passions, but his passion is all inside himself. He needs women—" In spite of her teeth-clenching the tears were beginning to well again: "He needs women the way he needs handkerchiefs to blow his nose in. After he's done with them he throws them away. The kind of handkerchiefs he likes are too fine to be laundered."

Her own handkerchief was sturdy Irish linen, expensive but durable. It was rapidly becoming saturated and I passed her my own. She thanked me by nodding, unable to speak, or at least unable to speak about anything but Egon.

"He's not interested in love. He has nothing against it, you understand. It just doesn't fit in with his *métier*. He wants to *drive* people the way you drive a car. He wants to make them cry or laugh or be angry at him or fall in love with him, it doesn't really matter which. If he saw me now he'd be pleased, because he's making me feel some emotion. He's a genius in his way. He's not really an egotist, you know. An egotist is satisfied with himself but he's never satisfied. He always has to prove it all over again. Do you know what he is? He's a man-man—" With the tightness in her throat it was difficult for her to get the word out but finally she managed it—"a man-*ip*-ulator."

There was a brief silence while I imagined Egon in his apartment with Syd, driving her the way you drive a car. But mental pictures of this kind were pointless and instead I tried to offer some constructive advice. "Forget him. It's all over now. He's not worth it."

"Oh, he's worth it," she said in a weak voice, almost to herself.

"But if you knew all these things—"

She lifted her shoulders and almost smiled. "Egon has a new term for giving in to temptation. He calls it not saying no to life. Does that shock you? I'm sorry. I was an idiot. Do you know why I really did it? Because he made me into Nina, and Nina is an idiot."

It didn't shock me exactly. It simply made me understand what the knot of unhappiness was that had been collecting in my stomach for weeks; it made me realize that you can know something and not know it, until somebody finally forces it up into the front of your mind by putting it in words as she was doing now. I was like a man who

has been going around all day feeling miserable and not knowing why and finally he realizes he has a toothache. But it was simple, teeth can be pulled out! I was ready with the forceps of my youth, my love, my spirit of feverish self-sacrifice. The more the tooth hurt the more I anticipated the joy of it slipping easily and scientifically out of its socket.

"So here I am. What am I going to do?" I heard her inquiring more to the air around her than to me.

"Do nothing. Forget he ever existed. Simply go on as you were before."

"Yes, but you see, I can't exactly go on as I was before. Because, even if I forget him, in due time a certain in-ev-itable event will occur."

She didn't look at me, but in spite of the fact that her voice was barely audible it was not devoid of a certain irony. It was a queer moment, pathetic and yet slightly farcical. It was clear that she would rather have been run over by a truck, pulverized by a meteorite, that at least would have been dramatic, anything except this old-fashioned and ludicrous predicament which only happened to maidens in Victorian novels. "O, that Nina, what a fool she was," she gritted to herself after a moment.

Oof. This jeering little mannikin, the relic of Egon's driving lesson, was growing inside the elf I had loved so chastely from a distance? But even this I took in my stride. I hadn't anticipated it, even my premonitory knot of pain hadn't gone that far, but if you were going to pull out a tooth it was just as easy to pull out a whopping big one. I reached across the table and pulled her hand away from her chin and covered it with my own hand. "Look. Why not cheer up and be practical? We're not living in a play. It's the age of modern science. These things are the simplest thing in the world to take care of." I had no idea how they were taken care of but I thought I could probably find out.

She seemed to be ready to leave the details to me. She slumped in her chair and almost smiled. "Don't tell anyone what I said about Masha being a Kewpie-doll, will you? That was stupid, stupid, stupid."

And so there in the Armpit, at a wooden table that smelled of ketchup and sour coffee, my life changed direction and shot off at an obtuse angle toward other reveries and other goals. In Syd's despair, I realized, lay my own happiness. But it was another kind of happiness from the sentimental melancholy happiness I had known when I had walked the lonely campus thinking of her,

in the time when she had been pristine and unattainable. Now I saw that the thing was simple, much simpler than I had ever dreamed. I didn't have to be Trepleff. I didn't want to be Trepleff. Why had I let that gorilla in a waistcoat walk all over me? I had been sick—that was the only explanation of it. I had been sick the whole time. I had rehearsed and played the whole damned play with a fever and it had made me susceptible to the manipulations of that provincial Svengali. The Doomed Saint! What stupidity. Nobody was doomed, I wasn't doomed and neither was Syd. All we had to do was stop acting like a couple of idiots and do the practical thing and we would be happy like everybody else.

Syd herself was in no mood to do the practical thing. She had fallen into a curious passivity which was perhaps only a biological reflex of females in her predicament, intended to stimulate the sympathy and protection of the nearest male. Anyhow it worked. I found myself in a position where I had to save her, or rather I found that the sheer and unalloyed happiness of saving her had somehow fallen to my lot. Means were found to remove the unwanted token of Egon's esteem from consideration. After some searching a suitable doctor was located in the nearby town of Ypsilanti, which was popularly deemed more appropriate than Ann Arbor for such squalors. The horrid deed was actually performed in a motel. Syd was just sick enough for me to feel protective and for her to feel grateful, and not sick enough to frighten either of us. She hemorrhaged a little more than she should have and the Ypsilanti doctor showed me how to give her plasma, being careful to get all the air out of the tube and observing sterility precautions. I watched her all that night; I hadn't slept for what seemed like a week but the fatigue only left me keen, piercingly awake, and even more competent, although I noticed a slight tendency to hallucinations of a harmless sort. (Voices kept saying, "You're doing fine, fine, everything is sterile.") From time to time she woke up and I applied cool cloths to her brow, fed her soup with a spoon, and read her Gerard Manley Hopkins. She smiled at me a little weakly, still with wry irony at finding herself the Sadder But Wiser Girl in the song. Weak in this way, passive and drained of the energy that had been her most charming quality, she was less pretty but I loved her more. When she went to sleep I read Hopkins myself ("It is the blight man was born for, it is Margaret you mourn for") or just sat and smoked cigarettes.

Sometimes when she woke up I would find her staring at me silently with tears in her eyes, and

I would smooth her hair and talk in a quiet voice to her. I was in command of the situation, medically, psychologically, and emotionally. I was no longer sorry for myself and I didn't hate anybody. I didn't even hate Egon, or Trigorin, or whatever the hairy ape wanted to call himself. Egon-Trigorin had needed the experience for his art; he was a machine for having experiences and Syd had got caught in the machinery. It was an unfortunate mishap but one without sentimental significance, an industrial accident. As for the so-called moral aspects of the situation, to hell with them. I didn't consider Syd any more guilty than if she had got her skirt caught in a threshing machine. This was partly because I loved her but partly because in my new role as Arrowsmith I was totally objective about suffering and its causes. I knew my mission now, it was to solace the victims of industrial accidents and make them happy again, and be happy doing it.

The next morning I took Syd back to her dormitory. The house mother in the dorm never knew about it. The house mother thought she was visiting her parents in Evanston. Her parents never knew about it. Her roommates in the dorm never knew about it. Nobody knew about it.

A couple of weeks after that we were married. She had tears in her eyes the whole two weeks, tears of gratitude at first and then tears of real love. I knew it was real love because Syd would have preferred to conceal the emotion if she could. But it was too much to conceal and it came out in the tears and in various other signs that in my Arrowsmithian objectivity I recognized as unmistakable. She was in a weakened condition just as I had been with the hepatitis, but I was well now and she was the one who had emotions. And yet I loved her as much as I ever had or more, I was very gentle with her, understanding, solicitous, consoling, and didn't touch her for several weeks except to kiss her lightly. I waited patiently while the broken pieces of her womanhood healed, and left to herself in this way she finally came to such a high fine pitch of desire that I was practically overwhelmed, one night, with one arm still in my shirt. I had suffered a long time, through all the Dostoevskian white nights and walking on the banks of the Neva, but it was worth it. She was cured and so was I. It was as though all the rest of it, Egon, the Orchard Players, *The Seagull*, and the whole goddam sophomoric thing, had never happened. I had saved her, and we were young and in love in a rented room with gas plate in Ann Arbor, Michigan. The cynics were wrong and virginity could be restored.

Richard Kluger

WHAT I DID TO BOOKS AND VICE VERSA

The former editor of "Book Week" tells how to pick reviewers; where to find them; and how to keep them, the authors they review, publishers, and finally readers happy, amused, and fitfully stimulated.

Book reviewing is a very important craft, particularly to people who don't care much for books. A good review will tell you what a book is about, what its high and low points are, where it fits into the general order of things, and otherwise eliminate the need for reading it.

There is another school of thought, though, that conceives of book reviewing as a throwback to an art form once known as "the essay," which was a short but carefully shaped assemblage of prose with a beginning, a middle, and an ending, executed with a modicum of grace and, occasionally, wit. At its best, an "essay-review" is not only a skillful piece of writing but a way, too, of intensifying a reader's later engagement with the book.

Three years ago, a pair of periodicals began functioning devoted primarily to reviewing books and dedicated to the proposition that it is more stimulating to deal at length with a small but carefully selected group of books than to deal glancingly with a great many, as was the practice elsewhere (and, for the most part, still is). These two periodicals shared another premise: that good writers and good thinkers would be the best possible reviewers. This was a marked departure from the prevalent assumption that good writers and good thinkers were too busy writing their own books to discuss other people's. One of the two new reviewing magazines, *The New York Review of Books*, decided that most of the good writers and thinkers lived either in Great Britain or in one or another of the former Crown Colonies, including Singapore (where one of their ace fiction reviewers was posted) but excluding, for the most part, the United States.

The other magazine, *Book Week*, while not blatantly hostile to the British, showed a marked

preference for flushing good writers and thinkers out of the American countryside, where, as it turned out, there were some. (*Book Week*, moreover, was not sold independently as *The New York Review* was but was carried as a Sunday supplement by three large newspapers, the *Washington Post*, the *San Francisco Examiner*, and the *New York Herald Tribune*, which published it.)*

A fair amount of praise has been heaped upon *The New York Review*, and deservedly. Little has been written about *Book Week*, except as an afterthought in appraisals of *The Review*. The *London Times Literary Supplement*, for example, surveying the American literary scene last November, had good words for *The Review* and then added: "Its mere existence, moreover, may have inspired the *New York Herald Tribune* to launch a competitor, *Book Week* (in many respects a more adult, if less brilliant product)." In fact, *Book Week* had been in the planning stage for several years before *The Review* was launched and both began regular publication the same month.

For its first three years I was editor of *Book Week*. My function was to sift through some 200 to 300 new books each week (which comes to rather more than 10,000 a year), decide with the help of two other editors which 25 or 30 of the weekly batch deserved serious critical scrutiny, and enlist writers to review them. It is a pleasant enough way to earn a living, assuming one is not stricken hourly with grief for those thousands of

*Following the demise of the *Herald Tribune* in 1966, the successor paper (the *World Journal Tribune*) became the publisher of *Book Week*. It is now also carried by the *Washington Post* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*. It was dropped by the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1965 after its merger with the *Chronicle*.

books passed over and with guilt for the arrogance implicit in such steady rendering of judgment. For the ideal book-review editor should read with the rapidity of a computer, know a great deal about a lot of things, and be on intimate terms with no less than 500 famous writers whom he can badger into doing an occasional review. I, for my part, was used to reading twenty pages an hour, knew a little bit about a few things (such as the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes) and nothing about a lot of others (like science), and was on intimate terms with one writer (unpublished). But I *had* always enjoyed reading. And I *did* like the heft of a book and riffling through the fresh pages of a new one and inhaling the high promise of it. I learned many lessons behind my barricade of books. Here are some of them:

How to Decide Which Books to Review

1. *Be suspicious.*

One comes to a stack of new books predisposed to admire all the craft and perseverance that went into their making. This indeed is how I began. But then I read an article titled "Book Reviewing and All the People I Know" in *Show* magazine by Norman Podhoretz, one of the most astute of the critics who have come of age since World War II. Mr. Podhoretz, it seems, was very pleased with the first issue of *The New York Review*. Its distinction, he wrote, lay in the attitude of the reviewers—an attitude which "might be characterized as one of great suspiciousness: a book is assumed guilty until it proves itself innocent—and not many do. . . . [The] major premise behind such suspiciousness is that books are enormously important events, far too important to be confronted lightly, and certainly too important to permit of charitable indulgence toward those who presume to write them without sufficient gift or seriousness." On reflection, I found this hard-headedness irrefutable. Why indeed should a book be assumed worthy of a review just because a publisher publishes it? Publishers, after all, have certain fixed costs, among them editors who like to edit and salesmen who like to sell, and if a publisher cannot always find worthy books to publish, what is he supposed to do—go into the glue business?

2. *You can tell a book by its cover.*

Or some important things about it, anyway. If it has a sleazy jacket design, with a lot of words

and pictures and muddy colors all jumbled, the author probably has no taste, and if he has no taste, he probably is pretty sloppy when he picks his words. And if the publisher can't tell a good cover from a bad one, he probably has the same problem when he picks his books.

The well-executed jacket will indicate the author's past triumphs. If there have been more than twenty of these, you may skip reviewing the new one—what more can he have to say? It is important, though, to note the origin of the encomiums given the earlier books, particularly if you have never heard of the author. If the praise came mostly from the *Buffalo News* or the *Indianapolis Star*, there is every chance that the major reviewing media were less than enthusiastic, and perhaps even insulting. In which case it is best to move to the jacket flap to see what the book is about.

If it is fiction, you have a real problem because jacket copy almost always makes a novel sound as if you had read one or perhaps a dozen just like it. The less the flap tells you about the story, the better the book probably is, since style is notoriously untranslatable into blurb copy. So, too, is the theme of any novel likely to sound shopworn when stated baldly. You will, though, at least have a clue by now as to whether the book deserves serious critical scrutiny. Yet another recitation of the agonies of a stripling from Iowa who comes to the big city to find the Center of his Being or of the dalliances of yet another upward-mobile, buttoned-down family man afflicted by equally compelling passions for his Career and The Other Woman is likely to wait on line behind less often told tales that just may have something to say about the human condition. Nor does the swash-buckling neo-seventeenth-century romance set at Windemere Castle (where the heiress is named Vanessa and the décolletage is legendary) have high priority; what is there to say of such confections other than that they have been published—an announcement that may be attractively made in the advertising columns.

Sooner or later, if you are really going to be conscientious about your task, you will have to open and sample the book. Start at the beginning. A good beginning—particularly of a novel—suggests that the rest may be good. Then flip through the book pausing randomly and ask: Is there a

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literary sensibility at work? Is there lilt or resonance or real fiber to the words? Is there nuance to the dialogue? Is the exposition intrusive? If you cannot tell in five minutes, get another job.

(3) *Listen to what the publishers say.*

There is nothing intrinsically evil about letting yourself be pitched to by a publisher at lunch, so long as it is a good lunch and so long as the next time out you pick up the check. When a publisher brings out a book, there is a good chance someone at the house has read the book in its entirety—if not your lunch partner, then, you hope, someone knowledgeable who talks to him or her on occasion. Nor is it to the long-range interest of the publisher to give you a bum steer, for he always has another list coming along next season.

In the beginning, of course, I was on my guard. When one publisher's publicist told me about an extraordinary forthcoming espionage story, I nodded and, being indifferent to thrillers (which I prefer to take in motion-picture form), assigned it to our Mystery & Suspense column when it came in for review. Other media were rather more generous to *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold*. We were ready, though, when Le Carré's next book came along: *The Looking Glass War* was reviewed on Page 3 of *Book Week* by that authority on international intrigue, John Kenneth Galbraith. Moreover, when *The Penkovskiy Papers*, a real-life variation on *The Spy*, came in for review last winter, one of our editors thought we could do no better for a reviewer than John Le Carré, who, not one to hold a grudge, obliged. Some publishing people may lead you astray, but others are the very model of candor, being so helpful as to say, on occasion, "You can skip this one" (for which I was so grateful that I never had the ill manners to ask why they were publishing it).

(4) *Never let a bad book stand in the way of an interesting review.*

It is hard to produce a magazine of lively, thoughtful essays about new books every Sunday if there are no lively, thoughtful books—hard but not impossible. To do so the book-review editor must occasionally seize on books that, in a ripper season, he would pass over. Some will be sub-books—these are usually for looking at, often lavishly produced and most likely to be bought as gifts for someone else. Most of them are expendable. *Famous Eighteenth-century Drawing Rooms* is a promising title for a sub-book. There are also non-books, which anyone with a scissors, a pot of glue, and an extra patience gland can assemble. *The Eisenhower Wit*, for example, would be a non-

book, a short one at that. *Book Week* almost never reviewed non-books, but some of our more engaging pieces were prompted by sub-books. Jules Feiffer took a long look at a sub-book called *Creative America*—a pudding of pictures and essays by some famous writers and ennobling statements by Presidents Kennedy, Eisenhower, and Truman, to honor the National Cultural Center for the performing arts then lumbering through Congress—and retched. But his front-page review was filled with sharp comments about the non-need of centers for the arts. Similarly, Eugene V. Rostow, then dean of the Yale Law School, constructed a provocative essay around the *Warren Commission Report* on the Kennedy assassination—a non-book which few of our competitors reviewed seriously.

(5) *Review the books you would most want to read if you had the time.*

Once I picked up a book to see if it deserved reviewing and, to my great annoyance, found I could not put it down till the end. I never let that happen again. All those other books sat around waiting while I indulged myself. (The book was called *Seconds* by David Ely, by no means a masterpiece but an artfully contrived suspense-fantasy.) Rarely, though, is there time for that sort of dry run. How, then, can you tell in the few minutes available for screening whether a book merits review—particularly a work of nonfiction? The most you can tell is whether it is marginally literate and, more important, whether the subject engages you. Thus, we had no trouble deciding to review *Edward the Seventh* by Philip Magnus (both of whom I had heard of) and to leave *Rosebery: A Biography of Archibald Philip, Fifth Earl of Rosebery* by R. R. James (neither of whom I had heard of) to *The New York Review*, which, given its Anglophilia, in fact reviewed both books. Often one is torn between reviewing books one would like to read, perhaps even on a whim, and books one thinks one ought to read sooner or later for one's general edification. So long as one is dealing with books accessible to the average informed intellect, a certain amount of arbitrariness is sanctionable.

Once the subject shades off into areas of specialized knowledge, however—philosophy, say, or the sciences—the book-review editor is open to charges of being not only arbitrary and capricious in his selections but downright irresponsible. If *The Origin of Species* or *The Meaning of Relativity* had crossed my desk last year, I fear it would have been shunted off to the discard pile. Ideally we ought to have had a panel of experts, one for

each scholarly discipline, screening the new books in their field and telling us which were milestones and which the pebbles. Fortunately, there are scholarly journals which exist for just that purpose. Occasionally, however, we did assign specialized works for review because of the eminence of the author, the suspicion that the book was a major event in its field, and the assumption that our readership was an agglomeration of many special professional and avocational interests. Thus, *Book Week* carried extensive reviews of *Structural Anthropology* by Claude Lévi-Strauss, the concluding volume of Paul Tillich's monumental *Systematic Theology* (the preceding two volumes antedated my editorship), *Ancient Mesopotamia: Portrait of a Dead Civilization* by A. Leo Oppenheim (it looked definitive), and *Machiavelli and Guicciardini: Politics and History in Sixteenth-century Florence* by Felix Gilbert (Mr. Gilbert's distinctions aside, I was under the impression that *guicciardini* was an exquisitely thin pasta very popular in the Renaissance). How many Darwins or Einsteins we overlooked, I hate to think.

How to Pick a Book Reviewer

(1) *Be suspicious*

Once a famous writer declined to review a book for us but added that he had just read galleys of another that looked first-rate and would like to do that one. His review, not surprisingly, turned out to be a rave. Our famous author neglected to tell us that the book he reviewed was by an old friend of his. Dirty pool. What I certainly should have remembered was that if someone receives a set of prepublication galleys, it is usually because he is a friend or admirer of the author and the publisher hopes for a favorable comment—ideally for use as a jacket “blurb.” On the other hand, a dispassionate critic may know of a forthcoming major work in his field and ask to review it. When a request comes in, it is helpful to know whether it is a put-up job. Sometimes you have to ask—a tactic guaranteed to antagonize scoundrels and innocents alike.

(2) *Good writers often make good reviewers.*

An engaging book review takes considerable time. The reviewer has to read the book with care, perhaps go back and read others by the same or competing authors, and then have his say within a sharply limited space. A distinguished writer will not sign his name to a crude piece of prose. Given the press of his own writing and other duties and

the dubious rewards of commenting thoughtfully on someone else's work (including, quite possibly, the lifetime enmity of the author), some of the best writers and scholars in America decline to review altogether—not the case, incidentally, in most other countries. This stand-offishness is lamentable, I think, because the intellectual life of a civilization is quickened and deepened by discriminating assessment of the books it produces. The more skillful and authoritative the writer, I would argue, the greater his obligation to participate, at least once in a while, in this facet of our culture. Every eminent author, after all, would like another of equal distinction to consider *his* latest book. Nor will it do to answer that there are people who specialize in reviewing—people, it is understood, who are unable themselves to sustain book-length work and therefore are better suited to the parasitic enterprise of writing about other people's books. No one we asked to review for *Book Week*, I am sure, thought of himself as a professional “reviewer”; they were almost all writers and scholars of substantial attainment for whom reviewing was a secondary function but an honorific one, worth performing conscientiously or not at all.

(3) *Good young reviewers are better than old bad ones.*

Reviewing was long considered the province of young literary hustlers. This was at least partly because established men of letters were all too willing to relinquish the chore. I think the situation changed with the arrival of *Book Week* and *The New York Review*, with their salutary effects on the *New York Times Book Review* (together with the virtual retirement of former *Times* Sunday editor Lester Markel, who was known to keep a tight, nonliterary rein on the *TBR*); with the marked improvement in the caliber of reviewing in *The Nation*, *The New Republic* (where it is still very erratic, however), *Commonweal*, *Newsweek*, and *Harper's*; with the infusion of fresh blood at *Partisan Review*; with the continuing high caliber of *Commentary's* reviews; and with the introduction of book reviews (often by first-rate people) in, of all places, *Life*. But there is a good deal to be said for young reviewers. Those who understand the burdens of integrity and scholarship in passing judgment on someone else's lifeblood may make the best reviewers, for they are willing to do the necessary homework and to say, where their elders may not be, that the emperor's clothes are pretty threadbare—or missing altogether. The “young men” who provided *Book Week* its critical backbone were writers in their thirties and forties.

well seasoned in their special fields, but insistent on reading a book in its broadest as well as its most specific context. Beginners were discouraged. Indeed I almost came to feel that one should not be eligible to review a book until one had learned firsthand the torment and craft that go into the process of writing one.

(4) *Experts often know a lot about their subjects.*

Sometimes too much to write a fair book review. And they may, out of courtesy, hesitate to denounce a colleague in their field for a shabby performance in any but the most muted tone. Or they may, out of spite, score points off a rival when his book merits greater generosity. They are likely to be impatient with newcomers to the field, especially those who enter it with what seem inadequate scholarly credentials. Experts, moreover, are subconsciously or even consciously defending their own scholarly point of view; they may be disinclined to respond sympathetically to works of conflicting testimony. Thus, the fairest review of a specialized book is likely to be written by an authority who knows the literature in the field but is not working the very same vineyard. One would be well-advised to give a new book on, say, the last years of Woodrow Wilson not to another Wilson specialist but to a scholar of wide learning in American history. At *Book Week*, we were sometimes even more daring, to the occasional chagrin of the scholar under review. When the first of a four-volume collection of source readings titled *Pamphlets of the American Revolution*, edited by Bernard Bailyn and published by Harvard University Press, came in for review a few years back, we were stumped: it seemed like more than esoterica but less than monumental Americana. If the Communist nations as well as observers on our side like Toynbee were arguing that the momentum of the American Revolution had long since ebbed in its homeland while it continued to reverberate elsewhere in the world—that America, in other words, had turned its back on what it had so nobly set in motion—these *Pamphlets of the American Revolution* might well have more than retrospective pertinence. We asked I. F. Stone, a reflective radical and editor of a freewheeling but carefully researched Washington newsletter, to undertake the assignment. “I get it,” he said. “You want a contemporary pamphleteer to see how the radicals of two centuries ago look today.” As it turned out, he thought the old boys sounded pretty dull. And he criticized Professor Bailyn for the “antiseptic and decorous view of the Revolution” as expressed in his 200-page introduction. Pro-

fessor Bailyn, a respected young scholar, wrote to ask what on earth prompted us to assign Mr. Stone to review his book when Mr. Stone, as his review demonstrated, was all wet about the Revolution. But these points of contention, of course, are not the private property of professors. They are open to debate by intelligent men of good will, and a book review is as good a forum as any other for that debate.

This is not to suggest that every work of historical scholarship lends itself to examination by the informed generalist. Few of the latter, for example, are really up on their Guicciardini.

(5) *Poets should not review poetry.*

They are either fiercely partisan toward another poet or fiercely hostile. They seem incapable of a measured response, of containing their spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings that Coleridge spoke of. Indeed, the tiny world of American verse, where anthologists and poetry editors of little magazines preside like grand potentates, is a viper's nest of festering rivalries and interlocking directorates. Such passionate response to poetry would be quite all right, in fact entirely appropriate, except that it is impossible to keep track of each poet's friends and enemies without a scorecard—and no one ever gave me one.

(6) *Liberals make better reviewers than conservatives.*

The basic posture of American conservatives is one of response and recoil; the writers in their ranks are neither expansive nor intellectually enterprising, even the best of them. They excel, instead, at the pinprick. Nor is the political center crowded with literate commentators. My list begins and ends with Henry Kissinger. As a result, there is little meaningful dialogue between Left and Right in America, Mr. Buckley's forensic virtuosity notwithstanding. Liberals dominate the floor out of all proportion to their support within the American community at large, and a spokesman like Michael Harrington, who would have seemed a raving Bolshevik a decade ago, is now a member of the Establishment Left.

(7) *Sometimes the person you'd most like to review a book turns out to be a splendid reviewer of it, even if he's not a writer.*

When Constantine FitzGibbon's *The Life of Dylan Thomas* came in it seemed essential to find the ideal reviewer for the first full-dress biography of so special and volcanic a figure. I asked my wife for candidates. She said Richard Burton, who else? It was an exciting idea. But was there any

reason to believe we could entrust so important an assignment to the fiery actor? True, he had known Dylan well; they were both Welsh and seemed to have shared a temperament. But could he write? We didn't need the review for at least three months, so we decided to chance it. Mr. Burton, via two agents and after two weeks of considering the galleys, said yes. The deadline came and went. We checked. Mr. Burton, we were told, was finishing the review at the set of *Virginia Woolf* in Northampton, Massachusetts. More days passed. Mr. Burton, we were told, was rewriting it for the third time. And then it arrived: an astonishing piece of prose of precisely the length requested, written with lyric verve and uninhibited by the niceties of punctuation. It wonderfully evoked the subject of the biography—and even had some critical things to say. Mr. Burton, I am told, received countless requests soon after the review came out to write books, articles, and other reviews. Better that than *Cleopatra*.

Some General Principles

(1a) *Unfavorable reviews are more fun to read than favorable reviews, and very unfavorable reviews are the most fun, unless you happen to be the author—*

Perhaps the most cutting review we ever ran was one last winter by a prominent political scientist who absolutely shredded the biography of a major European head of state by a famous foreign correspondent. The author's worst handicap, our reviewer suggested, "is unfamiliarity with the first law of modern English literature, which is that a man who tries to write fancy language will fall on his face and that a man who tries to write like Winston Churchill will fall the flattest of all."

If charity begins at home, it ends with an honest book review.

(1b) *—and especially if you are the President of the United States.*

My Hope for America by Lyndon B. Johnson may have been one of the least-read books of 1964. Most people probably thought it was a lot of campaign malarkey. But it *was* a book, and it *said* it was by the man who was the President of the United States—which suggested to us it ought to be reviewed, and prominently. We asked the distinguished Brooklyn Heights folk-pundit, Norman Mailer, to take on *My Hope for America*. On the Sunday before Election Day, we allotted him half the front page of *Book Week* and substantial continuation space. After making it very clear at the

outset that one could not conceivably cast one's lot with the Republican nominee, Mailer directed his attention to the President's book, which he called

... this cove of Presidential prose whose waters are so brackish that a spoonful is enough to sicken the mind for hours. *My Hope for America* is an abominable, damnable book, and what makes it doubly awful is that nearly all of its ideas are blessed. It is in fact difficult to disagree with almost any one of them. . . .

The White House was not amused. A prominent Presidential aide called and accused us of irresponsibility—for doing anything, presumably, to lessen the President's chances in the election. And that, I began to gather, was the meaning of consensus politics.

(2) *You can please some publishers some of the time and some publishers never.*

Example A. The publishers of Theodore H. White's *The Making of the President, 1964*, somehow got wind of our choice of William F. Buckley, Jr. to review the book and made their displeasure clear in a number of ways, including telling me on the telephone one day (when I called to find out why our review copy was so late in arriving) that they thought it was an irresponsible stunt. This, mind you, was before the review had been written. Mr. Buckley, as it turned out, liked the book a good deal, while a prominent liberal named Galbraith had a sharp rebuke for it in the *Times Book Review*.

Example B. Theodore C. Sorensen's *Kennedy* not only received a glowing front-page review by Alistair Cooke, one of our most sophisticated political observers, but was also the point of departure for an essay on how we write about our Presidents by Saul Bellow, perhaps the most respected literary figure in the nation. The official in charge of advertising at Mr. Sorensen's publishing house later informed us that we had given *too much* space to the book—and besides, she said, who cares what Saul Bellow thought about it?

(3) *Don't lower the bridge, raise the river.*

Americans badly want what their artists and scholars produce to be excellent—as if to prove they have a culture worthy of the name. As a result, I think, they have a notably low threshold of excitability, a way of invoking superlatives when only tempered praise is warranted. Enthusiasm in the arts is surely a quality to be cherished, but it must not be confused with the permissiveness of the wide-eyed booster. The more severe the critical standards a society is willing to invoke, the better its art and artists are served.



Manpower is one of our most critical problems.

We face a serious shortage of skilled workers, technicians, executives.

But there's something America needs as much as manpower...

CHANNEL NUMBER ONE

CD	CC	SL	EXP	PCI	OP %	ACN %	STAT %	SESV %	IL	PROG	PROT	CHNL DATA	CHNL CTRL	INT FACE
TEL OUT	AND OUT	CHNO OUT	SESV OUT	SUP OUT	P	B	4	2	1	8	4	2	1	0
0	6	2	1	8	4	2	1	0	6	2	1	0	6	2

CHANNEL NUMBER TWO

CD	CC	SL	EXP	PCI	OP %	ACN %	STAT %	SESV %	IL	PROG	PROT	CHNL DATA	CHNL CTRL	INT FACE
TEL OUT	AND OUT	CHNO OUT	SESV OUT	SUP OUT	P	B	4	2	1	8	4	2	1	0
0	6	2	1	8	4	2	1	0	6	2	1	0	6	2

EX	VATCH	ALLOW WRITE	STOR ADR	STOR DATA
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INHIBIT CF STOP

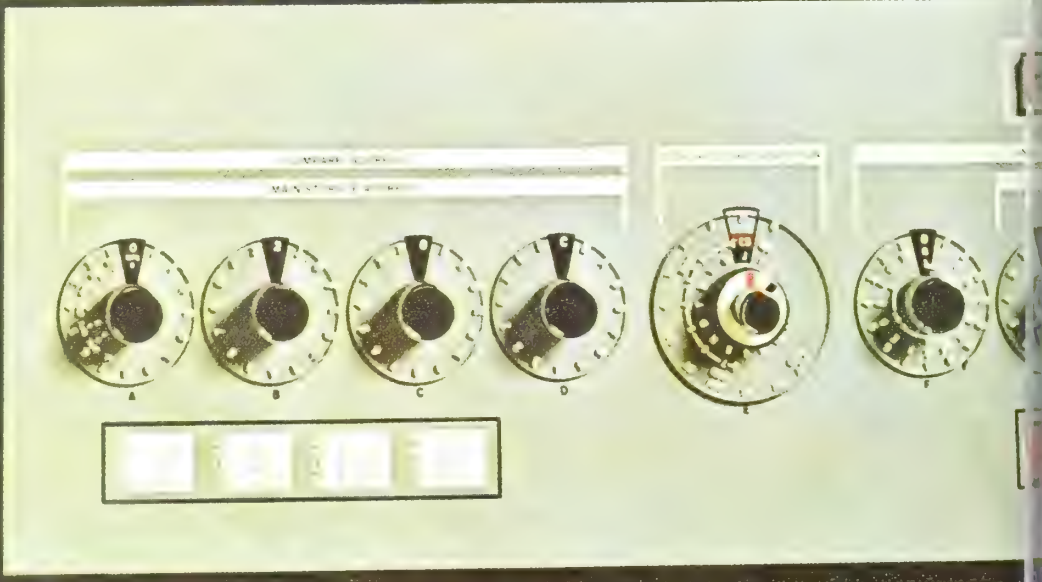
ADDR

ROAR SYNC

ROAR STOP

EARLY ROAR STOP

ROAR RESTART WITHOUT RESET



Womanpower.

It's one of America's greatest natural resources—but it's not being properly used.

Women have invaded male ranks in almost every field. There are more women in professional and semi-professional occupations than ever. But year after year, their proportion of the total *declines*.

Today, only 18% of America's skilled workers are women.

Only 12% of our technicians. 7% of our doctors. 3% of our lawyers.

Only 15% of America's executives are women.

Women are working. But women are also *shirking* the jobs that put a premium on talent and brains.

The reasons are many. Women are marrying earlier. Some 60% of all women students leave college *before* graduation. For married women, it's easier to help family finances by taking a clerical, factory, or service job.

But the most disturbing reason is the barrier which still exists—of prejudice, ignorance, and simple discrimination.

Frequently, women earn less money than men, even when doing similar jobs.

Advancement is uncertain. In many fields, "for men only" is the unwritten sign on the front door. Even today, when industry faces a near-critical labor shortage, one of the *last* palliatives applied is the hiring of women.

Of course women are different. And *viva* that difference.

But when it comes to intelligence, learning abilities, and skills, women are hardly different at all.

In the study of the government's Commission on the Status of Women it was found that at comparable high levels, women differed very little from men in job turnover, length of service and reliability.

Today, both industry and government have discovered that a prime source of brainpower is the woman in college.

Today, universities and companies are proving that *women* can be trained for top-level management jobs.

Today, there is legislation designed to guarantee equal pay for women who perform jobs equal to men.

But legislation alone isn't the answer. We need a new attitude. Acceptance of women in the realms which only stubborn tradition has left to men. Programs to encourage women to enter new fields and enlarge their knowledge horizons. Ways to help women *continue* education after marriage, to enable them to cope with technological changes when they're ready to re-enter the labor force.

Our lack of womanpower may be a crucial weakness in our social and economic system—and a determining factor in our survival.

If we're fair to the fair sex, our nation's manpower and brainpower can be increased enormously. Our capacity for growth can be greatly enlarged. Our future can be brighter and more secure.

There's so much work to do.

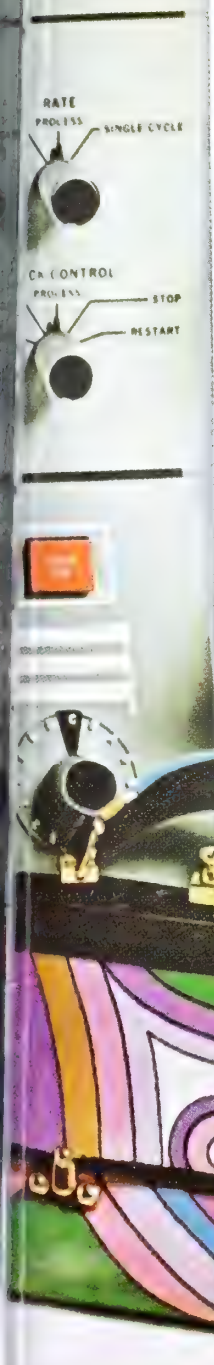
Let's not do it by half.



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Chic sur les rocks!

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COINTREAU

N. M. Amosoff

DIARY OF A RUSSIAN SURGEON

What happened during an unforgettable day in the operating room. This candid and moving description of open-heart surgery was translated from the Russian by George St. George.

There are days in every man's life which stand out in his memory, which time cannot erase. One of those unforgettable days occurred some years ago, and that was the day on which I started my diary. Or rather I wrote my first entry on the morning that followed it, and then abandoned the book for a long time.

The morgue. Such an inoffensive little building standing in our Institute garden. It is pleasant here. The bright green of the trees. Flowers. It seems that Red Riding Hood should be using this path. No. Here they carry corpses.

I am a doctor. I am going to an autopsy. Yesterday a little girl died during an operation. She had a complicated congenital heart condition, and we operated, disconnecting her heart and using our artificial blood-circulation machine. This is a new technique. Newspapermen describe it rhapsodically: a dying child . . . the heart is switched off . . . the machine takes over . . . some ten, twenty, thirty minutes . . . a heroic struggle . . . sweat on the surgeon's brow . . . All is well! The surgeon, exhausted but happy, tells the waiting parents that their child is saved. In two weeks the boy is playing football.

Let them all go to hell.

I am going to perform an autopsy. No doctor likes this procedure, to finish his work in the morgue. I don't like it either. All those cut-up corpses live in my memory. I am choking on them.

A zinc-covered table. There she lies, such a tiny thin body upon such a big cold table. Two pigtailed. The pink ribbons are crumpled. It is best not to look. But no, I must. This is my handiwork.

The dissecting room people and doctors are ready. I must determine now whether the operation was correctly performed. And learn how to do it better next time so that others won't die.

"Gloves. Instruments. I shall examine the heart myself. Thank you."

This was a complicated case, a so-called ventricular septal defect, commonly known as a hole in the heart. This occurs when there is an opening in the partition between the lower chambers of the heart, the ventricles. The dark venous blood mingles with the arterial; the heart becomes overstrained; children gasp and turn blue at the slightest exertion. Few of these blue babies live to adolescence.

And in this case there was an additional complication, the constriction of the lung artery so that sufficient blood could never reach the lungs to become oxygenated. Those two things often happen together.

There are two kinds of surgery used in cases like this. One is to enlarge the opening into the pulmonary artery with a special instrument, working by touch on the pumping heart, leaving the hole in the septum, or ventricle wall, alone. No recovery, but several years could be added to the child's life, and children become active. The operative mortality rate is about 15 per cent. The second method: the heart is stopped with the help of the heart-lung machine and the ventricle wall is cut wide open. The hole between the ventricles is then either stitched up or closed with the help of a porous plastic patch. The pulmonary artery entrance is enlarged and a part of the ventricle muscle is removed.

This is new and very difficult surgery. The heart



remains open for almost an hour. The blood, despite the machine, seeps through and makes the surgeon's work difficult. It is easy to damage small vessels and the valves. After it is all over, heart contractions are weak, and there is a grave danger of postoperative complications. Some 30 per cent of patients die on the table, or shortly thereafter.

I can see it all now. I have put in the stitches sloppily. Some of the sutures are placed too close to the edge of the patch. But the opening into the pulmonary artery I had enlarged well; I can push my finger into it. However, this is no consolation. With the hole between the ventricles this is even worse. Lungs fill with blood. Edema. Death.

I must study this case and try to figure out a better way of putting in those damned sutures. It is so easy to do this now. No rush, no hysteria. Let's see. Probably *this* is the way I should have done it. Then I would have missed the heart nerve and the sutures would have held better. Yes, that's it.

I should not have been in such a hurry. The machine could have worked a little longer. I should have stopped, pinched off the aorta, removed the blood by suction, and checked on the patch and the sutures again. One should never be so sure.

Yes, but on the other hand it was already forty minutes since we had disconnected the heart. The machine ruins the red corpuscles, the erythrocytes. With each minute, toxic circulatory residues build up in the tissues. Then the heart is given an impossible task to clear them out. One often sees perfect patches during autopsies, so what did they help?

And then that pale little face protruding from under the sheet. And that fear which slowly fills me during surgery, and grows with each twist of the knife. She will not come to . . . The heart will not start up . . . And her father and mother walking in the street outside the clinic, up and down, up and down . . . I saw them when I was washing my hands. So, "Let's stitch it up! It looks pretty good."

Of course I should have stopped and made sure. (Checked on the patch and on every suture.

What's the use of thinking about it, now?

I walk into our experimental laboratory. In my day's program there is still a little time before my next operation. Anyway, I'm hardly in a mood for any surgery at the moment. I must cool off.

The Director of the Institute has given us a

At the Moscow Institute of Cardiorascular Surgery, nurses watch an operation. (Sovfoto)

small building and appointed the staff. We have started working. There is a workshop, several engineers and technicians, physiologists and laboratory assistants. This is not yet an organized working collective, but their youth gives me hope.

At this point the apparatus for artificial blood circulation, our heart-lung machine which we call AIK after the Russian words, *apparat iskusstvennogo krovoobraschenia*, interests me more than anything else. It is necessary to improve it to the point where the surgeon will have more time to operate, so the machine will not ruin the blood. Our number one problem is hemolysis. As the erythrocytes are destroyed, the hemoglobin enters the plasma and colors it red. And, strange as it may seem, it then becomes toxic to the heart and kidneys.

Three staff members built our machine some two years ago, one of the very first of this kind ever constructed.

As long as we used our AIK for simple operations we were very happy with it. We thought it was the best in the world because it used a mere 750 cubic centimeters of blood instead of the three or four liters used abroad. We bragged shamelessly about it.

But then came disappointments. Hemolysis! The heart could not remain disconnected for longer than thirty or forty minutes. For us, this time is insufficient for any really advanced surgery. So I am pressing our physiologists, engineers, and technicians to find the reason for hemolysis and to eradicate it, but without enlarging the amount of blood used in the machine. Everyone is breaking his head over it, but so far without success.

I am walking through two laboratory rooms. Finally I reach my office. Now I must sit down and think everything out. Quietly, if possible . . . But no, this does not work. A quick knock at the door and a woman bursts in. Her eyes are insane.

"Professor! Please tell me what to do! I'm afraid of surgery. It's the second operation! She won't live through it!"

What can I tell her? I'm not God. Yes, quite possibly she won't live through it.

I know this woman. She is young, and probably even pretty. But now she's a fright to look at. Her husband is a middle-aged man with a shy, soft face. The only child, Maya, is twelve, a tall, gawky, pleasant girl. Three months ago, my assistant, Maria Vassilievna,* performed a routine operation on her, tied off the opening between the aorta and the pulmonary artery. This is a congenital

heart disorder. This opening, normal in the fetus, should close after birth, but sometimes it doesn't, and then it should be closed surgically. It is the simplest of all heart operations. In our clinic we have done over a hundred of them, and lost just one patient. In Maya's case, some friends and acquaintances called me before the operation and begged me to perform it personally rather than let some of my younger colleagues do it. Such requests always irritate me. How would young surgeons acquire their experience?

The operation had gone off well. The connection was closed with the help of a special apparatus recently developed in Moscow using tantalum wire stitches. However, almost immediately there were some mildly unpleasant aftereffects to which I paid scant attention. I had many more serious cases on hand.

At first we thought that the complications were more or less routine, the darkening of one pulmonary lobe due to the accumulation of bronchial phlegm and seeping in of air from the alveoli. The phlegm was drained through a tube inserted into the respiratory canals. The darkening remained, and a cavity appeared, a lung abscess. The pus was drained through a puncture. Maya's condition did not appear particularly alarming. The punctures were repeated, some medications were administered and in about three weeks the cavity disappeared. The darkening in the lobe had all but dissolved, and the girl was sent home.

But the very next day her mother ran to us with terror-filled eyes: Maya was spitting blood. Hemoptysis. We took several X-rays, several analyses, and again discovered nothing alarming. Not that we could quite explain it, but we felt that there was little to worry about. We reassured the mother, apparently a breach in some small vessel; it often happens after pulmonary abscesses. It would pass.

But it didn't pass.

Three days ago the girl was brought back to the clinic with severe lung hemorrhage. It had happened twice during last night. The hemoglobin count had fallen off 50 per cent. I personally conducted a thorough fluoroscopic examination and found a rather large darkening in the upper part of the left lung connected with a shadow of the heart and the aorta.

Professor N. M. Amosoff is a celebrated Russian surgeon, one of the designers of a heart-lung machine (known in Russia as AIK). During World War II he was a surgeon at the front, and he has received the Lenin Prize for his heart-surgery technique. This article is excerpted from his book, "The Open Heart," to be published in February by Simon & Schuster.

*Since the revolution the medical profession in the U. S. S. R. has been largely taken over by women. Some 70 per cent of practicing physicians are women.

We think that the source of hemorrhaging is in the lung; it is possible that the abscess had not fully healed and the secondary inflammatory process then damaged the wall of some important artery. Perhaps even the aorta? Judging by the rate and severity of hemorrhaging it is quite obvious that the girl is near death. There is just one alternative, surgical interference, and the quicker the better.

And now Maya's mother is in my office. She is sobbing. Her father sits on a bench outside, under the windows of the children's ward. It is difficult for me to look at this woman.

"Your Mayachka needs the operation. Otherwise she will be gone, and gone very soon. Dangerous? Yes, very. But otherwise it is hopeless."

The dry official words. And my face is also dry and official. I would like to calm her down, dry off her tears with a handkerchief. Or cry with her a little. But I can't permit myself this luxury. I represent science. I feel terrible.

But Maya's only hope is surgery. The risk? I think about 50 per cent. No, there is no escape. I must order the girl to be prepared for surgery.

I ring up, give all the instructions.

I have some time now, so I will visit the wards. There are fine kids there. They are already out of danger, and they don't really need me at all. But I need them. Especially right now, before facing the terrible task ahead.

A long corridor. A large recess with windows and an enclosed balcony—the children's dining room. Now children are playing here. Some have already had their operations and will be sent home soon. Others are undergoing observation. No difficult cases here. Just normal-looking kids.

In one corner three little girls are playing hospital. I stop near the nurse's desk, which is vacant, pick up some reports, feign business. The girls are sitting on the floor, dolls in hands. Their conversation:

"You need probing. This is not painful, don't cry, don't be scared. When you first feel the needle, shut your eyes and repeat, 'No pain, no pain.' That's all. Masha, pass me the probe!"

Masha is five. Her medical education is limited; she does not know what a probe is. Nadya is upset:

Rejoicing at a life saved. Professor Amosoff, second from left, and his colleagues successfully performed a three-hour heart operation on this nine-year-old boy. At TB Institute's Clinic of Thorax Surgical Operations in Kiev. (Photo by K. Shamshin—Sovfoto)



"How can you be a doctor this way? Even a ward nanny knows what a probe is! Where have you been all your life? All right, just hold the patient and watch. Sonya, switch on the X-ray!"

It is remarkable how children use their imagination. With a few rags and wooden sticks they can create complicated plays.

Misha approaches the girls. He is seven, and they have told me that he is impersonating me. Misha is an experienced man; he has undergone all sorts of tests, an operation with the AIK machine, and multiple postoperative complications. He is walking now, but still carries one shoulder lower than the other. His manner is rather gruff.

"Nadya, what a stupid woman, you don't do it right! The probing is always done in the dark. Get your patient under the bed. I'll do it myself, give her to me, stupid!"

"Don't touch her! This is our patient! Go and do your own operations! You've already cut up two dolls and both of them died! Manya is still crying. Her mother is poor and can't buy her another one that opens her eyes! Get out of here, you butcher!"

Misha is ready to grab Nadya's hair, but stops in time. He is still in slight pain and therefore vulnerable.

"Women!" He almost spits at them.

Let them fight. It is good when children begin to roughhouse after surgery.

Another little boy. He is not playing. He is sitting in the corner watching others. Another blue baby. He is down for complicated, perhaps dangerous surgery. It's best not to look at him. It is better not to become too friendly with children before they are operated on. During my morning rounds, I look at their chests, check their hearts. I try not to look at their faces. After surgery, well, that's another matter. Then you can love them all you want, without danger.

I walk on to our postoperative ward. This is a difficult place. Some six to eight children are always recovering here from postoperative shock. Today it is comparatively quiet. I walk around, greet the children, talk to them. And, of course, check temperature and analysis charts. This is a pleasant task for me today; all the patients are doing fairly well.

Volodya is four. When I approach his bed, he pretends to be asleep, but his eyelids are quivering. This is his protective reaction; he knows that doctors don't like to disturb sleeping children. He hopes to avoid injections by feigning sleep.

"Volodineka, open your eyes. There won't be any injections now. Anyway, I hope to discontinue them."

The eyelids quiver, then move. He sees there is no danger. I don't even have a stethoscope. He wakes up, smiles. Moves his hand to shake mine.

"It's true that you'll call off the shots?"

"True, but not today. Perhaps tomorrow."

Now he's upset.

Volodya was operated on four days ago using the artificial blood-circulation machine. He had a hole in the ventricle partition wall with some important secondary pulmonary changes. We opened his chest and cut through the pericardium, the heart bag. Even then the heart beats became arrhythmic. We began to hurry. The machine was not yet connected when fibrillation occurred, the disorganized fluttering instead of regular contractions. My own heart went into the pit of my stomach. Such a fine boy. I tried heart massage, he didn't respond. Then, in desperation, we inserted a tube into his right auricle and a cannula into the femoral or thigh artery. The machine took over. Just in time.

I complete my rounds and go to the operating theater. Any further delays are impossible. Everything inside me is taut. All feelings have contracted into a little clot and hidden in the far corner of my subconscious. The whole world is clear. Black and white.

I am dressing. The glasses. The surgical mask.

Maya is already in the theater. The tube has been inserted into the trachea, the anesthetic apparatus has been connected. She is asleep. My assistants—Maria Vassilievna, Pyotr Alexandrovich, and Volodya—are draping the operative field with sterilized sheets.

Now that I'm here they will start. The theater nurse, Marina, a serious, lithe, beautiful woman, is standing near the instrument table. She is ready, and so are the others. We have a fine team here. I wash my hands in the antechamber. I scrub my hands with one brush. Another. A sterilized towel. I am ready.

I enter the theater. They hand me a towel and some alcohol. I put on my robe.

"Fix the light. Why can't you ever put it on properly for an operation?"

Stop! I must not get wound up. Anyway they won't do it properly next time no matter what I say.

Maya is lying on her right side. The scar has been cut away and the clamps are being put on small blood vessels. Maria Vassilievna's movements are precise and economical, she seems to be an embodiment of quiet efficiency. But this is misleading. She is a highly nervous woman and when she operates on her own she often grumbles.

A good surgeon with steel-like nerves is fiction, just like an actor who does not get nervous before his entrance. One must get nervous, otherwise he is in the wrong profession. Marina is handing instruments over to Maria Vassilievna in response to her finger snaps, without words, knowing what is needed. She is very experienced and has been working with me for years. An excellent nurse, a trusted assistant.

The gloves. Alcohol again. I take my place, take over. I cut through intercostal muscles and get into the pleural cavity. It is filled with adhesions (connecting bands of fibers). The lung has become connected to the chest-cavity wall, a normal picture after surgery. The adhesions are dense. I can't separate them with my fingers; I must use the lancet or scissors. There is a good deal of bleeding; it must be coagulated or simply checked by electric diathermy. Puffs of smoke and the smell of burned flesh.

Everything is done practically without thinking, by reflex. I can see the operating field, the lung. In my head there is a definite plan, with variations; it is carried out step by step with simple mechanical movements. The whole world is temporarily disconnected from me; one can work like this for six hours without feeling fatigue. Of course, only when the operation is challenging. Otherwise it is like any other repair work; one becomes almost a mechanic. But this case is challenging and difficult.

Just as soon as the upper lobe of the lung is separated from the pectoral wall, it becomes obvious that a tissue density, resembling a tumor, is located along the vessels leading away from the heart, on the aortal curve, on the pulmonary artery. The lung is just attached to it and even though the tissue has thickened, the source of the hemorrhaging must be there, in the large vessels. When I press on the tumor with my finger I can feel it pulsate.

Aneurysm! Aneurysm of the aorta!

The clinical picture becomes instantly clear. After the first operation an abscess occurred in the lung, and the inflammation has ruined the aortic wall. A cavity has formed attached to the aorta—the aneurysm—a widening of the artery caused by the changes in its wall. It has broken through into a bronchial tube with resulting hemorrhaging. Any further hemorrhage may prove fatal.

Everything is very clear, and very bad, much worse than I had expected. There is an abscess in the lung, and an opening in the aorta. The area of the aneurysm covers a part of the aortic curve. All this is covered with adhesions, hard as

gristle. Besides all this, inflammation of the lung tissue.

My hands continue to work automatically, separating adhesions and coming closer to the aneurysm. There is just one thought in my mind—what to do next? While working, one feels calmer, and it seems to me that I don't quite appreciate the gravity of the situation.

I must stop, wash my hands. This is a pause for thought and a cool appraisal of the situation.

So, there are two alternatives.

First, to stitch up the wound and abandon the operation. Retreat is still possible. The case may be written down as inoperable.

The other alternative: to try to separate the aorta above and below the aneurysm, as close to it as possible. And the pulmonary artery. And the lobe of the lung. Then pinch off the aorta and quickly cut away the aneurysm along with part of the lung. Then stitch up the aortic wall. All right, but one can pinch off the aorta for the maximum of ten minutes and only if the vessels leading to the brain are above the clamp. Any longer period would destroy the spinal cord. To do all that in ten minutes? Impossible. But then it is possible to plug the opening with the finger, remove the clamps, let the brain be washed out by the arterial blood, and then apply the clamp again. This can be repeated several times. We have had some experience with this and it has been successful. But in Maya's case we also have adhesions and the inflammation. And then it is by no means certain that the hole in the aorta can be stitched up at all, and if not, well—that's the end.

But just suppose I succeed? Then in a few days I can go to the ward as I did today. "Well, Mava, my darling, how are you? Slept well?"

There is no third choice. To tie off the bronchial tube and let it go at that? The inflammation of the lung would progress and kill her just the same.

Only two alternatives.

It is hard to choose. Let's work a bit longer, the final decision can still be postponed a little. If the separation of the aorta and the preservation of the brain arteries prove to be impossible, the question will settle itself. I go back to work.

The plan proves feasible. I retract part of the pericardium, separate the ascending aorta, and moving down along it, reach the important vessels. I make a canal under it and run a thread through. This has been the hardest part of all. I free the aorta below the aneurysm. I do the same with the pulmonary artery. This has been time-consuming work—the operation has already lasted for three hours, but I don't notice it. The anesthetist is silent; it means that everything is going well. I

can see this myself, the pumping heart is right before my eyes.

A constant blood transfusion. Every drop of blood lost on the pads and towels is immediately replaced. I speak to the anesthetist: "Dimitri Alexandrovich, ask them to send us some more blood from the bank. If I decide to go ahead, we shall need a great deal."

I continue. Everything goes very slowly; the separation of blood vessels from the adhesions requires infinite skill. My hands work by themselves. Thoughts are infrequent and fitful. What if we use the heart-lung machine? Then we can pinch off the aorta more easily, and there would be no pressure of time.

Unfortunately, the setting-up of the machine takes two hours. Besides, we have no whole blood on hand. I must continue the way I have begun.

The operation goes on surprisingly well, my every move is precise and measured. I am beginning to think that I am God, that there is nothing I can't do. Just look at those separated vessels, and the lung! So clean, so dry. It is not an easy task in view of all those adhesions to work so close to an aneurysm. Few surgeons would even risk it.

Stop bragging, professor! Look at your trembling hands; they have been trembling all your life. And remember the morgue this morning. Big hero, indeed!

All the preliminary steps have been completed. Even more than that, I have tied off the bronchial tube. It is still possible to retreat, but now is the time to make the final decision.

But making any decision proves to be unnecessary. Suddenly there is a geyser of blood which hits me straight in the face. Instantly the hole is found by touch and plugged by my finger.

"Clean my glasses!"

For a second I'm blind. But no matter. My finger knows what to do.

"Keep suctioning the blood in the wound!"

The aneurysm wall has burst. In one place I have cut too deep through an adhesion and . . . well, I should have expected that. But it has all happened so suddenly, so dramatically.

Why didn't I stop in time? Now, it's too late. No retreat any more. However, things are still under control. The heart works well. Quite well.

No. Not any more. Not really. Should I remove my finger, the pleural cavity would fill with blood, the blood pressure would go down to zero, and the heart would start quivering barely perceptibly, instead of beating. I must press the hole down.

"Start transfusion direct into the artery! As quickly as you can! Hurry! Petya, clamp off the

aorta! Maria, pinch off the pulmonary artery!"

Now I remove my finger. A weak spurt of blood, then it slackens off. No pressure.

"The vacuum suction! Goddamn it, it doesn't work! Give me another one, quickly!"

I have ten minutes at my disposal. So very little. I tear open the wall of the burst aneurysm, clean out the blood clots. I must cut away a section of the lung to reach the aorta. But this is difficult to do, there are many still unseparated adhesions. Whoever has built the human body has done it seemingly with just one idea in mind—to impede surgeons.

"The power shears! Quick, you cow!"

A split-second thought: why swear? Oh, what's the difference! The section of the lung is cut away, almost torn off.

Horror.

In the aortic wall there is a hole about a centimeter long. The edges are uneven, the tissues are weakened by inflammation, they would never hold the thread. Impossible.

"What have I done, what have I done, idiot!"

I must try to do something. What if the sutures will hold after all? God—grant me a miracle!

"Marina, the sutures. Check them for strength, each one."

I sew desperately, trying to put the stitches as far away from the edges as I can. But it is hopeless—the tissues are coming apart like butter; nothing holds at all. Just as I thought.

"Give me more! More! Marina!"

These hopeless, bumbling attempts take about five precious minutes. From some small vessels the blood continues to seep into the aneurysm, flooding the field. We have to tighten the pulmonary artery clamp—or else.

"Professor, the pressure is falling off."

"Keep pouring the blood in! Open the femoral artery on the other thigh, you slob!"

"There is no pulse."

My God, my God, what now? I can see and feel how the heartbeats grow weaker and weaker. We must remove the clamps from the aorta.

"Petya, Maria, Volodya! I'll close the hole with my finger, and you remove the clamps. All at the same time. One, two, three—now!"

The clamps are loosened. The pressure in the aorta is low, but blood keeps seeping in from somewhere. The heart all but stops.

"Keep pouring blood in! Clean the wound with suction! Get adrenalin ready, three c.c.s!"

No, we must pinch off the aorta again, the blood floods the entire field. And I must massage the heart. It is hopeless, of course, quite useless, but it is still trying to beat.

"Petya, clamp the aorta. Maria, cut the pericardium wider for a massage. *What?* You pulled out the clamp altogether, you idiot? Where were your eyes, you bastard? We shall never get it under again—never! How can I work with such cretins?"

I shout because I'm in despair. Petya has made a mistake of course; he should not have pulled out the clamp. But does that change anything? I remove my finger from the hole, there are sluggish little spurts; exactly like those from a barrel when the liquid is at the very bottom. I am almost crying.

I am massaging the heart. With each squeeze a bit of blood oozes out of the aorta. I still can't attach the clamp. I am hysterical. I am swearing at Petya and at Maria, blaming her for the first operation, even though there are no reasons to suspect anything had been done incorrectly. I am going to pieces.

Adrenalin. Massage. New transfusions. All this is painfully slow. The heart gives infrequent lazy spasms as though slowly going to sleep. But I must do something, I must, I must!

"Professor, the pupils have already been enlarged ten minutes."

The meaning of these terrible words slowly sinks in. Death. One must accept the fact. Even though the heart continues to quiver convulsively now and then, it is clinically dead.

"Very well, that's all. Stop the transfusion. Save the blood for those who will need it."

All of a sudden, an utter apathy comes over me. Almost a relief. But not quite. It is impossible to describe this.

"Stitch up the wound."

I stagger out into the antechamber. Toward an armchair. No, I must change first. I'm covered with blood like a butcher.

The room is almost empty now. Nurses are crying.

I must write a report, a detailed one. "All attempts to close the defect in the aortic wall proved to be unsuccessful. The hemorrhage continued, and life was slowly ebbing away."

Ebbing. The day is ebbing, too. I've done my work, I can go home. The darkness is gathering outside. This is a relief. At least no one will see me. Shall I ever forget this day?

The door of my home. I enter. My wife comes into the room. She is also a doctor, a good one, and during the many years of our marriage we have learned to read each other's faces. We never ask questions.

Everything is as usual. I change, put on my slippers. A silent dinner. But I need a drink. This

is essential after a day like this. I escape into my study and stretch out on my sofa. Here I can put a bottle of cognac and a little glass on a chair beside me. The door is closed and there is no one in the next room. So I can grab my head and moan: Oh, my God, my God.

Every day in hospitals throughout the world people are dying. Often because of doctors' mistakes. Especially surgeons'.

What was my mistake with Maya? I should have stopped in time, just as soon as I saw the aneurysm. Sewn up the wound. She would have lasted until tomorrow with transfusions. Tomorrow we could have set up our AIK machine, got some fresh blood. Then I could have disconnected the heart and carefully patched up the hole in the aorta, cutting away a part of the lung, without pressure, without hysteria.

Nonsense. It's not that easy to operate on an aneurysm, even with the heart-lung machine. It would have been almost hopeless, considering the patient's condition. Still, my chances would have been much better. Mistakes . . . I'm making mistakes like a small boy.

Let's have a drink.

Surgery is supposed to be a corrective science. Then why do patients die so often?

One can't avoid mistakes in any work. In our work mistakes are paid for by lives. Most likely I'm not fit to be a surgeon. I'm too sentimental, too soft. I shouldn't be in work which kills people.

Let's have another little glass.

Tonight I am lying on my sofa, crushed, a little drunk, all my dreams of accomplishment just as remote as they were thirty years ago. No, that's not true. It's sorrow and disappointment which speak in me tonight. And fatigue. Let's have another drink, just to clear the head.

Enough! My whole life I have striven for clarity of thought. Now I must bring some logic into my own mind.

Does humanity need surgery? Undoubtedly, yes. Not all patients die. The majority survive and enjoy life. There is just one course open to me—work. More surgery. I must learn more and teach other surgeons to work well and honestly.

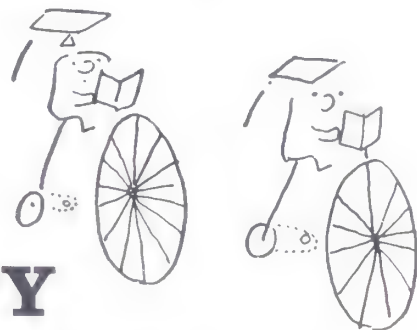
Now I'm going to bed. I'll take some luminal on top of the cognac.

Yes, I am going to bed. But in my subconscious I'm with those two families, in those two houses. What are they doing? Have they gone to bed, or are they still crying—two of them ready for tomorrow's funeral, and two in an empty house where their poor Mayachka seems still to be living? What can one say about that? Nothing.

Nothing.

Ronald Gross and Judith Murphy

NEW YORK'S LATE-BLOOMING STATE UNIVERSITY



An educational daredevil named Sam Gould has taken on a job nobody wanted—and may well succeed in turning a ragbag collection of colleges into a first-rate institution

As the last state in the nation to establish its own university, New York has embarked on the creation of "the biggest and best university system in the world." A group of ambitious educators, backed by an enthusiastic Governor and an increasingly generous Legislature, has determined that SUNY—the State University of New York—shall soon lead the nation in higher public education.

Most residents of New York State, however, are not even aware that SUNY exists. The few who are aware of it tend to confuse SUNY with New York University, or with the City University of New York, or even with that imposing creature of the Regents called the University of the State of New York, which comprises all educational institutions in the state.

What is SUNY? If you rolled up all the components of American higher education and threw them, custard-pie fashion, at a map of New York State, the pieces that stuck might well outline the State University. Spaced out from Lake Champlain to Long Island Sound, from the Hudson to Lake Erie, the State University of New York takes in fifty-nine campuses which represent virtually every kind of academic community: agricultural and technical institutes; two-year community colleges; schools of forestry, ceramics, and industrial relations; teachers colleges straining to upgrade themselves into liberal-arts colleges; two medical centers; four "university centers."

"SUNY is an administrative medicine ball," a

former president of the university has said. "You can just about pick it up, but it's impossible to run with it." These days much of the excitement about the school is due to the fact that a confident man named Samuel B. Gould has picked up SUNY and is now trying to run with it. When SUNY's trustees finally landed Gould in 1964 as president, after a gap of almost two years during which no one would take the job, they got a man whose academic career spanned California's pacesetting system (he had been chancellor of the University of California at Santa Barbara) and a famous private experimental college—Antioch—where he had been president.

What Gould got was a bizarre institution that, after inching up from 22,000 students to 38,000 in the eight years after its founding in 1948, tripled its enrollment in the next eight. Today the university's full-time enrollment is over 120,000. It is launched on a gigantic program of physical expansion which will require \$1.5 billion by 1971. It has averaged a new community college a year for the past five years, and the pace is due to be stepped up. Two more four-year colleges are in the planning stage, scheduled to open in 1970. Three complete new campuses are now being built—at Stony Brook on Long Island, at Binghamton in south-central New York, and at Albany—with a number of others, including two new medical centers, planned.

Nearly every campus is in the midst of a violent upheaval. SUNY is adding about 1,500 new faculty

members each year and expects to keep up the pace for at least ten years. But more important, Gould has a clear mandate from the state's political leaders to make SUNY a great university as well as a big one—and fast.

Stony Brook: An Instant University?

“We’re starting from scratch here,” says John S. Toll, president of the State University of New York at Stony Brook. “It’s pretty exciting to be in on the beginning of a university and have every reason to believe that, within a decade, you can make it one of the nation’s great institutions of higher learning.”

The words are echoed by administrators and faculty members at Stony Brook. This is the challenge which enabled Sam Gould to lure Toll himself from the University of Maryland, where he had built one of the country’s leading physics departments. The challenge also attracted biologist Bentley Glass, academic vice-president at Stony Brook, who could have gone anywhere in the country if he had shown any inclination to leave his comfortable position at Johns Hopkins. Formerly president of the American Association of University Professors, and vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, sixty-year-old Glass is one of the country’s distinguished men of science.

Toll and Glass, in turn, bagged stars like Robert Lekachman, the liberal economist, whose departure from Barnard rated an editorial in the *New York Times*. (Lekachman had complained that economics at Barnard was becoming too mathematized for his liking.)

“Frankly, I came out here to be a *gantzer makher*—a big butter-and-egg man,” Lekachman says. “At Columbia, it took years to get anyone to move on a new idea. Here I’m putting together the kind of economics department I want—with real attention to social problems such as poverty, welfare, medicine. It’s been a rebirth for me.”

Later, C. N. Yang, a Nobel laureate in physics, joined Stony Brook to occupy one of New York

State’s Albert Einstein chairs, endowed with \$100,000 a year for salary, staff, and research.*

But money isn’t Stony Brook’s only ammunition when it goes hunting for academic talent. Close by is Brookhaven National Laboratory, one of the country’s major facilities for nuclear research. Because Stony Brook is only sixty miles from New York City, it can attract professors who want to reverse-commute, like writer and literary critic Alfred Kazin. The community has its own attractions, too. Located on Long Island’s North Shore, Stony Brook is more exurban than suburban. The faculty club has its own long strip of private beach on Long Island Sound and the community itself is intent on preserving its quaint, Williamsburg-like atmosphere.

By 1970 every department at Stony Brook plans to offer graduate programs through the Ph.D. The student body is expected to grow from its present 4,000 to almost 10,000. Each year the university will have to recruit more than 100 new faculty members (enough to staff a medium-sized liberal-arts college).

From its brief history, one might be forgiven the fear that Stony Brook presages the nightmare university of the future—keyed to science, dominated by graduate studies, preoccupied with research, and dangerously heedless of undergraduate education. But the fears seem unfounded. “At Stony Brook, we’re striving to achieve a balanced development,” says Stanley R. Ross, historian and dean of the college of arts and sciences. “That’s the job we’ve been assigned, and it’s what we want to do. Toll and Glass are on their guard against the imbalance that research money for science can bring to a university. They’re bending every effort to strengthen the humanities, the fine arts, and the social sciences—despite Stony Brook’s original impetus in the direction of the sciences and general trends in that direction.”

President Toll is also emphatic. “I don’t think research at an academic institution should be per-

*The New York Legislature has recently set up ten chairs, each with an annual endowment of up to \$100,000: five Albert Einstein chairs in the sciences, five Albert Schweitzer chairs in the humanities and social sciences. Eight of the “Alberts” have thus far been awarded and of these, five have been filled. Besides Yang at Stony Brook, Einstein chairs are now filled by Ephraim Racker at Cornell and Elliott Montroll at the University of Rochester. Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute has just been awarded an Einstein. Of the four Schweitzer chairs thus far awarded, two are filled—by Conor Cruise O’Brien at New York University, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., at the City University of New York. Syracuse University was just awarded a Schweitzer, and Fordham’s is still to be filled.

Ronald Gross and Judith Murphy are writers and consultants associated with the Academy for Educational Development in New York City. They coedited “The Revolution in the Schools” and recently completed a study of “Learning by Television,” published by the Fund for the Advancement of Education. In 1963 Mr. Gross won a Philip M. Stern Fund grant for magazine writing.

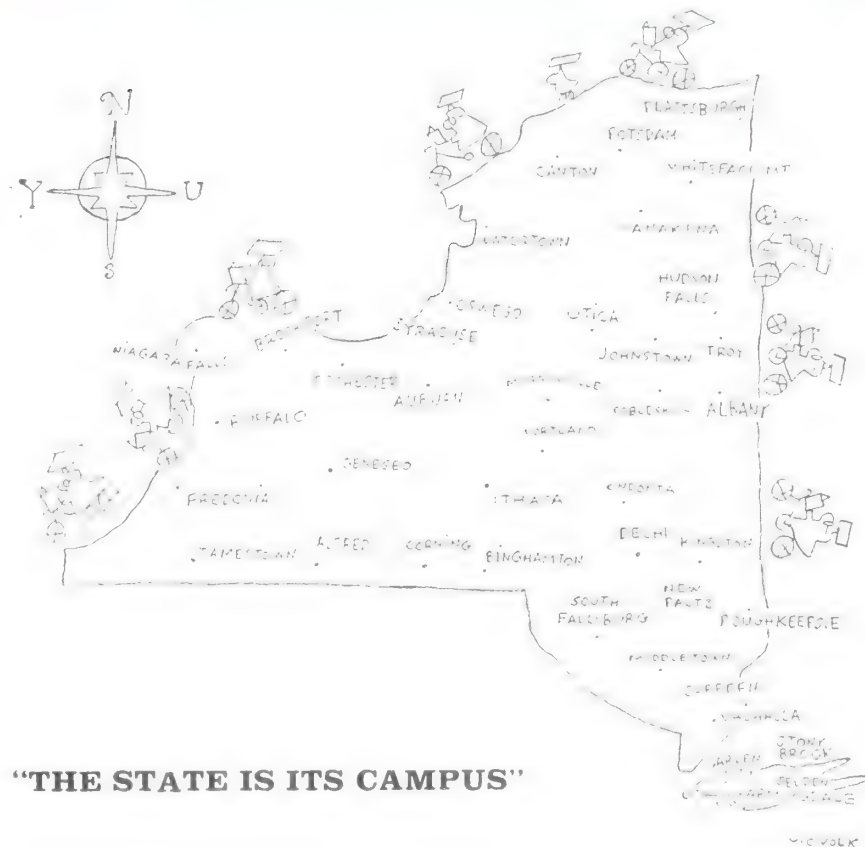
mitted to exist just for its own sake. The university should be oriented toward undergraduates."

Stony Brook has swiftly built up an English department good enough to be the humanistic center of the campus, attracting such notables as Peter Alexander, a leading Shakespeare scholar; Kazin himself; and writers Philip Roth and Jeremy Lerner. The Stony Brook humanists differ among themselves about how the humanities are faring in an institution that only four years ago was an obscure technical school. "The humanities need time to take root and flower," says Kazin. "There's a red-brick rawness at Stony Brook that is no one's fault. You can't make traditions overnight."

Another member of the department sees the faculty taking a more aggressive role: "Our job at a place like this is to jolt the kids awake. This is their last chance to open up to the whole world. You know, if a kid from Harvard screws up, he's got plenty more chances."

Students at Stony Brook have a kind of feverish vision of the university. This year's seniors have seen the place grow in four years from an intimate academic community in which everyone—faculty and students—ate, lived, and studied in one central building, to a sprawling agglomeration of specialized facilities, all designed in what many of the students deride as "neo-penal" architectural style. Changes that the average campus would consider dramatic in twenty years, apocalyptic in ten, have taken place here in two or three.

"In my French class the kids now have to sit on the windowsills," says Karen Graham, a junior majoring in English. "This place has got to decide which way to go," says Bennett Abramowitz, an English major from Brooklyn. "Is it going to be a medieval community of scholars, the Brookhaven training center, or a vast educational super-



"THE STATE IS ITS CAMPUS"

This slogan, unlike most, sticks to the simple truth. The State University of New York is indeed all over the place, as the map above indicates. Actually the map understates SUNY's ubiquity, for it omits New York City, where the State University supports a medical center, a maritime college, and a number of community colleges. Additional campuses are in the works.

market?" This year a controversy over putting three students in dormitory rooms designed for two has divided the campus. Routine difficulties have delayed completion of a big new dormitory complex, and tensions may grow worse as crowding increases. The Stony Brook administration's proposed solution—to get off-campus housing privately built in time for this fall's deluge—aroused community antagonism, and was finally vetoed by the town board.

Sometimes campus hostility is directed toward fellow students. Student activists carry on a continuing "apathy debate" on the lack of social consciousness on campus. "The Statesman is well aware of the intellectual stagnation that pervades the campus," the student newspaper editorialized not long ago. "It is not easy to produce a creative, original newspaper with an intellectual vacuum. Our constant appeals for articles concerned with the larger issues bring the usual negative response. Perhaps the student body is not interested in affairs outside their own immediate existence."

"These students are practical," a Stony Brook chemist remarked recently. "I was teaching a class of fifteen when I started last fall and one fellow got up and asked whether it wasn't a waste having a leading scholar like me taking the time to teach such a small group. Other students ask me if the appointment of a Nobel Prize-winner like Yang will really do them any good when they want to get into a graduate school. I have to give them a lesson in academic sociology. In the Ivy League the students know it all and take everything for granted. Here there's a freshness that I like, even if it's sometimes disconcerting."

Pinnacles of Excellence

The university centers like Stony Brook are the academic zenith of SUNY. Stony Brook seems to be the darling at present, and there is some feeling at the other centers that it behaves "as if it is the State University." But each of the other centers has some reason to think of itself as the center of the system.

The State University of New York at Buffalo probably has the best reason of all. It is now and has been for a long time a real if undistinguished university, with full graduate departments and a wide range of professional schools, including law, medicine, and dentistry. And with about 11,000 full-time students this fall, UB's daytime enrollment alone very nearly equals the enrollment of the other three university centers put together.

When SUNY devoured this private university in 1962, it didn't exactly bite off more than it could chew, but big UB proved a touch hard to digest. Able, cantankerous President Clifford Furnas has now retired. His successor is young Martin Meyerson (forty-three), formerly dean of the University of California's college of environmental design at Berkeley (he came into national prominence for his enlightened and firm leadership as Berkeley's acting chancellor during the free-speech demonstrations in 1965).

President Meyerson's specialty is city planning and urban research, an appropriate background for his new post. By 1970, the university will move out to a brand-new 1,000-acre campus in suburban Buffalo, creating a virtual city of 30,000. The old Main Street campus, now seriously overcrowded, will become the university's greatly expanded health center.

Buffalo itself, a blustering polyglot city, Midwestern in tone and outlook, has been called "the largest city in the U.S. without proprietors" so extreme is the concentration of absentee owner-

ship. This peculiarity of Buffalo's economy goes far to explain the university's inability to make a go of it as a private institution; there were few people around who cared. UB had been driven close to the wall when SUNY came to the rescue.

Joining SUNY has given UB more than mere solvency and a new campus. It has given it opportunities to excel that were previously out of reach. According to the latest survey by the American Association of University Professors, salaries at Buffalo and Stony Brook now put them among the twenty-two best-paying institutions in the country, an exclusive group that includes Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. "If we'd stayed private," says the dean of students, "we'd have gone on for maybe ten or fifteen years and become a northern University of Miami. Now, with state money, faculty salaries have been jacked up a good thirty per cent, and we can do some real headhunting. Moreover, we get brighter kids. Before the state took over, smart but poor kids couldn't afford the place."

More Than One Metamorphosis

At the Albany university center, students commonly refer to their institution not as State University of New York at Albany, or even Albany State, but simply as State—and they clearly think that *it* is the State University. It was by far the most important of the eleven colleges that formed the nucleus of SUNY. Today, taking advantage of its location in the state capital, Albany is reaching for excellence in the social sciences.

Albany has been expanding at an explosive rate in its rapid metamorphosis from teachers college to state college to university center. A new campus nearing completion on the outskirts of the city is a weird mixture of colonial and contemporary motifs. Though the design is pure Edward Durell Stone, with airy colonnades and courts, the region's early history was exhumed when it came time to name and embellish the various buildings. One ultramodern square of dormitories surrounded by stark rectangular columns is known officially as the Colonial Quadrangle.

The new campus was desperately needed. Albany had been coping with around 6,000 students in facilities built for 1,000. The old campus is actually two ten-acre sites half a mile apart in drab downtown Albany. Swelling enrollment has long since outgrown the regular academic buildings.

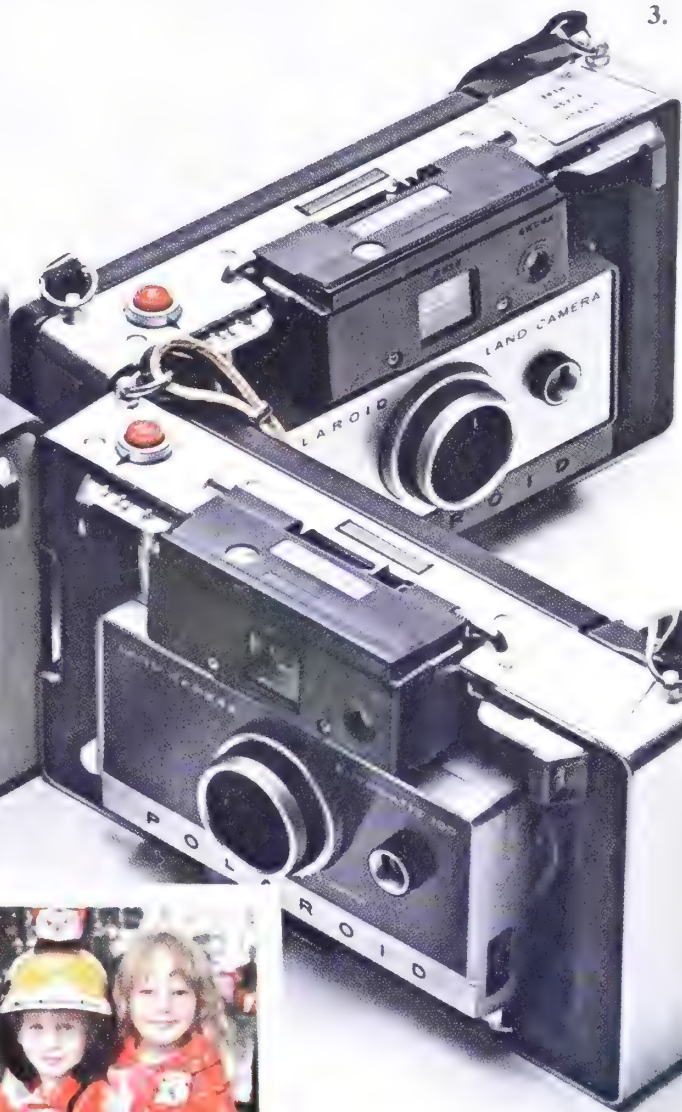
The university is occupying the new campus in stages, shuttling students back and forth between new dormitories as they are completed and holding downtown classes all over town. Until the new aca-

Be a killjoy.

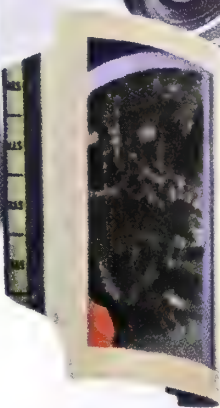
1.



3.



2.



4.



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The economy Color Pack Camera? Gives you big, beautiful color prints in 60 seconds, black and white in 15. (Is there any other way to take pictures?) It's lightweight. Loads in seconds. Electric eye. Yet Polaroid has figured out a way to shrink the price. *Under \$60.*

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Oh. About your wife. You'll square it with her when you start taking all those pictures of the kids.

St. Raphaël changes taste in mid-sip. The unsophisticated find this confusing.

If you've ever been to France, you probably know what to expect in your American encounter with France's only golden aperitif wine.

St. Raphael actually changes taste in mid-sip. It starts out delicately smooth. But, a second later, it turns tangy crisp.

The French with their cultivated palates delight in St. Raphael's dual personality. In fact, St. Raphael is France's most popular aperitif. So popular it's called "L'aperitif de France".

The French drink it variously. Well-chilled as an aperitif, naturally. And especially over ice with two twists of lemon peel. This they call the drink with the "Double Zest".

Try St. Raphael on your friends.

Watch their reaction

to its change

of taste in mid-sip.

If you have the kind of friends we think you have, they'll find this charming. Like the French do.

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the French
aperitif wine
with the dual
personality

demic buildings are completed—by September 1967—the administration has had to contrive all kinds of makeshifts. Driving around the center of town, one constantly sees signs on stores, churches, warehouses, and office buildings proclaiming academic squatters on the premises. “Babyville—Carrriages” reads the sign on one store, for instance, and underneath, in smaller, more austere letters: “German Department—State University of New York at Albany—second floor.”

But the school has growing pains that go beyond logistical pressures. They result from the fact that Albany is an ex-teachers college that isn’t quite “ex-.” “As a university center,” says one close observer, “Albany is a great teachers college. But that’s like an Olympic high jumper being great at calculus. The fact is interesting, but not relevant to the task at hand.”

At Binghamton, upgrading presents a different set of difficulties. “Late in 1964 I was appointed President of Harpur College,” says Bruce Dearing, former English professor at Swarthmore and thereafter dean of arts and science at the University of Delaware. “But by the time I took office the following February, Harpur had been named a university center, and I suddenly was President of State University of New York at Binghamton. Maybe I should have sold and taken the profit.”

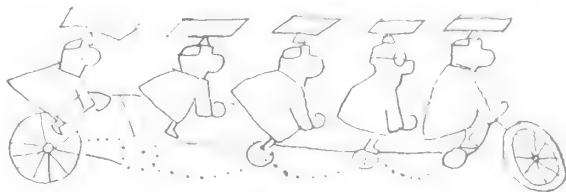
Harpur College joined the state system in 1950 as SUNY’s one liberal-arts college. It had been born four years earlier in nearby Endicott as Triple Cities College, an adjunct of Syracuse University, to take care of the flood of matriculating veterans. Harpur is an astonishing embellishment to the “triple cities” of Binghamton, Johnson City, and Endicott, highly conservative communities located in the isolated valley where New York State’s Southern Tier begins. Modeled on Swarthmore and Amherst, Harpur actually came to embody more closely the fabled intellectual atmosphere of CCNY in the 1930s, with a student body and faculty of impressive ethnic and cultural diversity. “Harpur has had none of the genteel manners of some private liberal-arts colleges,” says veteran Professor Melvin Seiden. “It has had character.”

In 1958 Harpur began the move to its raw new campus in suburban Vestal, a few miles outside of Binghamton on bustling Route 17, and completed the move three years later. Then, in January 1965, SUNY waved its upgrading wand over Harpur and designated it one of the four university centers: “SUNY-Bing.” The institution climbed onto a growth curve which will more than double its student body—from 2,600 to 6,000—by 1970. Four years on the faculty makes a professor

an old-timer; he’s been there longer than half his associates.

The general mood at Binghamton is one of apprehension. Students, faculty, and even some administrators sense the danger of tampering with something rare and wonderful in public higher education: a high-quality institution genuinely devoted to the liberal arts. A recent student revue prophesied “bent and spindled students” as size and bureaucracy changed the character of Harpur (the name still given to the undergraduate college of SUNY-Bing). “You come to teach and do research,” a young French professor complains, “and you get sucked into administration—building a bigger department, and starting graduate programs and new courses. How can you say no?—it’s for the good of the institution, and it’s fun. But you spend less and less time on academic pursuits.”

But President Dearing, a literary man with a technocratic bent, thinks that growth to university stature will not damage Harpur’s tradition of humanism and excellence. His model is Cornell or Princeton, where the graduate program supports rather than undermines a humanistically oriented undergraduate curriculum.



Prying Open the Door

To provide for the mass of high-school graduates seeking college training, SUNY maintains a network of community colleges; agricultural and technical institutes, now rechristened colleges and authorized to add liberal-arts programs; and four-year teachers colleges transforming themselves into liberal-arts institutions.

The two-year community colleges are designed to put college within the reach of every high-school graduate in the state.* Already established within daily commuting distance of 80 per cent of the state’s population, these institutions range in size from New York City Community College, which enrolls nearly 3,000 full-time and 6,000 part-time students, to Sullivan County Community College, with a total enrollment of under 700. Three out of ten of all the full-time students in public higher education in New York State are enrolled in community colleges.

*See Russell Lynes’ article, “How Good Are the Junior Colleges?” (*Harper’s*, November 1966).

A frequent criticism of these SUNY community colleges has been that their "open door" to higher learning is really only barely open. "They aren't taking in enough high-school graduates," says Morris Iushewitz, New York City labor leader and member of the SUNY board. "Many of them are so itchy to be little Harvards that they over-emphasize the liberal arts and neglect technical training to prepare kids for real jobs."

The workhorses of the system are the ten colleges of arts and sciences. For as far back as one hundred years these institutions were confined to preparing teachers for the elementary schools and for various specialties like art and music. Not until 1961, with the strong impetus provided by Governor Nelson Rockefeller and the highly influential Heald committee report, did they receive the mandate to change their names, extend their offerings, enroll liberal-arts students, and grant straight liberal-arts degrees.

A veteran educator not usually given to brevity of expression, when asked recently how a teachers college goes about transforming itself into a general-purpose college, answered, "S-l-o-w-l-y." SUNY's central staff in Albany realistically planned a slow, phased changeover for the colleges of education, taking account of each one's particular conditions and stage of development. Though they all became "State University Colleges" in 1961, none of them began granting degrees to liberal-arts students until 1962 and some not until this year.

In the fall of 1965, more than half of all State University's undergraduates (outside the two-year colleges) were enrolled in professional education programs. The 28,000 in education compared with only 12,000 in arts and sciences, and roughly as many in business, engineering, and a variety of other professional programs. In the ten ex-teachers colleges, the proportion of students enrolled in education programs was overwhelming—in most instances, upwards of 90 per cent. As a veteran administrator of State University says, "It is not easy to overcome one hundred years of deprivation and a pattern of public post-secondary education designed to staff the public schools by shanghaiing girls into the profession."

The View from the Bottom

What does it feel like to be a student in SUNY, in a system shuddering under the strain of violent expansion? Like most state-university students, SUNY youngsters tend to come from lower-class or lower-middle-class backgrounds; many are first-

generation college students. As a result, a high proportion of them are earnest and conservative, intensely interested in learning a profitable vocation. Lighter-hearted types who might relish the college spirit of state universities in the West and Midwest get scant satisfaction from their parvenu Alma Mater (no famous central campus, no football team, no traditions). It is doubtful that you could find a single student among State University's 120,000 who thinks of himself as attending the "State University of New York"; rather, he goes to Stony Brook or Cobleskill, Oneonta, or Bronx Community.

There is an undercurrent of disaffection, criticism, and even a kind of resigned bitterness among many SUNY students. "What will all these new buildings and new programs mean to me and my education?" asked a student in Buffalo State's newspaper not long ago. Said a coed in the honors program at Albany, "This whole State University system seems mesmerized by the phrase 'one of the greatest universities in the nation.'"

Some students get the impression they are being trampled by SUNY's headlong charge into the future. While the "apathetic" majority merely gripes about parking problems, crowded cafeterias, and the omnipresent mud around construction sites, the activists are profoundly repelled when they read some of the ten-year plans for their institutions. "So who needs nine-story classroom buildings, TV, and machines that will supposedly do the teaching," said the president of student government at the University of Buffalo. "There isn't a word in all this plan about us, here, now, and the needs and aspirations of students over the next few years."

Plain size bothers many of the students, thus confirming President Gould's analysis of the Berkeley crisis—"That's what happens when you crowd something like 30,000 students on one campus and just hope for the best." Already bigness has sparked such facetious organizations as the Association of Physics Students of the 21st Floor of the Tower at Stony Brook. "It's already pretty bad," said a student at Binghamton. "If someone dropped dead in the quad, it would take them two days to find out who it was. From what I've read about the plans for the future, I won't want my kids to go here twenty years from now."

Some undergraduates complain that even now they never get to see the big-name professors whom SUNY is so proud of attracting. Most campuses, however, are making a vigorous and apparently successful effort to keep the best teachers, including the big names, teaching undergraduates as well as graduates. Another student complaint

stems from SUNY's drive for prestige. "The whole university is in a status panic, and so is this place," says a Binghamton junior. A specific gripe at some units is what students consider a highly artificial device for upgrading an institution: a sudden policy of stiff marking in some courses, which discourages many students from taking the course at all and handicaps those who do in the eyes of the graduate schools, which still consider SUNY second-rate.

But for all the uncertainty and downright distress, the prevailing mood of SUNY students seems more sanguine than not. In general, students are swept up in the drama of being part of a vast new undertaking. As a girl at Stony Brook says, "The excitement of it all outweighs our unhappiness and fears, I think. Even my most discontented friends are thriving."



View from the Top

The presidency of the State University of New York has been notorious nationally as an academic revolving door. Aside from a low salary and lower prestige, the job chiefly offered impossible demands and crippling conditions. As one of Gould's predecessors was fond of saying, "Each unit deserves to have one crisis a year—but that averages one a week for the guy at the top!"

The politics of higher education were largely to blame for SUNY's failure to take off. In New York State, as in the rest of the Northeast, strong public universities were slow to develop because the area's private institutions were so outstanding academically and powerful politically. In no state have these pressures operated more effectively than in New York to hold back public higher education. Only after World War II did returning veterans, backed up by the surge of high-school graduates, generate enough demand for more and cheaper higher education to outweigh the accumulated opposition of private interests. In 1948, Governor Thomas Dewey proposed that the state's miscellany of teachers colleges, agricultural institutes, and other specialized institutions be tied together as the unpromising basis of a state university.

From the start, SUNY was treated as a creature of the state, like the highway department, and mired in frustrating bureaucratic procedures

that snarled its purchasing, hiring, construction, finances. Many forces contributed to SUNY's troubles. But the outstanding single obstacle to SUNY's normal and vigorous growth is shockingly clear in retrospect. The Board of Regents—the supercoordinating body which presides over all education in the state, and which is responsible for insuring that the citizens' educational needs are met—was the agency which crippled SUNY from the start. Dominated by the private colleges and universities, and sharing their assumptions, the Regents themselves hamstrung public higher education in New York.

SUNY's role as a *supplement* to the state's private institutions was made quite explicit, despite resounding affirmations by Governor Dewey and others of the growing importance of public higher education. Right at the outset, SUNY's board of trustees entered into a remarkable agreement with the private colleges and universities. State University would create no four-year liberal-arts colleges for ten years. The result was that the many students who wanted a liberal-arts education but couldn't afford a private college had to bootleg it by getting an education degree with an arts or science major at Albany State, which alone among the state colleges trained secondary teachers. SUNY's backwardness in the liberal arts still hobbles the university. Not until Sam Gould arrived did SUNY get a leader who could put across the notion that no form of scholarly achievement need be alien to a state university.

Sam Gould at fifty-six has the capacity to fire people's imagination and win their allegiance if not their affection. The manner is gentle; Gould listens carefully, speaks earnestly in a low key, flashes an occasional smile. The personality is tough but incorrigibly optimistic.

After two years in office, the president's hours are still 8:30 A.M. until the work is finished; he drinks his dietetic lunch out of a can. Gould spends a good deal of time visiting SUNY's units around the state, and doing business in the university's New York City office. When he is at his base in Albany, he usually retires to his study after evening meetings to spend several more hours working on speeches (he generally delivers five major and some thirty minor speeches a month). There was talk of adding a speech writer to his staff until it became clear that Gould would not relinquish the congenial discipline of putting his thoughts down on paper.

Gould and Governor Rockefeller hit it off famously from the start. "Rockefeller has always liked to have that guy around, whatever's up," says one of the Governor's top aides. "I think

it's because they're both such operators." A SUNY official says, "Gould's relationship with Rockefeller was what the Almighty gave us instead of a football team." Among their common enthusiasms is the spectacular success of the State University Construction Fund, which Rockefeller got through the Legislature in 1962. A highly ingenious and intricate invention, the fund in effect lets SUNY write its own construction ticket outside the state budget and without constant recourse to the voters. "The first thing an economy-minded legislator will cut is buildings," says a Rockefeller intimate. "But there *are* no buildings in the budget anymore. So what's he going to cut? Salaries for people to staff the buildings that are ready and waiting? Not likely. To vote against SUNY now is to put yourself squarely against education."

When Gould took office in September 1964, he had a good deal going for him—the Construction Fund; enthusiastic backing by the Governor and Legislature; a workable accommodation with the Regents and their sympathetic executive officer, James Allen; substantial improvements, accepted or on the way, in SUNY's autonomy and flexibility; money. But Gould also faced staggering problems. For one thing, in order to move into high gear, SUNY needed some reinforcements.

Gould canvassed the nation looking for nondoc-trinaire academicians who could invent their own job descriptions and weren't afraid to sign up with an operation where the prestige would be minimal and the pace terrific. He succeeded in corralling a number of first-rate lieutenants, several of whom had proved their mettle in California.

Gould credited his predecessors and the veterans on the staff with building the physical and organizational basis of the university against tremendous odds. The challenge now, he felt, was to let the people know what they had, but even more, what they *could* have if State University aimed as high as possible: toward a "vision of greatness." He rewrote the master plan along these lines, which was then accepted *in toto* by the Board of Regents, and SUNY entered its current phase of unparalleled development.

Gould's two-year view from the top has produced important shifts in plans and policy. One vital change has been a sharp upward revision in projected enrollment. As recently as the 1964 master plan, the State University estimated that enrollment would increase to 160,000 by 1970 and to 185,000 by 1974. Today Gould calculates that the university will hit the original 1974 projection no later than 1970, and reach a staggering 260,000

only four years later. Says Gould, "The good old days will never come back; we'll always be crowded."

Typically, Gould took the initiative by announcing just last June that SUNY intends to offer some form of higher education to every high-school graduate in the state by 1974 (a goal already virtually attained in California, but still visionary in the East). The approval of the Regents and the Governor still had to be sought, but the mere proclamation lifted the sights of staff members and of the general public. "We're going all the way," said one top official of SUNY. The *New York Times*, after a statewide survey of the system, editorialized, "The curse of an institutional inferiority complex has been lifted."

Gould sees the dramatic shift of the great mass of college students to the public sector as the wave of the future. "The obstacles we face seem frustrating now," he says, "but in historic perspective they'll seem insignificant." New York's private colleges and universities still grumble from time to time, but Gould brushes aside their residual opposition as "mosquito bites on an elephant—they sting a little, but the elephant just keeps marching along."

Adolescent Enough?

SUNY is younger than this year's freshmen. It is almost too easy to see it as the gangling adolescent of American higher education, growing before one's eyes and impatient with the old fogies who insist that achievement takes time and experience.

But there is another aspect of SUNY's adolescent character which commands respect. "Behind SUNY's bravado there is a healthy impulse to upset the conventional ways of doing things in Academia, the most conservative of American enterprises," says Alvin Eurich, who was the first president of SUNY and has since then master-minded long-range plans for public higher education in several major states. "SUNY's aggressiveness is basically idealistic: to meet the needs of all students who want and need public higher education in New York State—not just the academically talented or the professionally oriented."

Recognition of the promising side of SUNY's personality, however, leads to a disturbing question: Is State University of New York being bold, irreverent, idealistic enough? Is it making the most of its privileged adolescence?

On campus after campus the administration proudly displays the fine new buildings, the charts

of soaring enrollment and faculty, the burgeoning plans and programs. But, one wonders, is New York State merely catching up with the rest of the country? Couldn't this state make a virtue of its backwardness, as some underdeveloped nations have, by leapfrogging over the conventional ways of teaching and learning in higher education?

There are, to be sure, men in the State University who want to talk, not about new buildings, but about new educational ideas: young Dr. Peter Regan at the University of Buffalo, for example, who will run UB's multimillion-dollar health-professions center that will educate all medical professionals, with emphasis on making medical care more widely available.

And in the central staff itself, several of Gould's people are eager to move into new areas. Harold Syrett, dean for the university centers, who thinks that graduate work can be the most unrewarding academic experience a person endures,

would like eventually to abolish all courses that merely transmit information—and, of course, that means most graduate courses. Ernest Boyer, whom Gould brought from California to head university-wide programs, would like to set up a multicampus cooperative for research and experimentation in the learning process, making the state "the most ambitious laboratory in the world for innovation in higher education."

Gould himself wants to make one of the new institutions now being planned totally experimental—with every new technique and arrangement to facilitate and strengthen learning. "By 1980," he says, "we're just not going to be able to carry on college education the way we still do today. We won't be able to waste classroom space on the mere transmission of information which the student could get outside. Lots of learning will go on in dormitories or at home. There's no reason why new ideas shouldn't work just as well in a public institution as they do at a place like Antioch."

INSOUCIANCE

by John W. Dickson

If the craven crow and the fierce-eyed hawk

Swoop over the plain of my wasted years
And the bright plans dwindle to fancy talk

And hope is restrained by a thousand fears,
Mrs. Brady would dash up the walk waving recipes
for fried crow and hawk stew and ask me to speak
at her Woman's Club luncheon.

If Life throws up on my outstretched hand

And Fate kicks the buttocks of my dreams
And my heart becomes a desert land

Strewn with the bones of famished schemes,
Mrs. Brady would remark that there is so much of
that intestinal flu going around these days and
spend all afternoon showing me how bone chips can
make a delightful center-piece.

If the sun fades out in the black soot sky

And the reaper comes, as he surely must,
Death-shroud draped over empty eye,

Reducing endless time to dust,
Mrs. Brady would haggle with him a while and
finally agree to pay two dollars for the job
provided he doesn't forget that patch of grass
behind the garage and is sure to trim along the walk.

Edward Abbey

THE WEST'S LAND OF SURPRISES, SOME TERRIBLE

The American deserts are lovely but deceptive places.

Anyone who ventures into them for more than a few hours ought to know some of their secrets—if he hopes to come out alive.

"**T**his'd be great country," a tourist says to me, "if only you had some water." He is from Ohio.

"If we had water here," I reply, "this country would not be what it is. It would be like other places, wet and humid and slushy, all covered with vegetable farms and golf courses. Instead of lovely barren desert it would be just another lush, blooming garden state, like New Jersey. You see what I mean?"

"If you had more water more people could live here."

"Yes sir. And then where would the people go when they needed relief from one another?"

"Yes, I see what you mean. Still, I wouldn't want to live here. It's beautiful, no doubt, a nice place to visit, but I wouldn't want to have to live here."

"Now," I say, "we're in perfect agreement. I wouldn't want to live in Cleveland. So we're both satisfied with present arrangements. Why change them?"

"Agreed." We shake hands and the tourist from Ohio goes away pleased, as I am pleased, each of us thinking he has taught the other something new.

The air is so dry here I can hardly shave in the mornings. The water and lather dry upon my face as I reach for the razor: aridity. The inch of snow that falls during a stormy night in the middle of May has all disappeared an hour after sunrise, except in shaded places, and an hour after the snow melts the surface of the desert is again bone-dry.

Streambeds flow only after rain in the canyon

lands, and then only for a few minutes or at best a few hours. It seldom rains. The geography books credit this portion of Utah with nine to ten inches of precipitation per year but this is merely an average, with actual rainfall and snowfall varying widely from year to year. There are a few perennial springs hidden here and there in secret places deep in the canyons, water holes known only to the deer and the coyotes and the mourning doves, to myself and a few friends. Water rises slowly from these springs, flowing in rills over bare rock, over and under sand, into miniature fens of wire grass, bulrushes, willow, and tamarisk. It does not flow far before vanishing into the air and under the ground.

Along canyon walls are horizontal crevices between rock formations, cracks thinner than paper, where water seeps forth by almost imperceptible degree to support hanging gardens of monkey flower, maidenhair fern, and species of orchids. This water never reaches the canyon floor but is taken up by the thirsty plant life and transformed into living tissue. Even the rain in these parts, when it comes, does not always fall to the ground but can often be seen evaporating halfway down between cloud and earth—curtains of blue rain dangling out of reach, torture by tantalizing, hope without fulfillment. And the clouds disperse and melt into nothingness.

Long enough in the desert, a man like other animals can learn to smell water. Learns, at least, the smell of things associated with water—the unique and heartening odor of the cottonwood tree, for example, which out here might well be

called the tree of life. In this wilderness of naked rock, burned auburn or buff or red by ancient fires, there is no vision more pleasing to the eyes and gratifying to the heart than the acid-green leaves (bright gold in autumn) of this venerable tree, signifying not only water but a ~~so~~ shade, in a country where shade from the sun is almost as precious as water.

The cottonwood means water but not, necessarily, surface water. Although water is present it may be too far underground, during the day, to be of any use. If you have what is called a survival problem and try to dig for this water during the heat of the day the effort may cost you more in sweat than you will find to drink, for it is difficult to satisfy your thirst with moist sand. I have tried it. Better to wait for nightfall when the cottonwood trees and other plants along the wash seem to release some of the water which they have taken in during the day and a potable trickle may rise to the surface of the sand. If it does not you are then welcome to march onward until sooner or later you should find a spring or at least a seep on the canyon wall. On the other hand, you might not. The desert is a land of surprises, some of which are terrible. Terrible as derived from terror. When out for a walk bring your own water—not less than a gallon a day.

Last Chances

More surprises. In places you will find clear, flowing streams, as in the Salt Wash of the Arches, where the water looks beautifully drinkable but is too saline to swallow, or if swallowed too brackish to keep down. You might think, beginning to die of the thirst, that any water however salty would be better than none at all but this is not true. Small doses will not keep you going or alive, and a deep drink will force your body to expend water in getting rid of the excess salt, with the result a net loss of bodily moisture and a hastening of the process of dehydration. Dehydration first enervates, then prostrates, then kills.

Nor is blood, your own or a companion's, any adequate substitute for water; blood is too salty. The same is true of urine. If it's your truck or automobile which has failed you, you'd be better off tapping the radiator. If this resource is not available and water cannot be found in the rocks or sand and you find yourself too tired and discouraged to go on, crawl into the shade and wait for help. If no one is looking for you, write your will in the sand and let the wind carry your last words and signature east to the borders of Colo-

rado and south to the mountains of the moon—someday, never fear, your bare elegant bones will be discovered and wondered and marveled at.

A great thirst is a great joy when assuaged in time. On my first walk down into Havasu Canyon, which is a small hidden branch of the Grand Canyon, never mind exactly where, I took with me only a one-quart canteen, thinking that would be enough water for a fourteen-mile downhill hike on a warm day in August. On the rim of the canyon the temperature was a tolerable ninety-six degrees, but it rose about one degree for each mile down and forward. Like a fool I rationed my water, drank sparingly, and could have died of the sunstroke. When late in the afternoon I finally stumbled—sun-dazed, bleary-eyed, parched as an old bacon rind—upon that blue stream which flows like a miraculous mirage across the canyon floor I was too exhausted to pause and drink soberly from the bank. Dreamily, deliriously, I slogged into the waist-deep water and fell on my face. Like a sponge I soaked up moisture through every pore, letting the current bear me along beneath a canopy of willow trees. I had no fear of drowning in the water—I intended to drink it all.

In the Needles area in southeast Utah, high above the inaccessible Colorado River, there is a small spring hidden at the heart of a maze of fearfully barren rock. A very small spring: the water oozes from the grasp of moss to fall one drop at a time, one drop per second, over a lip of stone. One afternoon in June I squatted there for an hour—two hours?—filling my canteen. No other water within miles, the local gnat population fought me for every drop. To keep them out of the canteen I had to place a handkerchief over the opening as I filled it. Then they attacked my eyes, drawn irresistibly by that liquid shine. Embittered little creatures. Never have I tasted better water.

Other springs, more surprises. Northeast of Moab, Utah, in a region of gargoyles and hobgoblins, a landscape left over from the late Jurassic period, is a peculiar little waterhole named Onion Spring. A few wild onions grow in the vicinity but more striking, in season, is the golden princess plume, an indicator of selenium, a mild poison often found in association with uranium, a poison not so mild. Approaching the spring you notice a sulfurous stink in the air, though the water itself,

Edward Abbey, novelist and park ranger, is at present stationed in Lassen Volcanic National Park in California. Among his novels is "Fire on the Mountain." This article will be part of his next book, "Desert Solitaire," to be published in the spring by McGraw-Hill.



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neither warm nor cold, looks clear and potable enough. Unlike all other desert waterholes, however, this one shows no trace of animal life. Nobody comes to drink. In addition to the sulfur, and possibly selenium, the water of Onion Spring contains arsenic. Taste it, see for yourself, if you ever wander in those parts. I had to sample it myself, naturally, since this sort of thing is in my line, but still don't know for sure what arsenical water tastes like; all that I could taste was the sulfur and that was sufficient.

What else is odd about this little spring, where no one ever comes except the odd few who want to see what a sick-spring looks like? Well, the water is too clear. There's no life in it. No bugs. When in doubt about drinking from an unknown spring, look for life. If the water is scummy with algae, crawling with worms, grubs, larvae, spiders, and skippers, full of tadpoles and toads, flukes and scales, be reassured, drink hearty, you'll get nothing worse than dysentery. But if it appears innocent and pure, beware. Onion Spring, except for the smell, wears such a deceitful guise—out of a tangle of poison-tolerant grass and weeds, dripping into a basin of sand and mud, flowing from there over red sandstone in a rill so slight, so steady that only the glisten of sunlight reveals the motion, these potent solutions go to mix with the harmless water of Onion Creek.

The prospector Vernon Pick found a poison spring at the source of the Dirty Devil River, when he was searching for uranium over in the San Rafael Swell a few years ago. At the time he needed water; he *had* to have water; and in order to get a decent drink he made something like a colander out of his canteen, punching it full of nail holes, filling it with charcoal from his campfire, and straining the water through it into a basin. How far this purified the water he had no means of measuring, but he drank it anyway, and though it made him sick, he survived, and lives today to tell about it. He found uranium, too.

There are rumors that when dying of the thirst you can save soul *and* body by extracting water from the barrel cactus, but this is a dubious proposition and I don't know anyone who has made the experiment. It might be possible in the low desert of Arizona where the barrel cactus will often grow as high as a man and big around as a beer keg. In Utah a similar species of cactus grows no more than a foot up and bristles with needles curved like fishhooks. To even get close to this devilish plant you need leather gloves and a machete, or at least a big hunting knife. Slice off the top and you find inside not a little tun of precious water but only the green pulpy core of the living plant. To

get a few drops of liquid from that you would have to hack the cactus into manageable chunks and wring what water you could from each piece. Meanwhile you are sweating badly from the labor and the exasperation, dehydrating rapidly, doomed anyway. You'd actually be better off to stay at home with the TV and a case of beer. If this happy thought arrives too late, relax and enjoy your demise as best you can, it's the only one you are likely to know. See those big, black, scrawny wings far above, waiting? Console yourself with the thought that within only a few hours, if all goes well, your human flesh will be working its way through the gizzard of a buzzard, your essence transformed into the fierce greedy eyes and unimaginable consciousness of the vulture—you too will soar on motionless wings far above the ruck and the rack of human existence, part of the Oneness of the One. For most of us a promotion in grade. For some not only an advancement but the realization of a dream.

Out of Nowhere

In July and August, here on the high desert, come the thunderstorms. The mornings begin clear and dazzling bright, the sky as blue as the Virgin's cloak, unflawed by a trace of cloud from the Book Cliffs on the north to the Blue Mountains eighty miles south, from the Sierra La Sal on the east to the notched reef of the San Rafael one hundred miles west. By noon, though, the clouds are beginning to form over the mountains, coming it seems out of nowhere, out of nothing, a special creation. They merge and multiply, cumuli-nimbi piling up like whipped cream, like mashed potatoes, like seafoam, building upon one another into a second mountain range greater in magnitude than the terrestrial range below. The massive forms jostle and grate, ions collide, and the sound of thunder is heard on the sun-drenched land. More clouds emerge from empty sky, anvil-headed giants with glints of lightning in their depths. An armada forms, advances, floating on a plane of air that makes it appear, from below, as a fleet of ships must appear to the fishes in the sea.

At my observation point on a sandstone monolith, the sun is blazing down as intensely as ever, the air crackling with dry heat. But the storm clouds are taking over the sky and as they approach the battle breaks out. Lightning streaks among the clouds like gunfire; volleys of thunder shake the air. So long as the clouds exchange their bolts with one another no rain falls, but now they begin bombarding the ridgetops and buttes below.

Forks of lightning, like illuminated nerves, link heaven and earth. The wind is rising and for anyone with sense enough to get out of the rain, now is the time to seek shelter. A lash of lightning flickers over Wilson Mesa, scorching the brush, splitting a pinyon pine. Northeast, over the Yellow Cat area, rain is already sweeping down, falling not vertically but in a graceful curve, like a beaded curtain drawn lightly across the desert. Between the rain and the mountains, among the tumbled masses of vapor, floats a segment of a rainbow. But where I stand the storm is only beginning.

Above me the clouds roll in, unfurling and smoking billows in malignant violet, dense as wool. Most of the sky is lidded over but the sun remains clear, halfway down the west, shining beneath the storm. Over my head the clouds thicken, then crack and split with a roar like that

of cannonballs tumbling down a marble staircase; their bellies open—too late to run now!—and suddenly the rain comes down.

Comes down: not softly, not gently, with no quality of mercy, but like heavy water in buckets, raindrops like lead pellets smashing and splattering on the flat rock, knocking the berries off the juniper, plastering my shirt to my back, drumming on my hat like hailstones, running like a waterfall off the brim. The pinnacles and arches and balanced rocks and elephant-backed fins of sandstone, glazed with water but still exposed to the sun, gleam like old gray silver in the holy—no, unholy—light that slants in *under*, not through, the black ceiling of the storm.

For five minutes the deluge continues under a barrage of lightning and thunder and then trails off quickly, diminishes to a shower, to nothing, while the clouds, moving off, rumble in the dis-



"Is there a Mrs. Cousteau?"

tance. A fresh golden light breaks through and now in the east, over the turrets and domes, appears the rainbow sign, a double rainbow with one foot in the canyon of the Colorado and the other far north in Salt Wash Valley. Behind the rainbow, framed within it, I can see jags of lightning play among the stormy skies beyond.

The afternoon sun falls lower; above the mountains and the ragged black clouds floats the new moon, pale fragment of what is to come; in another hour, at sundown, Venus will appear, planet of love, to glow bright as chromium low in the western sky. The desert storm is over and through the pure, sweet, pellucid air the cliff swallows and the nighthawks plunge and swerve, with cries of hunger and warning and—who knows?—perhaps of exultation as well.

Stranger than the storm, though not so grand and symphonic, are the flash floods that burst with

little warning out of the hills and canyons immediately after the storm has passed. I have stood in the middle of a broad sandy wash, not a trickle of moisture to be seen, sunlight pouring down on me and the buzzing flies and busy ants, and watched a wall of thick, rich rust-red foam and water come tumbling around a bend upstream and surge toward me like—like what? What can the forefront of a flood be likened to? For there is nothing else in nature like it. Think of the water as being thick as gravy, dense with mud and sand, and lathered with reddish froth, bearing on its crest the trunks of dead junipers, tangled masses of shrubs and tumbleweeds, and roaring as it comes like a freight train, like a waterfall, like a horde of rioters bent on revolution. The flood comes with a forelip perhaps a foot high, making hissing sucking noises like some kind of giant amoeba running amok, nosing this way and that as if on the spoor of something good to eat. I got out of there, quickly.

An hour later the flood is past and gone, the flow dwindles to a trickle over bars of quicksand, and soon enough new swarms of insect life come in to take over the provinces of those which were swept away. Nothing has changed except the contours of the watercourse, and that not much, and the personnel of its inhabitants.

What is quicksand in this desert? It is something more than sand saturated with water, for that alone does not make quicksand. A special type of sand is required, finely pulverized to individual grains of closely spherical shape, which holds water in suspension, forming a gelatin-like mass on which a man can walk but cannot stand. Meaning that if he stops he sinks. Very slowly, to be sure, although the rate of immersion varies according to the consistency and solidity of the quicksand. Quicksand may appear as solid as the wet sand on the edge of a sea beach, but allow your weight to rest upon it and you will at once notice a liquefaction of the surface beneath your boots; in another moment this surface becomes palpably soft, quivering like jelly, and if you fail to move it rises and closes about your ankles. Pulling out your foot, you feel a disconcerting suction power in the mass, and you hurry back to firmer ground.

Quicksand is more of a menace to cattle and horses, with their greater weight and smaller feet, than to men, and the four-legged beasts are generally wise enough to avoid the stuff. Not always: thirst sometimes forces cattle to cross quicksand to reach a pool of water, and every cattleman will list among his tasks that of hauling cows out of bogs.

Motor vehicles, of course, cannot cross quick-

sand; a four-wheel-drive jeep can be immobilized in quicksand as quickly and helplessly as any other machine on wheels. However, I have yet to hear of any machine, man, or animal sinking out of sight in desert quicksand; such fatal quagmires are not found here.

The Doves and Eagles Know

After the storm has passed and the flash floods dump their loads of silt into the Colorado River, leaving the streambeds as dry as they were a few hours before, water still remains in certain places on rimrock, canyon bench, and mesa top. These are the pools which fill, for a time, the natural tanks and cisterns and potholes carved by wind and weather out of the sandstone. Some of these holes in the rock may contain water for days or weeks after rain, depending upon their depth, exposure to the sun, and consequent rate of evaporation. Often far from any spring or stream, these temporary pools attract doves, ravens, and other birds for so long as they last, provide the deer and the wandering coyotes with a short-lived water supply; you too, if you know where to look or find one by luck, may slake your thirst there, and fill your canteens. Such pools may be found in what seem like improbable places: at Toroweap in Grand Canyon I found a deep tank of clear, cool water almost over my head, countersunk in the top of a sandstone bluff which overhung my campsite by a hundred feet. A week after rain there was still enough water there to fill my needs; hard to get to, it was worth the effort. In the canyon lands of southeast Utah there are hundreds of the same; the doves and the eagles know where they are.

The rain pools, set in naked and monolithic rock, are usually devoid of plant life but not always of animal life. In addition to creatures of microscopic size, these pools may contain certain amphibians such as the spadefoot toad, which lives in a state of estivation under the dried-up sediment in the bottom of a pothole until rain comes, when he emerges from the mud, singing madly in his fashion, mates with the nearest female, and fills the pool with a swarm of tadpoles, most of them doomed to an ephemeral existence. With luck a few may survive to become mature toads, and as the pool dries up they, like their parents, utilizing their long-toed feet, dig themselves into the mud in the bottom of the hole, make themselves a burrow which they seal with mucus to preserve that moisture necessary to life, and wait down there, week after week, patiently, hopefully, indefinitely, for the next rain. If the next rain comes

soon enough the cycle can be repeated; if not, this particular colony of spadefoot toads is reduced to dust, a burden on the wind.

A strange and stirring sight, to come on a pool at night, after an evening of thunder and lightning and a little rain, and see the toads and frogs clinging to the edges of their temporary pond, bodies immersed in the water but heads in the air, all of them croaking away in tricky counterpoint. Windbags—at each croak the pouch under the frog's chin swells like a bubble, then collapses.

Why do they sing so joyfully? They are not hunting or fighting or mating with each other; they are not moving about in search of love. They are surely not singing out of fear, for such a chorus would invite not frighten away all enemies. Since the zoologist has no good explanation to offer I'll settle for the answer implied in the question: they are singing for joy, for joy in the coolness and wetness after weeks of desert heat, for joy in their music, for joy in life, however brief that life may turn out to be.

Has joy any survival value in the operations of evolution? It certainly does: behold the happy frog and the jolly toad belching musically in their slimy, shrinking, sun-doomed home. Meanwhile the gopher snakes and rattlesnakes and whip-snakes, attracted by the uproar, are gliding close in quest of supper; some of the musical amphibians will continue their metamorphosis via the nerves and tissues of a reptile, in which process the joy of the toad or frog is transmuted into the contentment of the snake. Perhaps nothing is lost, then, except the individual consciousness, which some philosophers maintain is only an illusion anyway.

Return of the Sands

Water, water—there is no shortage of water in the desert; but exactly the right amount, a perfect ratio of water to rock, insuring a decent, habitable spacing among plants and animals and its human inhabitants also. We have mentioned but not described the perennial springs, where the rushes and willows and tamarisk grow, where green, blue, scarlet, and golden dragonflies hover and dart on transparent, fine-veined wings, where schools of minnows move through the clear shadows, where the deer and the bobcat and the kit fox and the ringtail cat and the coyote and the jackrabbit and the wild bighorn sheep come at night.

Most of these precious springs are inaccessible to cattle, so for them we have the government wells drilled back in the 'thirties by the CCC, the

water pumped out of the ground by windmills of wood and steel. The windmill with its skeletal tower and rattling vanes is a classic symbol of the American desert, as typical as the pinto horse, the giant cactus, the lone juniper growing out of solid rock, the silver-blue sage, the purple distances that lead men on and on into wonder and heartbreak. No lack of water out here, except when you try to build a city where no city should be.

The engineers and developers complain of a water shortage in the Southwest and propose schemes of inspiring proportions for diverting water by the damful from the Columbia River, the Snake River, and others of the Northwest, down into Utah, Colorado, Arizona. Why? "In anticipation of future needs, in order to provide for the continued industrial and population growth of the Southwest." What kind of justification is that? The question that should be asked of the engineers and developers is this: Why continue this quantitative growth? What inherent value lies in numbers for the sake of numbers? Albuquerque has now a population approaching a quarter-million and Phoenix twice that many—are these cities not already big enough? Will they be twice as good to live in when their populations are doubled again? Is Los Angeles to be our model and ideal forever? Why not allow the population to become stabilized at its present level and concentrate our efforts on improving the *quality* rather than the sheer *quantity* of human life in the Southwest? (And in the rest of the nation, for that matter.)

So much by way of futile digression; the pattern is fixed and protest alone will not halt the iron glacier moving upon us. No matter. Time and the winds will sooner or later bury the Seven Cities of Cibola, the ruins of Phoenix and Albuquerque, under dunes of glowing sand, over which blue-eyed Navaho Bedouin will herd their sheep and horses, following the river in winter, the mountains in summer, and sometimes striking off across the desert toward the red canyons of Utah, where great waterfalls on the Colorado plunge over silt-filled, ancient, mysterious dams. Only the boldest among them, seeking visions, will stay for long in the strange country of the standing rock, far out where the spadefoot toads bellow madly in the moonlight on the edge of a rainpool, where the arsenic-selenium spring waits for the thirst-crazed traveler, where the thunderstorms blast the pinnacles and cliffs, where the thick brown floods roll down washes dry as bone, where the community of the quiet deer walk at evening up glens of sandstone through tamarisk and sage toward hidden springs of sweet, cool, still, clear, unfailling water.

Washington Insight by Clayton Fritchey

A TALE OF ONE CITY —AND TWO MEN

President Johnson has embarked on a radically new foreign policy, but argues that he has changed nothing. A comparative look at Kennedy's "thousand days" gives the clue as to why Johnson feels a need to share responsibility with the past.

A week after ordering the bombing of the oil complex around Hanoi and Haiphong, President Johnson called a press conference at his Texas ranch, and dwelt at length on his position in the public-opinion polls. Just before the stepped-up bombing, Johnson had been down to a 50 per cent Gallup rating, one of the lowest points of his Administration.

"We have had a dozen polls, I guess, in the last week," the President informed the newsmen. "You don't read about the favorable ones, though, I've observed." The Chief Executive thereupon made sure that they did hear about the favorable ones. "Mr. Harris reports today," he said, "that we have about 55 per cent of the total in the country. . . . Now that's what you reported as a landslide during General Eisenhower's period."

The President's satisfaction indicated that he regarded these figures as proof that he had acted wisely in escalating the Vietnam war. But some of the press thought back to the remarks made by Senator George McGovern on the Senate floor the day after the bomb fell on the Hanoi-Haiphong area. "I recall," said the South Dakota Democrat, "the sad words of the late President Kennedy after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Immedi-

ately after that tragic misuse of American power that backfired on us, the standing of President Kennedy in the public-opinion polls went up. He turned to one of his aides and said, 'Isn't it too bad that the worse we do, the more our public-opinion standing improves?'"

As we look back now on the "thousand days" of Kennedy, and the thousand that Johnson has also recently completed in the White House, there is much in this little story of the polls that explains how these two Presidents, so alike in their political ambition and approach to office, were yet so different in personality and performance. Both, for instance, had a lively and serious interest in all the public-opinion polls, but Kennedy took them in stride, as he did so many other things in life. Johnson in the White House radiates a certain grandiosity, both in persona and vision, in contrast to an ironic dryness and modesty of mien that seemed to grow on Kennedy the longer he was in office. Johnson apparently feels he has to succeed at all costs once he has embarked on a given course, while Kennedy seldom hesitated to change course and cut his losses if he felt it was prudent to do so. One man thought the flag was something to be seen, the other something to be waved. These are profound differences, and they may indicate why the first thousand days bears so little resemblance to the second.

Much of the Kennedy regime was marked by mistakes and adversity at home and abroad; under the Johnson Administration there has been relatively clear sailing domestically for

the Great Society, and almost nothing but military victories on the battlefield. Yet this is not reflected in the public-opinion polls. Kennedy fluctuated from a high of 83 per cent to a low of 57; Johnson has ranged from 79 to 46. Just before his death, JFK rated 59 per cent and was moving up. It almost seems that Americans love Kennedy for his failures, just as they seem relatively indifferent to the Johnson successes. Why is this?

In the short perspective we have available, much is still clouded, but it is at least possible to see in the main what has happened. In 1960 Kennedy campaigned more or less as a moderate-conservative. Whether he did that out of conviction or because he thought it was the best politics, is still not altogether clear—probably a little of both. The phenomenal closeness of the election intensified the hard line that often marked his first year or so in office, but under the impact of events he began to change: by the fall of 1963 he had become much more flexible and less intransigent on foreign policy, and far more personally involved in social progress and reform. He was not only talking but acting like a liberal. At the end of his thousand days his greatest pride was the nuclear test-ban treaty, and the new détente with Russia.

The Johnson story is almost exactly the opposite. He came to office pledged to carry on the Kennedy policies. In 1964, Johnson had little choice but to run as a peace-minded liberal in the Kennedy-Truman-Roosevelt tradition, and, with Goldwater as his opponent, all this required was a middle-of-the-road stance. His vic-

was so overwhelming that the slide carried everything before it including nearly all the New Deal, New Deal, and New Frontier legislation that had been accumulating for long. But again, under the impact of events, his own basic tendencies have begun to emerge.

In his third year, his flexibility has finished; he is more willful and impatient; he is more comfortable with Dirksen than with Fulbright. At the end of his first thousand days, the alliance with Russia and a broader liberal ban have been subordinated to war in Vietnam. Unlike Kennedy, he does not appear to have profited from his mistakes, for up to now there is no record of his having acknowledged any. And, let it be freely admitted, on the domestic front he hasn't made many. It is true that the New Frontier program of social legislation was virtually sanctified by Kennedy's martyrdom, and that the medieval campaign of Goldwater brought in the most liberal Congress in decades. It is further true that most of the Great Society measures had been gradually gathering momentum for many years.

Yet, after allowing for all this, the Johnson legislative performance in 1965 was spectacular in every respect, and it is only fair to add that the executive action in implementing the legislation has also been most impressive. His critics will no doubt contend at back of all this he had a strong tail wind of public opinion, and that the Great Society was also good politics. Even so, his heart has been in health and education, in Medicare, in civil rights. He has forthrightly encouraged birth-control programs; he has ordered wiretapping stopped; he has supported such consumer bills as truth-in-packaging and truth-in-lending. He has shown remarkable poise in the face of inflation alarms. All in all, it is a noteworthy record.

Is It Pure Lyndon?

His present troubles, both at home and abroad, can be traced to his foreign-policy decisions, which after his election became increasingly rigid, unilateral, and, above all, designed to please or at least appease the hard liners. Some Washington observers think he was pushed into the bombing of North Vietnam by the military;

some think it was mainly political; others put it down to foreign-policy naïveté. Those who know him well regard the sharp escalation as "pure Lyndon."

There is much to be said for this explanation, for it manifested itself even before the President stepped up the Vietnam war in February of 1965. Previously, in 1964, when the outbreak against the U. S. in Panama occurred, the tension could have easily and quickly been relieved, if we had been willing to agree to negotiations, but the situation remained locked for weeks because Johnson was only willing to hold "discussions." (Nobody to this day can define the difference, if any.) Later, after public interest subsided, the U. S. quietly got on with the negotiations. The incident is of interest because it signaled the kind of decisions that were to follow in Vietnam, the Dominican Republic, and elsewhere.

In his third year of office, Johnson seems more concerned over being called soft on Communism than Kennedy was in his first year. To exaggerate considerably, the dove became a hawk, and the hawk a dove. It is distressing to see how Johnson's ever deepening involvement in Asia is slowing down the Great Society at home, as it more and more absorbs the President's great energy. To many correspondents it appears that his attention is so far away that he no longer has his sure political touch. His press relations have deteriorated to such a degree that he no longer tries to conceal his impatience with the reporters. He makes prepared talks defending free speech, but then throws the text away and denounces his critics as "Nervous Nellies."

It is no wonder that the President feels harried and no longer has enough time for the normal activities of government, to say nothing of a little time for private life. If he is obsessed with Asia, he has good reason to be, for he has launched a radical new foreign policy with implications beyond calculation. The President likes to think, or at least say, that he is only carrying on a policy inherited from Kennedy, Eisenhower, and Truman; it is possible that he honestly believes that he is just doing business as usual. If so, it is a sizable delusion. The foreign policy of Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy had

two sovereign rules in common: The first was respect for and no violation of "privileged sanctuaries," whether the conflict involved Greece, or Korea or Indochina or Laos. Truman, in fact, went to the extreme of sacking General MacArthur at the height of the Korean war in defense of this principle. Eisenhower and Dulles often talked about "massive retaliation," but when the showdown came they drew back. The second rule was no commitment of American troops to a land war in Asia. In Korea, Truman had no choice but to make a temporary exception, but, despite almost overwhelming political pressure for escalation, he determinedly limited the conflict, and settled for the *status quo ante*.

Eisenhower in his first State of the Union message (1953) "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek, but in practice he kept him under a tight rein. Later he made peace in Korea on terms more generous than Truman had been talking about. In 1954 he overruled Dulles and the Pentagon, and refused to intervene militarily in the Indochina war; and he stood aside again when Russia crushed the Hungarian revolt. Unlike Johnson, both Eisenhower and Kennedy instinctively shrank from unilateral military initiatives. They constantly sought international sanctions for their actions. When the Congolese appealed to Eisenhower for help, he involved the United Nations instead of the United States, just as Truman previously had instantly made Korea a UN operation. In the Cuban missile crisis Kennedy also promptly took the issue to the UN and laid his case before the world well in advance of putting the blockade into effect.

Johnson not only likes to say that he is carrying on the foreign policy of his predecessors, but he particularly insists that his actions in Vietnam are merely an extension of the Eisenhower and Kennedy policies. He often shows a letter from Eisenhower to former President Diem to prove this. Actually, as careful examination of the letter shows, the General was cautious, almost cagey, in his support of the Saigon dictator. He pledged economic aid and other assistance but made it plain that the U. S. was not going to fight the war for him; and when the General left the White House the U. S. military advisory

group numbered only about 685, or just about the limit allowed under the Geneva peace agreement on Indochina.

A Land War in Asia

Kennedy went a little farther, but he, too, was skeptical of the Saigon regime, and to the very last insisted that our role must be confined to helping the South Vietnamese help themselves. He wavered, but when the big decisions were made he was against taking over the war as his successor has done. Kennedy had his hawks, too. In fact, such advisers as Walt Rostow and General Maxwell Taylor, who have been so influential with Johnson, also urged escalation on Kennedy when he became President, but he was not impressed. "They want a force of American troops," he told Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in November 1961. "They say it's necessary in order to restore confidence and maintain morale. But it will be just like Berlin. The troops will march in; the bands will play; the crowds will cheer; and in four days everyone will have forgotten. Then we will be told we have to send in more troops. It's like taking a drink. The effect wears off, and you have to take another." The Vietnam war, he added, could be won only so long as it was *their* war.

Despite this, he temporized and gradually beefed up the U. S. military presence to about 15,000 men, but ultimately he came to the conclusion that "the political thing there was more important than the military." On September 3, 1963, only a few weeks before both he and Diem were assassinated, he said to the nation, "I don't think the war can be won unless the [Vietnamese] people support the effort and, in my opinion . . . the government has gotten out of touch with the people. . . . In the final analysis, it is their war. They are the ones who have to win or lose it. We can help them, we can give them equipment, we can send our men out there as advisers, but they have to win it, the people of Vietnam."

In short, like Eisenhower, he had no intention at the time of his death of getting this nation into an open-end land war in Asia. It is important to keep this in mind, for the single greatest difference between Johnson and Kennedy, or Johnson and any of

our postwar Presidents, is that Johnson has embarked on a new foreign policy, vast in its undefined obligations, and uncharted in its risks. Administration spokesmen deny there is a new "Johnson Doctrine" for the East, but, putting phrases aside, he is the first postwar Chief Executive to (1) give Asia priority over Europe, (2) bomb countries with which we are not formally at war, and (3) commit U. S. armed forces to a land war in the limitless quagmire of Asia.

Why, then, does the President argue so insistently that he has changed nothing? After all, no policy of the past is sacrosanct; there always comes a time for change. It may be that time will give Johnson good marks for branching out on his own. Roosevelt and Truman made history with radical innovations; why not Johnson, too? There is this difference: on Vietnam and Asia, the world senses that Johnson is blowing an uncertain trumpet. He improvises, he cajoles, he threatens. He is miserable and obviously full of doubts. Perhaps that's why he feels the need of sharing this responsibility with his recent predecessors—if it all turns out disastrously, it will be their fault, too.

Three Clues

If Kennedy had lived what would he have done? What would our policy, our situation be today? This is not wholly an idle question, for it can be answered up to a point. We have three good clues: what he was doing in his last year in office; the pattern and trend of his thinking in the months before Dallas; and, finally, what his brother Bobby (his alter ego) has been doing and saying since his death.

First of all, Kennedy underwent a transformation in office. His early key appointees were conservatives, most of them Republicans. He began with J. Edgar Hoover and Allen Dulles, and added Dillon, McNamara, Rusk, McCone. He had defeated Richard Nixon by only a fraction of one per cent, and he sometimes mentioned this in defending his hard line to liberal supporters. A minority President, he felt, at first, had no mandate to pioneer. A more likely explanation is that Kennedy, at that time, was honestly more impressed by prominent members of the Establishment than by some of the intellec-

tual-liberals he later came to trust and lean on. In any case, he began with a marked anti-Communist line: first with Castro and the Bay of Pigs, then Laos, then Berlin, then Vienna and Khrushchev. There had been some talk, too, of easing our stance on Communist China and UN membership, but that was put aside. The domestic program could not be described as revolutionary; he showed no eagerness to rush into the civil rights problem, and, in any case, the new President was getting indifferent cooperation from a do-nothing Congress.

But few Presidents have learned so much in so little time. On the foreign front he discovered that Stalin was dead, and that there were new opportunities for coexistence. At home he took on U. S. Steel in a memorable price dispute, and he didn't hesitate to use troops to open Southern universities to Negroes. He fought hard for Medicare; he gambled on a new and successful fiscal policy; he tilted with the press and enjoyed it. So did they. His second year was climaxed by the Cuban missile crisis, which he handled with firmness, but without the bluster of some of his hawkish advisers who pressed him to bomb and invade the island. It was this style that distinguished his last year in office, culminating in the historic American University speech in June that paved the way for the nuclear test-ban agreement and the hopeful détente with Russia. It "does not require," he said, "that each man love his neighbor—it requires only that they live together in mutual tolerance." During those last months of his life he was buoyed by the belief that perhaps he had found the road to peace. There can be little doubt that against a Goldwater he would have been reelected in 1964 with a majority possibly equaling or surpassing Johnson's. With that kind of mandate, and a large Congressional majority, it is reasonable to suppose that he, too, would have been able to achieve most of the social measures sponsored by the New Frontier and later realized by the Great Society.

But what about Vietnam? What would he have done there? Neighboring Laos is a clue. He settled a similar struggle in Laos by agreeing with Russia to neutralize the country through a coalition government, in-

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WASHINGTON INSIGHT

g Communists. Earlier this Senator Robert F. Kennedy suggested the possibility of exploring a solution for Vietnam. He was fully denounced by Administration men, all of whom had originally rejected the Laos settlement. It is a bet that if John F. Kennedy were President they might have found Robert's proposal quite acceptable. In fact, Ambassador Arthur Berg's opening speech to the UN General Assembly this fall indicates the government already is grudgingly coming around to it.

Latin America, the military dictatorships that have taken over Argentina, Brazil, and other countries, no longer have to worry over U.S. opposition. The Johnson Administration is ready with recognition and money. This is in sharp contrast to Kennedy's reaction to military coups in Honduras and the Dominican Republic in the fall of 1963. He recalled Ambassadors at once, along with economic and military aid officials. "We are opposed to coups," he said, "not only because we are all committed under the Alliance for Progress to democratic government and progress, but also because of course dictatorships are the seedbeds from which Communism ultimately springs."

Today, three years later, Senator Robert Kennedy, after a trip to Latin America, is still talking like his late brother, so there is little reason to doubt what our Latin-American policy would currently be if he were alive.

Never during his entire regime did President Kennedy put any region of the world ahead of Europe, and today with his brothers continue to share this view. There is nothing to suggest that the late President would have changed his priorities, or, above all, that he would have been content to dissipate the détente with Russia in order to meet so-called "commitments" to a dubious Saigon government. In a recent statement, Secretary of State Dean Rusk made it clear that worsening relations between Russia and America would not deflect the U.S. "We are going to meet our commitment," he said, "and if there are those who don't like it, it's too bad." It is hard to believe that the Secretary of State would have said that if he were still serving under Kennedy.



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How It Is—

Whitney M. Young, Jr.

HOW WE INTEGRATED THE URBAN LEAGUE

Some practical advice to white employers who want to be fair but can't find enough qualified Negroes

Employment of Negroes in the white-collar field is shockingly low, but I believe an active recruiting program would increase the numbers considerably. We did just this at the Urban League—in reverse.

When I first arrived to take over as executive director, our staff was 99 per cent Negro. This was understandable because in those days, five short years ago, well-balanced, well-motivated, intelligent whites were not too much interested in civil rights. We had a few but it was tough recruiting. On the other hand, talented Negroes were going begging, and since our credo is equality for Negroes, what better place to begin than to hire them for our own agency.

But times have changed, and now the most creative and intelligent white people want to work in civil rights, and Negroes with ability and skills can get jobs elsewhere. We've all been aware of the mad scramble to employ at least one Negro as "Exhibit A." At any rate, we at the Urban League were determined to move with the times and change our employment practices. The first thing we did was to sign the President's Plan for Progress—which declared us a fair-employment agency. Then we advertised to that effect, welcoming one and all, regardless of race, color, or creed, and sat back contentedly. But this act only increased our number of white employees to 2 per cent.

This obviously wasn't enough, so we mobilized our forces and began an active affirmative recruiting program.

We went directly to where the white people were. We didn't go to the Negro colleges, but to the predominantly white schools. They weren't hard to find. This moved us up to about 4 per cent. Still we were dissatisfied, so I sent a memorandum to our personnel staff which read, "Until further notice, if two people, one Negro and one white, equally qualified, apply for a job, hire the white person."

Some call this preferential treatment, and they are probably right, but we were involved in radical change that called for radical measures. This procedure brought us to 7 per cent, hardly representative of the total white society. So we did a survey and discovered that the problem was that the white applicants did not meet our criteria. No, I'm not being facetious. Our standards demanded people who could empathize with the poor, understand rejection, know the humiliation of being sent to the balcony or told to get off the street; people who were refused service in restaurants, knew the language of the ghetto, and had experienced living in slums.

We felt all this was essential because our clients have suffered one or all of these experiences, and a rapport was needed. But we could find no whites who could meet these qualifications. We could have thrown up our hands and found comfort in the fact that we tried. But we didn't. Instead we reviewed our criteria, and decided that perhaps we were too rigid.

No one person could have all these qualifications. Perhaps one or two, combined with decent instincts, would suffice.

We set up a professional training program, and began to recruit. The end results have been young men like Secretary of State Dean Rusk's son, David; the daughter of the former Secretary of the Air Force; and others from the best schools. We provided them with remedial help through a six-months training program, exposed them to some of the circumstances they would have to deal with, and patiently brought them along.

The program has been a smashing success. Today, the Urban League staff is about 30 per cent white. The difference between success and failure in this area is the degree of willingness to try. So often, industry complains "nobody applies," or "how can we lower our standards?" Some have even worried about the Christmas party. But if the Urban League with its limited experience in integrating staffs can do it, certainly American industry with its years of experience and creativity and ingenuity can do it. Nothing is impossible if you care enough to try.

Whitney M. Young, Jr., executive director of the National Urban League, reported this experience in a speech he made this fall to the American Society of Magazine Editors.



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Sex:

The Amateurs and the Virtuosi

by Paul Pickrel

The Sex Kick: Eroticism in Modern America, by Tristram Coffin. Macmillan, \$5.95.

What You Should Know about Human Sexual Response, by Julius Fast. Putnam (hard cover), \$3.95; Berkley (paper), 75 cents.

One in Twenty: A Study of Homosexuality in Men and Women, by Bryan Magee. Stein & Day, \$5.95.

The Boys of Boise: Furor, Vice, and Folly in an American City, by John Gerassi. Macmillan, \$5.95.

The Many Faces of Sex, by Theodor Reik. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$4.95.

The late Paul Hindemith once observed that the great virtuoso is the enemy of a genuine musical culture. He argued that the virtuoso who brings to his performance unlimited expertise fills the amateur with contempt for his own more modest abilities, with the result that he turns to records and concerts for his music and ceases to be a participating member of the music-making community.

A notion that something like the same sort of development has taken place in sex provides the theme of *The Sex Kick* by Tristram Coffin. Not that Coffin thinks that many Americans are resigning from the active sexual community; rather he draws a picture of more and more Americans working away at every kind of sex harder than ever but with an increasing sense of guilt as they fail to achieve the virtuosity that their manuals and mentors tell them they ought to expect of themselves. The new sex guilt emerges when passable players-by-ear feel ashamed of themselves for not being Rubinstein.

Such a summary makes Coffin's *Harper's Magazine*, December 1966

book sound a little more tendentious than it is, though it does not, I think, misrepresent his fundamental position. What he has written is a rapid, opinionated, entertaining, sometimes simple-minded, journalistic survey of contemporary American sexual practices and attitudes, based on fairly wide reading in fairly obvious sources. The reader is not expected to bring to it any wealth of information (Moses, for instance, is helpfully identified as "the great Hebrew leader"), but his native stock of curiosity can be counted on to make him stick it out, and he will not find it onerous.

In *What You Should Know about Human Sexual Response* Julius Fast summarizes, criticizes, and popularizes the work of Dr. William L. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson, authors of the recently published and much discussed *Human Sexual Response*. Since I have read only a few pages in the Masters-Johnson book I can say no more than that Fast's summary seems quite competent, but the criticisms he advances are so obvious or trivial as to give the whole enterprise a little the look of latching on to a good thing.

Yet as one of the many who will probably never get around to reading all of Masters-Johnson, I am grateful for Fast's summary. It taught me a number of things that I regard as eminently worth knowing. I wish it were better written (the carelessness of the prose suggests a certain amount of haste in catching the bandwagon), but perhaps those of us who get our educations in drugstores cannot afford to be too stuck-up about such matters.

The avowed purpose of the Masters-Johnson investigations was greater sexual expertise (their work grew out of their experience as marriage counselors), but whether we share Coffin's just-folks attitude toward sex or Fast's humorless devotion to virtuosity, we can only be grateful for knowing more than we did. Coffin speaks with distaste of the Masters-Johnson research techniques, but I can remember how horrified people were when Kinsey asked his subjects questions that in another twenty years we will all probably be answering for the census-taker.

One in Twenty by Bryan Magee is an effort to expand the reader's knowledge and understanding of homosexuality in men and women. Magee says that he found out how little was known when he produced two British television programs on the subject; he decided to make a thorough study and his book is the result.

Magee is a humane and intelligent man, but his book is hardly a thorough study. Rarely has an author been able to disguise the rigors of research so thoroughly—there is no documentation and the one reference to a professional journal is vague enough to make locating the item referred to almost impossible. Sometimes the discussion comes close to the

—
Mr. Pickrel, who has for many years taught English and been managing editor of the "Yale Review" in New Haven, is this year visiting professor of English at Smith College. He has been a regular contributor to "The New Books" since 1954.



John
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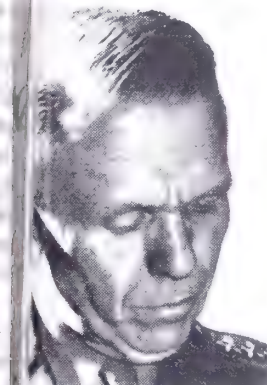
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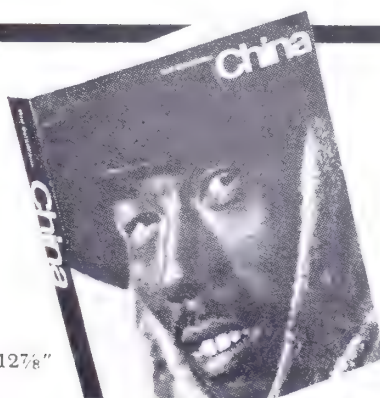
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level of truism (the lesbian with children, Magee says, is "almost certain" "to have trouble with her heterosexual relationships"), and the theorizing does not achieve a very high level. Magee thinks, for instance, that when the nineteenth-century laws against male homosexuality were passed, female homosexuality was not similarly penalized because society was not ready to acknowledge its existence, but surely the fact that in the nineteenth century laws were made by men and people make laws against what they are afraid of (presumably no man is afraid of being a lesbian) has something to do with it. Magee's alternative explanation that Queen Victoria refused to countenance a law against female homosexuality because she did not think it possible (probably apocryphal) would hardly explain why the laws on homosexuality followed the same pattern in the United States, where Queen Victoria's influence on legislation was entirely indirect. (The evidence from literature concerning nineteenth-century attitudes is probably too deeply involved with the psychological problems of individual writers to be very useful. Dickens was certainly able to portray female homosexuality far more frankly than male, but his somewhat younger American contemporary Herman Melville gave male homosexuality a square and telling look.)

Magee's real flair is for social (or tax-deductible) research. He has talked to a good many people and traveled to Holland in pursuit of his mystery, and he is a good observer. His book does not live up to the claims that he and his publisher make for it ("This is the first book etc. etc."), but it is by no means worthless.

The Boys from Boise by John Gerassi is the most ambitious, original, and serious book here under review, an attempt such as rarely appears to link specific sexual phenomena to a specific social structure. At least since Kinsey we have been aware that sexual attitudes and behavior vary according to social background, and even earlier Odum showed that the patterns of sexual offenses differed in different parts of the country, but Gerassi tries to demonstrate how the power structure of a particular community (the state of Idaho) was related to a particular sexual situation

(exposure and prosecution of homosexuals in Boise in 1955).

Gerassi cannot, as it turns out, demonstrate his thesis, because the essential link in his argument is lacking. He tells us that the power elite in Idaho, firmly entrenched and fiercely opposed to change, turned a situation in Boise that was probably not very different from what prevails in most American cities of similar size, into a national scandal that sent several men to prison for long terms and ruined many other lives—in an effort to get at one powerful man who in some way posed a threat to the *status quo*. But since that man was never arrested (apparently in the end he was too powerful for the strategy to work), who he was and what connection he had either with established power structures or homosexuality cannot be demonstrated without the risk of legal action, and Gerassi's analysis can only be accepted as an act of faith.

Nor is that the only fault with the book. Opinions will no doubt differ as to the justification of rehashing in lurid detail scandals of more than a decade ago that have already hurt those involved. Certainly a more circumspect and anonymous summary of events would have been sufficient to serve the book's purpose, and there is little to admire in the delicacy that protects with a pseudonym the private detective who played a central role in the investigations when the real names of those he sent to prison are used. Some of the long quotations from the court record can only be regarded as rather dubious padding, and not all of Gerassi's forays into psychiatric theory bear the unmistakable mark of authority.

Yet *The Boys of Boise* is a fascinating book. Even without its keystone, the thesis has an arch all right. The picture of the social and economic structure of Idaho is a revelation, and partly by inadvertence Gerassi makes what is probably the strongest argument that can be made against the present laws on homosexuality (and, by extension, against the present laws on pornography). These laws cannot stamp out or probably much modify the behavior they were drawn up to eradicate but they are available for selective enforcement for purposes quite other than those for which they were originally designed. Perhaps all laws carry some such possibility;

several gangsters of the 'twenties finally went to prison not for running rum or rubbing out the competition but for income-tax evasion, and it is not unknown for Republicans to get a disproportionate share of parking tickets in towns where Democrats are in power. But when laws are chiefly used for selective enforcement against offenses other than those designated they should be scrapped. Probably the actual result is often enough the one Gerassi indicates: the real objective of the power strategy fails but in the process a number of people are seriously damaged who were already miserable enough. (All this runs counter to the argument recently presented by George P. Elliott in *Harper's*; he advocated keeping the laws against pornography on the books without enforcing them, but he forgot that as long as the laws remain on the books somebody with access to power can use them to annoy or dispose of anyone he wants to get out of the way for any reason if that person happens to have or sell or lend a dirty book.)

The last book to be considered—*The Many Faces of Sex*—is an ingratiating collection of observations, reflections, little essays, and jokes put together by the distinguished psychoanalyst Theodor Reik in his seventy-seventh year. Some of Reik's observations surprised me at first reading; he says, for instance, that women have a much clearer notion of (and more interest in) male genitals than men have of (or in) female genitals. Yet Fast's account of the Masters-Johnson work shows that Reik is correct.

On the other hand, he may sometimes be wrong. He makes the conventional assumption that women are more vain than men, but several portrait painters, whose acquaintance with vanity is more than passing, have had the contrary impression. One painter has observed that a woman is satisfied with her portrait if it takes ten years off her age, but a man is never satisfied: "I think you have caught the Napoleon in me," the male sitter grudgingly grants the painter, "but have you caught the Shelley?" Oddly enough, Reik shows a lively interest in his own appearance, though he dislikes it intensely. Fortunately, the self-portrait that emerges from his book is far more congenial.

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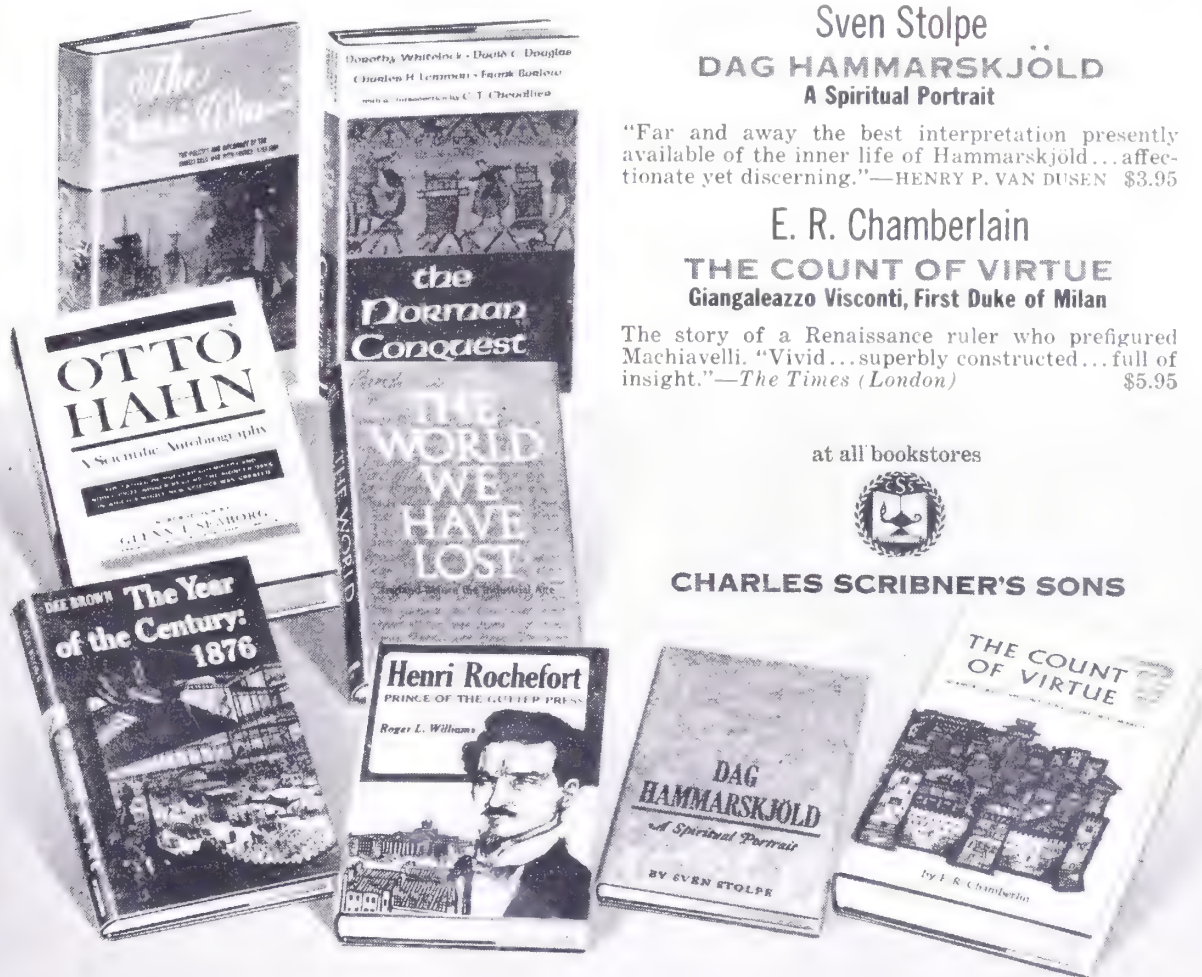
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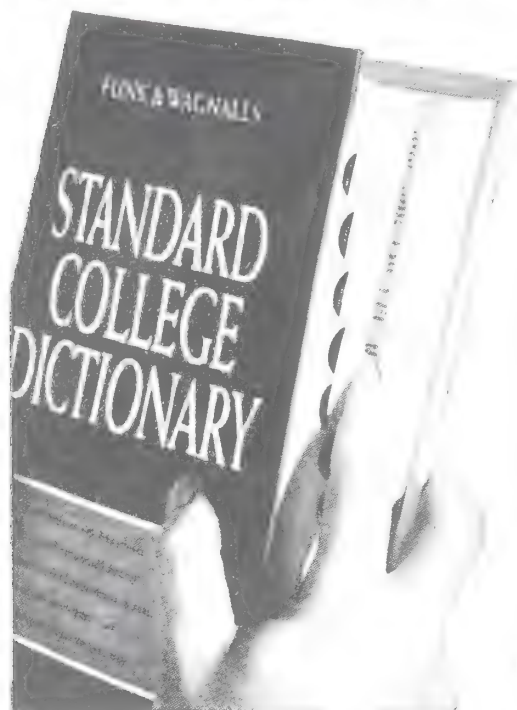
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An autobiographer differs from a book-simulacrum both because of the exigencies of artistic selection and the discrepancies between his own and other people's versions of himself; his "I am" is therefore a convention for "I portray myself as," a convention the reader generally accepts. The reader might at times question it, however, in connection with the intellectual character analysis served up in this book. The author shows himself to be (and, I am convinced, is) an independent, one who has made his own way in both life and art. At the same time he is intellectually *mondain* and extravert, vain of his place among "the knowing ones." He records no serious self-doubts, inner trials, whether or not he was beset by them. Though the reader does not expect or require Mr. Thomson to be really intimate, there is a feeling nevertheless, that the author has much more about him than he is willing to give in a book.

What Mr. Thomson does give is a well-balanced view of a career in relation to its time. This widens the appeal and vendibility of the book, of course, but the absence of the inner



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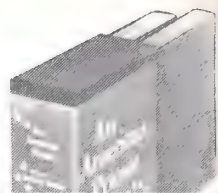
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picture is not entirely explained by that. Neither is it entirely a matter of choice. Certain features of the face we are shown are too obvious to be taken at face value. I mean, for example, the display of self-confidence and the air of knowing all along that one need only bide one's time and keep the pedestal polished; and the descriptions, supported by quotations of outside opinion (Christian Bérard: "Virgil speaks the truth"), of virtues, skills, and successes; and, last but far from least, the determination to avoid false modesty ("I remained for two decades quite possibly the finest choral conductor of them all . . ."; "I wrote the best exam on orchestration ever seen . . ."; "so skillful had I become at all the contrapuntal species . . ."; the *Requiem* ". . . exploits my skills in choral treatment and liturgical evocation . . ."; "The title essay for my next book is probably the best statement now in print of the whole experience of hearing music . . ."). As I said, some of these features are exhibited too obviously, as though the author badly needed to believe them.

Mr. Thomson is, at times, disarmingly frank ("I thought perhaps my presence in a post so prominent [the *Herald Tribune*] might stimulate the performance of my works"), but for calculated effects. Effects also govern the frequent citings of adverse judgments of his work, unless I have misunderstood the feelings they aroused in him. In fact, he is warmly touchy about the neglect of his music (as all composers are) but apart from that the body temperature of the book is cool. No argument is blurred by passion; no episode is soured by angry or indignant notes.

The more surprising, therefore, are the author's periodic bouts of "frustration gripe." He is never down for long, though, this lucky-starred one who "lands on his feet," as he observes of himself after his safe exodus from wartime France. (Do I make him seem overbearing, I wonder? If so, blame the clumsiness of my language; his language not only saves him from such imputation but is felicity itself, even when most mannered and gay: "I practiced up a fine prelude and fugue"; "Harlem was full of lovely people. So was the WPA. The times were for sweetness and joy in work"—though here he sounds more



HERE ARE THE DOCUMENTS AND THE DISTINGUISHED COMMENTATORS

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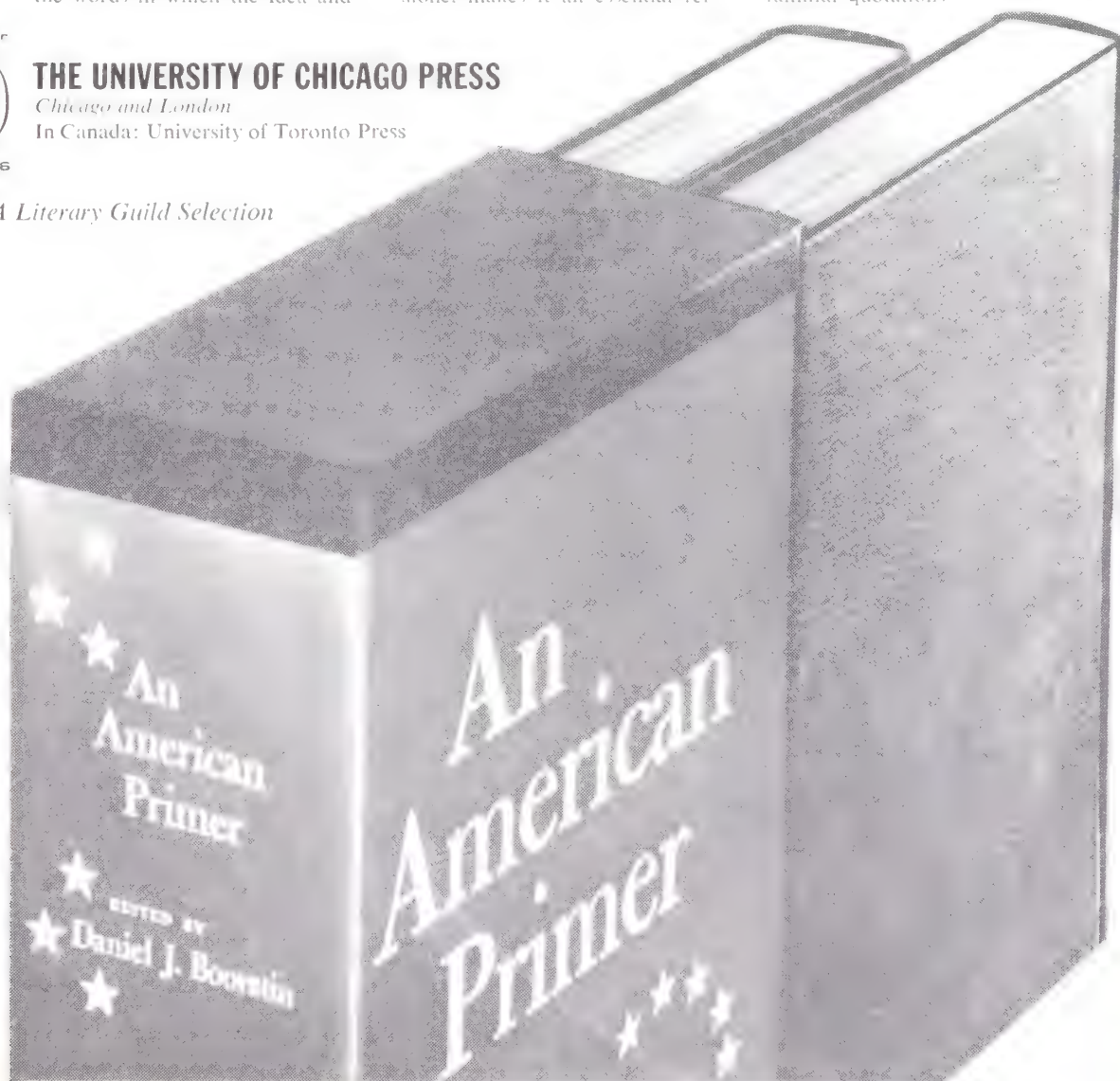
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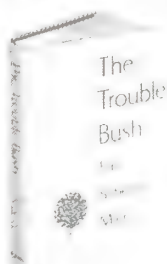
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like a certain Japanese command on the *River Kwai*.)

In some biographies the reader is tempted to skip the family background. To do that here, eliminating the hero's early days in Arcadia, Missouri, would be to rob Mr. Thomson's discovery of Paris of its contrasting force (and, incidentally, to remove the setting of the book's bit of quip, Thomson *mère* on first hearing John Cage's prepared piano: "It's pretty but I never would have thought of doing it"). Paris discovered, the story centers there, then moves back and forth to New York, while the author, comparing the two cities, is at his epigrammatic best. Some of the pictures are enlarged for detail while excerpts from his own newsletters of the time, and all of them are enlivened with thumbnail portraits. Gertrude Stein is his most vivid subject, and a new view of her is exposed (and an old score settled) simply by printing her correspondence concerning the financial arrangements of their collaboration. At no time during these negotiations does she risk the use of the Stein style, but though the prose parses as it never does otherwise the woman behind it shows herself as hard as nails.

A number of aesthetic formulations are found along the way. Mr. Thomson invokes a "spontaneity which can be original if it comes from self-containment." He believes, too, that "if the text is set correctly for the sound of the meaning will take care of itself." Then, as a film composer—for he is a man of parts—Mr. Thomson subscribes to the theory that "landscape should be rendered through the music of its people." What he divulges of his own composing procedures is less satisfactory and not always plausible ("I let the piece write itself"). It explains nothing by stating that he selects chords "for their tensile strength," or by telling us that he "skilled" was to be employed not for protecting composers who had invested in the dissonant manner. . . . Who dissonant manner? (there are many and were its "investors" in need. Mr. Thomson's protection? And what are we to make of the following? "Before I could lay out the score I had decided what instruments to use. Well, yes, goodness me, you certainly would have to do that.

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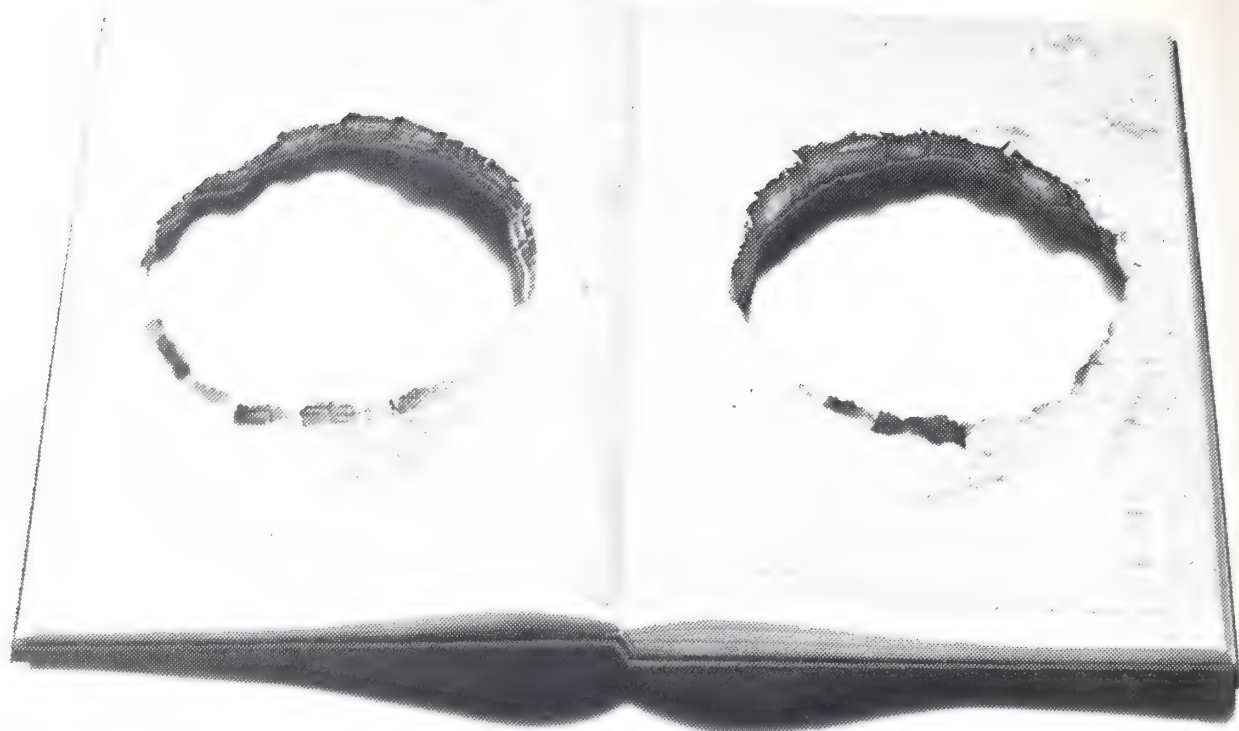
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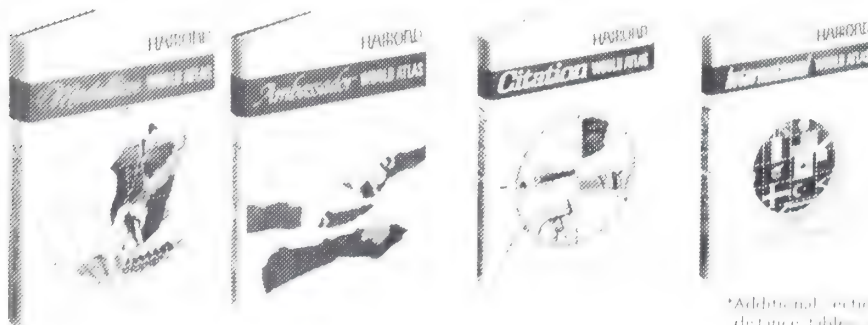
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roundup chapters ramble a bit, tid- ing odds and ends, but the very las- offers valuable comment on the nt scene, as well as a barometric ast. Mr. Thomson argues the ne- for both a comparative musicol- og- and a musical sociology, a "clari- fic- on of music's varied roles in our ization." And he enters an elo- t plea for the "recognition of art rtists as national wealth." Who, ight suggest, could more ably e a bureau of the arts in further- hese aims than Virgil Thomson? ot only serve it but adorn, for gh he compares himself to a my petrel," in his freshman days the "*Trib*," he was then and still is ard of some very fine plumage.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Katherine Gauss Jackson

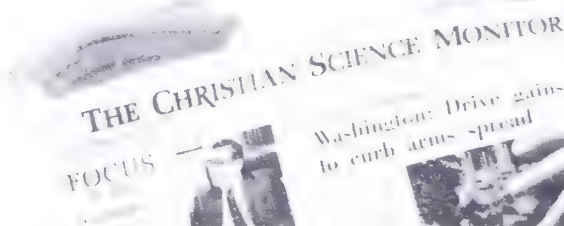
Fiction

Matter of Time, by Jessamyn

The basic situation in this novel is ng to put some people off and it's a v. Two mature women, sisters, the inger one dying of cancer, are nding her last autumn together in dying sister's house in the desert. their nightly talks, with height- ed perception when the pain-killers d drugs have started to take hold, ey talk and reconstruct from two ints of view their childhood and ily life. It is a rich and exhilarat- y story. It is a profoundly American e—as American as the cottage pud- ng and middy blouses that are part it. It is often very funny. It weaves st tense into present and present to past in a pattern remarkably re- aling of what things change in ople and in human relationships d what do not. Miss West seems to e saying in an original and effective ay that the imminent presence of eath does not change, but only ightens, what was in people from e beginning, and she says it in an affectionate, wise, earthy story, laced ith humor, and definitely on the side f the human race.

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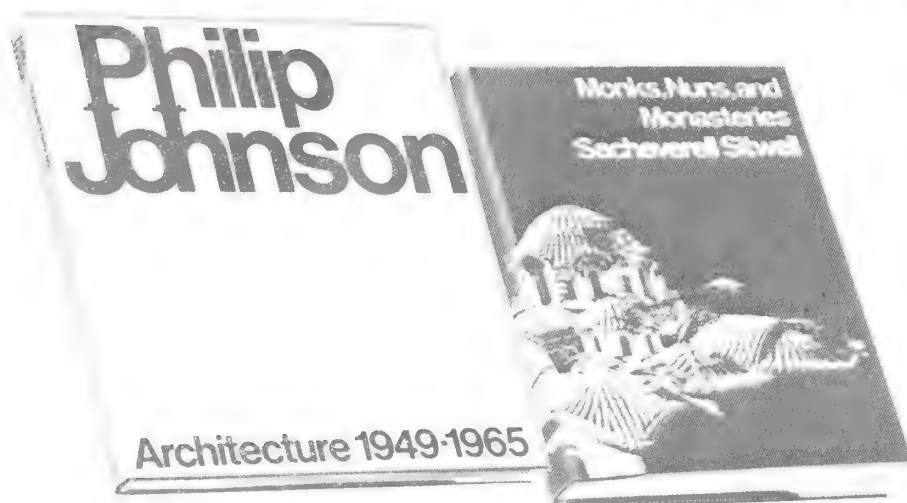
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La Chamade, by Françoise Sagan

To explain the meaning of the would, in a way, and not surprisingly give away the plot and tone of new novel by the author of *Bonheur et Tristesse*. Though in the end it is the story (reasonably predictable) much as the perceptions and reactions along the way and a classic elegance of style that give the book interest and its delicate melancholy. It is a story of French society in temporary Paris—of a passionate affair between the young mistress of a rich, fifty-year-old businessman and the kept young man of a rich middle-aged woman of that society. Obviously it is a tale of manners, not a theme or a big screen in today's world, but even if satiric it manages to be touching and to leave behind challenging sidelights on the perpetual human comedy: "And with better memory can adolescence leave behind it than that of a long and tender lie told to other people, to the future, and often to oneself?"

Dutton, \$8.95

The Country of Love, by Malin Redfield

It is probably unfair to compare this book with *La Chamade*, but both are called "novels" and on reading them, by chance, in sequence, one does rather go from one set of beds to another and comparison almost forces itself upon one. This story of an adventurous love affair between a thirty-year-old California divorcee, come to New York to find a new life, and a married businessman twenty years her senior is much farther from Malin Sagan's country of love than New York is from Paris. Actually I like this one better though admiring it less. It reads with the intensity and immediacy of a well-written personal letter and is sensitive, and, one feels true—much more deeply felt without ever being tasteless, than *La Chamade*—but it lacks the transcendent elixir of form and style which lifts reportage into literature.

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The Captain, by Jan de Hartog

Mr. de Hartog returns to one of his favorite subjects—the men who manned the Dutch and other Allied tugboats as rescue boats, who convoyed supplies from Iceland to Murmansk during World War II. And he makes the

BOOKS IN BRIEF

of an awesomely terrible and theater of war a polemic, a *cri de coeur*, not just for peace but for an anti-pacifism. One can quarrel with his conclusion but not with his protagonist's right to it. Like everything the author writes, it is a compelling story from start to finish, as down-to-earth as it is romantic, as full of cowardice as of his heroics, and as terrible and tough as it is beautiful and tender, but completely irresistible narrative throughout.

Perhaps one of the most effective of the book is de Hartog's decision of a night's leave in Halifax to witness the absolute horror of slaughter and catastrophe recently experienced on the Atlantic. Somehow he makes it funny and compassionate an episode as can be imagined, with the people of Halifax doing all in their power to make the merchantmen welcome—with results almost entirely ludicrous. But the Captain's comment is serious: "So much," he says on departing, "for shore leave in a world at peace; I had felt like a ghost revisiting the living." It is a book that haunts the remaining half of his exciting and affecting novel. Book of the Month for January.

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Nonfiction: Boston Crime

Boston Strangler, by Gerold Frank.

From June 1962 to November 1963 Boston and its suburbs were terrified by a series of stranglings, all of them single women, most of them (but not all) elderly, most of them (though not all) living alone. Finally, after the particularly sadistic murder and rape of nineteen-year-old Mary Sullivan (the thirteenth strangling in eighteen months) on the day after President Kennedy's assassination, drastic steps were taken by Attorney General Edward W. Brooke, Jr. His office, the highest law-enforcement office in the state, took over the investigations, putting Assistant Attorney General John S. Bottomly in charge of coordinating all activities on all levels. This book, by a veteran reporter and photographer, is the story of the crimes, the men who tried to solve them, the methods used to track down the suspects, from computers to hypnotists, and of the suspects themselves. The wonder is that there were so

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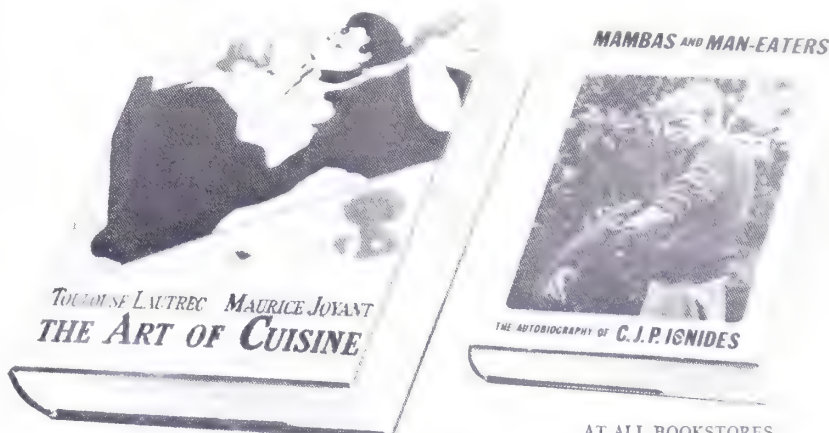
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many who might have been the murderer, for there were in all cases no witnesses, no forced entry, and therefore no fingerprints, no thefts, no consistent apparent motivation, even sex, to fit all the stranglings.) It ends with the strange and haunting outcome—one can't say resolution, even now, though the murderer seems to be unquestionably in custody. For all its gruesome sordidness it is from many angles a fascinating narrative. There is a many-faceted story here of such sociological, psychological, and perhaps even political significance as cannot be ignored.

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First of these is that people of great ability—and I scarcely mention anyone whose ability was less than exceptional—do not emerge, as a rule from the happiest background. . . . So far as my own observation goes, I would conclude that ability, although hereditary, is improved by an early measure of adversity and improved again by a later measure of success.

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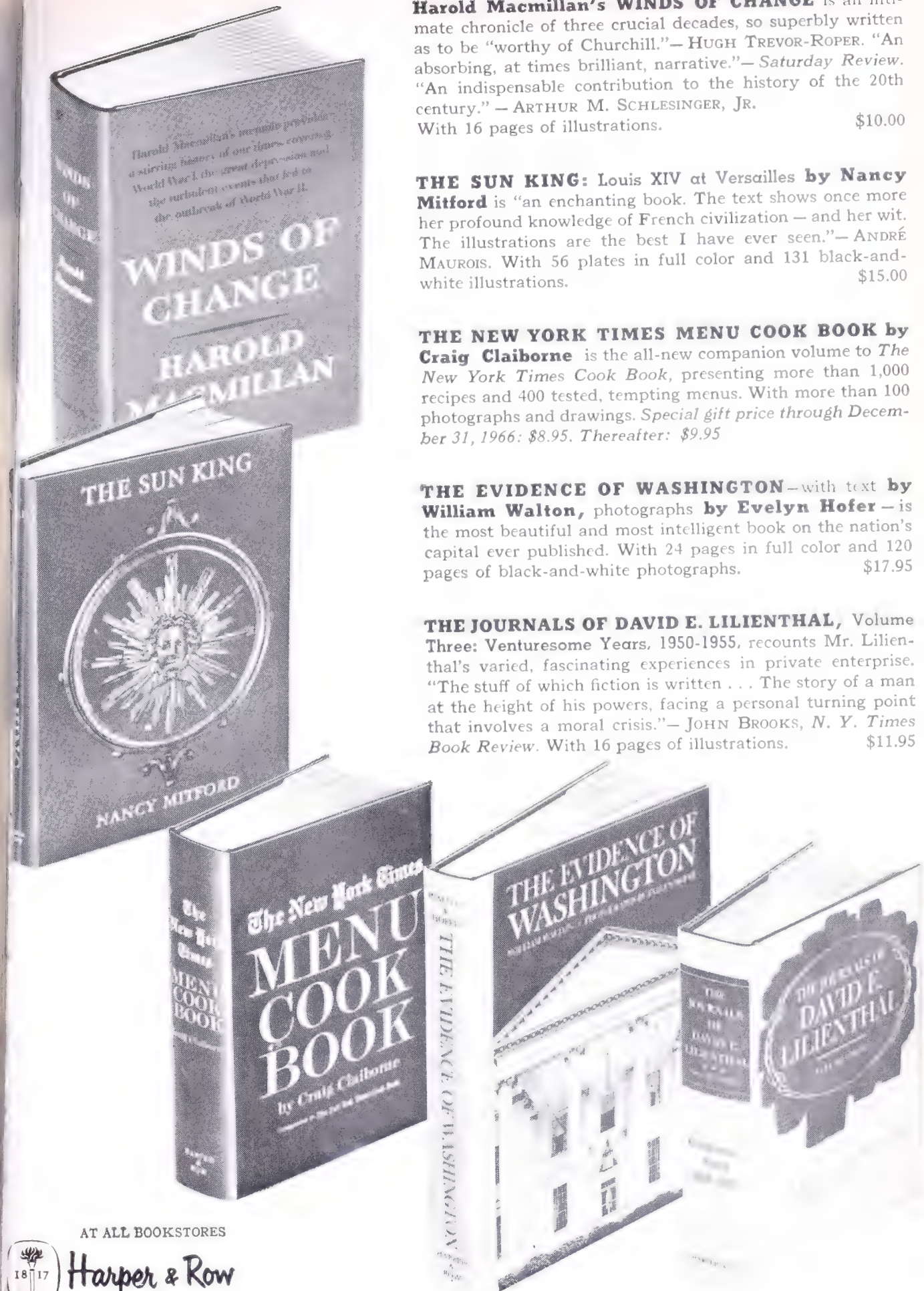
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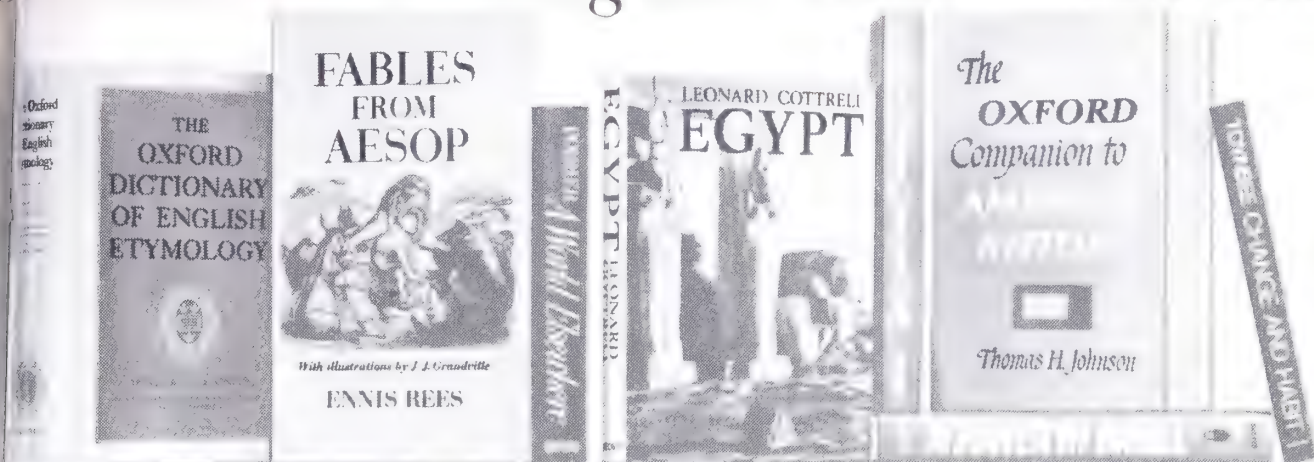
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ite of filing: October 1, 1966

ile: Harper's Magazine

equency of issue: monthly

ocation of known office of publication:

wo Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

ocation of the headquarters or general busi-
nces of the publishers:

Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

omes and addresses of publisher, editor, and
ng editor

er: Daniel J. Brooks

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John Fischer

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Performing Arts by Robert Kotlowitz



ON THE MIDWAY AT LINCOLN CENTER

One of the most beautiful sights in New York is the new Metropolitan lighted up, but Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra"—though spectacularly grand—was not quite opera enough to put the building to a real test.

It is hard to tell which was more interesting about the Metropolitan Opera's preopening week this season, its sociology or the aesthetics of the occasion. For the first, New York at last had its great new opera house at Lincoln Center, built with more than \$45 million that were lifted almost entirely from private bank accounts. (This sum, it is perhaps healthy to remember, would build six high schools in a city like New York or twenty-seven elementary schools, but the comparison, I suppose, is at once academic and arbitrary.) We also had, sociologically, the continuing dispute between the Met's management and its orchestra, which almost kept the house from opening. No one can be pitied for being taken by surprise in this conflict; it has been going on for five years and had spiced every season with a certain amount of suspense. The orchestra, of course, finally won, getting more money as well as fringe benefits; it was an important victory and every orchestral manager is now eyeing his own instrumentalists nervously.

There were other catastrophes or

near ones for the management. The revolving stage broke down in rehearsal under the weight of starch-eating choristers. One early premiere

Richard Strauss's *Die Frau Ohne Schatten*—had to be postponed. Jacqueline Kennedy, perhaps peeved at Rudolf Bing's acidulous public comments about her interest in perpetuating the old Met, never showed up. At no point, however, did it rain.

Samuel Barber's new opera, *Antony and Cleopatra*, opened the theater. Its first dress rehearsal was turned over to the construction workers who built the house. One complained that a famous soprano had threatened him with an obscene gesture, imported from Italy, when he asked her how she liked the acoustics. A second rehearsal was witnessed by a full house of 3,800 invited "friends" of Lincoln Center, all of whom showed up in tuxedos or long dresses. The actual opening was left to an audience that could afford \$250 a seat and add some glamour to the rites. Our own Lady Bird J, glowing with Culture and precious gems, ruled from the center box, then instantly made off for San Fran-

cisco to help open California's operatic season. The *New York Times*, meanwhile, immortalized every detail of the evening in unusual tones of persistent and amused irony that filled several pages in the newspaper.

The aesthetics demanded even more attention, even though they provided, all in all, fewer amusements. The new house is sumptuous to look at, comfortable to sit in, less roomy in intermission space than had been hoped for, and acoustically satisfactory, although not by any means as bright as had been predicted. Wallace Harrison has designed the theater in an almost endless series of curves that first beckon the audience from the high thin arches at front, then lead them inside on their way up swirling staircases past gently rounded walls, past a bar that is shaped something like an S, into the huge auditorium finally with its own immense curve and small decorative variations on the front arches. The sightlines are perfect.

The least attractive area in the house is the extensive dull-gold paneling that flanks the stage, while the sculpture (in the same material) that tops the proscenium is meager as both art and decoration. The triumph of the theater are the two paintings by Chagall, each more than thirty feet square, which hang in the lobby at either side of the house, facing out to

PERFORMING ARTS

Center's plaza and the streets. One of the most beautiful in New York now is the new one. At night it is all clear, beige travertine, with crimson-and-wall carpeting visible in its enormous vertical window while the two red and yellow murals, dedicated to music, illuminate the entire plaza with their presence. What counts is what happens on the new stage, and what happened first was *Antony and Cleopatra*. The opera, to be brief, is a soporific amount of scenery, costumes, spectacular effects in the de Mille tradition could warm up an audience seated in front of it in almost complete detachment. Franco Zeffirelli did not and also transformed Shakespeare's play into a libretto; he has used none of Shakespeare's words, though he has dropped more than a few. But the libretto retains the most serious fault: it never allows the personal drama to emerge. Two imperial lovers never have a scene together; and they have few scenes. While the opera's sixteen scenes make up a lot of vignettes, they are too many for real drama. This is an enormous production. Zeffirelli has indulged almost every conceivable whim in designing sets in a monumental form that are shaped by geometric units. The costumes run from Elizabethan to Aztec and occasionally, pagan Roman Empire. Hundreds of people are crowded on a stage that is big by any standards. Gorgeous girls belly dance. Animals come and go, making the audience nervous at every misstep. It all has the conviction of a mannequined department-store window. Samuel Barber's music seems imposed upon all this tumult from the other side. There is hardly a moment's inner compulsion to the score, little personality in terms of the characters. The most rewarding passages go to the young Betsy Jones-Moreau as Cleopatra, and she sings them gloriously (it seems to be her nature); but Justino Díaz, who is still in his twenties, does not yet have the personal force for Antony. I have no idea what will happen to *Antony and Cleopatra* once the extramusical paraphernalia of the first season is out of the way; but I will be surprised if it moves into the repertoire. The libretto had little choice but to open the

new house with an American opera. It cannot be blamed for having received something a little less than either.

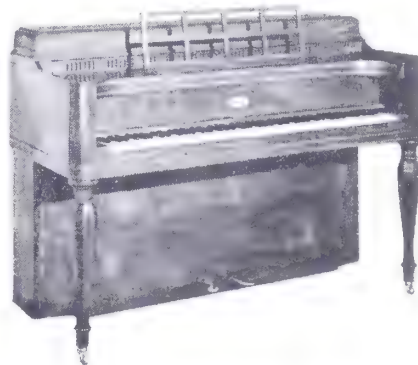
Films Worth Seeing

Loves of a Blonde, a Czechoslovakian movie, opened the recent New York Film Festival, just next door in the Philharmonic Hall. The director, Milos Forman, says that he was concerned with showing how young women factory workers, forced into a narrow existence organized for them by the State, come to terms with their way of life. If they are tough enough, and single-minded as well, they come to terms with it by trying to escape. But Forman is no more solemn about the matter than he should be. He likes to laugh; so do the people of the town of Zruc in his bittersweet movie.

His heroine—Andula—tries to escape through an affair with a young pianist from Prague—Milda—who plays in the factory dance band. About midway through the film Milda

and Andula find themselves in bed. (In all foreign movies these days, a bed seems to be the only valid setting in which the drama can continue to unfold once a film is forty-five minutes under way; directors use the nude bedroom scene to display their skill and sensitivity much as operatic composers once served up big arias as showpieces.) At the moment, Milda is triumphant. Andula is merely satisfied. They have arrived in bed together after a sly seduction attempt in which, under the sweaty pretense of teaching Andula how to defend herself against aggressive young men like himself, Milda has tripped her and clumsily thrown her onto the mattress. It turns out that he is in luck, for Andula is one of those smoky girls who come fully alive only when they are physically touched.

We watch them as though we are a mirror in the ceiling of their room. They stare straight up at us, his head resting on her naked thighs, her arms shyly covering her breasts. Milda is telling Andula that women's bodies are like guitars, either curved or



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PERFORMING ARTS

angular in the style of a Picasso drawing. Andula has never heard Picasso, and Milda's bemused descriptions of his work make her laugh disbelievingly. The scene closes on Milda's repeated protests that he has girl friend in Prague.

Later, Milda again finds himself bed, this time in Prague with her mother and father. (For complicated but natural reasons, Andula is eavesdropping outside the bedroom door tears.) This time, we are in for a Maggie-and-Jiggs routine, witnessed from the foot of the bed: a harried mother, who cannot keep her mouth shut, harangues her husband and son, who between them are waging the age-old battle over a single blanket. It is the funniest scene in a movie filled with funny scenes; and in its way the hilarious, farcical negative to Milda and Andula's touching mutual seduction. At the end of the film, Andula is back in Zruc, holding onto talismans of hope, mementos of Milda, and dreams of love and escape. Her best friend amateurishly mauls a guitar and sings a rock 'n' roll tune at the shoe factory, her fellow workers, and her old official life await her.

This simple story is Forman's answer so is the touching rightness of its feeling for these frustrated young people. Only thirty-four himself, Forman is in the vanguard of the new Czech renaissance in movie-making. Young people are his obsession. It is a carefully limited framework, but within it Forman has made a film that is almost perfect in the telling.

In "Mr. Baltazar's Death," one of five episodes that make up *Pearls on the Ground*, another Czech film shown at the Festival, a middle-aged husband and wife, both running to fat, spend the day at the motorcycle races. Her passion for machines is so overwhelming that she is able to awaken from a drunken nap and, before her eyes are open, sleepily identify the motorcycles passing by, just from the sound of their engines. "Alfa 250 . . ." she drones to her husband's enormous satisfaction. "Harley-Davidson 70 . . ."

With them is an unnamed old man. He too can identify old cars, bicycles, scooters, motorcycles. Once this strange but amiable group is at the races, everything they see reminds them of something else: old love affairs, old automobile races, old driv-

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who have been killed, old whiskey they have enjoyed, even Mozart. Their conversation, which meanders back and forth like a long melody by Smetana, is an endless counterpoint of multiple memories.

The episode is worth sitting through alone for the moment when the motorcycle race begins. Over the crest of a hill come the cyclists, dozens of them bound to their machines by speed and centrifugal force. The soundtrack goes dead; everything is silent. The motorcycles pour down the slope like beautiful insects. Suddenly music comes from the screen. A chorus sings; a lush orchestra plays; they sound like Mantovani and the Ray Charles singers. It is an exhilarating and inventive moment.

In a second episode in the film, "House of Joy," involves two batty Slavic fellows—husband and wife—who retain total faith in God as well as the good common sense to utilize the husband's primitive painting gifts for the pleasure it gives them. Under the wife's direction he decorates every square inch of wall space in their home with murals dedicated to the glory of Christianity. By utilizing garish color and film that he speeds up or slows down as the mood of the script requires, the director, Ewald Schorm, has created a startling and bizarre visual poem. He also has had the good fortune (or taste) to have Vaclav Havel and Josefa Pechlatova play the husband and wife. Together they perfectly convey that special and unmistakable nuance of spirit that is often transmitted by people who inhabit a world that is neither sane nor insane, merely daft; our theatrical literature is filled with them, madwomen of Chailiot, the Sycamores of *You Can't Take It With You*, Frank Capa's two old ladies in *Mr. Deeds*, and now this Czech painter and his wife, to whom the rest of the world is somehow both sacred and a little crazy.

Unfortunately the remaining three episodes in *Pearls on the Ground* are either slight, pretentious, or tenuous. The screenplays for all of them were written by Bohumil Hrabal, who adapted them from his own short stories. They are supposed to be linked by the theme of ordinary people doing extraordinary things, but the total effect as they unroll in fifteen- or twenty-minute segments is one of total arbitrariness.



Old Lady from France

Possibly the "sweetest" movie shown at the Festival—which may be the grimmest in the world in its attitude toward pleasure and is certainly the most pretentious in terms of the inflated role it conceives for itself—was *The Shameless Old Lady*, from France. It was directed by René Allio, who at thirty unfashionably finds the charm of lyricism and ironic humor still useful as an artistic strength.

His film's leading performer is an eighty-two-year-old actress named Sylvie who carries herself with a noble Provencal bearing through the story which describes the rites of widowhood in Marseilles. Once her husband is buried and her family again dispersed, the old lady begins to enjoy some of the simple pleasures of life for the first time; among them—to show you in part what she's made of—is membership in an informal circle of anarchists.

Based on a story by Bertold Brecht, Allio's movie (he also wrote the screenplay) surrounds the widow with a family as subject to the mercurial demands of mixed emotions and conflicting temperaments as the rest of us. They love their mother and they want her to be happy—but not at the expense of their tiny legacies. You can see the dilemma. Sylvie herself underplays all the way through as Madame Berthe but in ways unknown to me has sturdily—and with few words—captured the film entirely for herself.

To date *The Shameless Old Lady* has taken four international festival prizes. It deserves them all. Along with *Loves of a Blonde*, it is now going into national release; try them both.

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Music in the Round *by Discus*

NEW TALENTS

Young sopranos—Greek and Spanish—and two American pianists make music that will place them among the stars of tomorrow.

About three years ago everybody was talking about the new soprano Mirella Freni. About two years ago everybody was talking about the new soprano Monserrat Caballé. Very shortly everybody is going to be talking about the new soprano Elena Suliotis. She is a Greek girl in her early twenties, and she has not sung in America as yet, but her work can be heard in the new recording of Verdi's *Nabucco* (London A 4382, mono; CSA 1382, stereo, both 3 discs).

Suliotis is an impressive singer; not a very good technician, as yet, and somewhat raw musically. But she has what very few singers have, and that is a personality that comes right through the cardboard and vinyl of a record album. In this respect she has been described as a young Callas, though perhaps a young Muzio might be closer to the point.

She sings the role of Abigail in *Nabucco*, and that is a very difficult assignment. *Nabucco* is very early Verdi. It was his first great success, and it is an opera in which he had not as yet broken free of the Donizetti style. That meant a good deal of display work in his vocal writing: the remnants of the bel canto style. Abigail, though, goes a good deal beyond the Lucia type of heroine. The role calls for a big, dramatic voice that is capable of extraordinary agility to encompass the coloratura. And Suliotis really piles into it. She has a reasonably good top C, and she produces tones well down in the mezzo register. Some of those low notes are a little forced, but they really are there. The trouble is that Suliotis has to shift gears changing from low to middle, and from middle to high. Like Callas, she has three voices. And on some of the high notes she makes an

attack that is uncomfortably close to an actual bark.

Those are the bad points of her singing. The good points far outweigh them. The voice seems to be of immense size (though here one must hedge until Suliotis is heard in the flesh; engineers can do things), the coloratura passages are sung with flair, and above all the singing has personality. Part of the personality derives from the unusual timbre of the voice, which has an attractive huskiness that lends a dark-colored feeling. But even more derives from what would appear to be a blazing temperament, the kind of immersion in the dramatic elements of a role that conveys white-hot belief. It may be that Suliotis will never correct some of the technical imbalance in her singing (Callas never did). But she will emerge as a consistently interesting singer, a consistently exciting one, and a star of the future.

Aside from her work, the *Nabucco* album is well worth having. It is a fine opera, full of great melodic inspirations and the kind of force that was to culminate in the great works of Verdi's first period, *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto*. Titto Gobbi, Carlo Cava, Bruno Prevedi, and Dora Carral are others in the cast, and Lamberto Gardelli leads the Vienna Opera Orchestra. The recorded sound is spectacularly realistic.

Pure Voice

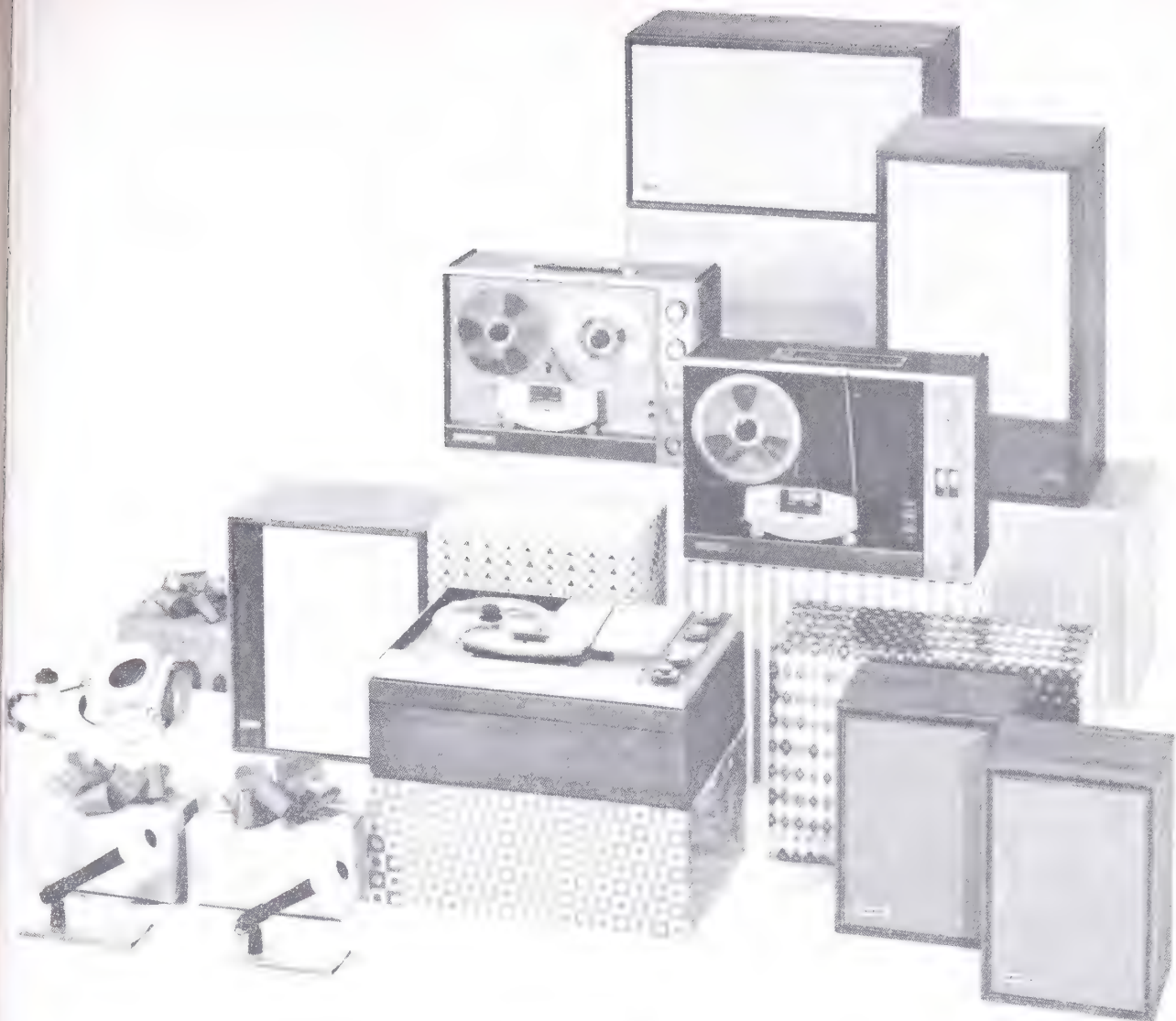
Caballé is never going to make the kind of impact in opera that Suliotis promises. She does not have that kind of temperament and, in addition, is an extremely heavy woman who seems uncomfortable as an actress. But nobody is going to deny the beauty of her voice. Her most recent disc is en-

trancing. It contains nearly all of the songs by Enrique Granados, and she sings the orchestral versions with a group conducted by Rafael Ferrer (RCA Victor LM 2910, mono; LSC 2910, stereo). Victoria de los Angeles, in her album of Falla's *La Vida Breve* has recorded several of the Granados *Majas*, but the Caballé disc appears to be the first in history to give us almost the entire Granados *oeuvre* complete.

And what lovely songs they are! Highly nationalistic, they are nevertheless personal evocations, not copies of folk material. The tunes are rich and sensuous, the harmonies intensely chromatic, the mood dark and fatalistic. These are not universal songs in the sense that those by Wolf and Schubert are. Granados was limited by his medium. But the music strikes true and strikes deep, and this disc will prove one of the unexpected pleasures of the year for those who take the trouble to investigate it.

Caballé sings brilliantly. Her approach does not have the intimacy and femininity that de los Angeles brought to her recording. Instead she concentrates on pure voice (as against the meaning of the words, though she does not neglect that), pouring out long, sustained, violin-like phrases. It is most impressive, and the very close-up recording makes it even more so. It even brings out a touch of hardness in the voice. Caballé's unusually even scale—a smoothness from top to bottom of register owned by very few living singers—is safe from any kind of recording, however; and, as she herself is Spanish, her diction can be accepted as authentic.

While on the subject of oncoming talent—the young musicians who are going to be tomorrow's old masters—



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we should mention the name of Peter Serkin. Like his famous father, he is a pianist who seems to be aiming for the big things of the repertoire—the *Goldberg Variations* of Bach, the *Diabelli Variations* and late sonatas by Beethoven, the Schubert sonatas and so on. Young Serkin, just about twenty years old, has not been concertizing for many years. Unlike some prodigies, he held back until he felt he was ready. He has all the materials for a big career. His technique is strong; his tone has much the same resonance that his father's has; his musical instincts are beyond reproach. If anything, his playing suffers a bit from undue severity. It is the playing of a young intellectual, with more strength than poetry. Serkin is typical of his generation in his dislike of a sensuous approach, or of anything that would hint at romanticism.

Within the last eighteen months he has been doing quite a bit of recording. It is typical that he plays more chamber music than anything else, and his most recent disc is a collaborative effort. With Richard Goode (another brilliant pianist-musician of the next decade) he is heard in Busoni's *Fantasia Contrappuntistica* for two pianos; and with Mischa Schneider, the cellist of the Budapest Quartet, he plays the *Cello Sonata* by Max Reger (Columbia ML 6291, mono; MS 6891, stereo). On the record jacket are the words, "Music from Marlboro." The three musicians on this disc have been long associated with Marlboro, Vermont, where Rudolf Serkin holds forth during the summer. Marlboro stands for the best in chamber music. Reger is a particular pet of Rudolf Serkin, and about the only place in America where

the music of the German composer can consistently be heard is at Marlboro.

Reger died in 1916. He was an immensely prolific composer who has been tainted with the reputation of being a great contrapuntalist. One says tainted, for whenever one mentions Reger in musical circles, everybody is going to chorus, Pavlov-like, "Fugue." As a matter of fact, fugue occupies a relatively small part of Reger's output. He was a composer in the late-romantic tradition, and his music sounds like a combination of Brahms and (with its juicy chromaticism) Franck. The Cello Sonata is a most attractive work, even a moving one, and can hold its own against the Brahms cello sonatas.

Busoni Comeback

As for the long Busoni, here we do have counterpoint. Busoni spent his life studying Bach, and his *Contrappuntistica* is a Bachian exercise expressed in post-Liszt pianism. It is utterly fascinating: ingenious, powerful, brooding, original. Busoni has been making a bit of a comeback, and this will help the cause. One wonders if Reger will ever enjoy a revival. There is no apparent sign of it. It should be added that the performances on this disc are uniformly good.

This seems to be the first disc on which Schneider has ever appeared as a soloist. He displays the same kind of rocklike solidity that anchors the Budapest Quartet when he passes his bow over the strings. Serkin and he work together with splendid ensemble; and Serkin and Goode, in the Busoni, play with a maturity and perception far beyond their years.

And Also . . .

Mozart: Piano Concertos Nos. 9 in E flat (K. 271) and 14 in E flat (K. 449). Alfred Brendel and Solisti di Zagreb conducted by Antonio Janigro. Vanguard 1154 (mono); 71154 (stereo).

Clear and intelligent piano playing, supported by a small and flexible orchestra. That is the best thing about this disc: the interplay between soloist and ensemble that can be achieved only when the orchestra is small.

Sibelius: Symphony No. 4; The Swan of Tuonela. Berlin Philharmonic conducted by Herbert von Karajan. Deutsche Grammophon 18974 (mono); 138974 (stereo).

Fast, businesslike, accurate performances, somewhat depersonalized. Such an approach fits the bleak and enigmatic Fourth Symphony, which most experts consider the greatest of the Sibelius symphonies.

